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WILLIAM III. ENTERING EXETER.

THE

ILLUSTRATED

MAGAZINE OF ART:

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM

THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS

OF

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,
ART-INDUSTRY, MANUFACTURES, SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES,
LOCAL AND DOMESTIC SCENES, ORNAMENTAL WORKS,

ETC. ETC.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

MAGAZINE OF ART.

WILLIAM III. ENTERING EXETER.

When James II. had disgusted every one in England, even the Tory party, by his undisguised tyranny, and his attempts to force Roman Catholicism upon the English people as the established religion of the state, and when Monmouth's failure had convinced all the malcontents that there was little to be expected from an insurrection of peasants and of country gentlemen, the Whig party began to look abroad for help and deliverance. There was a great struggle going on at this time on the continent of Europe. Louis XIV. was threatening to overwhelm all the smaller states, urged on by the double motive of extending French power and influence, and extinguishing Protestantism and freedom of thought. For this latter reason his enmity was especially directed against Holland, which was now the stronghold of the reformed doctrines, and was powerful from its great wealth and maritime resources; and for this reason, also, he was encouraging and supporting with all his might the arbitrary proceedings of James in England. Everything, in truth, at that time wore a threatening aspect. Never were the liberties of England in so great danger. A few more steps in advance, and the English parliament would become a thing of memory and tradition, and the will of the sovereign the only law of the state. The suspicions of imposture in the reported birth of a prince had destroyed all the hopes of an heir to the throne who might reverse his father's policy. In this great crisis the eyes of all the friends of freedom were turned to William, Prince of Orange and Nassau.

"He was now," says Macaulay in his eloquent description of him, "in his thirty-seventh year. But both in body and in mind he was older than other men of the same age. Indeed, it might be said that he had never been young. His external appearance is almost as well known to us as to his own captains and counsellors. Sculptors, painters, and medallists, exerted their utmost skill in the work of transmitting his features to posterity, and his features were such as no artist could fail to seize, and such as once seen could never be forgotten. His name at once calls up before us a slender and feeble frame, a lofty and ample forehead, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, an eye rivaling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a thoughtful, and somewhat sullen brow, a firm and somewhat peevish mouth, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and by care. That pensive, severe, and solemn aspect could scarcely have belonged to a happy or good-humoured man; but it indicates in a manner not to be mistaken, capacity equal to the most arduous enterprises, and fortitude not to be shaken by reverses or dangers."

"The first movements of his ambition were most carefully watched: every unguarded word uttered by him was noted down; nor had he near him any adviser on whose judgment reliance could be placed. He was scarcely fifteen years old when all the domestics who were attached to his interest, or who enjoyed any share of his confidence, were removed from under his roof by the jealous government. He remonstrated with energy beyond his years, but in vain. Vigilant observers saw the tears more than once rise in the eyes of the young state prisoner. His health, naturally delicate, sank for a time under the emotions which his desolate situation had produced. Such situations bewilder and unnerve the weak, but call forth all the strength of the strong. Surrounded by snares in which an ordinary youth would have perished, William learned to tread at once warily and firmly. Long before he reached manhood he knew how to keep secrets, how to baffle curiosity by dry and guarded answers, how to conceal all passions under the same show of grave tranquillity. Meanwhile he made little proficiency in fashionable or literary accomplishments. The manners of the Dutch nobility of that age wanted the grace which was found in the highest perfection among the gentlemen of France, and which, in an inferior degree, embellished the Court of England; and his manners were altogether Dutch. Even his countrymen thought him blunt. To foreigners he often seemed churlish. In his intercourse with the world in general he appeared ignorant or negligent of those arts which double the value of a favour and take away the sting of a refusal. He was little interested in letters or science. The discoveries of Newton and Leibnitz, the poems of Dryden and Boileau, were unknown to him. Dramatic performances tired him; and he was glad to turn away from the stage and to talk about public affairs, while Orestes was raving, or while Tartuffe was pressing Elvira's hand. He had indeed some talent for sarcasm, and not seldom employed, quite unconsciously, a natural rhetoric, quaint, indeed, but vigorous and original. He did not, however, in the least affect the character of a wit or of an orator. His attention had been confined to those studies which form strenuous and sagacious men of business. From a child he listened with interest when high questions of alliance, finance, and war were discussed. Of geometry he learned as much as was necessary for the construction of a ravelin or a hornwork. Of languages, by the help of a memory singularly powerful, he learned as much as was necessary to enable him to comprehend and answer without assistance everything that was said to him, and every letter which he received. The Dutch was his own tongue. He understood Latin, Italian, and Spanish. He spoke and wrote French, English and German, inelegantly, it is true, and inexactly, but fluently and intelligibly. No qualification could be more important to a man whose life was to be passed in organising great alliances and in commanding armies assembled from different and varied countries."

He had been born in troublous times, with great expectations, and many enemies. The common people loved his house, but the republican oligarchy hated it. Fatherless and motherless from his earliest childhood, the nobles surrounded him with spies. He became reserved and suspicious, and prematurely old, and from constant practice in the art of self-control became perfect master of his passions. When he grew up to man's estate, the humbling of France became the darling passion of his life. For this he toiled in sickness and anxiety; for this he risked his life in the thickest of fiercest battles; for this he wore down by military fatigues a constitution naturally feeble; and for this he was ready to undertake any enterprise, however desperate it might seem, but only after weighing it well, and taking counsel of himself. Therefore, when proposals were made to him by the Whigs for the invasion of England, in 1686, they were coldly received, and for the time disregarded. He perceived that matters had not yet reached extremities in England, that the church had not yet received enough wrongs and insults to induce her to give up her favourite doctrine of non-resistance, and that the Tory gentry had not yet lost all faith in the

Stuarts. But when these proposals were repeated in 1687, he began to take them into serious consideration, and to make preparations for acting upon them. Arms were bought secretly in various parts of Germany, ostensibly for the King of Sweden and some of the German Princes. But the French ambassador took the alarm, and transmitted reports of all he had heard and seen to his master, who duly made them known to James. The steps which this unfortunate monarch took in consequence only made matters worse. He determined to recruit the army with Irish, and the army, as well as all the English people generally, hated the Irish as cordially as the people of South Carolina now hate negroes. Many of the officers threw up their commissions and refused any longer to serve; the whole kingdom was in a blaze. James was in great perplexity, but could not for a long time persuade himself that the Prince of Orange entertained any design against England. The King of France offered him assistance to the extent of forty thousand men, whom he volunteered to land at Portsmouth, but he feared, and with reason, that once in England, it would not be easy to get rid of them.

At last the great Whig leaders signed an address to the Prince of Orange, formally inviting him to make a descent upon England, and pledging themselves to support him. William had now a fleet of fifty sail, most of them third or fourth rates, and commanded by Dutch officers, then the most skilful seamen in the world. There was also a fleet of transports, hired for carrying over the army, consisting of five hundred vessels. There were four thousand horses and dragoons in pay; horses for artillery, baggage, and volunteers, numbered seven thousand, and there were arms for twenty thousand men.

Then came the prince's declaration, justifying the step he was about to take—the invasion of his father-in-law's kingdom. It set forth at great length all the violations of the laws of England of which James had been guilty, and then all the remedies which had been vainly tried. Petitioning had been made a crime; endeavours had been made to pack the parliament; the writs were addressed to officers not legally qualified to carry them into effect; and the suppositious birth of an heir had been palmed off upon the nation. Seeing, therefore, no other way of remedying these great and crying evils, William declared that he felt himself bound, for his wife's sake, to accept the invitation of divers men of all ranks in England, and in particular of many of the lords spiritual and temporal, to govern England, and see that a parliament was lawfully chosen, and might deliberate freely, with which he pledged himself to concur in all things that might tend to the peace and happiness of the nation; he promised that he would preserve the church and the established religion, grant liberty of conscience to all, and would refer the question of the Queen's delivery to parliament. In addition to this, he published a proclamation, calling upon the soldiers and sailors to join him in defence of their religion and liberties.

Now came a variety of advices from England. Many thought that he ought to bring a large fleet, but that the army should not exceed six or seven thousand men, as the expedition would not then be so likely to offend the people's prejudices by having the appearance of an invasion; and they thought he should land somewhere in the north, below Hull or in Burlington-bay, as Yorkshire abounded in horses, and the gentry were devoted to the cause, the country plentiful, and the roads good until within fifty miles of London. But all this was lost on William. He would not trust himself in such an enterprise with an army which could not give battle to the king's troops, even if they all remained faithful; and the naval officers said that it would be madness to attempt a landing on the north coast in wintry weather. The English Channel was therefore determined upon. The States-General of Holland voted William a loan of four millions of guilders.

In the beginning of October, the troops were embarked, and on the nineteenth the Prince himself went on board, and they all set sail. But the next day the wind settled in the north-west, and a great storm arose, and for two days the fleet had to contend against its fury, but on the third was forced to put back into port completely baffled, and many of the vessels so shattered that they sunk in the harbour. In the interval which was occupied in refitting, prayers for the success of the expedition were offered up in all the churches, at which the Princess Mary assisted with great devotion.

When James heard of all this, he could no longer conceal his fears. He sent for the bishops, and implored their advice. They recommended him to abandon his arbitrary proceedings against the church and the universities; and when they were required to prepare a prayer for the present occasion, it was so worded that those who wished well to the Prince of Orange might join in it; and many of the clergy prayed openly for an east wind, calling it "the Protestant wind." And, doubtless, not trusting much in the efficacy of the bishop's supplications, all the forces in Scotland were ordered into England, and many regiments also were brought over from Ireland. The writs for a parliament were made ready, the charters which had been taken away from the various corporations were ordered to be restored again, and directions were given to the Bishop of Winchester to put the president of Magdalen College again in possession. The wind changed, the Prince's fleet was blown back, and then the order was revoked; thus showing the hypocrisy of the court.

In the meantime the Dutch fleet lay at Helvoet Sluys, as for three weeks it continued to blow a violent gale, which on the twenty-sixth of October reached such a pitch, that many gave the whole design up for lost. The Prince, however, maintained his usual calmness and tranquillity. On the twenty-eighth the wind moderated, and on the first of November the expedition again sailed with the evening tide. On the fourth, after many delays, it arrived off Torbay, and at noon on that day Lord E. Russell came on board with a pilot. In four hours after the Prince and Marshal Schomberg landed, to reconnoitre the country.

Bishop Burnet, who had accompanied the expedition, immediately on landing hastened to congratulate the prince. What followed may best be given in his own words: "As soon as I was landed, I made what haste I could to the place where the Prince was, who took me heartily by the hand, and asked if I did not now believe in predestination. I told him I would never forget the providence of God, which had appeared so signally on this occasion. He was cheerfuller than ordinary."

During the first few days, the troops that had been disembarked suffered greatly from want of shelter. The weather was wet; the baggage was still on board the ships; and the Prince himself had no better accommodation than could be afforded by a hut, from the top of which his banner waved. At last, the prospect cleared, and the horses and everything else were landed without difficulty.

On Tuesday, the 6th of November, William's army began to advance into the country. At Newton Abbot his declaration was solemnly read to the people, and during the two following days he took up his quarters at Ford, the seat of the ancient family of Courtenay. Exeter surrendered at the first summons, and on the 9th William made his entry in great pomp. Macaulay has described the scene which followed with all that brilliancy of colouring and picturesqueness of grouping which has given to many of his essays as well as to his history the charm of a romance. In his words we shall, therefore, depict the ceremonial.

"Such a sight had never been seen in Devonshire. Many went forth half a day's journey to meet the champion of their religion. All the neighbouring villages poured forth their inhabitants. A great crowd, consisting chiefly of young peasants, brandishing their weapons, had assembled on the top of Holdron Hill, whence the army marching from Chudleigh first descried the rich valley of the Esk, and the two massive towers rising from the cloud of smoke which overhung the capital of the west. The road all down the long descent, and through the plain to the banks of the river, was lined, mile after mile, with spectators. From the West-gate to the Cathedral-close, the pressing and shouting on each side were

such as reminded Londoners of the crowds on the Lord Mayor's-day. The houses were gaily decorated; doors, windows, balconies, and roofs were thronged with gazers. An eye accustomed to the pomp of war would have found much to criticise in the spectacle. For several toilsome marches in the rain, through roads where one who travelled on foot sank, at every step, up to the ancles in clay, had not improved the appearance either of the men or of their accoutrements. But the people of Devonshire, altogether unused to the splendour of well-ordered camps, were overwhelmed with delight and awe. Descriptions of the martial pageant were circulated all over the kingdom. They contained much that was well fitted to gratify the vulgar appetite for the marvellous; for the Dutch army, composed of men who had been born in various climates, and had served under various standards, presented an aspect at once grotesque, gorgeous, and terrible to the islanders, who had in general a very indistinct notion of foreign countries. First rode Macclesfield, at the head of two hundred gentlemen, mostly of English blood, glittering in helmets and cuirasses, and mounted on Flemish war-horses. Each was attended by a negro, brought from the sugar plantations on the coast of Guiana. The citizens of Exeter, who had never seen so many specimens of the African race, gazed with wonder on the black faces, set off by embroidered turbans and white feathers. Then with drawn broadswords came a squadron of Swedish horsemen in black armour and fur cloaks. They were regarded with strange interest; for it was rumoured that they were natives of a land where the ocean was frozen, and where the night lasted through half the year, and that they themselves had slain the huge bears whose skins they wore. Next, surrounded by a goodly company of gentlemen and pages, was borne aloft the prince's banner. On its broad folds, the crowds which covered the roofs and filled the windows read with delight that memorable inscription, 'The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England.' But the acclamations redoubled when, attended by forty running footmen, the Prince himself appeared, armed on back and breast, wearing a white plume, and mounted on a white charger. With how martial an air he curbed his horse, how thoughtful and commanding was the expression of his ample forehead and falcon eye, may still be seen on the canvas of Kneller. Once those grave features relaxed into a smile. It was when an ancient woman, perhaps one of the zealous Puritans who, through twenty-eight years of persecution, had waited with firm faith for the consolation of Israel—perhaps the mother of some rebel who had perished in the carnage of Sedgemoor, or in the more fearful carnage of the Bloody Circuit—broke from the crowd, rushed through the drawn swords and curvetting horses, touched the hand of the deliverer, and cried out that now she was happy."

There are few Englishmen who are not acquainted with the events of the year following this triumphal entry, the precipitate flight of the last of the Stuarts, the battles of the Boyne, and of Aughrim, the sieges of Derry and Limerick, and the final overthrow of all the hopes of the dethroned monarch, the final settlement of the rights of the subject and the duties of the crown by the Bill of Rights, and the establishment of the Protestant religion in England beyond all doubt or dispute. These events have hardly yet become matters of history. In our own age blood has flowed in the old quarrel of the Revolution. Orange is still a colour which rouses one portion of our fellow-countrymen to fury, as red is considered offensive by a bull. The memory of the outlawed remnants of James's army is still held in reverence by the Irish peasant, who listens with bated breath to fireside stories of the exploits of the "Tories" and "Rapparees." To this day, when the Protestant farmers meet at fairs, and assemble in the public houses to be merry, if one rises to propose the traditional toast of the "Glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William," he cautiously inquires, "Whether there is a hole in the house?"* The playing of a tune celebrating William's triumphs is still sufficient to rouse a village into madness. It is not much more than one hundred years ago since the last of the royal house of Stuart made a final effort to recover the throne of his ancestors; and not more than eighty years since, in remote parts of England, old men might be found who passed their glasses across the water-jug before drinking the king's health.

But all this is now vanishing before the march of education; the extinction of the race of the Stuarts, has caused the extinction of jacobinism,—and the growth of knowledge and of Christian charity is causing the "Boyne Water" to fall harmless on "Croppy" ears. In a few years more there will not be a man in the kingdom who will see in the Revolution of 1688 aught else than the triumph of civil and religious liberty.

* Is there a Roman Catholic in the room?

THE PANDANUS.

The first navigators of the strange rivers of Africa, that little known quarter of the world, after having passed the wide-spreading deserts of the Sahara, were struck with admiration at the sudden change which presented itself in the aspect of nature. Vegetation, the most rich and prolific, succeeded, without any gradual change, to the most complete aridity, and the tall, muscular figures of the children of Ham replaced the spare and small stature of the nomade Arabian tribes.

Never in the whole course of his experience had Cada Mosto, the Venetian voyager, seen anything to compare to the sudden transition. He had sailed in the eastern seas of Europe, seeking honour and renown on the ocean wave. Many strange scenes had he witnessed, and looked on nature in her thousand forms, but nothing could equal the scenery of Senegambia. "The ground," says he, "is here flat, and covered with fine tall trees, which are always green, by new leaves coming forth as the old decay and fall. Never saw I in our own country such strange developments of nature."

Twenty-six years after the voyage of the Venetian, the Portuguese discovered, more to the south, and at some small distance from Guinea, four islands which undoubtedly owed their peculiar vegetation to a volcanic soil.

Fernando Po, the most considerable of these islands, received its first name from a Portuguese gentleman, who, struck with admiration at the magnificent aspect of its woodland scenery, called it *Formosa*, the beautiful. In Prince's Island, not far distant, is found the remarkable specimen of the pandanus tree which our engraving represents. The island is volcanic. Subterranean fires have raised thereon gigantic piles, summit on summit, rock on rock, whose topmost heights are crowned with snow. The soil, rendered peculiarly rich by the decomposition of the lava, produces without cessation the most marvellous plants. The trees are far more splendid than any which upraise themselves beneath a tropical sun. The colours are remarkable for their variety and beauty, and on these innumerable tints of verdure the sunshine of noonday falls like a flood of gold. Everywhere, stretching away in endless vistas, are the most delightful prospects that the eye ever beheld. The air is remarkably hot; and pleasant it is to rest beneath the cool refreshing shadow of one of the tall trees that stretch their wide leaves like a tent above; pleasant to regard the scene when a thousand-thousand unnamed flowers spring upward from the fertile surface of the earth, and spread abroad their sweet perfume. So beautiful, especially when compared with the barren sands of the desert, that it almost seems a land of enchantment, a land more beautiful than a Grecian's dream.

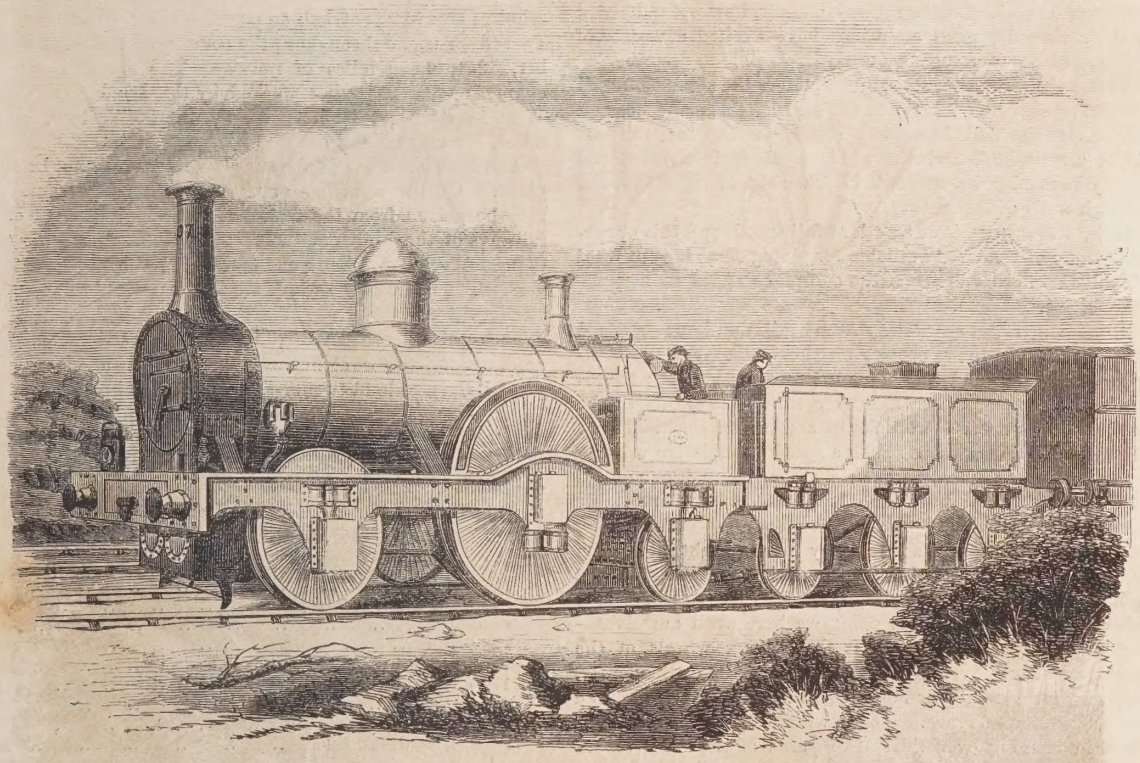
A cascade descends from the steep summit of the island, falling like a sheet of molten silver, from rock to rock, from crag to crag, with a wild and awful music, and, casting back the bright rays of the sun, forcing its way amid the mountain passes. In one of the gorges, where the water for a moment

rests in a limpid basin, the pandanus is found. Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the tree is its stem or trunk, which at the highest points is stout and strong, but as it descends it gradually lessens, and becomes diminutive, and when it touches the water is but a very slight and tender root. The stem is ring-streaked, and each year new fibres are put forth, which, turning at a right angle, curve downwards, and are plunged into the bed of the river. These fibres are of considerable size, and aid the support of the tree by taking root under the water. At a short distance the tree has the appearance of a monstrous reptile. Its curved branches, stretching abroad, end in a cluster of long narrow leaves, and present a remarkably novel effect. The strange trees, with their strange ringed-streaked branches, and still stranger coronets of leaves, arising from the water in which they are nourished, and reflected on its surface, become every way interesting. There is an air of solitude which adds to the charm of the picture—a solitude and silence disturbed alone by the strange cry of the wild birds resting on the branches of the pandanus, or perched on the neighbouring rocks.

THE PANDANUS DISCOVERED IN PRINCE'S ISLAND.

THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

If the reader will pay a visit to the Euston-station, in London, at about nine o'clock, A.M., he will find that preparations are being made for the departure of one of the expresses on this railway. The train leaves at 9. 15, and is destined for Birmingham, Crewe, Chester, Holyhead, Liverpool, and Edinburgh, and the passengers, attended by the porters and other officers of the company, are collecting at the station. The carriages which are to form the train are standing beside the curved platform, which seems to be indefinitely long, while the sun's warm rays gleam from above through the immense area of plate-glass which forms the roof, and light up the web of interlaced rods, bars, and bolts, by which the whole is supported. Porters bustle about with luggage of all kinds and shapes on their shoulders, or trundle little mountains of baggage to the vans in wicker-work trucks, which have been



M'CONNELL'S PATENT EXPRESS ENGINE.

described as having the appearance of something between a clothes-basket and a badly constructed cradle.

The train is now rapidly filling, and the luggage is deposited in or upon the carriages. Stout gentlemen supply themselves with the daily newspapers from the "light-footed Mercuries" who vend them, the assistants of the agent at the book-stall. Other travellers, who are "used to this sort of thing," come in just as the first bell rings, and neither waste time by having to loiter on the platform till the train starts, nor get out of temper with themselves and all the world by being too late. Mild jokes are made available to keep up the spirits of friends about to part, about "sitting with one's back to the horses," or "a feed of coke" for the engine; and the good tempered hearers smile blandly as if they had never heard such wit before, though, according to accurate returns made by observers of human nature at railway-stations, it is probable that there are some scores expended before each train leaves the platform!

There are no second-class carriages to this train—a respect in which the London and North-Western Company is behind several of its contemporaries; but had it been otherwise, there is one sentiment which would be prevalent in the passengers' minds to their journey's end. It refers to the strong sensation which they experience of sitting on uncommonly hard seats. "Indeed, the theory has been fully discussed," says the author of "Our Iron Roads," "and is popularly regarded as in the highest degree plausible, that the directors of railways sent deputations of skilled carpenters all over the world to obtain the hardest wood which can be found, with which to make second-class seats. The result of their investigations have been most satisfactory to the companies; the only difficulty arising from a vague misgiving that perhaps the 'seconds' may flee to the third-class, which cannot be worse."

While witnessing the operation of loading a train at a principal terminus, the thought will scarcely fail to cross the mind of the observer, how various must be the feelings with which the embarkation is effected by the different passengers; how diverse the tones with which the words "good bye" are uttered by tongue and by heart. Sir Francis Head mentions an illustration in point, of the emotions which have been awakened at the moment of departure from this platform, to which we may refer. He was seated in the furthest corner of a carriage, when a clergyman from Brighton suddenly observed to his next neighbour in the same compartment "There must surely be something very remarkable in that scene!' The incident to which reference was made was this. A young man of about twenty-two was standing opposite to a first-class carriage, just as the driver's whistle shrilly announced the immediate departure of the train. On this signal, without any affectation of any sort, he quietly reeled backwards on a baggage truck, which happened to be just behind him. Two elderly ladies who were with him instantly set to work, first of all most vigorously to rub with their fingers the palms of

his hands, a process about as successful as if they had rubbed the soles of his boots; then they untied his neckcloth, but their affectionate kindness was of no avail. The train was probably separating him from something, or from some one, and the emotions it excited were too much for his weak frame. What corresponding sensibilities may have been aroused within the bosom of any one in the train, we have no power to divine!

This incident may suffice to suggest how various may be the shades of feeling awakened within those who are taken and those left on the departure of a train. It has been well remarked, that "from the murderer flying from the terrors of justice, down to the poor broken-hearted debtor absconding from his misfortunes; from our careworn Prime Minister, down to the most indolent member of either House of Parliament, each simultaneously escaping after a long protracted session; from people of all classes going from or to laborious occupation, down to the school-boy reluctantly returning to, or joyfully leaving, his school; from our Governor-General proceeding to embark for India, down to the poor emigrant about to sail from the same port to Australia, in various classes and conditions of men—the railway-whistle, however unheeded by the multitude, must oftentimes have excited a variety of feelings, which it would be utterly impossible to describe."

At last the arrangements are completed, the signals of "all right" are exchanged between the guards, the manager, and the driver, the whistle sounds shrilly on the ear, the last adieus are uttered, and the whole fabric is in motion, and rapidly increasing its speed, it vanishes out of sight between the high walls of the cutting.

Well, the express is at length at full speed, and this opportunity may be rendered available for giving some idea of what is involved in order to attain the enormous speed of locomotion which is reached.

Suppose a train to move at seventy miles an hour—a speed not unfrequent in the expresses on the Great Western Railway—this is, in round numbers, 105 feet per second; that is to say, the passenger is carried over thirty-five yards in the space of time between two ticks of a common clock. If two trains pass one another at such a speed the relative velocity is double that, or seventy yards per second; and if one of the trains were seventy yards long, it would flash by in a single second.

If the movements of the machinery thus brought into action be tested, it will be found that some curious facts are brought to light. In making this inquiry, Dr. Lardner—of whose valuable researches on this point we here avail ourselves—begins with the supposition that the driving wheels of the engine are about seven feet in diameter, and, consequently, that they measure a little more than twenty-one feet, or seven yards, in circumference. These wheels would revolve five times in running over thirty-five yards of the rails; and as this space is, on the supposition made, passed over in one second, these driving wheels must at such a speed revolve five times a second. Now, to produce one revolution of the driving wheels, each piston must once move backwards and forwards in the cylinder, and its motion, therefore, must divide a second into ten equal parts. On arriving at the end of the cylinder a valve must be shifted so as to admit fresh steam on one side the piston, and that it may be withdrawn on the other; and this valve must move so rapidly as to form but a small fraction of the entire stroke of the piston.

But there are two cylinders, and the mechanism is so regulated that the discharge from the one is intermediate between two successive discharges from the other. There are, therefore, twenty discharges of steam per second, at equal intervals; and thus these twenty puffs divide a second into twenty equal parts, each puff being the twentieth of a second between it and that which precedes and follows it. It is these blasts of steam which produce that coughing noise heard when a locomotive engine is moving slowly.

Now, according to the experiments of Dr. Hutton, it appears that the flight of a cannon ball is at about five miles a minute, or three hundred miles an hour; in other words, that a train moving at seventy-five miles an hour has a velocity only four times less than that of a cannon ball. The heavy cannons employed in the broadside of a line-of-battle ship are almost all thirty-two pounders, and we may form some idea of the destruction which these masses of iron occasion when they are thrown with all their tremendous momentum against any object. But when we remember that a railway train weighs, not thirty-two pounds, but, perhaps, seventy-five tons, and that the speed of a train at seventy-five miles an hour is but a fourth less than that of a cannon ball, we have this surprising conclusion presented to us, that, when we take our seat amidst the soft cushions of such a train, we are embarking in an agent which will soon have a momentum equal to that of a cannon ball flying through the air, of some eighteen tons weight! To sit astride of a bomb-shell—setting apart the danger of explosion, and the inconvenience of exposure to the air—is nothing, in contrast with the tremendous power with which we are associated in our journeyings over the land in such a vehicle as an express train on the Great Western Railway.

Of the total number of engines employed upon the English lines an estimate may be formed from the fact, that to stock a line requires an average of half an engine a mile; while there were opened for traffic throughout the country on the 1st of December, 1851, 6,890 miles of railway. The actual number of engines on the 863 miles worked by the London and North-Western Railway, is 582; on the South-Western, on 244 miles, 118 engines.*

And here a few words about the carriages may not be out of place. Of the numbers of these in existence some idea may be gained from the fact, that the carrying stock of the railways of the kingdom includes no fewer than some sixty thousand vehicles, about one-tenth of which are for passengers. The value of the whole stock is estimated at £4,000,000 sterling.

The cost of constructing a first-class carriage, affording accommodation for eighteen passengers, is about £380; a second-class, to hold twenty-five, £260; and horse boxes may be built for about £150. Formerly the prices were much higher, but with the increase of experience in their erection they have been greatly improved, and the cost greatly diminished. The stock of carriages in the coaching department of the London and North-Western Railway was, on the 31st of December, 1851, as follows:—

State carriage	1
First-class mails, and composite	586
Second-class	564
Third-class	344
Travelling post-offices, and post-office tenders	25
Horse-boxes	271
Carriage-trucks	249
Guards'-breaks, and parcel-vans	210
Parcel-carts, trucks, &c.	43

The carriage stock of railway companies is generally of such design and construction, and kept in such a state of efficient repair, that accidents arising from their failure are very rare. The wheels and axle-boxes are the most severely tested parts of the vehicles, but if originally well made they give little trouble in their maintenance and repair. A spring sometimes breaks, and a tire occasionally fails—in which case the wheel is in danger of being thrown into pieces by the centrifugal velocity—but the instances are so rare, that they are not a source of much anxiety. Many kinds of wooden wheels have been constructed, and these are considered to possess some decided advantages over those made of iron. Special care has to be exercised in reference to all those parts of the vehicles which have been supplied by contract, and hence some companies invariably furnish certain parts of the machinery themselves, in order to avoid the possibility of defective workmanship. Where the original construction is what it ought to be, the carriages, if daily examined, may be relied on for a very long period. Thus Captain Huish

* "Our Iron Roads: their History, Construction, and Social Influences."

informs us, that during the last four years only six wheels have failed in the very large stock of the London and North-Western Railway Company.

The heating of axles has in several instances occasioned no small annoyance and alarm to passengers, who have suddenly discovered the fact that the carriage in which they are travelling, and to which they are confined, is on fire, while the rapid motion of the train serves at once to promote combustion and to prevent escape. Some modifications which have been made in the shape of the wheels, and more attention to their management, has greatly diminished this cause of danger; while the recent introduction of the patent axle-box, which with proper care will run many hundreds of miles without being fed, gives promise that the evil will be abated to a considerable extent, if not prevented altogether. Still, on a hot summer day, in a district where sandy ballast prevails, it is, and always will be, very difficult to keep the axles of a fast train cool.

The power of many of the engines is very great. On the broad-gauge the "Lord of the Isles," which was shown at the Great Exhibition, may be regarded as a type of a class of singularly powerful construction. It is capable of taking a passenger train of some hundred and twenty tons at an average speed of sixty miles an hour, its effective power equalling 743 horses. On the narrow-gauge there are engines of equal capacity in point of strength, but not, we opine, in speed. We understand, however, that special efforts are being made by the London and North-Western line to increase the speed of their expresses, more particularly between London and Birmingham, to which a line is now opened from the metropolis *viâ* Oxford on the broad-gauge. To put themselves in a better position for combatting with their powerful rival for the traffic on this route, they are making great efforts, by the formation of new engines, to which we shall have again to advert.

The appearance presented by the engine-driver, whose hand guides and controls the mighty energies of the steam-horse, as he thus seems to "ride upon the storm" of conflicting forces, is full of interest and almost of terror. When it is remembered that he has not merely to regulate the working of an elaborate and costly apparatus, and to make its operation as greatly powerful and as little expensive as possible, but to act with decision under exigencies which may arise at any moment, and to discover expedients amidst unexpected difficulties, his attention being roused by the consciousness that not only is valuable property and the lives of many passengers entrusted to his skill and care, but that should any inadvertency arise, his own life will be the first to be sacrificed;—while the train advances, whether mounting the earthy heights of an embankment, rushing over the seemingly frail fabric of a wooden bridge, or within the dark bosom of the mountain side, he must be keenly alive to all the duties of his post.

In alluding to the speed attained, and the fares exacted, by the different railways, a comparison will be best instituted between the Great Western and the London and North-Western Companies. The relative speed of the fastest trains between London and Bristol, and London and Birmingham, are as follows:—

Great Western Railway	43	miles per hour.
North-Western	49	„ „
Difference in favour of the Great Western..	3	„ „

The speed of all the mixed trains between London and Plymouth, and London and Liverpool, is—

North-Western	36½	miles per hour.
Great Western	35½	„ „
In favour of the North-Western	1	„ „

The average fares are:—

Great Western	1st class,	3·068d.	per mile.
	2nd class,	2·502d.	„
North-Western	1st class,	2·676d.	„
	2nd class,	2·178d.	„

A comparison of the time occupied, and the fares charged, on a journey of 246¾ miles on both lines shows that there is a difference in time in favour of the North-Western of—

34 minutes by a first-class train.
12 „ „ second ditto.

8s. 1d. by a first-class.
6s. 8d. „ second ditto.

By the ordinary trains the average speed per hour is—

North-Western	26¼	miles.
Great Western	25	„
In favour of the North-Western ..	1¼	„

It is, however, worthy of remark, that on the Great Western Railway there are second-class carriages to the express trains, while on the North-Western this is not the case.

The first pair of the new magnificent express engines for the London and North-Western Railway to run to Birmingham in two hours, which were designed by and made to the instructions of Mr. M'Connell, the locomotive superintendent of that company, have been delivered, one from the manufactory of Messrs. Fairbairn of Manchester, and the other from Messrs. E. B. Wilson and Co., of Leeds. These engines have attracted much attention from the excellence and novelty of the design, as well as from the beauty and finish of their workmanship. No pains have been spared by the makers to do full justice to the plans.

The driving wheels of these engines are seven feet six inches in diameter, the stroke is twenty-four inches. The tubes are 303 in number, and 1¾ inches in diameter, and the fire-box contains 260 square feet of heating surface. These engines are fitted up with Mr. M'Connell's patent solid wrought-iron piston, which, in addition to superior strength and durability, is one-third lighter than those hitherto used; so that at a speed of sixty miles per hour a momentum will be saved on the two pistons equal to 80 tons. They have also tubular axles under both engine and tender, which, by saving dead weight, and at the same time giving a stronger form, are also not so liable to heat as the ordinary solid axle. This improvement, introduced also by Mr. M'Connell, is rendered complete by the new Indian-rubber springs, which are found to be very easy and durable.

The chief peculiarity, however, in these engines, is the combustion chamber, which Mr. M'Connell has arranged by introducing the fire-box, or direct heating surface, into the cylindrical part of the boiler, to the extent of four feet nine inches. This is a most important step, and will tend to great economy: the result of nine months' trial of an ordinary engine so altered shows a saving of nearly 30 per cent. of fuel used for the work done, and as fuel forms more than half the expenditure, the economy must be very great. As an evidence of the superiority of the method thus employed, it may be mentioned as a remarkable fact, that within forty-five minutes of the time that the furnace is first lighted, a pressure of steam equal to a hundred pounds on the square inch may be indicated. The estimated power of the new engine when running at a high velocity is not less than 650 horses, and it is confidently hoped that long-sustained speeds of seventy miles an hour will be obtained. This arrangement Mr. M'Connell has further improved, by "recessing" the under part of the boiler for the crank shaft, which lowers the centre of gravity upwards of ten inches.

It is confidently expected, that a speed of at least seventy miles per hour may be sustained throughout their working with great ease, while the steadiness and beautiful action of the machine will render such a velocity quite steady, easy, and safe. Steam pumps are attached on the foot-plate, to keep up a supply of water when the engine is at a stand, and a new steam gauge in the form of a gas meter, shows always the pressure of steam with great accuracy to the engine-man.

LORD DUDLEY STUART.

ENGLISHMEN dearly love a lord. In this country, at least, there exists a prestige in favour of rank, which no amount of theoretical democracy has hitherto been able to destroy. Burns may tell us —

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
A man's a man for a' that;"—

and Tennyson, in that polished verse in which the finish of a Campbell and the fancy of a Shakspeare are luxuriantly combined, may teach his haughty Clara Vere de Vere,

"'Tis noble only to be good;"

still, the truth is, we worship rank; nor is such worship so

LORD DUDLEY STUART. DRAWN BY THOMAS; ENGRAVED BY H. LINTON.

Nicoll, that younger and purer Burns, may say of a man—

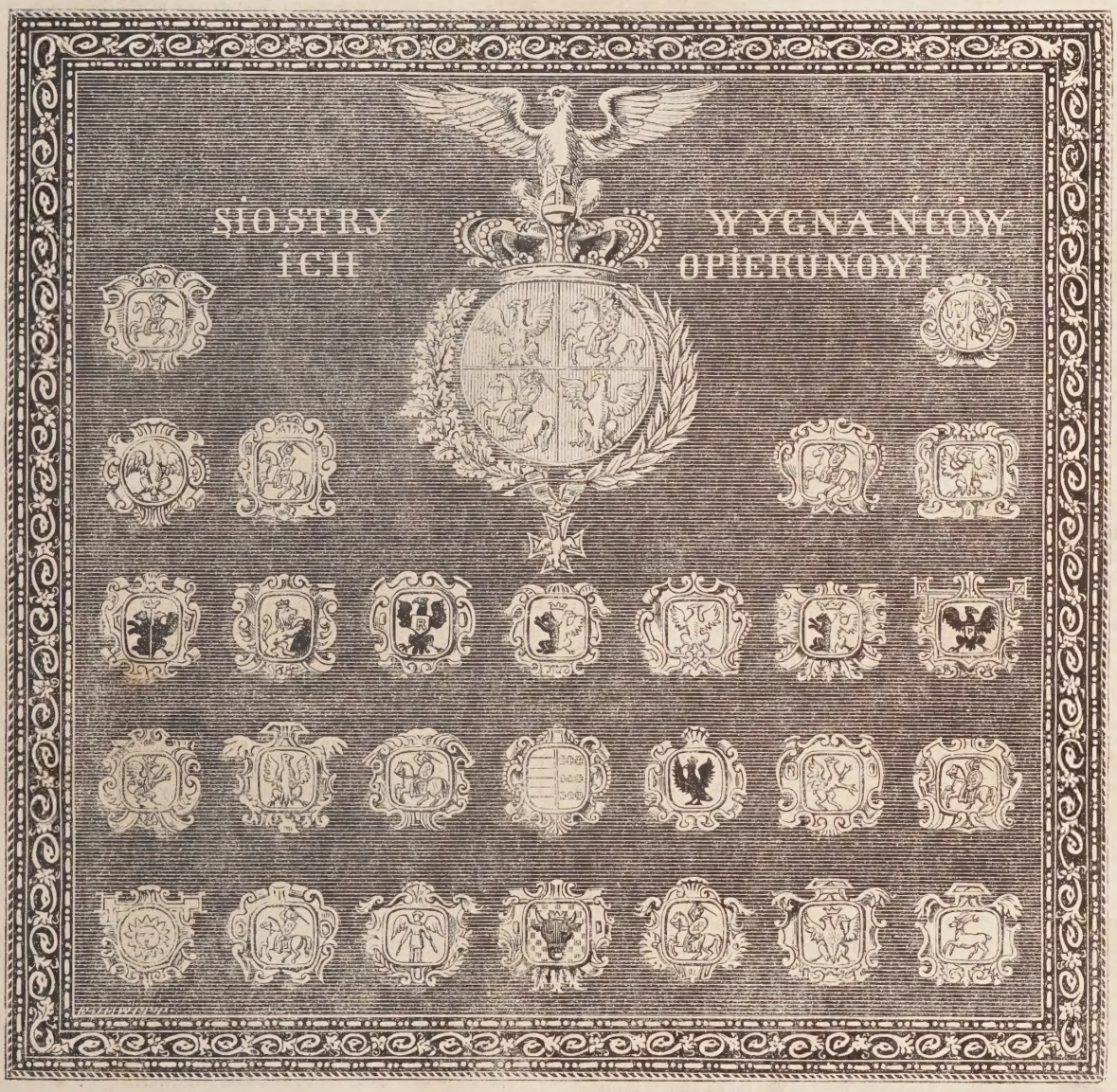
"If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim;"

Barry Cornwall, that sweet singer of our times, may sing—

"You may boast of jewels, coronets,
Ermine, purple, all you can;
There is that within them nobler—
Something that we call a man;"

altogether a senseless thing as at first sight it may appear. Rank represents ancient institutions. It is redolent of deeds deemed noble at the time of doing, however contrary to the advanced public opinion of our day. It tracks its origin to heroes. It preserves the idea of honour. By means of it national identity is kept alive. Our titles are rich in meaning. Apsley House and Blenheim speak volumes.

To a man equal to the position, the possession of rank is a powerful instrument for good. If an honourable ambition seize him; if he rise above the conventionalism of his class; if he go forth into the world to right the wronged, starting from his vantage-ground, such a one may do much more than others can. Lord Dudley Stuart is an illustration of this truth. At an early age he entered the House of Commons, and by his perseverance and his chivalrous devotion to the cause of Poland, he awoke English sympathy and won English support, when another might have pleaded the cause in vain. Poland blotted out—her sons sleeping on the battle-field or exiles in foreign lands—her daughters in tears and refusing to be comforted—fired his heart and roused him to a course of action, to which he remained true amidst the world's sneers and opposition, and ridicule and rebuke. The cause of Poland was to him the cause of humanity and Christian civilisation. He saw, to use his own language at the dinner given to his lordship at Willis's Rooms, May 16, 1846, on the occasion of the presentation of a splendid piece of tapestry worked by the ladies of Poland—he saw "in it are involved the interests of religion, the progress of social improvement, the extension of commerce, the faith of treaties, the honour of England, the peace and well-being of Europe;" and to this cause he devoted himself with an ardour unparalleled since Burke dragged the crimes and atrocities of Warren Hastings to light, and with his gigantic powers of oratory pleaded before the bar of the English parliament the cause of the decaying dynasties and ruined potentates of the East. Like Burke, his lordship was voted a bore: fashionable people yawned, and clever people sneered; but unlike those of Burke, his lordship's increased exertions have been attended



TAPESTRY CARPET, WORKED BY THE LADIES OF POLAND, AND PRESENTED BY THEM TO LORD DUDLEY STUART.

with practical good. The cause of Poland has been kept alive. The heart of the exile has been cheered. The hungry have been fed. The world would have left these men to perish had not Lord Dudley Stuart have come to their rescue. Our readers remember Coleridge's lines,—

> "Oh, lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
> Where learnt you that heroic measure?"

Lord Dudley Stuart may be addressed similarly. The public opinion of his class did not require him to go out of his way in search of the exile and the prisoner. The world of fashion was free to him as to others. If the exile had died, society

would not have required atonement at the hands of his lordship.

We have already referred to his lordship's career in the Commons. He entered parliament at the general election, which took place on the death of George the Fourth in 1830, as member for the borough of Arundel, and immediately ranged himself on the liberal side of the House of Commons. He took a part in the struggle for Reform which in the two following years occupied parliament. The first time he addressed the House of Commons was on the subject of the Reform Bill; and he was, in point of time, the first member elected for the first Reform parliament — his election for Arundel having taken place at the earliest hour on the earliest day after the dissolution in 1832. Having represented Arundel for four parliaments, he again, at the general election in 1837, presented himself to the electors of that borough, but being opposed on that occasion by Lord Fitzalan (now the Earl of Arundel and Surrey), who was supported by all the influence of the Duke of Norfolk, the chief proprietor of the place and neighbourhood, he was, after a vigorous contest, defeated.

Lord Dudley Stuart remained out of parliament till 1847, when he then sought the suffrages of the metropolitan borough of Marylebone, in consequence of the vacancy created by the retirement of Sir Charles Napier. Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey having retired from the contest, his lordship was elected, by a large majority, as a colleague to Sir Benjamin Hall. At the recent election he was again returned in conjunction with that gentleman; and to the honour of the borough we must record the fact, that the election expenses were defrayed by the electors themselves. Hence the reality of his lordship's popularity cannot be denied. At first the men of Marylebone were rather suspicious of him. They thought he was too aristocratic. His lordship, however, has worn well. The more he has become known, the more has he been trusted by the people. His sympathies have not been all absorbed by the Poles. The Hungarian refugee has found in his lordship an advocate and friend. His lordship also is connected with most of the onward movements of the day, in which he is found occupying the foremost file. He is a man of progress, and an enemy of all abuses in church and state, in proof of which we allude to the destruction of that sink of infamy, the Palace Court, in which good work his lordship was the principal instrument. Indeed we may say of him, as Lord Mopeth did on an occasion to which we have already referred, that "in addition to such high qualities as they saw in his noble friend, he carried a warm and romantic ardour into the work of benevolence; his character, indeed, was too finely and sensitively tuned, but it could not be said of it that it answered only one chord—the strain of suffering or the cry of affliction of only one people. Though it found a large range abroad, it did not forget its daily work at home." Of his lordship in the House of Commons we can only say here, that he is always ready with his voice and vote, that he is always in his place, and is always prepared with a word in season, that he takes a prominent part in debate, and has earned honourable distinction in the house.

Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart is the son of the first Marquis of Bute by his second wife, daughter of the late Thomas Coutts, Esq., the celebrated banker, and was born in the year 1803. The present Marquis of Bute, who will be one of the wealthiest men in the world, in consequence of the late marquis's spirited efforts to develop the trade and commerce of Cardiff and the surrounding districts of South Wales, is his great nephew. In 1824, Lord Dudley married Christine Alexandrine Egypta, daughter of Lucien Buonaparte, and sister of the present Prince of Canino, by whom he has a son, recently a captain in the army. Her ladyship died in 1847, since which time his lordship has been a widower. We may add here that he is a deputy-lieutenant of Buteshire, and that he was educated in Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of M.A. in 1823. These are all the particulars we have been enabled to glean respecting him. It is unnecessary we should give more. His lordship is a public man, his life is a public life, his history is that of the popular party with which he acts; and sure are we that amongst that band of honourable and patriotic men, there are none more honourable nor more patriotic than he whose portrait accompanies this necessarily brief and imperfect sketch.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

St. Paul's Cathedral has been called the grandest building in the grandest city in the world. As an architectural triumph it merits the highest praise. The events which have occurred within its walls, and in the old church which formerly occupied its site, will ever render it an object of attraction to the student of history. The great, the wise, and the good, who, as an old historian says, "lodge there till the resurrection," increase the interest which we feel with regard to this Christian temple.

> "The echoes of its vaults are eloquent!
> The stones have voices; and the walls do live.
> It is the house of memory."

There the Pagan offered his sacrifice, and there men worshipped Diana; there the host was elevated before the prostrate assembly; there men told their beads and chanted masses for the dead; and there some of the most stirring events in history occurred,—events which have given a marked and distinctive character to the drama of human life.

Upon the ground now occupied by St. Paul's Cathedral there stood in ancient times a temple dedicated to Diana. Howel in his "Perlustration of the City of London," says "that certain old houses adjoining, are in the ancient records of the church called Diana's chamber; and that in the churchyard during the reign of Edward I., an incredible number of ox-heads were found, the remains of old sacrificial worship. When Augustine was sent to England by Pope Gregory to teach Christianity, he fixed the archiepiscopal seat at Canterbury, created Mellitus the first bishop of London, and put that see under his government; during the dominion of that prelate, about A.D. 610, Ethelbert, the Saxon king of Kent, founded on the site of the old temple a cathedral church, which was erected to the honour of the Apostle Paul, endowed it with lands, and obtained various privileges from the Pope: such was the origin of the first church. In the reign of the Conqueror, the cathedral was destroyed by fire, together with the greater portion of the city."

Maurice the bishop of London immediately commenced a most extensive pile, the principal materials for which, according to Dugdale, he procured from the ruins of an old castle called the Palatine Tower, near the river Fleet. The work proceeded but slowly, for the contemplated structure was so wonderful in size that men judged it never would be finished. In 1240, the building was solemnly consecrated. The principal measurements were—

Length from east to west	690 feet.
Breadth	130 ,,
Height of body of the church	150 ,,
Tower, from the ground	260 ,,
Wooden spire covered with lead	274 ,,

but, as in the two hundred and sixty feet the height of the battlements which rose above the base of the wooden spire was included, the whole elevation did not exceed five hundred and twenty feet. This cathedral was, until the erection of St. Peter's at Rome, *the largest church in the Christian world.* The spire was the first built in England, and the loftiest in Europe: it was one hundred and sixteen feet higher than the spire of Salisbury Cathedral; sixty-four feet loftier than that of Vienna; fifty feet higher than that of Strasburg; and surpassing the height of the Great Pyramid of Egypt. Old St. Paul's spire was, moreover, the height of the Monument placed upon the cross of the present cathedral.

On special saints' days, it was customary for the choristers to ascend the spire to a great height, and thence to chaunt

solemn prayers and anthems; the last observance of this custom was in the reign of Queen Mary, when it is recorded, that "after even-song the quere of Paules began to go about the steeple, singing with lights after the old custom." Before love had taught

> "A monarch to be wise
> And Gospel light first beamed from Boleyn's eyes,"

a great many curious ceremonies were common to the old cathedral; thus Camden describes a custom peculiar to Old St. Paul's, of which he was an eye-witness. On the 25th of January a fat buck was received with great formality at the entrance of the choir by the canons in their sacerdotal vestments, and with chaplets of flowers on their heads; whilst the antlers of the buck were carried on a pike in procession round the church. On the buck being offered at the high altar, one shilling was paid by the dean and chapter as a fee to the keepers who brought it, and thus the ceremony ended.

The cathedral, however, gradually fell into ill repair. In 1314, the cross surmounting the steeple fell down. And shortly afterwards the wooden steeple, being found to be in a ruinous condition, was taken down and reconstructed, being surmounted with a new gilt ball. In 1444 it was fired by lightning, and in 1561 the cathedral was again partially destroyed, and a subscription was set on foot for its restoration. The scandalous desecration of the church at that time, is much complained of by contemporary historians. Dung-hills were suffered to accumulate within the church, and drunkards and vagabonds slept at all hours on the benches at the choir-door; men walked about the church with their hats upon their heads, and butchers and water-carriers made it a common thoroughfare. Inigo Jones set about repairing the structure, but the struggles of the civil wars interrupted the labour. At the Restoration, Sir John Denham and Dr. Christopher Wren were appointed to superintend the repairs; but the great fire of London broke out on the 3rd of September, 1666.

> "The daring flames peeped in and saw from far
> The awful beauties of the sacred quire;
> But since it was profan'd by civil war,
> Heaven thought it fit to have it purged by fire."

An eye-witness, says, "All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light was seen above forty miles for many nights. "God grant that mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that, at the last, one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on; which they did near *two miles in length and one in breadth.*" It has been calculated that thirteen thousand houses were at that time consumed, with eighty-seven parish churches, three of the chief gates, and fifty-two companies' halls; in fact nearly all the principal buildings within the city. The space covered by the ruins equalled four hundred and thirty-six acres, and the total amount of damage was computed at £10,730,500. The cathedral itself was a heap of ruins, and in the church of St. Faith (the crypt of the cathedral) books to the amount of £150,000, which had been placed there for safety by the stationers of Paternoster-row, were entirely destroyed.

We need say nothing of the modern building which, phœnix-like, arose from the ashes of its predecessor. Few remarkable events have been recorded in its history. Queen Anne every year visited the church in high state to return thanks for the victories of Marlborough. In 1789, George the Third, after his recovery from severe illness, proceeded thither to return thanks. There lay Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, James Barry, John Opie, Benjamin West, Henry Fuseli, and Turner; there lay the engineers Mylne and Rennie; there is the statue of the philanthropist, John Howard; there Dr. Johnson's, there Bishop Heber's, there Lord Cornwallis's, Sir Ralph Abercrombie's, Sir John Moore's; there the statue of Lord Heathfield, there the monuments of Howe and Rodney, of Collingwood and St. Vincent, of Picton and Ponsonby; and there, side by side, sleep England's two greatest and noblest heroes by land and sea, Nelson and Wellington. An interesting circumstance attended the funeral of the former; when the body was lowered into the grave, the flag of the Victory was to have been placed on the coffin, but the brave fellows who had borne him to his last home, as if by common impulse, tore it into pieces, and kept each one a portion. All the circumstances connected with the funeral of the Great Duke are fresh in the memory of our readers.

THE MUSEUM OF CLUNY.

The ruins of the ancient palace of the Thermes (Thermæ), and the grounds they covered, were purchased, about the year 1340, by Pierre de Chaslus, Abbé de Cluny, in the name of the order to which he belonged. More than a century afterwards, Jean de Bourbon, another Abbé de Cluny, and son of Jean I., Duc de Bourbon, laid the first foundations of the Hôtel de Cluny, on the site occupied by a part of the ancient Roman palace.

In every country, there are certain families which seem to be especially entrusted with the mission of developing the arts, and endowed with the requisite taste for doing so. Such was, in France, towards the latter part of the sixteenth century, the family of Pierre d' Amboise, Lord of Chaumont sur Loire, and Seneschal of Charles VII. Jacques d'Amboise, who was appointed Abbé de Cluny in 1481, but who did not really succeed Jean de Bourbon till September, 1485, continued, in 1490, the works of the Hôtel de Cluny, which had been abandoned at the death of his predecessor, and in fifteen years he terminated "the construction from top to bottom, including exterior and interior ornamentation." It was with the 50,000 angels accruing from the property of those religious personages who had died in England in one year (the pastor was looked on as the heir of his flocks), that Jacques d'Amboise finished the Hôtel de Cluny: this sum, which would represent at present £25,000, enabled him to make use of all the elegant styles of decoration which were suggested to him by the best artists of various countries. The Hôtel de Cluny, the only municipal monument of the middle ages which now exists in Paris, represents a beautiful type of that intermediate period in which the traditions of the Italian *Renaissance* were confounded, in a few rare *chefs-d'œuvre*, with the traditions of the pointed style of architecture. This fine edifice has preserved the slender arrises of its turrets and chapel intact, as well as the chased mouldings of the open-worked gallery and of the sculptured dormers which surmount its principal façade. As it remained the inalienable property of the Abbés de Cluny up to the Revolution, it has received within its walls the most distinguished guests, from the widow of Louis XII., Mary, sister of Henry VIII. of England, and from James, King of Scotland, to the princes and cardinals of the house of Lorraine, and the nuncio of the Pope, in 1601.

Having become national property through the Revolution, the Hôtel de Cluny saw its chapel successively converted into a school of anatomy and a bookseller's warehouse, until Monsieur du Sommerard borrowed the use of it, in 1832, for the reception of a collection of furniture, utensils, arms, and of all kinds of objects of art of the middle ages. This was the future museum of the national antiquities of France.

And now this museum, which at present comprises ten chambers, including the chapel, contains paintings, sculptures of every kind—ivory, bronze, wood, and marble—manuscripts, tapestry, glass windows, glass wares, enamelled articles, crockery-ware, stones, jewellery, arms, ironmongery, rich

fancy articles, and the commonest household utensils, to which the ornamental devices of the artist have imparted a somewhat grand and unique appearance.

While gazing on all these things, the eye of the visitor will not fail to light upon the pewter ewer executed by François Briot. The height of this elegant object of art is thirty centimeters, the perimeter forty-five, and the diameter of the stand or basin is forty-five also.

BASIN FOR THE EWER OF FRANCOIS BRIOT.

The form of the ewer is slightly ovoid; and it is divided into three zones, the middle one being again divided into

PORTRAIT OF FRANCOIS BRIOT, SCULPTURED UPON THE BOTTOM OF THE BASIN.

three compartments, in each of which is represented one of the three theological virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity. Faith is represented before an altar, holding the Scriptures in one hand, and the cross in the other, with a death's head beneath her feet. Hope and Charity are represented with their usual attributes—an anchor for the first, and a horn of plenty, and children for the second.

The other two zones are ornamented with fantastic figures —winged horses, masks, genii, &c. The neck is ornamented with two masks; and on the upper part of the handle is a woman as a caryatid; and the foot is ornamented with two godrooned borders.

The decorations of the stand are still more remarkable than those of the ewer, the artist having lavished on it all the resources of his art, together with all the riches of his imagination.

The predominant idea represented there is, that temperance is necessary to the man who wishes to excel in the arts and sciences: the figure of this virtue is, therefore, represented in the centre of the stand, on that part which the artistic world designate by the name of the *umbilic*, and which is intended to receive the foot of the ewer.

The artist, who was evidently desirous that his idea should not be misinterpreted, has not thought it beneath him to write the names of all his allegorical figures in full length. We, therefore, read the word TEMPERANTIA round the principal subject, which consists of a woman seated in the midst of a

pleasant landscape, holding a ewer in one hand and a goblet in the other: the accessories which surround it are all ingenious allegories, which we must be satisfied with merely enumerating, and which all allude to the benefits derived from water: they are a sickle, the symbol of harvests; the trident of Neptune; the caduceus of Peace; and the torch of Love broken by Temperance. Around the *umbilic* are the four elements in elegant cartouches, separated by caryatides. Air is represented by Mercury; Water, by the nymph of a river; the Earth, by a beautiful woman in a recumbent position, and holding ears of corn in her hand; and Fire by a Mars, seated, and holding thunderbolts in one hand and a sword in the other, in order to demonstrate the destructive properties of the last-named element, while a lime-kiln, whence flames are seen issuing, bespeak its utility. A salamander, that fabulous animal which was reputed as being able to live in fire, is also observable there. The rim of the stand is occupied by eight cartouches, separated by fanciful devices, mingled with allegories, which it would take too long to explain, but which are not, however, arbitrary. As to the eight compositions, they are the continuation of the principal idea, namely, that temperance renders science fruitful. These eight compositions are, therefore, dedicated to the seven liberal arts, and to Minerva, that is, to Divine wisdom, which is the mother of them all.

PEWTER EWER, BY FRANCOIS BRIOT.

At the epoch when we imagine this ewer was executed, that is, during the second half of the sixteenth century, the notions of the middle ages were far from being completely forgotten. The Gods of Olympus, resuscitated by the writers of the *Renaissance*, already walked in the *cortége* of that severer muse of the middle ages, called *Scholasticism*, and which is still so little known; but though the doctrines of this school had been abandoned, its formulæ were not yet disapproved of. Thus — to speak of what concerns our present subject only — four elements, and seven liberal arts, were then recognised: but these seven liberal arts, which are seen on the stand, are not exactly those which were taught in the schools of Paris during the ninth century.

In the celebrated classification of the arts and sciences, called the *Trivium* and the *Quadrivium*, or the *Seven liberal Arts*, which classification is attributed by Monsieur B. Hauréau, in his learned "History of Scholastic Philosophy," to Marcionus Capella, a writer of the fifth century, the three arts of the *trivium* (three ways leading to truth), are grammar, dialectics, and rhetoric; the four sciences of the *quadrivium* (four ways), are geometry, arithmetic, astrology, and music. Here, the three arts are the same, and they are arranged in the same order; but the sciences are classified differently. Music here occupies the first place, for this art was looked upon, for a long time, as one of the most important branches of human knowledge; but the most remarkable circumstance is, that geometry has disappeared, become confounded with arithmetic or music, in order to make room for architecture, doubtless on account of the splendour of the architecture of the *Renaissance*, which caused the wonders of the middle ages to be viewed with contempt for so long a time.

Grammar, the first of the arts according to scholastic ideas, is represented by a woman holding a fountain in her hand, which is the source of all science. The figure representing Dialectics has an open book before her; in her right hand, she holds a roll of paper, and in her left four keys, which she is hiding behind her: these keys are the ones that open the doors of the human understanding. Rhetoric is represented by a female figure holding a burning heart in her right hand, while her left hand is placed on her own heart, to show that the heart is the source of real eloquence. Music holds a maudolin, Arithmetic a time-piece, Architecture a square and compass, and Astrology an astrolabe.

François Briot, who executed this *chef-d'œuvre*, was, for a long time, known only to a few *virtuosi*, who possessed copies of this ewer and its stand. He had taken care to sign his work, but his signature is modestly hidden at the back of the stand, which you must turn over in order to read it, round a medallion which contains the portrait of the *artiste*, carved by himself. We give an engraving of this curious medallion: Briot is there represented in the elegant, though austere-looking, costume of the end of the sixteenth century; his hair and beard are short, and his collar is almost plain, while his doublet is very unassuming. This portrait is boldly executed: the attitude and countenance announce an energetic and intelligent man; round it is read, *Sculpebat Franciscus Briot.* We have had a drawing taken of this precious relic at the museum of Cluny; Monsieur Charles Sauvageat possesses among his celebrated collection a second cast in pewter of it. It is probable that the original, executed in wax, had been reproduced in silver for some prince or nobleman, and carved by Briot. It was by the means of a mould taken from this *prototype* copy that numbers of pewter casts were produced, similar to the one which forms the subject of this article.

Was François Briot related to Nicolas Briot, one of the first engravers for medals of the seventeenth century? We know not. But we may be allowed to suppose that these two *artistes*, who followed one another so closely in the order of time, and who were both great masters, were not unknown one to the other.

THE AERONAUT.

BY ADELBERT STIFTER.—TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER I.—A NIGHT-PIECE.

About ten o'clock one fine June night, a large cat crept along the roof and gazed at the moon. One of its eyes, on which the moonlight fell, glittered like a green Will-o'-the-Whisp, whilst the other was as black as pitch. Arrived at the corner of the roof, he stared in at a window, out of which I was staring. Fixing his large friendly eyes on me, he seemed to ask, as if in surprise, "How is it, my old playmate and companion, that you look out of the window into the dark night with that face of yours, which always used to lie at rest on the white pillows when I happened to pass by on my nightly rounds?" "Why, you must know," replied I to his mute question, "that times have altered much; the white pillows lie there undisturbed on my bed, and the full moon throws the misty shadow of the window-panes on them instead of on my slumbering countenance, which I am obliged to hold out of the window three parts of the night to look at the heavens; for there will rise the rarest and the strangest star that you ever saw. It will not shine, but if one were to judge by merit, there is something in it which is more radiant than moon and stars altogether; aye, more radiant even than your eyes, most worthy friend!"

Thus I spoke to the cat, and he turned towards me his eyes, larger and more friendly than before, so that they shone like carbuncles, rubbing his soft fur against my hand, and purring whilst I continued to caress him. "One sees so much in a long moonlight night, my dear Tom," resumed I; "you must know that yourself, if you are a cat of any observation; and in thus waiting and gazing at the heavens, more particularly as the expected planet does not make its appearance, I have time and leisure enough to watch and study the course of increasing night."

But as I explained all this to my friend the cat, I do not see why I should not explain it to a much dearer human friend—before whom this page may some time be placed; why I should not tell him how a foolish and unfortunate circumstance chains me to this window, and fixes my eyes all night on the heavens.

It may be foolish, but any one would sit here as I do—that is to say, if he had previously experienced what I had.

Time hangs heavily as lead!

I came up far too early; even while the human crowds were swarming in the streets below, forming a strange contrast to the sweet moon which already showed her golden face between two huge columns of smoke, and shone in at my window.

By degrees every thing human wrapped itself in its night-chrysalis, and only here and there rose the voices of a few boon companions who were looking for the way home; then commenced that time so dear to philosophers and poets—the night-stillness.

The moon rose at last high above the roofs in the blue sky; a glittering and flickering began everywhere, silver shot through the clouds, streams of silver poured from every roof, and glittering spangles flew from the roof opposite, the church steeples, and the lightning conductors.

A thin atmosphere of silver hung over the whole town, like a veil covering the hundred thousand slumbering hearts. The only point of gold in the sea of silver was the burning lamp in the garret yonder, where the poor washerwoman's son lay at the point of death.

However beautiful all this was, the hours became each one longer than the other; the great shadows of the chimneys had long since turned round, the silver moon was already rolling down the second half of the dark arch—there was a death-like stillness—only I and that lamp were still watching. But of that for which I waited there was no appearance.

The great town lay before me in the magical uncertainty of the moonlight—one might almost have heard it breathe—but the heavens remained a glittering solitude, as they had been the live-long night.

Still I waited; every minute the silence seemed deeper. The moon visibly neared the horizon. A patch of fleecy clouds floating southward in the blue firmament were gently lit up, and distant cloud-banks, which since evening had hung and spread themselves on the horizon, and had long reflected the departed sun, now drank up the moonlight, and pale, tender light flowed through them.

Now it struck two o'clock, and Tom came. This night I felt quite a regard for him. That dumb conversation chronicled at the commencement of this sketch began between us; certainly it did not last long; we both of us soon tired of our silent communications, and each pursued his own fancies.

The widow's lamp was in the meantime extinguished, and I feared that a far different lamp would soon be lighted, for in the east a suspicious grey began to creep upwards as if it were morning; the air, till now so warm and heavy, roused itself; I felt it blow doubly cool from the morning on my face, and the rushing sound of the little brooks was carried distinctly from the opposite hills.

Then suddenly it seemed to me as if a dark body rose slowly into a band of clear sky between two long cloud-banks. I seized my telescope in haste, and pointed it towards that part of the firmament; stars, clouds, the glittering heavens, flew past the glass; I minded them not, but sought anxiously for that spot, till at length I came upon a great black globe.

It is correct, then! One prophecy comes true! Against the pale, tender, early morning sky, scarcely more tinted than a peach-blossom, is traced a large, dark ball, rising almost imperceptibly; and under it, hanging by invisible cords, trembling and shaking in the glass, is the car—a mere speck in the heavens, scarcely more than a shred of paper—bearing three human lives, and might shake them off even before the early morning, as naturally as a drop of water is shaken from that cloud beside it.

Cornelia—poor deluded girl! May God save and protect you.

I am obliged to lay down the telescope—it was dreadful not to be able to see the cords by which the car hung!

If the second fact be as true as the first, then may my heart say adieu!—for then shall I have seen and loved the most fickle of women!

I took up the telescope again, but the balloon was no longer visible; probably that upper cloud-bank had received it in its dark embrace.

I waited long, and sought for it in the heavens, but in vain; I saw it no more.

With strange feelings of anxiety and displeasure I laid down the glass and looked into the clear air, till at length another, a yet more radiant globe, arose and threw its glowing rays over the happy city, and shone into my window, and over an immense, clear, glorious, empty heaven.

CHAPTER II.—A DAY-PIECE.

The youth, from whose journal the above has been extracted, was a young artist, scarcely yet two-and-twenty, but to all appearances barely eighteen. From among a mass of light hair, that he wore in almost boyish curls, looked out an unspeakably open-hearted face, glowing with health, and ornamented with the first promise of a beard, which covered his upper lip, and of which he was fond, dark blue dreamy eyes, and a fair brow, on which rested all the innocence of his childhood. Indeed, he had brought with him to the great wicked city, from the solitude of the forest, all the simplicity of heart of his native valley, and as much knowledge as is usual at his age.

And so he sate, early in the morning after that, to him, so memorable a night, in his attic—which by-and-bye was filled with warm sunlight—leaning back in an old-fashioned chair, the innumerable gilt nails of which threw back the morning light in a glorious halo round him.

His hands were resting on his knees, and his eyes gazing listlessly on the blank canvas that stood on his easel before him;—but it was not of painting that he was thinking; the

first deep melancholy fire of a passion that burned darkly in his heart shone in his eyes and illuminated his child-like countenance; on the unwritten page stood the first letters of the great town—the commencement of a life full of happiness and anxiety, but far distant from the peaceful oasis of his childhood.

Love is a beautiful angel, but it often proves an angel of death to a confiding and deceived heart.

His companion of the night, Tom, his landlady's cat, lay on the broad window-sill, and slept in the rays of the early sun. Not far off lay the telescope on the drawing of a cherub.

In the streets and lanes below the industry of a great capital was already stirring, wisely providing for the day's hunger and the day's luxury.

While the artist sat in his little room, which was now quite filled with golden sunlight, another scene was acting elsewhere: high up in the firmament, in the solitude of unbounded space, hovered the balloon, bearing its car and its adventurous travellers gently onwards. A death-like quiet surrounded them, only at times broken by the gentle rustling of the silk when the east wind wafted across its sides, or by a scarcely audible sighing of the silken cordage. Three persons, in deep silence, wrapped to the chins in thick furs, and wearing double green veils, were in the car. Under one veil the soft, flowing outlines of a pale, beautiful woman's face, were indistinctly visible—with large, thoughtful, timid eyes. Sailing here, she no longer resembled that daring Cornelia, who, like her Roman namesake, longed to rise above her sex, and, like her heroic sons, endeavoured to burst the bonds of oppression, and who wished at least to show by her own example, that woman may proclaim herself free from those arbitrary bonds drawn around her for centuries by selfish and hard-hearted man—free, but compromising nothing in virtue and womanly nature. She was no longer what she had been scarcely half an hour before, for everything had proved different to her expectation.

In order to avoid any intrusive observation, it had been determined that the ascent should take place in the earliest dawn; and the beautiful maiden stood by scarcely able to repress her beating heart in the novel excitement of that which was about to happen. Still it was an anxious moment to the few spectators who were present when the frail silk swelled into an enormous globe, and dragged fiercely at the ropes which bound it to the earth.

Strange looking instruments were brought forth and secured to the car.

A fine, handsome man, usually mild, careless and happy—to-day pale and serious—walked several times round the machine, and proved its strength in various places. At last he inquired from her if she still felt the same wish? She answered by a firm "Yes," to which he replied by a strange look of admiration, and then led her respectfully to the car, remarking that he would not now trouble her with the warning which he had given her a fortnight before, as she had, without doubt, duly considered it. Waiting for several seconds, but receiving no answer, he, too, stepped into the car, and an old man was the third and last. Cornelia looked on him as a familiar grown grey in wisdom.

All was now in readiness; the machine in order. Cornelia cast one look at the trees which stood round, as it were, looking on in the greyness of morning. Her companion exclaimed, "Loosen the ropes, let the brave Condor fly, in God's name!"

It was done; and the giant fabric, seized by the thousand hands of the breeze, trembled, bent sideways for a second, then, gently ascending, dragged the car from its mother earth, and gaining speed with every breath, at last shot straight up into the stream of morning light, and, at the same instant, the flames of the early sun fell on its surface and cordage, so that Cornelia was alarmed, imagining the balloon to be on fire. The lines of cordage cut the deep blue sky like flaming swords, and the globe shone like a huge sun. The retreating earth was vanishing, black and confused, in the darkness.

The moon lay far westward in a bank of clouds.

Floating higher and higher, the horizon gradually expanded. Two hearts, and, perhaps, a third, beat with the sublimity of the moment. Immensity began now to unfold itself by degrees, and the idea of space to operate in its full force. The aerial voyagers were approaching an archipelago of clouds which were sending their morning rays to the earth, but which up there seemed cold, glittering fields of ice, swimming in the fearful blue expanse of air, and facing the car with cracks and ravines. On coming nearer they moved and rolled into white drifting mists. At this moment the sun rose below, and the earth was seen far away on every side. It was still the familiar face of nature, as we see it from high mountains, but sweetly blushing under the radiant network of the morning sunbeams, which at this moment gilded the window of the small room in which the young painter sat.

"How high, Coleman?" asked the younger aeronaut.

"Almost the height of Mont Blanc," replied the old man, who sat at the further end of the car; "upwards of fourteen thousand feet, my lord."

"Very good."

Cornelia at these words looked carefully over the side of the car, and cast her eyes straight down through the air towards the forsaken brilliant earth to see if she could discern any familiar spot,—but behold all was strange,—the familiar spots were no longer to be seen, and above all, none of those tender threads that bind us to the beloved spot which we call home. The woods and forests travelled like great shadows towards the horizon; a wonderful labyrinth of hills and mountains, like waves rolling onwards, breaking in tawny flecks, probably fields; one stream alone was clearly visible, a narrow, trembling, silver thread, such as one often sees on moors and heaths in late autumn.

Over the whole hung a strange yellow light.

When she turned her eyes back into the car, she met the calm look of her companion which recalled her to herself.

He was preparing a telescope. This was the moment at which we found the balloon on leaving the painter's room. As we said, it was wafted onwards by a gentle current of air, without rising higher; for upwards of twenty minutes the barometer had not fallen.

The two men were occupied with their instruments. Cornelia wrapped herself more carefully in her furs, and leaned back in her corner.

The current of air played among her curls, and the balloon rocked gently. Of the emotions of her heart she could give no account. Immense, glittering, snowy expanses were ascending in the horizon. Cornelia could not understand them.

"It is the Mediterranean," said Coleman, "we shall only make an experiment on electricity; then you will see it more magnificent still; no longer silver, but flaming gold. In the meantime the younger aeronaut filled a small bottle with strong coffee, surrounded it with quick-lime, poured water on the lime, and by that means heated the coffee; he then added rum, and handed a cup of the hot, exciting beverage to Cornelia. In the intensely cold state of the atmosphere she experienced an immediate benefit; from it a new life seemed to flow through her veins. Her companions drank also; they then conversed together in a low tone, and the younger nodded. On this the elder began to empty some sacks of sand which stood in the car over the side. The Condor rocked in the air, and then, as if with the magnificent sweep of its namesake, rose majestically into the highest ether;—and now the change of scene was sudden and overpowering.

Cornelia's first glance was towards the earth; it was no longer the well-known birthplace which she beheld; enveloped and glowing in a strange, golden haze, it appeared to stagger back; on its extreme the Mediterranean lay like a narrow brilliant band of gold. The whole was indistinct and fantastical. She drew back terrified as though a monster had met her eyes. Around the car, far on every side, floated and waved unearthly mists,—as seen from the earth, silver, fleecy clouds in the heavens. To these heavens she now turned her eyes,—but behold, they were no longer there! The whole dome of

heaven, the glorious azure vault above our earth, had changed to a black chasm stretching away undefined and without bounds. That blessing which we enjoy so thoughtlessly on our own beatiful earth, the ocean of sunlight, was here withdrawn. As if in mockery the stars were visible, tiny, powerless points of gold, scattered here and there in the abyss ; and the sun itself, lowering, without warmth, without rays, a sharply defined disc of metal, glowing and undulating at a white heat—it glared with a baleful light from the abyss, throwing the balloon into spectral contrast with the surrounding night, and tinting the three human countenances with a death-like hue, as in a magic lanthern—but not a ray of warmth was retained in these desolate regions.

And yet—but the mind could scarcely comprehend it—it was still our own pure, beloved atmosphere in which they sailed, the same morning atmosphere that fans an infant's cheek.

The balloon had, as the old man observed, reached the upper cross currents of the air, and was driven along with fearful rapidity, as the inclined position of the car clearly showed, as well as the plunging and shivering of the silk, though it made no more sound than the sighing of a child,—sound there was none at this extreme altitude.

Turning from the sun, the awful stars alone met her sight, like spectres wandering by day.

"I am dizzy!" she said.

But they did not hear her. She drew her furs tighter round her to keep out the bitter, intense cold. Her companions were engaged in operations perfectly unintelligible to her, but it seemed to her that the young man at times gazed majestically into the darkness, and played poetically with grandeur and peril; the old man showed no sign of being moved.

At length, after a long, long interval of forgetfulness, the young man turned towards Cornelia, but she gazed at him with vacant, unmeaning eyes, and on her lips stood a drop of blood.

"Coleman," exclaimed the youth, as loud as it was possible to do at such an extreme altitude, "Coleman, we must descend —she is ill!"

The old man raised himself from his instruments and looked at her; it was a look flashing with anger, and with a deeply mortified countenance, he said: "I told you, Richard!—that woman could never bear the skies! Our experiment, which has cost so much, is still unfinished; such an ascent as we have had!—the calmest and most successful in my life—is thrown away. Of course, we must descend—she would die up here!"

"Open the valves!"

After these words he sat down, and holding fast the rope, drew the folds of his cloak round him. The young man hastily seized a green silk cord, and, like a giant falcon, the Condor fell a hundred fathoms through the atmosphere—then sunk deeply lower and lower.

His lordship, as it reached earth, held the unconscious Cornelia in his arms.

CHAPTER III.—A FLOWER-PIECE.

I SCARCELY know how much time had flown by since the ascent; but it happened early one morning, almost before the grey dawn, that the young painter sat in the same old-fashioned chair with the gilt nails, and gazed on the canvas before him. This time, however, it was not empty, but displayed the outline of a large painting, and was already framed in a heavy gold border.

He worked at it like some one famishing for fame, and any one who could have seen his eyes wandering in ecstacy over his landscape, would have imagined that from those eyes had proceeded the warmth and tenderness which was so conspicuous in the painting. Often stepping back a pace, he examined the whole in a critical manner, and then with flashing eyes continued his work. It is a glorious sight when the angel of art takes possession of a beautiful unconscious youthful face, and illuminating it, raises the possessor far above the common every-day expression. The sun shone warmer and warmer into the room. About noon a servant entered with a small sealed note.

Leaving it open, he said—"Good; say that I will come;" and a deep red covered his face, the evidence of feelings he supposed hidden in the innermost part of his heart, and which latterly he had strenuously endeavoured to subdue.

The servant was gone, but the youth painted no longer.

At ten o'clock next day, carefully dressed in black, his hat placed on his light curling hair, he left the town, walked through the long airy street of a suburb, till he came to the entrance of a charming country-house. Ascending a flight of sunny steps, he opened the folding-doors of a large saloon hung with paintings. Here he waited to be announced. After a short time, a door on the opposite side opened, and an elderly lady entered. She held out her hand, and greeted him like a mother.

"Go in," said she; "go in, you are anxiously expected. You do not know, Gustave, what I have suffered! She actually carried out her intention—and then was so ill;—she must have seen dreadful things, and have been very, very far, for it took her three days and three nights to return; since her recovery she has been so kind and gentle, that I am often quite touched; but about the journey she never says the least word. Will you not go in to her?"

The youth had listened with a gloomy expression; when she finished speaking his countenance became still darker.

Striding across the room, he opened the door, and disappeared. The apartment in which he now found himself was large, and decorated with the most exquisite taste. At one window, in a forest of foreign plants, sat a young lady. She was dressed in white satin, which contrasted pleasantly with the dark green camelia leaves.

She rose as he entered, and advanced cordially to meet him. Her form was tall, full of a commanding patrician grace, but full also of that genuine modesty which is so enchanting.

Her countenance was expressive, but pale. Two large dark eyes looked towards the painter kindly. But his heart lay fettered by the past, his eye was cold and defiant; he did not perceive that she slightly trembled, either through humility or suffering.

For a moment they were silent. "We have not seen one another for some time," she said, softly; "and I have been rather unwell."

His only answer was a deep inclination.

"I hope you have been well," said she.

"I have," he replied.

She looked at him wonderingly, but said nothing; approached the camelias where her easel stood, arranged something that was already in order, put something straight that was not out of its place, examined the green leaves as if she sought for something, and then returned. He, however, stood exactly on the same spot, as some one who awaits an order, his hat in his hand; he had not changed his position a hair's breadth.

The lady breathed deeply, and then said more gently than before,

"Did you often think of us here?"

"I often thought," he replied, "of you and our studies. By this time the colours in your painting must be dried."

She crimsoned deeply, and exclaimed, hastily, "Are we to paint?"

Turning suddenly aside, the deep flush was only visible on her temples, and the displeased glance of her eye was only shown by the mirror. It was quite plain, and her dress itself sufficiently showed it, that she did not wish to paint; but when he put down his hat, approached the easel, had opened the case and taken out materials and colours; and when, after she had observed all this in silence, he handed the palette to her, she hastily turned back the sleeve of her dress, and taking the palette, sat down with indescribable haughtiness. Standing behind her, his face showed not the faintest trace of being moved. The painting was commenced. The elderly lady, Cornelia's nurse, occasionally came in.

The youth began as a master, calmly, and in a clear voice, to criticise those portions already placed on the canvas, and did so with more brevity and praise than was his wont; giving directions for what was now necessary in the painting, he shewed her the proper colours, and how they were to be mixed; she did as he desired.

"Good," said he.

The colours were placed side by side on the palette. The painting was commenced, and the room was in the deepest silence; only a few words broke the quiet, like falling drops in a grotto.

"Good—warmer—deeper;" after a time even these were no longer heard, and he pointed out with the handle of a brush what was to be joined or what separated, or he put on with his own hand a light or a shadow where it was necessary, and she was not confident.

He had attained his end. Any one seeing his eye—any one seeing his beautiful face looking over her shoulder, would have noticed in it a deep silent sorrow; but she did not turn her head, and they were surrounded only by unobserving walls.

As the spirit of misunderstanding stepping between two persons often seems only a small unimportant circumstance, and is not seen by them, or is not considered worthy of being destroyed by a breath or a movement,—so it often grows unnoticed until at last it stands between them like a dark shadowy untangible giant! Thus was it here. At first, it had seemed to him, as in a beautiful dream, that the commencement of those tender feelings which so indistinctly overburdened his heart were visible in her; but it was only as in a dream! for then came her pride, her longing after freedom, her daring—all so far different from that which his retiring swelling heart told that it should be; so far, so entirely different, that he repressed every feeling, and now stood there as one who despised her—she, who continued painting without one movement of her head, and without uttering a single word. He pressed his teeth firmly together, and thought how heartily he hated this woman.

Hour after hour of the morning fled by; he heard her breathing, but no second brought any change—only the same picture; the room was overpoweringly hot—and suddenly, he knew not why, he walked towards the window and looked out. It was as quiet outside as within. A dreary blue sky overhung the motionless green trees—he almost fancied that he was struggling to overcome a gigantic snake. All at once it seemed to him that he heard a sound as of something being dropped—he turned round; in truth, palette and brushes were laid down; and Cornelia was leaning back in her chair pressing her hands to her face; for a moment he gazed at her and she trembled,—then he approached her—but she did not move—nearer still but no movement; he held his breath and looked at those beautiful fingers pressed against the blooming countenance, and at last he saw that tears were trickling out between them. In an instant he was on his knees before her.

It is related of a fabulous flower of the desert, for years nothing but a barren shrub, that in one night it burst into blossom, trembling at its own happiness;—and so was it here! Anxiously he endeavoured to look under her hands upwards at her face, but he was not able; he gently took her arm to draw away her hand, but she gently resisted him; then the glowing words burst from his lips: "Dear, beloved, Cornelia!"

She only pressed her hands more firmly against her face, and the tears trickled down warmer and more plentifully than before.

But he—how did he feel? These tears gave him the deepest anxiety, and yet each one felt like a pearl of intoxicating delight in his heart. Where is the snake at the window? where is the dreary blue sky? The smiling vault rises over the world, and the green trees are cradled in a sea of splendour and glory.

He still held her arm, but no longer endeavoured to remove her hand from her face. She became calmer; at last all was quiet. Without uncovering her face she said, gently, "You never spoke to me as a friend concerning my masculine way of life."

"Let us not talk of it," exclaimed he; "it was foolish and too presumptuous on my part." "No! no!" said she, "I must speak—I must tell you that it shall be different. I am but a poor weak woman; how poor! how weak! even to that grey-headed old man. 'She cannot bear the heavens!'" Then she paused, and again the tears flowed. The youth drew down her hand; she did not oppose him, but her first glance at him startled her so that her tears ceased. How has he changed! From the boyish curls, the earnest, eager face of a man looked upwards, illuminated with a strange expression of the deepest feeling; but she also was changed,—in her proud dark eyes was the deepest humility, and never before had those proudly radiant planets gazed at him so softly, so tenderly, so helplessly devoted; they were speechless, the devouring flame of passion rose, the heart was powerless, a gentle attraction, a tender yielding, their lips met hotly together with an indistinct murmur, and the happiest moment of two human lives was come and gone.

The garland of gold and ebony was joined above their heads; the spark was struck, and they started back; they did not look at each other, but turned their eyes to the ground in silence: after a long, long pause, the youth first ventured a word, and in a low voice said, "Cornelia, what does this moment foretel?"

"The highest that it can," she answered, proudly.

"It is," said he, "the most beautiful moment that God ever marked in my life; but it seems to me that beyond this great happiness stands a deep enduring sorrow. Cornelia, how can I ever learn to forget this moment?"

"For God's sake, do not!" said she, alarmed. "Gustave, dear, only friend that I had in this wide earth, when blindly I endeavoured to raise myself above my sex—we will not forget it. I should hate myself if I could ever do so; and you preserve for me in love and truth your noble, beautiful heart."

He suddenly raised his eyes towards her, and stood before her almost more erect than before, like acting man, and exclaimed: "Perhaps this heart is richer than I myself knew! At this moment it has taken a determination which surprises me, but it is good. I will commence my projected journey immediately—even to-morrow. I can scarcely yet believe my new happiness; it is, perhaps, only a moment—a flash, in which two hearts have met, and then again darkness. Let us see what these hearts are. Lost this moment never can be; but what may it produce? Let it bring what it must and can, and as certain as that a sun shines without, so certainly will it one day shine on the fruit of this flower. I only know that another world is without, other trees, a different atmosphere, and I a different man. Oh! Cornelia, help me to explain that wonderful starry heaven in my heart! so happy, radiant, glowing, as if it might flow out in creations as large as the universe itself, for, alas! I cannot do it; I cannot even express how boundless, how unspeakably, how eternally I love you, and shall love you as long as one fibre of this heart remains."

Cornelia was in the highest degree surprised at the youth and his speech. Though of the same age as himself, she was a full-blown flower—he at times was still a child. Intentionally or not, she had roused the deep feelings of love in his breast; in one moment he had become a man. Every instant he seemed to her to be more beautiful—his countenance full of fire and love—and she looked at him with delight as he stood before her, so powerful, so beautiful, already glowing with future greatness of soul, still innocent as a child, and unconscious of the divine flame of genius which hovered on his brow.

Soul can only love soul, and genius can only be influenced by genius.

Cornelia was now also standing; she had raised her beautiful eyes to him, and everything that had been good and noble in her whole life—the unbounded fulness of a proud heart—lay in her smile, and he knew it not, but thought himself too poor ever to reward sufficiently that heart which there unfolded itself before his. But in this moment he inwardly vowed to strive while even a single breath remained in him—to stand before the whole world great in mind and deeds, that he might compensate her, she who gave her glorious life to

him for no other pledge than his heart. In the meantime they had approached a window, and as deeply as each thought inwardly, so were they outwardly silent and embarrassed. How unaccountable are the feelings in their first purity! When the first transport of delight, the first love has been felt and is over, then follows a strange desire to fly, even from the beloved one, that the silent overpowering happiness may be felt in solitude.

Thus they stood at the window, so near to each other, and yet so far apart, when the entrance of the nurse recalled them to themselves. He was even able to talk of his intended journey and his plans; and when the nurse begged him to write and to describe the mountains, and woods, and rivers, as beautiful as he did in his walks, he glanced timidly at Cornelia, and saw that she blushed.

When at length the nurse was called away, he slowly took his hat, and said, "Adieu! Cornelia."

"A happy journey," said she; and added, "be sure and write to us."

She had not the courage to touch upon the past scene even by a single word; she dared not ask him to postpone his journey, and he would not confess that he would much rather have stayed. So they parted, only that in the doorway he turned round, and beheld the beloved form standing modestly among the flowers.

But when he was gone, she hastened to her picture of the Virgin, and sinking on her knees before it, said: "Mother of mercies, mother of orphans, hear my vow; from this time I will remain a poor humble flower, that he may place it with pleasure in his noble poet's heart, and then know how unspeakably and eternally I love him."

And again her tears fell, but they were gentle, warm, and happy.

So separated two human hearts which had but just met each other. Who knows what the future may bring forth? Both hearts are innocent, and taken by surprise; both feel a glowing, single determination, to strive to the uttermost, that they may be worthy of and possess each other through eternity.

Deluded ones! Do you know the majesty or the deceits of the human heart?

CHAPTER IV.—A FRUIT-PIECE.

Many years have passed since the above, but what of them? Who knows of the emulation and striving of these two hearts? Only one small sketch of a later time remains—and I give it gladly.

Some years ago I was in Paris, and happened accidently to hear at a coffee-house a fierce dispute about the merits of two paintings in the Exhibition. As it always happens, one praised the first, another the second, but all agreed that the present age had seen nothing equal to them: and what excited their curiosity more than all was, that no one knew by whom they were painted.

"I know the artist," said a tall gentleman; "he is that pale man, who last summer used to be so much in the tower of Notre Dame, and who was so silent. People say that he is now in South America."

"The paintings are by Musard," said another; "he only wants to mislead the people."

"I should like to see Musard paint such pictures," shouted a third. "I tell you they are exhibited under a false name, but they are by a master hand."

Some laughed, others shouted, and when I left the coffee-house, I went to the Exhibition for the purpose of seeing these celebrated paintings. I easily found them, and truly they impressed me as powerfully as they did every one around me. They were both moonlight scenes—no! not paintings—real moolight nights, but more poetical, more dreamy, and more magical, than I had ever seen before. A dense crowd was always before them, and it was singular to notice that an exclamation of delight burst from the lips of those of the lower classes who saw them, and who were struck by their perfect nature.

The first was a large town seen from above, a maze of houses, towers, cathedrals floating in the moonlight; the second a water-party, in an oppressive, electric, cloudy, moonlight summer night.

"Gustave R., from Germany," was in the catalogue; and it may be well imagined what a chain of recollections suddenly rushed upon me, when I read "Gustave." I knew the artist well. It is thus, thought I, that your love has shown itself! Unfortunate, deceived man! and our readers can easily explain, what all Paris at that time looked upon as an artist's whim, namely, that in each painting, the same cat was to be found—good, honest old Tom! I remained till nearly the hour of closing, and examined the other paintings. In passing the two pictures on my way out, I noticed that one of the attendants informed a lady who stood before them, that she must leave, as they were about to close. She lingered a moment, then tore away her eyes from the paintings and turned to go; never was I struck by more beautiful eyes; she let fall a veil, and was gone. I did not at the time suspect in the least who she was, and it is only now after many years have passed, that I can relate how that lady after her visit to the gallery drove to her home in the Rue St. Honoré, and how after letting fall the curtains in her bed-room, she clasped her hands above her head, and buried her face deeply in the cushions of her couch. How all the gentle uncertain lights of those pure, chaste paintings flashed across her brain, like low reproachings from a soul which, though silent, speaks in lightning flashes which sink deeply, are always present, always flaming, and never forgotten like words!

Paris knew it not! when on that day its idololized beauty, who inflamed thousands of hearts but only to play with them, appeared in some of its circles;—Paris knew it not that she had sat, in her darkened room, helplessly weeping scalding tears, which almost choked her yearning heart. But it was unavailing—unavailing! Calmly and unmoved, the power of that which she had seen stood before her, ever to be immovable, whilst far away among the primeval mountains of the Cordilleras wandered a strong, unknown, uncaring man, seeking a new heaven for his heart, unsatisfied, restless, and creative, but still stainless as ever.

HOW TO WIN A NOBLE NAME.

Would'st thou win a noble name
In the coming ages?
Would'st thou earn a future fame
In historians' pages?
Listen, then, and thou shalt hear
How thou may'st attain it—
Bravely working many a year,
In the end thou'lt gain it.

Enter boldly on the fight,
Good with Bad is waging,
In the sacred cause of right
All thy soul engaging.
Care not though the world may frown
On thine earnest striving,
Error must be overthrown—
Truth is ever thriving.

Heed thou, lest a bigot's zeal,
Thwart thy good intentions;
Mix not up the simple truth
With dim obscure inventions.
Have a faith in man and God,
Pure and ardent burning;
In thy chosen pathway plod,
From it never turning.

Live not for thyself, but others
By thy working cherish;
Round thee thou hast many brothers,
Who, neglected, perish.
Sisters erring, weak and frail,
Whom by kindly teaching,
Thou may'st raise within the pale
They despair of reaching.

DRAWN BY THOMAS, FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

SCHOOLBOY.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Joshua Reynolds was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, July 16, 1723. He was the son of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds and Theophila Potter, his wife, and was the tenth of eleven children, five of whom died in their infancy. His father was obliged to eke out the small emoluments of his living by teaching a grammar school, and in this Joshua is supposed to have received the first rudiments of knowledge, amongst the rest, of the classics, though he did not during his after life give many evidences of classical learning. At a very early age he showed, like many other great painters, a strong inclination for art. His first attempts at drawing were from copies done by his sisters, and prints that he chanced to meet with amongst his father's books, particularly those in Dryden's Plutarch; but his greatest store lay in Jacob Cutt's book of "Emblems," which his mother, a native of Holland, brought with her from that country. When but eight years of age, he met with the "Jesuits' Perspective," and read it with such diligence and attention that he made himself complete master of it, and never after required any further instruction in this important part of an artist's education. He soon put the knowledge he thus acquired into practice, by making a drawing of the Grammar School at Plympton, which, being raised on stone pillars, afforded a good subject for illustration. He next began to sketch portraits of the members of his own family, and at last meeting Richardson's "Treatise on the Art of Painting," his vocation became fixed. His admiration for Raphael now became so great, that that master appeared to him "superior to the most illustrious names either of ancient or of modern times, a notion which he loved to indulge in all the days of his life."

As he grew up this love for art became more and more manifested, and his father, instead of endeavouring to warp his mind in another direction, wisely determined not only to allow, but to assist him in following his bent. He therefore placed him when seventeen years of age in the studio of Hudson, an artist of great celebrity at that day. British art was, however, in so low a condition at that time, that to stand at the head of it argued no great talent or efficiency, and it does not appear that Hudson's genius was very soaring. The agreement made by Mr. Reynolds was that Joshua should remain with him four years, but might be discharged before that period if his master thought fit. Upon his arrival in London he was for some time employed in copying Guercino's drawings, which he did with such fidelity that Northcote says that many of these early productions are preserved in the cabinets of the curious in various parts of the kingdom, in the belief that they are originals. Most people are now of opinion that this was not the best way of commencing the education of a young artist, but Reynolds always acknowledged that it gave him at least correctness of eye, in which, when he came under Hudson's tuition, he was very deficient. In fact he had received none of that preliminary training in drawing and designing, which the schools of design, now-a-days, place within the reach of the humblest, and all his life long he felt his deficiency in this respect, and bitterly regretted it. All his attempts at anatomical drawing were total failures.

He did not long continue to copy, however, but soon began to paint, and progressed so rapidly, that in a very short time he made his master jealous. There was an old woman in the house, a servant, and Reynolds painted her so well, that Hudson foresaw his fame and began to fear him. The portrait was placed amongst others in Hudson's gallery, and was so much admired and praised by visitors, that the artist came to the conclusion that, now that his pupil was his rival, he should get rid of him. Accordingly, a few days afterwards, a pretext for taking this step accidentally presented itself. Reynolds had been order to take a picture to Vanburgh's, the drapery painter. The evening came on wet, and he postponed his task until the following morning, which was quite time enough. Hudson, upon hearing this, dismissed him on the spot. He then removed to the house of his uncle, who lived in the Temple, and wrote his father an account of what had happened. From him he received directions to go home to Devonshire, which he did, after a stay of two years in London. He was accustomed in after life to congratulate himself upon this change in his position, as he thought he had acquired from Hudson all that was positively good in his teaching. Anything more would have been positively injurious, and would have caused much trouble in afterwards unlearning it, if it did not altogether unfit him for taking the lead in the revival of English art.

His talents were now sufficiently displayed to warrant the brightest auguries as to his future success in the profession upon which he had entered. He would never acknowledge, however, that he possessed any peculiar qualification for art, any more than for any other pursuit. He placed unbounded reliance in application and strength of will, and believed that these qualities would stead a man in any profession. In genius, in the sense of peculiar fitness for a particular occupation, he had no belief whatever. He thought that the same abilities which make a man a good lawyer or doctor, would make him a good artist. We doubt very much, however, whether in his opposition to the popular notion, that a man may be a genius in one thing, and a blockhead in every thing else, he did not run into the opposite extreme, of utterly contemning taste and inclination in the choice of a profession.

The next three years of his life were passed in Devonshire, partly in idleness, and partly in the desultory pursuit of his art. He was very much in the society of the country gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and, as far as field-sports and good dinners went, was kindly treated; but he always lamented the want of the opportunity for acquiring greater knowledge of the world and of men which would have been afforded him had he been residing in London. There can be no doubt, however, that one who kept his mind fixed so constantly and firmly upon the one great object of his life, success in his vocation, must have been laying up stores of knowledge and experience, from observation merely, in greater abundance than he himself dreamed of.

He did not, however, during this period, altogether neglect his pencil. He produced many portraits, which Northcote says were undoubtedly very fine, particularly one of a boy reading by a reflected light; and it is said, that when Sir Joshua saw some of these thirty years afterwards, he lamented that in that long interval he had made so little progress in art. He studied some of the works of William Gandy at Exeter, which made a great impression upon him. Some of them he thought equal to Rembrandt's; and he carried with him to Italy a deep recollection of their peculiarly solemn and forcible effect. He took great pleasure in repeating one of Gandy's observations: "That a picture ought to have richness in its texture, as if the colours had been cream or cheese, and the reverse to a hard and husky, or dry manner."

In two years after he left Hudson he lost his father, on Christmas-day, 1746. He was a man of very fair learning, great innocence of heart, and was greatly beloved by his neighbours. To Joshua he had been invariably kind and affectionate beyond measure, and it must have been a great consolation for him to know that the care and anxiety which his son's education had cost him, had not been thrown away.

When Reynolds was two-and-twenty years old, he and his two youngest unmarried sisters took a house in Plymouth, and he began to devote himself to portrait painting. Many of his works of this class, however, are in the common-place style of Hudson, his master, and all other artists of the period. It was their invariable practice to paint portraits with one hand thrust into the unbuttoned waistcoat, and the other holding the hat, in order to avoid the insurmountable difficulty of drawing the hands correctly. There is a story told of Reynolds, that one of his sitters requested to be taken with his hat on his head; but what was his wife's astonishment on the picture being sent home, to discover that he had another hat under

his arm. While in Plymouth, a young lady of great beauty, named Miss Chudleigh, who afterwards became famous as Duchess of Kingston, sat to him for her portrait, and he gained some notice also by painting some of the Abercorn family. His fame now began to spread beyond the limits of his own county, and he acquired the friendship and patronage of the third Lord Edgecumbe, and Captain, afterwards Lord, Keppel. He paid another visit to London, and resided in St. Martin's-lane, where he mixed largely in the society of artists. But his darling wish was to pay a visit to Rome, as he longed to gaze upon all the glories of art which it contained. It was not easy to accomplish this, but an unexpected opportunity of gratifying his desire was soon afforded him.

In May, 1749, his friend Captain Keppel was appointed commander of the fleet on the Mediterranean station, for the purpose of chastising the Dey of Algiers for his insults to British merchantmen, and he invited Reynolds to accompany him in his ship, the Centurion. Reynolds gladly accepted the offer, and they set sail on the 11th of May, 1749. Keppel displayed the greatest kindness towards him, and did everything to gratify his curiosity at every place where the ship touched. On the 24th of May he went ashore at Lisbon, and there witnessed a bull-fight, and many grand religious processions. On arriving at Algiers, he went ashore with the commodore, and was introduced to the Dey, who treated them with the greatest civility. The Algerine dispute having been satisfactorily arranged, the Centurion sailed to Port Mahon, in Minorca, where he took portraits of most of the officers of the garrison, and was received with great cordiality by General Blakeney, the commander, who entertained him every day at the Government House.

His stay at Port Mahon was prolonged by a disagreeable accident. As he was taking an airing on horseback, the animal took fright, and threw him over a precipice. His face was severely injured, and part of his lip so much bruised that he was obliged to have it cut away. After three months' delay he proceeded to Rome.

His first impression of the works of Raphael, and of the other great masters, were full of disappointment. The Vatican did not by any means come up to his expectations, and he says that this was the most humiliating circumstance that ever happened to him in his life, for he felt that he was in the midst of works the principles of which he did not understand, and that to appreciate them he should become as a little child, abandon all his own crude and undigested notions of art, and learn all anew.

His first sensation of disappointment over, everything in Rome was full of pleasure. "When arrived in that garden of the world," says Northcote, "that great temple of the arts, his time was diligently and judiciously employed in such manner as might be expected from one of his talents and virtue. He contemplated with unwearied attention and ardent zeal the various beauties which marked the style of different schools and different ages. It was with no common eye that he beheld the productions of the great masters. He copied and sketched in the Vatican such parts of the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, as he thought would be most conducive to his future excellence, and by his well-directed study acquired, whilst he contemplated the works of the best masters, that grace of thinking to which he was principally indebted for his subsequent reputation as a portrait painter."

He painted few original works while at Rome, except a portrait of himself, and a sort of parody on Raphael's "School of Athens," into which he introduced about thirty likenesses of English students at Rome. An amusing anecdote of one of these, named John Astley. He was a bad artist and a worse scholar, but he had the good fortune to win the hand of a wealthy lady. Before his marriage he was very poor, but, as is generally the case, very proud, and put a good face upon his wants. One very hot day he went out on an excursion into the country, with Reynolds and some others. The rest of the party threw off their coats, but Astley refused, for a long time, to follow their example. At last, stung by their sarcasms, he yielded. He had made the back of his waistcoat of one of his own landscapes, and when he stripped, he displayed a foaming waterfall, much to the amusement of his companions and his own discomfiture.

After visiting various other parts of Italy, Reynolds returned to England in October, 1752, and after a hurried visit to Devonshire, came to London, and established himself in St. Martin's-lane as a professional artist. The boldness of his attempts, the freedom of his conceptions, and the brilliancy of his colouring, called down upon him the indignation of all the older artists, who looked upon him as an intruder, and an impertinent innovator; just as the old Austrian generals were enraged at Buonaparte's beating them contrary to established rule. None declaimed against him more loudly than his old master, Hudson.

Reynolds, however, held on his way, broke loose from the old-established attitudes of the portrait painters, and threw over everything that he touched a grace and charm peculiarly his own. His superiority soon became fully apparent. He painted the second Duke of Devonshire, and his old friend Commodore Keppel, representing him as just escaped from the shipwreck of his vessel which had occurred a short time before. He had to contend for a short time also against the rivalry of a German artist named Liotard, who was greatly patronised by the nobility, but he, too, was soon vanquished, and thenceforth the course was left clear to Reynolds.

He now removed from St. Martin's-lane, and took a handsome house in Great Newport-street, and his rooms were every day crowded by all the rank and fashion of London. He was now thirty years of age. His fame had spread over England. In everything that he attempted, he succeeded. In grace, expression, force, and brilliancy, he had distanced all his competitors. There was little else left to wish for.

In the year 1764, he first became connected with the famous literary circle which met in London in the latter part of the eighteenth century, the bon-mots of which have been so faithfully recorded by Boswell. He chanced to meet with the "Life of Savage" in Devonshire. He was delighted with the book, and longed to know the author, and shortly after met him at Miss Cotteral's, in Newport-street. He rose in Johnson's estimation to a place which he never afterwards lost, by the utterance of one shrewd remark. The ladies were lamenting the loss of a friend, recently deceased, to whom they had been under great obligations. "You have, however, the consolation of being relieved from the burden of gratitude." They were shocked at the selfishness of this suggestion, but Johnson took Reynolds's part, and, on going away, accompanied him home. A friendship was thus commenced which continued till old age. While Johnson carried on the "Idler," Reynolds wrote some papers upon exact imitations of nature, and true conceptions of beauty, but they displayed no great merit either in matter or in manner. It was a wonder their friendship lasted so long unbroken, for they differed in many respects. Johnson was harsh, abrupt, independent, and often rude in his manner. He had fought his way up in the world by sheer talent and energy, and felt that he owed all that he was to himself. Reynolds, on the contrary, had all the grace and smoothness of a fashionable physician. But Reynolds saw Johnson's real worth and goodness of heart, and never ceased to cultivate his acquaintance assiduously.

In the year 1758, Reynolds was making most money. His charge for a head was at first five guineas; he afterwards raised it to twenty; and he himself stated, that at one period his time was worth five guineas an hour. In the year 1760, the idea of an exhibition of the works of British artists was at length carried into execution, and in it those of Reynolds played a distinguished part. In the following year he purchased a fine house in Leicester-square, and furnished it gorgeously, and added a splendid gallery for the exhibition of his works. It was here that he received all the scholars, wits, and writers of the age. Of these re-unions Allan Cunningham draws a delightful picture. "His table was now elegantly furnished, and round it men of genius were often found. He was a lover of poetry and poets; they sometimes

read their productions at his house, and were rewarded by his approbation, and occasionally by their portraits. Johnson was a frequent and a welcome guest; though the sage was not seldom sarcastic and overbearing, he was endured and caressed, because he poured out the riches of his conversation more lavishly than Reynolds did his wines. Percy was there too with his ancient ballads and his old English lore; and Goldsmith with his latent genius, infantine vivacity, and plum-coloured coat. Burke and his brothers were constant guests, and Garrick was seldom absent, for he loved to be where greater men were. It was honourable to this distinguished artist that he perceived the worth of such men, and felt the honour which their society shed upon him; but it stopt not here—he often aided them with his purse, nor insisted upon repayment. It has, indeed, been said that he was uncivil to Johnson, and that once on seeing him in his study he turned his back on him and walked out; but to offer such an insult was as little in the nature of the courtly painter, as to forgive it was in that of the haughty author. Reynolds seems to have loved the company of literary men more than that of artists; he had little to learn in his profession, and he naturally sought the society of those who had knowledge to impart. They have rewarded him with their approbation; he who has been praised by Burke, and who was loved by Johnson, has little chance of being forgotten."

Until the year 1768 there is little in Reynolds's life differing so much from the ordinary routine as to call for remark. Surrounded by the wisest and ablest men of the age, in the enjoyment of ample fame and wealth, his life flowed on in smooth current. In that year the Royal Academy was founded. It was planned by Chambers, West, Cotes, and Moser, but Reynolds for some time hung back. Thirty members were at last induced to join, and West then overcame Reynolds's reluctance. They drove together to the place where the thirty were assembled, and, upon their entering the room, they all rose up, and saluted Reynolds "President." He, however, declined the honour until he had consulted some of his friends, and at last consented. After many difficulties and much opposition, the Academy at last received the patronage of the King, who bestowed upon the president the dignity of knighthood. Upon entering on his office he undertook to deliver discourses to the students upon the study and practice of their art. These, fifteen in number, have been published, and display great vigour of conception, and great

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

variety of imagination. They were delivered over a long space of time, and amidst great disadvantages from age and deafness. He was afterwards chosen a member of the various societies of the day, and was dubbed Doctor of Law by the University of Oxford. All his after life was a series of successes, which could not be mentioned even in twice the space we have at command. In his sixty-fifth year, he lost the sight of his left eye, suddenly, while painting a likeness of the Marchioness of Hertford. He laid down his pencil, and never raised it more. This affliction preyed greatly on his mind. Though he several times afterwards appeared in public, he never was the same again. At last came the end. An enlargement of the liver, which bade defiance to the physician's skill, totally prostrated him, and on the 23rd of February, 1792, he died.

He was buried in the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, and accompanied to the grave by many of the greatest of the land. He lies by the side of Sir Christopher Wren, and in the body of the church a statue, by Flaxman, has been erected to his memory.

Sir Joshua Reynolds acquired almost as much distinction by his historical and poetical paintings as by his portraits, but in the latter he was by no means so successful as in the former. His decoration of the ceiling of the library in Somerset House, when the Royal Academy removed to that building, was a failure. It displayed lack of invention, and without an explanation is meaningless. The same may be said of his series of allegorical figures, for the window of New College Chapel at Oxford.—Faith, Hope, Charity, Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, and Prudence. They want life and nature. Instead of being full of the expression of the virtues they represent, the figures have something in them of the powdered and peruked stiffness of the ladies and gentlemen who for so many years besieged the artist for their portraits. The Nativity, a composition of thirteen figures, was intended to surmount the allegory. It was sold to the Duke of Rutland for twelve hundred guineas, and was destroyed at the burning of Belvoir Castle. Allan Cunningham says of it:—"It had the fault of almost all Sir Joshua's historical works; it was cold, laboured, and uninspired. He had no revelations of heavenly things, such as descended upon Raphael; the visions which presented themselves were unembodied or dim, and flitted before his sight like the progeny of Banquo. If angels of light, ministers of grace, and souls of just men made perfect, could have sat for their portraits, who would have painted them so divinely as Reynolds?" Historical or poetical painting was certainly not his forte.

Independently of his celebrity as a painter, there will always be interest attached to his memory, in the eyes of those who love and revere genius, from his close and intimate connexion with Burke and Goldsmith and Johnson. To all these he was ever a kind and faithful friend, superior to all changes of fortune, mindful of their merits when the world was disposed to forget. He outlived most of them. He superintended Goldsmith's funeral, and aided largely in the erection of the monument which so many gaze upon in pity and admiration in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Garrick followed Goldsmith; and at last the dearest of them all went too—Johnson died in 1784, full of years and honours. A long, a warm, and a beneficial friendship had subsisted betwen them, the house and the purse of Reynolds were ever open to Johnson, and the word and the pen of Johnson were equally ready for Reynolds. It was pleasing to contemplate this affectionate brotherhood, and it was sorrowful to see it dissevered. "I have three requests to make," said Johnson, a day before his death, "and I beg that you will attend to them, Sir Joshua. Forgive me thirty pounds, which I borrowed from you—read the Scriptures—and abstain from using your pencil on the Sabbath-day." Reynolds promised, and—what is better—remembered his promise.*

His best epitaph is the tribute to his memory which appeared in the newspapers the day after his death, and it possesses double value from the fact, that after half a century of criticism and examination, in 1853 there is nothing whatever to alter, and nothing to add save what his contemporaries could but prophesy,—that time has only added brilliancy to his name and memory.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste—in grace—in facility—in happy invention—and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the greatest masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which the English artists are most engaged, a variety, a fancy and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits reminded the spectator of the invention and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere.

"In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse."

* Allan Cunningham.

THE AUSTRIAN MADMAN.

For several years much attention has been directed to the peculiar system of rule adopted by the Austrian empire. That portion comprised within the confines of Italy—Venice and Lombardy—are the two sections which, with Hungary, perhaps, are of chief interest. A book has just issued from the French press, which will prove a valuable addition to contemporary history. It is a history of Venice* under the presidentship of Manin, a young lawyer of rare qualities, who, as he himself expresses it, endeavoured to reform abuses by the same means that Cobden and O'Connell employed. When terminated, we may draw from it a brief sketch of Manin's life; but in the meantime we extract a touching episode. At a sitting of the Scientific Congress at Venice, a distinguished philanthropist requested Manin to occupy himself with the deaf and dumb lunatics in the hospital.

Our readers, (says M. de la Forge,) have not forgotten the last words of the Marquis Monpiani, leaving Venice, to Manin: "I recommend to you my poor deaf and dumb children." Addressed to such a man, a prayer could not be without result. Faithful interpreter of the will of his honourable friend, Manin went to the hospital of mad people, to ask of the good monks news of his unfortunate *protegés*. They were brought before him—there were many, of different ages—but the wandering of their eyes, the shape of their skulls, and other certain signs, indicated a complete want of intelligence. Some, however, seemed to understand their sad position. For these there was hope of cure. On examining their papers, it was found that a declaration signed by one doctor, was sufficient for the admission of these unfortunate beings into a hospital. Evidently, on the part of certain poor families, it was a means of getting rid of children whom they could not feed. This is painful to say, but it is true. The law offered, nevertheless, means of repressing this monstrous abuse; these people could be forced, by assisting them, to take away their children. Manin asked the reverend fathers if, in their opinion, there was any guarantee that a cabal, a hatred, or political motives, might not send a man healthy in mind to a mad-house? "We have here," said the monks, "an extraordinary madman, who, if you consent to see him, will be the best answer to your question." This man, named Padovani, was born at Kovigo; he was scarcely forty years of age. At the first moment, embarrassment gave to his handsome face a wild look. He

* Histoire de la Republique de Venise sous Manin, par M. Anatole de la Forge. Vol. i. Paris, August, 1852.

soon recovered, however, and, touched by the interest shown towards him by Manin, spoke to him as follows: "An orphan from my infancy, I never knew either my father or my mother; the private charity of some kind individual caused me to be apprenticed to a tailor. Weakened by constant labour, and attacked by a disease of the eyes which struck me almost blind, I was forced to abandon my labour and seek other means of earning my bread. Too young to enter a house of refuge, I was not considered strong enough to turn a hand-mill, and I was told that I was not blind enough to be assisted by the parish. Wandering, pressed by hunger, scarcely able to distinguish the threshold of the door where I went to ask for alms, I dragged myself along the streets of Kovigo, imploring in a loud voice the pity of the passers-by. An agent of police arrested me, and told me that mendicity was abolished, that I had no right to importune anybody; and he pushed me brutally with his hand." Here Padovani stopped, seeking to read in the eyes of Manin if the narrative did not fatigue him; then he continued sadly: "Everywhere rejected, abandoned by all, reduced to despair, delirium took possession of me. I was wrong, I knew it; but what would you have me do? I was so unhappy, that, seizing a sheet of paper, I wrote, trembling with rage, these words in large letters:—

"'Shame on the barbarous government, which allows a poor workman without employment to die of hunger.'"

"I placarded these few words on a tree, in the midst of the public place, and I awaited the result patiently, reflecting that in prison, at all events, I should eat. I was arrested, and thrown into an obscure dungeon of the central prison. As I could scarcely see, the privation of light left me nothing to regret, and I felt almost happy when comparing my state then with that of the preceding days. A few days later, a man, whom they said was a doctor, entered my cell, and addressed me some questions without listening to my answers, and went out as hurriedly as he came in. That same evening my door opened, and they put me into a carriage. I thought they were going to set me free, and I confess that the thought annoyed me. But the coach stopped before the hospital of the town. I thought that they were granting me a favour when they put me to bed; it was so long since I had slept so well that I felt quite happy. The next day when I awoke, I read upon a board, nailed over my pillow, the words, *Mental Aberration*. To describe to you the effect produced upon me would be impossible," added Padovani, with much emotion, "but in vain I protested and prayed, in vain the doctor of the hospital declared that I had full possession of my reason—they bade me be silent, and then they put me into a second carriage, full of real madmen, amongst whom some were furious. Think of the tortures of this journey for me, for then I was terribly afraid of madmen!" said Padovani, his eyes full of tears, "but now it is different,—I pity them. This is the way I arrived for the first time in this hospital, amidst the good monks who spoke to you of me."

Here Manin, much moved, rose, and pressing affectionately the hand of the poor narrator, said to him, "My labours call me elsewhere; *au revoir*, I will soon come back."

"No! not *au revoir*, say rather *adieu*, I like that better," said Padovani, "for your visit has done me good, and I am so little used to happiness, I have all my life been so abandoned, that I fear to make allusion to myself." "Here is my name," said Manin, giving him his card; "ask the priest if I ever failed when I gave my word." And thereupon he went out, his heart deeply touched at the words he had heard. A few days later he returned to San Serviglio, where Padovani, delighted to see him again, ended his recital in the following way: "Thanks to the active steps taken by the priest, who saw directly that I was not mad, I was set at liberty. It was with a soul full of joy that I stepped over the threshold of this hospitable house. But everywhere I went the police followed me like a shadow. What could they fear from an unfortunate being like me? I knew not, but they watched me like a criminal. If I walked, I was followed; if I slept a sbirri watched at my side; my slumber, even my only hour without suffering, was even suspected. At last I was reduced to ask myself, if it were so difficult to gain one's living at liberty, how could he earn an existence thus watched? In the tailors' workshops, where I went to ask for work, they asked for papers; mine made me ashamed; whom would they not have frightened, since they stated that I came out of a mad-house? In despair, fancying I read on every face their repugnance for my misery, I resolved to exile myself. Then, thought I, children will no longer cry after me, 'The madman escaped from San Serviglio.' Women will no longer turn away terrified at my sight, and the police will cease to follow me. After many days walking along unknown roads, stopping only at long distances to beg a bit of bread and permission to sleep in a stable, I passed the frontier and reached Ferrara. A tailor touched by my misfortune, offered me a shelter, and consented to give me work. This pity roused me, I thought I had reached the end of my misfortune; but the same evening, when, proud of my zeal, I offered him the first results of my labours, my host begged me to go and have my passport signed by the pontifical police. 'Like you, I am a stranger in Ferrara—and am watched,' said he; 'and if you do not obtain license to reside, to-morrow we shall both be arrested.' What had I left to do? I ask of you. I had but to die at once, or choose between a prison or an hospital; I regained Venice, where, lying down upon the benches of the Place St. Mark, I tried to sleep as long as possible to deceive my hunger. At the end of three days, exasperated by horrible sufferings, I had recourse a second time to the means which had caused me to be arrested at Kovigo, and I stuck up a second complaint against the Austrian government on the Place San Leo.

"The police, who did leave me once, arrested me, and brought me back to this hospital, where in all probability I shall end my days. I resign myself, for what have I to regret in this world? Never since I was born did I feel the embrace of a mother. Never has a woman loved me; and except you, who listen to me to-day, no one would ever have occupied themselves about the poor madman of San Serviglio." While pronouncing these words, tears inundated the pale face of Padovani; but overcoming his grief by a strong effort, he took the hand of Manin, pressed it warmly, and said, "I have no means of showing my gratitude, but I will pray God, from the bottom of my soul, to protect you in all future time."

There was in this recital such an accent of truth, a tint of melancholy so gentle and so profound, that Manin, moved by such touching resignation, hastened to the doctor of the hospital to obtain the freedom of poor Padovani.

"Are you his relative or his guardian to take so much interest in his fate?" said the doctor quietly.

"No," said Manin, "I simply act as a citizen and a Christian; and I ask you, on your soul, and on your conscience, is this man mad?"

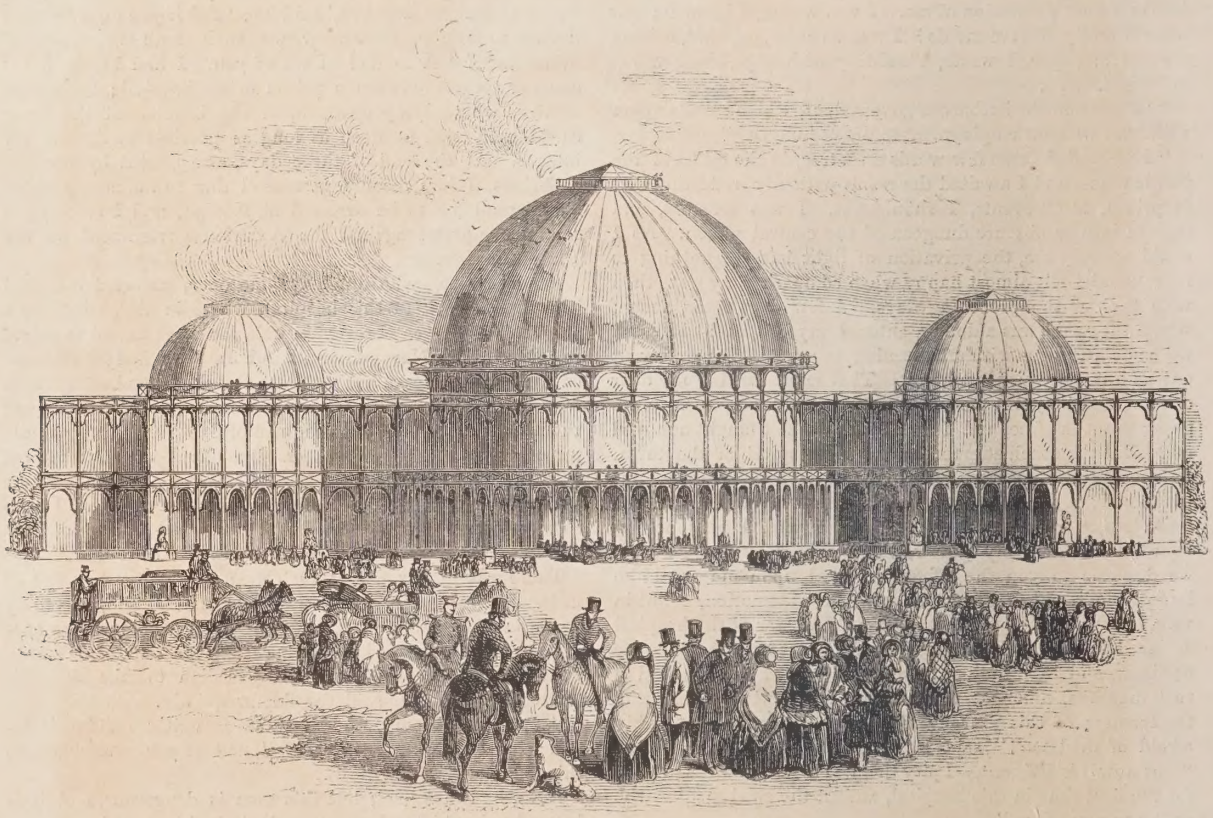
"No, he is not mad, but this man is dangerous, and it is better he should be thought mad: it is his own interest he should appear so. If he be not mad he is criminal. The hospital of San Serviglio is better than a state prison."

Manin, indignant, addressed himself to his old companion and friend, the commissary of police. In vain. Time passed; it was nearly November, 1847, and he had as yet received no answer. Manin then addressed an energetic note to the government, in which he asked, in the name of outraged public morals, if a man whom the doctor declared sane of mind, and enjoying all his intellectual faculties, can be condemned to pass his whole life in a mad-house. These words remained without reply . . . Some time passed without anything being done. At last, on the 2nd of December, 1847, Manin was informed that his *protegé* was about to pass through a medical examination. Grave political events happened in the interval, and drew off the attention of Manin. Later, when he was president of the Venetian republic, a man of the people was announced. "Let him come in," said Manin; and he recognised Padovani free, who had come to thank him.

The above sketch may serve to give some idea of the administration of the criminal law in Austrian Italy.

WILLIAM DARGAN AND THE IRISH EXHIBITION OF 1853.

PROBABLY there is no man of the age, as there is certainly no man of his nation, who has exercised so great an influence in so large a sphere with so little notoriety, as the subject of this sketch. If it depended on Mr. Dargan himself, even the publication of his name in connexion with the great project that is now concentrating the attention of industrial Europe upon his country, would have been altogether withheld. So little is there in his composition of the *amour propre* found in the least egotistical of men who have won their way to eminence and wealth, that the present is not only his first likeness ever issued, but it is the first he has ever sat for; nor would he have sat for it at all, had he the least suspicion that it would be converted to its present uses. We confess, therefore, to a species of pious fraud or gentle violence, in availing ourselves of it, in opposition to what would have been the original's wish had he been consulted; but we reckon on his indulgence for this freedom in his anxiety to contribute to the gratification of his countrymen by every means; and we can assure him, that such contribution could come in no shape more gratifying than in making familiar to Irishmen the lineaments of Ireland's greatest benefactor, and most munificent and most practical patriot. Our draughtsman and engraver have very happily combined in transferring to wood the admirable photograph by W. Gluckman, of Dublin, of the beautiful bust by Mr. Jones, of Upper Charlotte-street, London—a piece of statuary in which the homely and the classic, the simple and the grand, harmonise as strikingly as in any sculpture of modern times. It affords us the greatest pleasure in being able to unite with this likeness of Mr. Dargan, a drawing, not altogether unworthy as a specimen of art, of his temple of art and industry, which is about to become the most prominent social feature of 1853.



GREAT EXHIBITION BUILDING AT DUBLIN.

Mr. Dargan's individual career pre-eminently serves to point the moral the Dublin Exhibition is meant to inculcate—viz., a splendid incentive to perseverance, punctuality, and self-reliance—an embodiment of the triumph of successful merit achieved by an Irishman, on Irish soil;—not by any adventitious aid from fortune, whether pecuniary or political;—but by probity, patience, and thriftiness at the outset, and by subsequently applying the large means these qualities acquired to the larger enterprises with which his energetic sagacity prompted him to grapple from time to time;—till, at last, the mere word "Dargan" has become the synonyme alike of the magnitude and the success of nearly every great public work in Ireland. There has been nothing startling or surprising in his life, nothing meteoric in his rise, or dazzling in the circumstances that have surrounded him. All has been gradual, solid, accumulative, and progressive. Hence the special value of a man of the attributes we have described, having the means and the magnanimity to raise an edifice on a scale of altogether unexampled extent as the creation of private liberality; and for purposes whose utility, whether of a material or a suggestive kind, it is impossible to exaggerate, in connexion with the immediate present or the remotest future of Ireland.

From what we have said as to the ordinary every-day nature of Mr. Dargan's opportunities and pursuits, it will be inferred that his biography abounds in but few ingredients for any very picturesque memoir. And such is in truth the case. There are in it no dramatic lights and shades, transitions, or vicissitudes—either of alternate wonderful successes and reverses in the speculation market, or of popularity and odium in public estimation, such as have distinguished some of the more prominent celebrities of the railway and exchange world in England of late years. All has been uniform, equable, tranquil, and assured. Mr. Dargan has adhered to the golden

rule of minding his own business, and a golden result has his devotion to that inestimable maxim yielded. The son of a farmer of moderate means, and of an old respectable family, in the county of Carlow, he received such education as befitted the sphere of his birth and associations. But the instruction proper to such class in Ireland, it must be observed, is very superior to what would be deemed suitable in England; for the children of few British yeomen of even the higher grade are taught as well as the offspring of a far humbler rank in the sister country. Endowed with a vigorous frame and masculine intellect, he followed the ordinary pursuits incidental to his years and position, without manifesting any indications of very marked mental supremacy in the acquirement or the application of knowledge—neither the aberrations nor the exploits of genius. A good handwriting, a facility in mercantile accounts, rapidity of arithmetical combination, and the command of a nervous, homely, expressive style of composition, were the traits in his

WILLIAM DARGAN.—DRAWN BY ANELAY: ENGRAVED BY WILLIS.

school character, as they were also during a brief sojourn in a surveyor's office, which he left in search of occupation on his own account, under the grand jury. The failure of this latter application as a tyro in his native country induced him to qualify himself by the acquirement of experience where it was to be had of the most perfect kind, and under the highest of then living supervision. Accordingly he took service with Telford, on that gigantic creation of engineering skill, the Holyhead-road, which at that time was considered as scarcely less remarkable than is the iron artery now traversing nearly the same route. Here his novitiate was completed; and, armed with his great master's recommendation, he was soon employed on a somewhat analogous effort in Ireland, the Howth-road, the contract for which he obtained after having executed some difficult works in nautical engineering on the Shannon, together with some canal works in the King's and Queen's County.

From this period to the present he has been virtually the heart and soul of all the railway and canal undertakings in Ireland, and it would be a mere dry catalogue of dates and topographical distances to attempt to specify them. When the lines now in hand are finished, he will have completed some seven hundred miles of railway—railway, be it observed, whose execution is the admiration of the engineering world, though much of it was done under circumstances, as to locality and the nature of the manual labour apparently available, that render it scarcely less surprising in its way than is the elevation of the Titanic blocks at Thebes and Palmyra to an altitude incomprehensible to the observer of the present day, because of the seeming inadequacy of the means to the results. But it was in the organisation of the masses, the combination and controul and propulsion of a heterogeneous, discordant, and almost inert myriad of the Celtic peasantry, in whatever district he commenced operations, that stamped the thorough originality of Mr. Dargan's mind; the same sort of faculty under similar circumstances being the distinctive phase in all men, in all ages, who have acquired eminent position among their fellow-men by moulding them to their purpose, whether in the cabinet, the legislature, the camp, or among the "navvies." Order, discipline, punctuality, unanimity, and progress, immediately supervened wherever Mr. Dargan appeared, no matter how chaotic the physical, and how contradictory the moral, elements, he had to deal with; and this he brought about, not by the rigidity of a martinet, or the pragmatical pedantry of a task-master, but by a perception of character which always enabled him to make the right appeal at the right moment, to bring out the latent good in the nature of his best men, and then to use that good as a precedent for the future conduct of themselves, and as a stimulus, a reproach, and an inducement to others. At the same time, he was always liberal, but always judiciously so; never demoralising with prodigal open-handedness or capricious largesse; but apportioning reward to desert as nearly as practicable, though perpetually finding out and recompensing merit, where the owner himself often little suspected its possession.

Undoubtedly, he often had sore trials of temper in the fitfulness, obstinacy, and unreasoning and intolerable waywardness of many of those for whose welfare he was most assiduous, and whose intractable vagaries would frequently upset his best laid plans in the very moment of their seeming fruition. But his self-command, resolution, and tact, beat down or out-manœuvred all combinations; and in almost every state of the labour market, whether a glut or a scarcity, or whatever the suddenness of the fluctuation in the supply as compared with the demand, he was able to keep his time with engineers, and his reputation with the general public. From day to day the difficulties of this kind diminished. The conviction grew that he invariably meant fair by all parties, as he uniformly acted fairly by all. The intelligent classes had long recognised in him a man of the highest public spirit, though keeping himself strictly aloof from all matters of public disputation, yet without the smallest forfeiture of the independence of private judgment that should belong to him. The humbler classes speedily followed also in discovering that his private enterprises kept pace with his public gains, and that his capital was being turned in all directions to fertilise the soil, to invigorate the commerce, and to advance the condition of the people among whom his lot was cast, and by whose instrumentality he was enabled to reciprocate the benefits he derived. As in the case of that other most exemplary friend of Ireland, Mr. Bianconi, the great public car proprietor in the west, it became a matter of rivalry and ambition to work for such an employer, whether as a railway contractor, a railway owner (for he leases more than one line), a steam-packet proprietor, a flax grower, or a farmer. Both of the latter pursuits are followed by him extensively and scientifically, solely with a view to example, in several parts of the country; and with the best possible results, as was seen by the splendid produce of his dairies and of vegetable cultivation at the last Great Smithfield Show in London, whereat all the leading agriculturists joined in admiration of the economic processes by which such quantity and quality were obtained.

Notwithstanding the immensity and multiplicity of his operations, such was either the retiring disposition of Mr. Dargan, or his disdain of the usual clap-trap artifices in acquiring a name in the public mouth, that he was scarcely ever heard of out of Ireland, and only there incidentally, for, as just observed, he eschewed all interference with political or religious disputations, which was equivalent to incurring comparative cypherhood in an atmosphere where opinion estimates men by the noise they make, rather than by the work they do. An event, however, was now approaching which forced upon Mr. Dargan a degree of renown as wide as the most ambitious civilian could well aspire to; and so well deserved, originating in motives so pure, and sustained by impulses to exalted, philanthropic, and disinterested, that the most acrid cynicism cannot hint a drawback to the gratification it should afford him. Towards the end of 1851, the prescient eye of Mr. Roney—well known in England, and whose capacity for administering the affairs of great mercantile companies and associations had long been established—foresaw that there was about to be an "exodus," as the saying is, of the British travelling public into Ireland. This idea he soon made apparent to the chairman of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, Mr. S. M. Peto, the affluent and enlightened member for Norwich, and whose name is scarcely less known in any country in Europe than his own, owing to the vastness and general diffusion of his railway enterprises. Mr. Peto, having had long experience of Mr. Roney's peculiar aptitude of the kind referred to, embraced the suggestions offered, with a promptitude alike flattering to the discernment of the one and confidence of the other, as the issue proved. Forthwith Mr. Roney developed the highly-complicated but most simply-executed scheme, known as the "Tourist Traffic System," whereby the requirements of the travelling public were met with a completeness which, all things considered, would have been declared wholly impossible three months before the machinery was in full operation, and which *would* have been utterly impossible in any other hands. According to the *Times* of the 18th of November, in its review of Sir Francis Head's "Fortnight in Ireland," upwards of 200,000 English tourists visited that country in 1852. This enormous crowd, equal to the entire population of a German principality, or South American republic, made their acquaintance with the island at probably, on an average cost per head, one-fifth what they would have been able to do but for the suggestion of Mr. Roney's system; while the country and all the railway companies were immensely benefitted, and the foundation laid for the illimitable future extension of the same plan. Ireland was full of English visitors, who expressed their admiration of what they saw, and their delight with the civility and attention lavished upon them by a people whose natural disposition was pronounced to be worthy of their scenery and soil—and the force of flattery could no further go. The common topic of conversation was, of course, the wonders of the World's Fair the previous summer in Hyde-park, where every one had been, and whence every one had carried some idea to interchange

for a neighbour's. A Lilliputian reproduction of the Brobdignag structure had been got up at Cork, and with very great success, though confined only to the contributions of the neighbourhood. The *sentiment* of the desirability of a Great Irish Exhibition, doubtless, occurred simultaneously to numbers all over the country; but, as the poet defines wit to be, what was

"Oft thought before, but ne'er so well expressed"—

so these vague, dreamy, and as yet voiceless predilections had to be reduced to form and substance and tangibility; and they were, by Messrs. Dargan and Roney. When, where, or under what circumstances these gentlemen originally came together, we have not heard. But certain it is there ensued from this meeting a mutual recognition of capacity, ingenuousness, and determination which has resulted in a conviction that the two individuals were essential to the completion of the purpose which then germinated, perhaps unconsciously, in the mind of either. Probably the merit, if it be one, of priority, belonged to neither; and spontaneously the conception came forth. There were two Frankensteins at work on the same materials; and such "faultless monster as the world ne'er saw," at least in Ireland, (the land of phenomena), will, we believe, be the result of the double parentage. Wholly devoid of jealousy, superior to the littleness that would seek the gratification of a paltry vanity by enforcing obscurity on others, as shown by his rejection of a titular honour proffered by the late Lord-Lieutenant, Mr. Dargan not only insisted on keeping altogether in the background, but that Mr. Roney, as his representative on the committee, should become the secretary of the undertaking. This Mr. Roney did, stipulating only that his position should be honorary, his services gratuitous, and immediately he proceeded to justify in Ireland the expectations which his English antecedents had already created.

The unparalleled act of Mr. Dargan in placing £20,000 at the disposal of the committee, would in itself have been sufficient to stamp any project with abundant eclat in any part of the world, and to ensure the donor an universal celebrity. But what lent it the prestige of assured success in the eyes of persons who were to be called upon to send to it those articles which alone could make it what it ought to be, was the knowledge that a practical man like Mr. Roney had pledged himself to realise Mr. Dargan's aspirations, by achieving for Ireland an eminent industrial status among nations, and thus, by one effort, obliterate the odium of ages. Accordingly, his reception on the continent, with many of the languages of which he is well acquainted (he was partly educated in France), was in the highest degree gratifying. The letters he took from our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs secured him, of course, the co-operation of the whole British corps diplomatique abroad, and procured him admission to circles that would have been otherwise impervious to all private efforts. But in the countenance personally extended to him by the Emperor of the French, the King of the Belgians and of Prussia, and by the various Dutch, Austrian, and other continental authorities, and all the great manufacturing and artistic interests of every kind, in the course of his extensive tours, there was a heartiness and cordiality far more impressive and significant than what any formal introduction, however exalted, could have commanded. This alone would suffice to guarantee the triumph of Mr. Dargan's idea, independent of the immense support derivable from England, saying nothing of what may be expected from Ireland herself. There the national enthusiasm is going on *crescendo*, from day to day, as the building advances in all its beauty, and as testimonies continue to pour in from every quarter of the compass to the friendly rivalry and amicable emulation which the project has everywhere awakened. At first it was apprehended, and not without good reason, that the short period that would elapse between its opening and the close of its great predecessor would preclude any hope of success. The active exertions of those who devoted themselves to the task, however, soon dissipated this idea, and instead of a dearth there quickly came *l'embarras de richesses:* the conviction that the undertaking would be *too* successful; for such was the avidity to avail of space, so numerous the applications from the leading contributors to the Crystal Palace, and so unexpected and wholly unforeseen the new quarters whence solicitations and overtures emanated, that the building, as originally contemplated, was soon found to be wholly inadequate.

Mr. Roney, well knowing on whom he had to rely, instead of circumscribing his scope and concentrating his efforts when he saw how brilliantly the scheme was being taken up, put forth fresh feelers, and derived fresh strength and daring from each response. Mr. Dargan added another £6,000 to the original sum. Again the work proceeded; and again Mr. Dargan seconded the efforts of his ally by still another advance of £14,000—making a total of £40,000! Here it has been necessary to stop, not from the exhaustion of Mr. Dargan's liberality, and still less, if that be possible, by a cessation of the consequences we have been particularising; but because of the pressure of inexorable time, the necessity of now seeking to mature and perfect what had been so sumptuously initiated. On that object the energies of the Dublin executive are now being brought to bear. The erection of the building is keeping pace precisely with the calculations on which it has been erected. We do not wish to encumber this paper with details of its dimensions and peculiarities, and shall content ourselves with saying that it is after the design of Mr. Benson, C.E., who erected the Cork Exhibition already alluded to. Selected from among twenty-nine competing designs,—the rivalry being provoked far less by the proffered prize of £50, than by the desire to participate in the fame redounding from a prominent association in such a work—it is uniquely beautiful; and though it has necessarily much in common with the Crystal Palace, it is in no respect a plagiarism of that conception, and abounds in merits of its own that stamp it as thoroughly original. Be the result of the Exhibition what it may—and it is impossible to believe it can fail to be all and everything its projector and creator can expect—the remembrance of 1853 will at least confer an enviable immortality on William Dargan, and for ever "keep his memory green" with a grateful and admiring posterity.

AFRICAN WATER FOWL.

(BALŒNICEPS REX.)

Our world is full of life. No part of nature is destitute of inhabitants. Birds may be said to constitute an isolated class of beings. To this particular department of natural history Mr. Gould has devoted his time and talents, and in his careful examinations has succeeded in presenting to the public some of the most interesting ornithological specimens which have ever been exhibited. His collection of humming birds is unrivalled. Linnæus knew only a few of this class, but Mr. Gould has arranged more than three hundred species, one hundred and thirty of which are new to modern naturalists.

The African water fowl, an engraving of which we present to our readers, discovered upon the western coast of Africa by Mr. Gould, resembles in many particulars another species of bird in South America, belonging to the family of the Cochlorhinques of Mr. Lessen, and known by the name of Savacon (*Cancroma*, Linn.)

The end of the beak and the form of the feet resemble those of the Dodo. The beak of the Balœniceps Rex* is formed like a spoon, and is very large, it is yellow in the male, and red-brown in the female. The crest is convex, and terminates in a hook at the extremity; it is of a light brown colour, which gradually changes to yellow as it approaches the bill. The nostrils are long. The middle of the lower jaw is membraneous. The skin surrounding the eyes is of a yellow colour, and quite free from hair. The eyes are of a clear greyish brown. The feet are very long, and covered with fine scales, which distinguish this bird from other water fowl, whose feet are generally covered with large and coarse scales. The general colour of the bird is gray, lighter upon the back and feet than at other parts of the body. The feathers at the back of the head are long and of

AFRICAN WATER FOWL.

a peculiar form. The tail of the bird resembles that of the Jabiva of America. It inhabits the marshy districts of Africa, and subsists upon the fish and small reptiles which there abound.

The highest praise is due to Mr. Gould for his indefatigable perseverence and zeal in ornithological pursuits. The world owes to him a large debt of gratitude. The story of his life furnishes another pleasing proof of what may be effected by industry and perseverance, especially when following the bent of native taste and talent. It seems that Mr. Gould's taste for this peculiar department of natural history was begotten or drawn forth by his noticing, when young, the specimens exhibited in what are called curiosity shops. Some of these he purchased from time to time, as his means allowed him, till he

* Balœniceps, a word derived from Balœna, a whale, on account of the peculiar formation of the beak.

was able to present a case-full beautifully grouped according to his own taste and his ideas of the natural habits of the birds. To this he continually added from subjects caught by himself, from purchases, and from foreign consignments, till his collection became worthy the attention not only of the curious, but of experienced naturalists.

In order that his arrangements might be made in the most scientific manner, he became a devoted student of zoology. He began by studying from books; but his fame having reached the Zoological Society, he was employed to collect and arrange specimens for their museum. The result of his assiduous application has been, that he has gradually risen from a mere seller of stuffed birds to one of the most accomplished naturalists of Europe.

It is somewhat remarkable that Mr. Gould married a lady as passionately fond of the science as himself; and while he was able to write scientifically, his wife was able to illustrate his writings with accurate and beautiful delineations of the objects he described. Their joint work, "A Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains," is a volume of great beauty and interest, and though necessarily published at a high price, has now become scarce. His "Birds of Australia" comprises the labour of ten years; it is a magnificent work, containing an account of six hundred species, drawn and described from actual observation of their haunts and manners. His wife, who was the companion of his voyaye, had drawn on stone nearly all the plates of "The Birds of Europe;" but she died soon after their return from Australia in 1840, leaving behind her a very large collection of ornithological and botanical drawings.

GROTTO OF ST. PAUL AT MALTA.

In the Mediterranean Sea, about fifty miles from the coast of Sicily, is the Island of Malta. It was in the olden time known by the name of Oberia, afterwards Ogygia, and was called by the Greeks Melita, from which, at last, the Saracens formed the appellation of Malta. It is little else than a bare rock, about twenty miles in length and twelve in breadth, and although it is sometimes called by its inhabitants the flower of the sea, possesses little to deserve that name. It produces no more corn than barely suffices to maintain its residents for six months in the year. Many expedients have been resorted to for the purpose of rendering the ground more fruitful, but all have failed. Ship-loads of earth have been brought from Sicily, and the rocky bottom covered therewith, but the soil has in a short time crumbled into dust, there being but little rain to preserve it in a proper adhesion. Its inhabitants amount to about sixty thousand. The common language of the country is a corrupt Arabic, but Italian is spoken in some of the towns.

NATURAL GROTTO, DEDICATED TO ST. PAUL, IN THE ISLAND OF MALTA.

Malta has had many masters. It is supposed to have been originally peopled by the Phœcians; but these were driven out by the Phœnicians, who, in their turn, were conquered and expelled by the irresistable power of the Grecian army. The Carthaginians won it from the Greeks, but the Roman eagle alighted on its craggy heights, and the Carthaginians were subdued. Upon the declaration of the Roman empire, Malta was taken by the Goths; the Goths were beaten by the Saracens; the Saracens by the Normans. From 1090 to the reign of Charles the Fifth, it had the same masters as Sicily, but was then presented to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who had been successively driven from Palestine and Rhodes. The order took possession of their island home, and were henceforth recognised in history as the Knights of Malta.

The Grand Master of the order immediately employed himself in putting the island in a state of defence. The news had reached him that the Turkish emperor, Soliman, had given orders to Sinan Bassa, whom he had sent to besiege Tripoli, to destroy in his passage the Knights of St. John, whom he was pleased to designate as a nest of robbers. Time was precious, the danger was imminent, but the knights and people laboured hard to prepare for the defence; and when Sinan landed, and attentively considered the Castle of St. Angelo—

> "Whose stony strength
> Would laugh a siege to scorn"—

he said to his Corsair, Dragut, who pressed him to begin the attack: "Dost thou see that castle? The eagle, certainly, could not place its nest on the summit of a steeper rock; to reach it we ought to have wings like the eagle, for all the troops in the world would not be able to force it." He, however, ravaged the island, and laid siege to the capital, from which he was repulsed with great slaughter.

In 1565 another attack was made by the Turks upon the island. The battle was long and terrible, and the siege protracted to a very lengthened period. The knights exhibited the utmost bravery and activity. La Valette, the Grand Master was dangerously wounded; and when some of his

friends wished him to retire, he replied, "At seventy-one, can I finish my life more gloriously than by dying among my brethren?" The Turks were repulsed with the truest courage, and never again set foot in Malta. La Valette built a town on the theatre of his glory, which he called by his own name. Thither was removed the convent of the knights, and in order that the work might be free from all pecuniary interruption, when money failed they paid in copper, which was afterwards called in, and the full value given for it. In 1798 the island was surrendered to the French, and the order of knighthood suspended, while the knights themselves were dispersed. In 1800 it was taken by the English.

But apart from all this, there is a peculiar interest attaching to the island of Malta, from the episode in the life of the great Apostle which there occured. On his voyage to Rome, "there arose a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon," which drove the vessel out of her course, and filled those ancient mariners with fear and trembling, and falling into a place were two seas met, they ran the ship aground. "And the centurion commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and the rest some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship, and so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land. And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita."

The remembrance of the visit of St. Paul to the island is preserved by the people, and the recollections of the viper which fastened on his hand, the sick men which he healed, the wonder of his short residence, are still cherished. Tradition points out a grotto where it is said the Apostle dwelt. There an image of the saint had been erected and a chapel built. Say the people, when the sainted missionary shook the viper off his hand, he pronounced a malediction on all venomous reptiles in the island, and that thenceforward they disappeared entirely. Curative properties are attributed to the white substance which is taken from the damp walls of the grotto, and which resembles magnesia in its appearance. This is sold very extensively in Malta, and is also an important object of commerce. Each year a considerable quantity is exported to Sicily, Italy, and the East Indies.

Malta was then in a state very different from the splendid condition in which the Knights left it in our own days. There was only one town in the island, called "Città Notabile" (now Città Vecchia), but which was a miserable, half-deserted place, partially surrounded by a mouldering wall;—there was only one fortress, named St. Angelo, and it was partly in ruins, while the whole of its artillery consisted of one small cannon, two falcons, and a few iron mortars. The entire population amounted only to 12,000, and these were poor and wretched, owing to the barrenness of the soil, and the frequent descents of the Barbary corsairs, who frequently carried off the inhabitants of the villages into slavery.

LONDON FIRES AND FIREMEN.

It was on the evening of one of those dull days of which we have of late had so many, that we were strolling in contemplative mood along that most noisy thoroughfare of this bustling metropolis, called Holborn, watching the incessant activity of the multitudes of passengers who hastened here, there, and everywhere, and wearied by the ceaseless roar of unnumbered vehicles of every description which thronged the road. Suddenly a fresh tumult broke in upon the ear, and cries and shouts were heard even above the heavy and deafening rumbling, while a renewed clattering of hoofs and grinding of wheels sounded forth. On turning round, the spectacle which presented itself was singularly exciting. Amid the concourse of vehicles appeared the red form of a fire-engine, dragged forward by two powerful horses, who were threading their onward course as fast as the opposing obstacles would admit. The shouts of the firemen, as they clustered around the engine, to the drivers of the various vehicles which rapidly made way for them, the gleam of the metal bands on the helmets of the men, and the excitement which prevailed among all around, as the cry, "A fire! a fire!" passed from mouth to mouth, must be witnessed to be appreciated. Long before as much time had elapsed as it has taken us to narrate the fact, the engine had passed out of sight; while, inspirited by the general and strange enthusiasm of the moment, and attended by a number of men and boys, who emerged from different courts and streets on either hand, we were in full cry in pursuit.

Our run was not a short one, but at length we reached the spot where the fire had taken place, and a strange and fearful spectacle presented itself. The accident had originated in the kitchen of a dwelling-house, and having soon eaten its way into the lath-work and the wood framings which divided some of the rooms, the flames mounted upwards by the walls, floors, and stairs to the roof, and at length the entire fabric was folded in its lurid volumes, which leaped from the windows with their long fiery tongues as if seeking for fresh material on which to expend their devouring energies. The intense heat thrown out in every direction made a near approach insufferable, while it had not only set the adjoining dwelling on one side on fire, but threatened to extend itself in the same way on the other hand. Four engines were already in full play, the object of the firemen being to prevent the extension of the fire to the neighbouring buildings, for it was obvious that to attempt to save any part of the first house was hopeless. With this view, some of them had mounted the roofs of the adjoining dwellings, and by means of the hoses were pouring down volumes of water on those parts where the fire most threatened to imperil the safety of the adjoining parts; while two had gone to the rear, and were playing with great effect on their remorseless foe in that direction.

Meanwhile, an immense crowd of people of all classes had assembled, the majority consisting of that order which makes mud, water, heat, and danger of little consequence, compared with the mental excitement which the scene furnishes to a morbid taste for the terrible. The numbers rapidly increased every moment, and filled the air with their shouts, directions, orders, and remarks, which were addressed to all the people in general, and nobody in particular. The mob had been driven back by the police from the space immediately adjoining the fire, and to which the engines had been brought, the officers being under the necessity of bringing their cudgels into active contact with the heads and shoulders of the intruders, who would, if not prevented, have so pressed forward as to prevent the working of the engines; while above the clamour of the people and the roar of the flames, might be heard the deep, muffled, melancholy "thump, thump," of the levers of the engines, as they were incessantly plied by the pumpers.

The entire scene increased in deep and terrible interest as the mass of building became more completely the prey of the "devouring element," for this had been reluctantly but at length entirely surrendered to destruction. It was curious to watch the long jets of flame clustering and coiling around the different objects that presented themselves to view, while the tiles began to fall one by one from the weakened roof, and the lead gutters were melted, and part of the fluid came gleaming and trickling upon the helmet and then down the sleeve of one of the firemen. At length the ceilings fell, the lath and plaster from the sides gave way, and tumbled down charred and black; the remnants of the window-frames, unable to support themselves fell, blazing to the ground; and when its last supports were eaten through, with a crash and a roar the rest of the roof came in, driving a flood of flame and heat out through the window and door-ways into the street. The climax had now evidently passed, for other engines had come and were pouring torrents of water on the drenched walls of the adjoining houses, and on the smoking mass of embers, which still emitted an intense heat; till at length the terrible foe is beaten and subdued into obedience. After this had continued for a considerable time, it was seen that there was little fear of a fresh outbreak; so leaving a couple of engines and a sufficient detachment of firemen to continue playing on the slumbering monster, and to watch till morning, the main body retired to their several stations, and the crowd ultimately dispersed,

though there were many who lingered, gazing listlessly on the smouldering embers and blackened ruins, till the dull light of the next morning's sun appeared.

As we returned homeward after witnessing this remarkable spectacle, and watching the beautiful and successful efforts of skill and science in subduing this most formidable element of destruction, the thought naturally suggested itself that there were arrangements, machinery, and skill thus manifested, and which must ever be ready for active employment, of which we might profitably know more than we did; and we determined to avail ourselves of the first opportunity of ascertaining all that was to be known upon the matter. And as we had the pleasure of entering on the consideration of this subject with the highest authority to whom we could appeal—we refer to Mr. Braidwood, the well-known superintendent of the London Fire Brigade—perhaps some of the results of our inquiries may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The formation of a London fire-engine establishment, after the model of the "Corps des Sapeurs Pompiers" in France, was attempted by Sir Frederick Morton Eden, in 1808, who was then chairman of the Globe Insurance Office. According to this proposal, each office was, at the outset, to furnish a gang of twenty firemen, of whom ten were to be first-class men, who should receive allowance for all fires they attended; and ten second-class men, who were to be paid only when specially required to appear; and all future appointments and other matters respecting the firemen were to be managed by an engine committee. Each office was to pay an equal contribution towards the expenses of the establishment. This attempt, however, failed; for in December of that year, Sir F. Eden wrote, that he had ascertained that it was in vain to expect co-operation from any other insurance office, except the Atlas, in the formation of a joint engine establishment; and that the Globe Office had, consequently, abandoned the endeavour to effect it.

About the year 1825, the Sun, Union, and Royal Exchange offices formed a union for a similar purpose, the whole of their engines and men being placed under the charge of a superintendent. The Atlas and Phœnix subsequently joined the brigade; but it was not till 1833 that this union extended itself to the principal remaining offices. Previous to 1831 considerable changes had taken place among the insurance offices; several of them had declined fire assurance altogether, and others had greatly reduced their engine establishments. It is stated that the number of fire engines belonging to the different London companies in that year was only 38, whereas four or five years previously it had amounted to 50. On the 1st of January, 1833, a general alliance was formed by ten of the insurance companies, for mutually assisting each other at fires, with a view to the reduction of their separate expenses. This was called the "London Fire-Engine Establishment," and included the Alliance, Atlas, Globe, Imperial, London Assurance, Protector, Royal Exchange, Sun, Union, and Westminster; several others have since united themselves with the alliance.

The affairs of the establishment are managed by a committee, consisting of a director or secretary from each of the associated insurance companies, which subscribe towards its support in certain agreed proportions. The metropolis has been divided into five districts, the first three extending over the parts north of the Thames, and the other two over the south. They are as follows:—

1st. From the eastward to St. Paul's-chain, St. Paul's-churchyard, Aldersgate-street, and Goswell-street-road.

2nd. From St. Paul's, &c., to Tottenham-court-road, Crown-street, and St. Martin's-lane.

3rd. From Tottenham-court-road, &c., westward.

4th. From the eastward to Southwark-bridge-road.

5th. From the Southwark-bridge-road, westward.

The fire-engines are provided with all the tools which may be required amid the contingencies of action, either in the suppression of fire, or the saving of human life or property. They include lengths of scaling ladder, each six and a half feet long, which may be readily connected so as to form, in a very short time, a ladder of any required length; a canvas sheet, with ten or twelve handles of rope round the edge of it; two pieces of two and a half inch rope, one ten fathoms and one fourteen long; six lengths of hose, each forty feet long; two branch pipes, one two and a half, and the other four to six feet long; one spare nozzle for the branch pipes; two lengths of suction pipe, each about six feet long; one flat rose, a stand cock, and a gooseneck; two balls of strips of sheepskin, two balls of small cord, two dog-tails, one dam-board, a boat-hook, a mattock, a shovel, a saw, a screw-wrench, a portable cistern, a hatchet or pole-axe, an iron crow-bar, a hand-pump with hose, instruments for opening the fire-plugs, and keys for turning the stop-cocks of the water mains.* We may here mention that an engine costs, with its complement of tools, some £180; a water-engine from £4,000 to £5,000. One of the latter, belonging to the company, has just been altered from manual to steam power, at a cost of some £2,000. The force of the establishment consists of about a hundred and ten men in permanent employment, including 5 foremen, 10 engineers, 9 sub-engineers, 31 senior firemen, 35 junior firemen, 6 extra men, and the drivers under the direction of the superintendent, Mr. Braidwood.

There are some seventeen stations for engines, the principal one being at Watling-street; there are also two floating engines, one off King's-stairs, Rotherhithe, and one off Southwark-bridge. There are generally one engineer, two senior, and three junior firemen attached to each station; one-third of these being constantly on duty, and the whole being liable to be called up for attendance at fires or for any other duty.

The pay of the men is as follows: a junior fireman has 21s. a week; a senior fireman, who has been some six years in the service 24s. 6d.; a sub-engineer 26s.; and an engineer or foreman 28s. There are also some additional sums which they gain as perquisites, and besides their dress, which is worth £5 a year, and some privileges of residence. They are also liberally treated with regard to the granting of leave of absence; and whether under these circumstances, or in consequence of sickness, or otherwise, their pay always continues.

In selecting men for the fire brigade, many physical and mental qualifications are necessary. It is usually found that if in the first respects they are suitable, they are so in the last. Here is a new theme on which phrenologico-metaphysicians may expatiate, namely, the connexion of mind with muscle; for when the candidates are examined by the surgeon, it is an almost invariable rule that if the men are well proportioned, not too heavy or large in size, and their muscles are firmly set and well arranged, there are associated with all this those powers of endurance, coolness in danger, and boldness in enterprise, which are such important characteristics in men who have to discharge the duties of firemen. If a man be of vigorous mind and active habits, and spend his youth in any vocation involving manual exertion, he will be sure thus to adapt and inure his physical constitution to the exigencies of his work.

On these accounts the best firemen are those who have been men-of-war's men, and on whose discharge the words "very good" have been written. These are always the ablest and most skilled men in the crew, for many captains will not give this designation to more than perhaps half a dozen men out of several hundreds.

The arrangements for the attendance of the men and engines in case of fire are very complete, of which it may not be uninteresting to give an outline. If a fire happen in the first district, the whole of the men and engines there immediately repair to the spot, while two-thirds of them, with one of the engines from each of the second and fourth districts, and one-third of those from each of the third and fifth districts, join them.

If a fire happen in the second district, the whole of the men and engines belonging to it repair to the fire, with one engine and two-thirds of the men from each of the first and third districts, and one-third of the men from the fourth and fifth.

* General Regulations for the London Fire-engine Establishment.

If a fire happen in the third district, the whole of the men and engines belonging to it, with one engine and two-thirds of the men from each of the second and fifth districts, and one-third of the men from the two remaining districts, attend the fire. A similar arrangement is also made for the fourth and fifth districts, and the assistance they are to derive from the other men and engines. If a fire happen on the boundary of a district, and it is doubtful in which it has occurred, the whole of the engines and men of the two adjoining districts, and one-third of the men of the remaining three, proceed instantly to the spot. The superintendent, upon an alarm of fire of sufficient importance, repairs to the place wherever it may be, and takes command of the whole force.

The men are clothed in a dark gray uniform, trimmed with red, with the number of each man marked in red on the left breast; they have black leather waist-belts, and hardened leather helmets. The helmets are strengthened with a strong hollow crest, in which there are orifices for purposes of ventilation; the edges are bound with brass. Such is their strength in the resistance of blows, to say nothing of their invaluable aid in preserving the men from heat, and molten lead, and water, that a blow sufficient to destroy the helmet would break the neck of the wearer.

Of the firemen, it is but just to say, that they have, as a body, shown themselves fully equal to the exigencies of their vocation. The method which is adopted, as a necessary precaution against accident, is to send men together in pairs, care being taken to put a "green-horn" and an older hand together, that the skill of the latter may subdue the wild courage of the former. As a rule it is more necessary to keep men back than to urge them forward in their work.

The chief respect in which a fireman shows his ability, is in going inside the houses or buildings on fire, as it is only thus that the flames can be extinguished within them. This, it will be readily imagined, is often a work of no small difficulty from the heat and the peril incurred; while the men are often obliged to crawl along the floors on their hands and knees, for the smoke is not unfrequently so dense in the upper part of the rooms as to prevent a man seeing a yard before him. To stand calmly on some fragment of a building which is already weakened by the fire, and will obviously give way before long and fall into the lurid flames and embers below, requires a cool head and a steady eye; and when, at the same time, the united energies of two or three men are necessary to direct the hose through which the water is being poured upon the fire, and to do so with the best effect,—the position is by no means an enviable one. And here some idea may be given of the strength required to hold a hose, when under the action of the water. The hose-pipe in one of the floating-engines is rather more than two inches in diameter and, as the water is forced through it at the pressure of some eighty or ninety pounds on the inch, we have a backward re-active pressure on the part of the tube of some 160 or 180 pounds, and three or four strong men will be necessary to control it, while, if it should slip from their grasp it would be very difficult to regain possession of it. It is not, however, uncommon to divide the main tube by means of two branches, and thus having two more governable streams of water for playing upon the fire. The diameter of the tube in a land-engine is about seven-eighths of an inch.

When an engine is ready for action, there are always plenty of volunteers at hand to work the levers, some twenty-eight men being required for each. As soon as these have been selected by the foreman, they set about it with determined energy; and such is the earnestness with which they begin, that many an engine has been disabled during the first five minutes. It is only with some difficulty that their ardour is restrained within reasonable bounds. The names of the pumpers are taken down, on a paper prepared and ruled for the purpose, and they are afterwards remunerated at the rate of a shilling for the first hour, and sixpence for the rest.

Besides the engines belonging to the Fire Brigade, many parishes profess to keep engines in efficient order for public use, and sometimes they are fully up to their pretensions, and, when their services are required, are worked with great dexterity and vigour; but often it is far otherwise. We have ourselves seen a parish engine drawn by a lot of broken-down workhouse men to the scene of a fire, at the rate of about a mile and a half an hour, and of no service when it reached its destination. In another instance, a woman was sole manager of two parish engines. It would seem that her husband had sustained the offices of sexton and parish engineer, and that, on his death, the authorities, not knowing what to do with the widow, appointed her to succeed in the discharge of some of these functions. Finding that the machines were getting somewhat out of order under her administration, she made application to Mr. Braidwood to send some one to clean them, the offer being altogether so unique that we cannot forbear to transcribe the communication for the amusement of our readers:—

"E: A: Smith respect to Mr. Braidwood and will feel obliged if he will permit one of his men to look at the Engines belonging to St. Michael Royal and St. Martin Vintry for her. The Church haveing undergone a thorough repair and they are very dirty

"I remain

"Your humble

"Sep 16th. 1843" "Servant E: A: SMITH.

Some of the parish engines are very efficiently controlled and perform good service, especially those at Whitechapel, Islington, Padington, and in other directions; but the nearer they approach to the districts more especially under the supervision of the fire brigade of London, the less useful do they seem. This probably arises from the security which is reposed in the efficiency of the brigade.

Before leaving this subject, it is worthy of remark, that instances have been known in which alarms of fire have been given, and appearances have been presented, which have seemed to indicate most obviously that fires were actually raging, which were really nothing more than the deceptive phenomena presented by the sun or the aurora borealis. On one occasion, in November, 1835, no fewer than twelve engines and seventy-four men were kept in constant activity from eleven o'clock at night till six the following morning, in the pursuit of a number of false alarms, caused by these appearances. Some of the engines reached Hampstead, and others Kilburn, before the mistake was discovered.

In another case, in 1836, the rays of the rising sun at half-past four in the morning, occasioned such a glare of light in the sky to the east, which attracted a considerable number of engines, driven at conjecture, some along Radcliffe-highway, some down the Commercial-road, while others went to Mile-end. On reaching these points, however, the appearances became gradually fainter; but the firemen came in sight of a second light, more to the south, which really proved to be a fire.* On the 18th of October, in the same year, a most extraordinary appearance of the aurora borealis occurred, which deceived the oldest firemen. A crimson glare of light arose in the horizon to the north-east, about half-past eight o'clock, p.m., which seemed to be caused by a fierce conflagration; and the resemblance was increased by what appeared to be clouds of smoke rising up after the glare, and breaking and rolling away beneath it. Thirteen engines and a large body of men went in search of the supposed fire, and crowds of people and carriages kept pouring from the West-end to witness it. The alarm upon this occasion was not confined to London: at Dublin, Leyden, Utrecht, Strasburg, Troyes, Rennes, and Nantes, the same terror was created, and was attended with a similar turn-out of the firemen, as well as the military, and with like results.

Before concluding, we must avail ourselves of the opportunity of presenting our acknowledgments to Mr. Braidwood for the friendly manner in which he communicated to us important information on this subject, and placed at our disposal valuable documents in reference to the establishment of which he is at the head.

* Journal of the Statistical Society of London.

THE STORY OF THE SEVEN BEANS;

OR, THE TRUE TALE OF BEN LEFGOIM.

The East is the land of stories. The Arab around the evening watch-fire in the desert, the Persian merchant in the caravanserai, the idle Turk in the coffee-shop, lying, puffing his chibouk, and the sultan jaded with sensuality, lounging on luxurious cushions in the recesses of his palace, and the Georgian beauty, weary of slavery, and dreaming of her native hills—all value a good tale as the greatest of treats, and a good story-teller as the cleverest of men. When the business of the day is at an end, the shopkeepers and merchants of the towns hurry to the café, and there reclining easily, with the bowls of their pipes at their feet, and all their senses buried in voluptuous dreaminess, they listen while the professional story-teller recounts the adventures of some follower of the Prophet, and his reward is never grudgingly bestowed. When his talent and fluency are very great, the payments made him are sometimes extravagant. The intervals between the stories are filled up by the performances of the Almeh, or dancing girls. The stories are always acted as well as related, and sometimes with great dramatic power. A scene of this kind is represented in our engraving. The following tale, as related in the coffee-shops of Cairo, has fallen under our hand, from the pen of Charles Asselineau, and we have put it into shape and form.

In the name of the Prophet, welcome! From the beginning of the world unto the end a cloud serves thee for a parasol. In Cairo there are three good things—the Maemal, the Nile, and the Feast of the Sultan. At Damascus there are two bad things—blasphemy and falsehood. Allah is Allah! In Cairo there lived not many years ago a poor Arab and his wife, and his name was Ben Lefgoim. He was a willing and an industrious man, but times were hard, money scarce, and with great difficulty did he make a living. He would sit in his hut heaping ashes on his head, crying, "God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet; but what has Mohammed ever done for me?" His wife would reproach him with his wickedness; but in vain. He continued to find fault with the decrees of Providence.

One morning Ben Lefgoim rose early and prepared to go out. His wife asked him where he was going, but he would not say. She pressed, however, very hard, and as the cunning of a woman is very great, he at last laid bare his heart before her. He had made up his mind to go out, secrete himself on the edge of the desert, and rob the first man that came by.

"Dog of an Arab!" cried she angrily, "so you would turn thief would you? Take a book, an inkstand, and a pen; go out into the bazaar, and sit you down gravely in a corner, but where, looking humble, you may be seen by all. The people will think you a learned sheikh; they will ask your advice, and you will become a rich man."

"But," replied the husband dolefully, "I have not even a tarboosh to cover my head."

His wife looked round and saw lying in a corner an empty yateney, a kind of pumpkin, which she cut in twain and stuck on his head. This gave him a very ancient and solemn aspect. A waggish neighbour even called him as he went out Sheikh Yateney, which being translated, is Father Pumpkin. Lefgoim, however, looked not to the right or to the left, but, his book open, and inkstand in hand, moved on towards the bazaar. He looked about him, and at last saw a spot which lay near the entrance, and there fixed himself. Now it happened that about an hour later a peasant from one of the neighbouring villages came by, looking around him anxiously, and prying into every door-way. He was about to rush through the bazaar, when seeing the solemn-looking sheikh seated on the ground, he said:—

"May thy beard never be less! but, master, I have lost my donkey. You are a learned man, can you tell me where it is?"

"Oh, Fatima!" muttered Lefgoim to himself, "you may expect a beating for this. Never was man placed in such a wretched position by his wife." But he felt he must answer, so he said at random, "Go to the cemetery, and you will find your donkey."

Now it happened that the peasant found his donkey in the place indicated, and returning told the sheikh, gave him many thanks and a piece of money. Sheikh Yateney, as he was in future generally called, went home in the evening quite delighted, and thanked his wife for her good counsel. Next day he returned full of doubt and hesitation to his post, and was consulted almost as soon as seated about the loss of some silk. Fortune was good to him again. He gave advice, and it chanced that again it was good. And so he went on many days, and it always happened that what he said was right. Providence seemed to take a pleasure in carrying out all his predictions, and he humbled himself before Allah, and declared daily that Mohammed was really his prophet.

But bad are the calculations of man. Before a month was over, Yateney would willingly have never been born, and thought himself the most miserable man in existence. He was seated one morning in the bazaar as usual, looking out complacently for clients, his clothes no longer ragged, but still wearing his pumpkin, which was, so to speak, his sign, when four grim janissaries came up, seized him somewhat roughly, and took him before the pasha of the province.

"Yateney," said the pasha to him, "I have heard of thy reputation for wisdom. Now, last night a band of robbers entered my palace and stripped my treasure. Thou must recover it for me, and in seven days. If thou doest not, thou shalt lose thy head."

Yateney bowed his head, and went out lamenting. When he reached home he threw his pumpkin on the floor, seated himself beside it, and heaped ashes on his bare skull. "I am a ruined man! a lost man! Why was I born? Mohammed is not the prophet of God. I will sustain this before all the Ulemas in the world."

"What is the matter?" asked his wife, gently.

"Out of my sight, vulture! ghoul!" exclaimed Lefgoim, furiously, at the same time beating her. "It is your fault that I am about to die. You wish to marry again, do you?"

"But, my dear husband," cried Fatima, when his first moment of rage was passed, "explain to me what is the matter."

"The matter, unhappy wretch! In seven days I shall have my head cut off."

Then he got up and took out of a sack seven beans, one for each day he had to live; and towards evening, after having bemoaned his hard fate all day, swallowed one, crying out as he did so,

"There goes one."

Now it happened that at this moment there was passing in the street one of the band of robbers who had pillaged the pasha's treasury. He knew the reputation of the sheikh; and as he said these words in a loud tone, "There goes one,' he thought himself recognised, and ran away to tell his associates, who at the news were much alarmed. They held counsel what to do, but could come to no decision. However it was determined that the next evening another of the robbers should go within sight of Sheikh Yateney's house, and judge for himself. He did so just about dark. At his window sat the unfortunate man; and as the robber passed, he swallowed another bean, and exclaimed, "There goes a second." Terrified, conscience-stricken, the thief fled, and repeated what he had heard to his companions. They decided that another should try the third day, and so on until the whole party had tried the experiment. As, however, precisely the same thing occurred during six days, the robbers became so greatly alarmed, that they came in a body to the sheikh, implored his mercy, and gave up to him the whole of the treasure.

Yateney gravely observed that he knew all along that they were the guilty persons, but that before denouncing them he

had resolved to try what conscience would do. Thereupon they swore by the Prophet and the beards of their fathers that they would rob no more; and on this solemn assurance, Sheikh Yateney allowed them to depart. The next day he went before the pasha, told him that he had recovered his treasure, and desired him to send his janissaries for it. The pasha did so, and then gave him a handsome reward. Yateney delighted, went home, told his wife all, and thanked God he had a partner so full of wit as to put such an idea in his head. But he determined to go to the bazaar no more, content to live on the pasha's liberality.

But the destiny of Ben Lefgoim was not fulfilled. His desire for rest could no more be satisfied than that of the dove which went forth from the ark and found nothing but water. There happened at Stambool (Constantinople) a very grave affair. A treasure placed in the sultan's seraglio was most inexplicably robbed; and the riches being principally diamonds and precious stones, the grief of the monarch was great. The event was rumoured about through all Islam, and the Pasha of Damascus, hearing of the circumstances, sent word to the sultan that there was a man in Cairo who could discover the authors of the robbery. The sultan immediately sent orders that Yateney should be sent under good escort to Stambool.

Yateney was furious when he heard that he had to go to Constantinople, and for what purpose. He was like a madman, and could express his outraged feelings in no other way than by beating his wife, which he did more severely than the first time. Then, as it was impossible to resist an order of the sultan, he set out for Stambool, taking with him his wife, and an escort of four janissaries.

As he went along Yateney declared continually that it was all over with him, that he was a ruined man. Arrived in sight of Stambool his grief grew greater still, and when he landed his heart quite failed him. He accordingly bade the janissaries go forward, and say that he had arrived, but could only reach the palace next day. His object was to gain one day more of life. He then erected his tent on the shore, and remained alone with his wife.

The reputation of the shiekh had spread through all Stambool, and his arrival had alarmed all the robbers in the place. They trembled lest they should all be discovered. But the real robbers of the seraglio were chiefly frightened. They had been on the eve of embarking with their prize, when they were suddenly prevented. To wait a better opportunity, they had buried their treasure on the sandy shore. On the very spot Yateney had pitched his tent.

This put an end to all hesitation on the part of the thieves. They rushed to Yateney, threw themselves at his feet, begged his forgiveness, and implored him not to denounce them to the police. Yateney made a similar reply to that he had made to the seven thieves of Cairo, and retired to rest contented and happy. Next day, when the messengers of the sultan came, he exclaimed,

"It is not my place to go to the sultan, but his to come to me. The treasure is here."

The sultan came with all his court. The earth was dug up, and the treasure discovered. But when the vizier asked Yateney who were the authors of the robbery, he answered,

"What matter! here is the treasure, the rest is in the hands of God."

The vizier did not insist, and the sultan, ravished at recovering his treasure, loaded Yateney with caresses and presents. He not only rewarded him, but insisted on keeping him about his person. He treated him with distinguished honour as a man of mark and note, loaded him with riches, and put him on an equality with himself. But Yateney was not happy. He did not feel himself equal to his position, and pestered with questions from all around, sighed for his home and obscurity.

One day he was in a bath with the sultan.

"If," said he, "I were to give the sultan a box on the ear, he would think me mad, and send me back to my own country."

No sooner said than done. Yateney gave the sultan a box on the ear and rushed out of the room. The sultan followed him, burning with rage; scarcely had he crossed the threshold when down went the whole building.

The sultan, persuaded that the sheikh had acted with great presence of mind to save his life, protested that he would grant him any favour he chose to ask him.

"Father of True Believers," said the sheikh, "I only ask one thing, and that is, that you publish through all your dominions strict orders that no one shall ask me any more questions."

Thereupon he told the sultan his whole history, at which the sultan was amazed, and all the more looked upon the sheikh as an inspired man. Then he embraced him, made him great presents, and sent him home to his own country, where ever after he regarded his wife as the author of his fortune, and advised all young men to take example by him, and set great store by matrimonial counsels.

THE NEW-YORK HERALD.

Mark that tall man, who, with watchful eye and cautious tread, moves slouchingly up Broadway, leaning, as he walks, on a stout cane, which cannot have been selected for its beauty. His pace is slow and measured: indeed, with that snow-white head, telling a tale of sixty years, or more, it could hardly be otherwise; but there is a warmth in the cheek which shows that the vigour of youth has not wholly yielded to the ashen hue of age. He is alone. You hardly ever see him in company. People stop to look at him, and some scowl on him as he passes, others simply tell their friends: "That is James Gordon Bennett, Editor and Proprietor of the *New-York Herald!*"

Let us follow him as he crosses the thoroughfare opposite Barnum's, and threading Ann-street, turns down Fulton. A strange smell of oil, and steam, and printers' ink, warns us that we are in the vicinity of the two largest printing-offices in America, and in the heart of the newspaper world. Our guide has stopped at a dingy glass door, protected by an iron grating. Within, a flight of well-worn steps—the very dirt of which is conclusive evidence of the calling of those to whose use they are appropriated—leads to a corridor, at the end of which we meet a door inscribed with the surly but necessary notice: "No admittance except on editorial business." The door is opened, and we are in the news factory of the Western Continent.

Newspaper-offices are, proverbially, the most comfortless places in the world. A merchant looks upon his display of upholstery as part of his stock in trade—as one of the pegs on which his credit hangs. A surgery is incomplete without a cosey arm-chair, to delude the patient into the belief that his physical comfort is a matter of some moment to the doctor. Even lawyers, grim, cold-blooded sons of Themis, affect in these latter days a partiality for snug desks, and soft foot-rugs, and seldom subject the client to their moral rack until they have ensconced his body in a roomy *causeuse*. Editors, on the contrary, seem to revel in discomfort and confusion. Hard wooden chairs, rickety tables hacked to pieces by the knives of writers during the labours of parturition—newspapers on the tables, on the chairs, on the floor, on the walls, on files—heaps of books strewed wherever the visitor would like to set his foot—ink spilt on every side—walls blackened with gas or candle-light, or peeping out, like an Irishman's elbow, from the rents in a faded paper—an *ensemble*, in short, which seems to indicate that the outward man must be made as uncomfortable as possible, in order that the inward man may perform its functions creditably,—such are the usual characteristics of most newspaper-offices.

The Herald-office is a slight improvement on its neighbours. Here we have four rooms, well stocked with desks and chairs (all hard and plain, however); a couple of libraries, filled chiefly with historical and statistical works; stout files of the *London Times*, the *Indépendence Belge*, *Galignani*, and the *Herald* itself; a pair of fine globes, which are only a couple of years

DRAWN BY H. WARREN, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE STORY-TELLER.

SCENE IN AN EGYPTIAN CAFÉ.

old, but which the editor is about to discard as obsolete; and heaps, nay, mountains of "exchanges," which are positively alarming to view. In these rooms are assembled seven or eight reporters and readers; the whole reporting staff numbers some fifteen men, but they are seldom at the office together. One or two are lounging on their chairs, reading the morning papers; but the majority are busily employed in catering for the morrow's *Herald*. One is culling European news from the papers which the "Asia" has just brought; another is dissecting the *Alta California;* and the third is carving huge slices out of the *Diario de la Marina* of Havana. That elderly gentleman, with a peculiar expression of Yankee shrewdness, who always wears his hat, and looks as though he was casting up a sum in arithmetic in the air, is, in fact, calculating the excess of the last Presidential vote in Pennsylvania over all previous ones, and deducing, by a neat algebraic equation, what will be the exact majority against Free-soilism in the next Congress. Statistics are the *Herald's* forte: a careful study of all the votes which have been polled since the days of Washington, enabled Mr. Bennett to foretel, six weeks before the election, what General Pierce's majority would be in November. The gentleman with the hat is now going to astonish the country by another vaticination well worthy of Nostradamus. Others are glancing at their short-hand notes of the previous evening, and dividing the city between them for the next. In the other room sits the gentleman who manages the *Herald*—in Mr. Bennett's absence. He writes little, but reads everything. He manages the editorial department, the foreign and domestic correspondence, the news; directs the course of the journal, superintends the reporters, exercises a strict surveillance over contributors, and subjects all literary and other matter to a careful examination; receives visitors with an affability which is rarely found in managers of newspapers, collects information, and conducts all the correspondence of the *Herald:* has the control over the cashier of the financial department, and finds time to decide all questions respecting advertisements which are referred to him by the clerks. Rumour says that these trifling occupations do not interfere with his indulging his taste for music, by a visit to the opera, and keeping up his acquaintance with history, by a regular quota of reading.

In these four rooms the *New-York Herald* is generated. All "matter," except advertisements, first springs into existence here. "Copy" is handed into the manager's room, and thrust into a dumb waiter in the wall, which communicates with the fourth story of the *Herald* building. Five minutes after the last word is written—before the ink is thoroughly dry—the foreman has distributed it among his compositors, and some of it is already in "sticks." By this process forty-eight columns of matter, averaging 250 lines a column, are set up in a few hours. If you ascend to the composing-room you find a number of men in their shirt-sleeves, working for their lives: most of them young and intelligent, but betraying in their faces sad signs of the stimulus which night printers are unfortunately accustomed to regard as a necessity. They work hard: some of them realise as much as twenty-five dollars a week.

When the foreman has sufficient matter set up to fill a "form," he adjusts his column-rules, and screws the cylindrical form (no others are used) till the copper-faced types appear to be one solid mass. Two stout men then place the form in a second dumb waiter. It descends slowly, story by story, till the light of day is lost, and from the vicinity of the roof it has reached the second or lower story of the subterranean edifice.

But, hush! A voice from out the wall summons the foreman. Quick as thought, his ear is applied to an orifice which had escaped our notice, and receives telegraphic orders from the manager to alter a portion of the matter set up. Through another orifice, equally adapted for mouth or ear, he repeats the order to the denizens of the lower regions, and the form ascends as quickly and as smoothly as it had descended. Let us leave him engaged in the delightful task of undoing his work, and hasten down innumerable flights of stairs.

Where are we? under-ground, unquestionably: we passed the ground floor some time ago. There are no windows: but 'tis by the light of day that we distinguish the ink on the brawny arms of that pressman. Look upward, the ceiling is translucent, and over our heads we can see people walking, though, in truth, it were hard to distinguish a man from an elephant. We are under Fulton-street, the pavement of which is studded with "bull's eyes;" and though light passes without difficulty, the rays are sadly refracted. At the place where we stand, we are exactly under the centre of the street, and heavy waggons, and troops of volunteer cavalry, are clattering over our head. Little time can we spare them; our thoughts and eyes are engrossed by the enormous steam presses, whose wheels are revolving furiously, and piling heaps on heaps of evening *Heralds*. The great press, styled, if our memory serves us, Hoe's patent cylindrical rotary steam-press, is the finest in America; it is fifteen horse power, and can print 15,000 *Heralds* in an hour. Its serious labours begin when those of mortals end—at the "wee short hour ayont the twal." Come here between two and three in the morning, and see it devour the damp sheets like a ravenous monster, and eject them, after a brief process of mastication, almost living, thinking creatures. Ream after ream is swallowed without appeasing its hunger. Its appetite seems insatiable. Through that slide which communicates with the street, 580 reams are shot down into the vault every week; and a couple of men are constantly employed in wetting the sheets in huge vats of water.

Now leave the subterranean cavern, and grope your way to the outside of the building. The sudden change from the glare of gas-light to the feeble illumination of the stars, and the distant lamps, blinds you at first, but you will soon discover that those bundles of clothes, which are lying about in every direction on the steps, are animate beings. You are standing in the bed-chamber of the news-boys. Ha! the first batch of *Heralds* is ready for distribution, and the bundles aforesaid rapidly gather themselves into a perpendicular position. Each is anxious to be the first served. The news carriers are receiving by instalments their two or three thousand copies each, and apportioning them out between their subordinates. Soon the pattering of naked feet on the pavement announces the departure of the little fellows, freighted with bundles of *Heralds*. Strange to say, a majority of these boys become wealthy men. They rise in course of time to be carriers; and if they are fortunate enough to secure a good beat, make twenty-five, thirty, and even fifty dollars, a week. Of the *Herald* carriers, several are men of large property. The fact may be attributed in a great measure to the hours which they are compelled to keep, which excludes them from all kinds of nocturnal amusements and dissipation.

On an average, 40,000 copies of the *Herald* are sold daily. Besides these, three weekly editions are published: one for Europe, with a summary of news in French, on the days of sailing of the European steamers; one for California, on the departure of the Chagres vessels; and a third for country circulation. Of these, from 20,000 to 22,000 are printed and sold.

This enormous circulation will appear less extraordinary when it is recollected that upwards of a year ago, 2,800 newspapers, with an aggregate circulation of 5,000,000, were published in the United States, giving a ratio of one newspaper to every 7,161 free inhabitants. It is needless to remark that the *Herald's* is the lion's share. It lies on the table of every reading-room in America and the large cities abroad: every hotel, bar-room, steam-boat, club, railway-car, receives a copy: go where you will—to the centre of the European continent, to the limits of civilisation in South America, the East Indies, Australia—wherever there are Americans to read—the paper which is offered to the American traveller is invariably the *New-York Herald*.

Some years ago he would have been a bold man who would have shaken hands with Mr. Bennett in Broadway. At the theatre or the opera the fashionables gave him a wide berth, vowing that his person should not intervene "between the

wind and their nobility." Everybody bought the *Herald*, but privately, and hastened to thrust it to the bottom of their coat-pocket. Both the editor and his paper were tabooed. Some few boasted that they had the courage to carry out their principles, and neither receive the *Herald* into their houses, nor read it, nor speak of it. But these were exceptions. As a general rule, all who could afford it were regular subscribers, and only began to abuse it after they had carefully perused its news column, its money article, a leader or two, and its advertising sheet.

If you inquired for the cause of this obloquy heaped on the *Herald*—if you asked what crime Mr. Bennett had committed—each man had a different reason to give. Paul, a Wesleyan Methodist, was shocked at the editor closing an article on camp meetings with these irreverent words: "Brethren, let us pray." Peter, an Episcopalian, was disgusted with his strictures on the late *faux pas* of his bishop. Martin, a Presbyterian, could not tolerate a journal which professed eclecticism in matters of religion. Then Henry, against whom the old adage, *creditur virgine*, &c., had been invoked with fatal effect at the court-house on the previous day, was furious to see his name with the whole *esclandre* on his father's breakfast-table. Thomas, a candidate for high civic honours, was horrified at the publication in the *Herald* of an old story which he had hoped was forgotten long ago. Richard, the politician, positively raved when he saw himself described as the Robert Macaire of politics, though he could not deny the truth of any of the facts alleged. James, the banker, was confounded at the appearance of a shrewd article, demonstrating to a certainty that the inflation of the paper currency must lead to a crash. One man called it blasphemous; another gravely suggested that it was the organ of Archbishop Hughes and the Jesuits. The Whigs belaboured it for its democratic tendencies, and the Democrats could not forgive its sneers at the Tammany Hall meetings. In short, every one had excellent reasons both for hating the *Herald* and for reading it.

Its rivals laboured to kill it with a will. When it first appeared, astonishment at the audacity of the Scotchman, who, without fame or capital, was starting a daily paper, seemed to absorb every other feeling. The little penny sheet was hawked for months in the streets without a word of notice from its contemporaries. But as week after week, and month after month, saw its subscription list swell, symptoms of alarm began to be felt, and the press of New York resolved to forget their mutual quarrels and jealousies, and to unite in one common effort to put down the upstart. A league was formed, and all the editors agreed to devote a portion of their paper regularly to the annihilation of the *Herald*. Each day brought to light a fresh batch of abuse and witticisms at the expense of the luckless victim. The weeklies discharged on his devoted head the bile which had been secreting during the six days previous. Some few attacked the style and principles of the paper, and, in many cases, not without a fair show of reason; but the majority preferred the more effectual weapon of personal abuse. There was no epithet too severe, too vile, to be applied to Mr. Bennett. It was calculated by a wag, that he was called a "liar" sixty times a week—a "rogue" forty—an "atheist" twenty-five—a "blackguard" about a hundred, and a "scoundrel" rather oftener. His family were next assailed. His wife and his wife's sister were ridiculed by name in more than one of the leading journals. It was asserted, on all hands, that he exacted "black mail" from high and low, rich and poor.

Still the *Herald* lived. As the violence of its assailants increased, its circulation expanded. People naturally supposed that a paper which was so vehemently attacked must be worth reading; and advertisers, caring very little about the character of the paper, provided their advertisements were widely read, gave it the preference over all its rivals. The latter then began to discover that they had been actually building up the fortune of their enemy, instead of destroying him; and the attacks ceased, as they had begun, simultaneously. The result of the final conference of the discomfitted journalists was an agreement to ignore the *Herald* altogether; and when circumstances obliged them to allude to it, to designate it as "the Satanic press." This original title it bears to the present day.

But Mr. Bennett's enemies were not satisfied with this campaign. The increasing bitterness of his sarcasms, and the merciless severity with which he attacked people, were doubtless grievous temptations. It was resolved to try physical punishment, moral flagellation having failed. Mr. Bennett was an old man; he had never been distinguished for physical prowess; and the life of a journalist would undermine the frame of an athlete. A rival editor, famed for his bodily strength, who had been worsted in a controversy with the *Herald*, fell upon Bennett in the street with a stick or cane. He was completely victorious; the old man was thoroughly beaten. It seemed as though all his enemies had cried "Eureka!" at the news: assault after assault followed each other in quick succession. Bennett could not walk from his lodgings to his office without running the risk of a scuffle. This lasted until two or three of the most valiant of Bennett's aggressors were heavily mulcted by courts of justice. As soon as it was discovered that it cost a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars to break a stick on the old man's back, the editor of the *Herald* was allowed to write in peace—or, at all events, his enemies contented themselves with sending him an infernal machine, labelled, "Documents from Cuba."

But few vestiges of the obloquy or the persecution of the past can be discovered to-day. Whatever peculiarities characterised the *Herald* formerly, it is now a respectable, honest, trustworthy paper; its character stands high, and its influence is unbounded. General Scott stated publicly that he attributed his defeat at the recent election mainly to the opposition of the *Herald*. It killed the Taylor Cabinet by its *exposé* of Mr. Crawford's Galphinism. It destroyed the American Art Union with a few articles. It is doubtful whether any paper ever enjoyed a higher degree of popular confidence.

To retain it, however, it must continue to pursue the same progressive march of improvement which it has hitherto followed. As the American public becomes more refined, the proprietor of the *Herald* will discover that the style of his editorial articles is susceptible of amelioration. It will not suffice to enjoy a monopoly of the earliest and most reliable news; its comments and opinions on passing events must be conveyed in the language in which educated men are accustomed to be addressed. Pedantry is a grievous fault in a newspaper; but illiterateness is worse. A little more steadiness of purpose, too, without impairing its neutral character, could not but conduce to strengthen its hold of the public affections.

These and other minor matters, such as the dramatic and musical departments, which are wretchedly conducted, will soon, doubtless, defy criticism. When they do, the *New-York Herald* will not fear a comparison with the first of European newspapers.

The supremacy of the *Herald* is shared in some measure, at least, by the *New York Tribune*, and we may safely say, that in the estimation of all those who value high moral principle in the discussion of great public questions, the latter stands foremost of the two. The great fault of the American press is, that, like the American statesmen, it panders too often to the unbridled passions of the mob, in utter disregard of decency or morality. The frightful threats and denunciations uttered against abolitionists by the southern journals, in case they should dare to set their foot in any of the slave states, are such as no man in this country would express in private; and if he deliberately wrote them down and published them, he would be met by a shout of indignation. When, too, the fisheries dispute arose last autumn, the *Herald* called for a war with Great Britain in terms of barbarian ardour, and it has distinguished itself equally by its denunciations of the Hungarian and Italian refugees. Like our own *Times*, it is far surpassed by many journals of less enterprise, less literary ability, and smaller circulation, in morality and consistency. But these are faults which the growth of good taste in American society, and the mighty advances which American literature is now making, will ere long correct.

ARAB ART.

We have been induced to give the present drawings, in consequence of the exquisite taste, the elegance, and richness of ornamentation which distinguish the three Algerian objects from which they are made. Though destined for common uses, these objects are really perfect little works of art, and every nation can but gain by the introduction of such drawings. However skilful other countries may be in goldsmith's and jeweller's work, they may yet learn many a useful thing from the fertile imagination of the Arabs.

In the first place, we have a silver powder-flask, which was taken from the Beni Abbes at the time of Marshal Bugeaud's expedition against the Cabyles. This powder-flask is

filled by unscrewing the polygonal knob *a*. From *b* hang the strings by which it is suspended. By pressing the thumb on the curved lever, *c*, the orifice, *e*, through which the powder falls into the pan of the gun, is discovered. The leaves, as well as all the other ornaments of this powder-flask, are worked in hollow relief, but are somewhat sunk away in consequence of the frequent use made of it.

Our second design is that of a silver Moorish bottle. Its octagonal shape is far from being common for this kind of bottle. The stopple, furnished with sides, and made of coral, is terminated by a ferrule, having in its centre a horn point, about an inch long, and half an inch in diameter. Its extremity is dipped in a solution of antimony, which the Moorish women use to trace a black line along their eye-lids, and to prolong the angle formed by the *commissure* of the upper and lower eye-lid—a singular custom, which is also practised sometimes in Paris. In the evening, at places of public resort, at the concerts, and at the theatres, you meet with young women whose eye-lids are painted in a manner which deceives no one. We suppose they think that they thus increase the brilliancy of their eyes or make them appear larger! But Fashion indulges in strange freaks, of which it is sometimes very useful to penetrate the mysteries. Were Fashion to take it into her head to bedaub the flowers of a *parterre* with paint, there would soon be no one, in some classes of society, who would put up with the sight of a natural flower.

The third design is that of another powder-flask, different in shape from the first one, and which was also taken from one of the Beni Abbes during the expedition of Marshal Bugeaud.

The knob *a* serves to open the orifice through which the flask is filled. The handle beneath the knob is used to suspend he object with by strings. The pendants are composed of little chains and small bits of unwrought coral. Like the Neapolitans and the Sicilians, the Arabs place great faith in the influence exercised by this kind of amulet against the evil eye.

The colours which alternate in the different compartments are sky-blue, red-brown, brilliant yellow, emerald green, and dark blue.

MRS. STOWE AT HOME.

The following extract from a private letter written by a gentleman, who recently had the privilege of spending a day with Mrs. Stowe, to a friend in England, may not be uninteresting to our readers:—

"I have lately spent a day with a person you will be interested in—Mrs. Stowe. She has just moved into a large factory-like house, with an immense number of rooms. People call it 'Tom's Cabin,' and, undoubtedly, that book has furnished it. The furniture is not expensive, but unique, and more tasteful than in any country house in New England that I have seen. There are many pictures and sketches by herself on the walls, and pretty casts and engravings. There is one beautiful water-colour painting of a bay on the coast of Maine, with those fringed islands and innumerable little creeks, and cedars, and larches. She spoke of one beautiful thing she had seen—a picture of Bunyan and his blind child, but she would not buy it—she could not have it in the same house; it made her cry always to look at it. There were at home one pretty little girl, with large blue eyes, and two boys; she has, besides, twin daughters, and another son. She sees to the tasteful decoration of the house, to flowers, furniture, and education of her children, general house-keeping, and writing of books. Capital! is it not? and very uncommon here. She herself is a plain-looking person, with a fine womanly head, rising high in front, and full in the region of the emotional, broad on ideality. Her dark hair grows low on her forehead. She has a mild, affectionate aspect, with now and then an utterly absent look as if everything around her was a dream. She has not a good voice, and her manner is rather *distraite* always; her face lights up quickly at a joke, and she relishes good broad wit. Occasionally, in the evening, she sits and plays, and sings half unconsciously at the piano, very sweetly and sadly. Her little daughter Georgy said she wished her mother would play something lively—it made her feel so sad whenever she sat down to the piano. She is alive to all the great questions of the day, and very free in them, with a deep religious faith. On the whole, a woman to love, though not especially interesting in conversation.

"I liked Mr. Stowe much. He is a Professor of Theology, keen, shrewd, kindly and free, a good scholar, and a fervent Christian."

PEACOCKS.

We are not going to write the natural history of the peacock. It has been done over and over and over again; and although proverbial philosophy has taught us that a good story cannot be told too often, another equally wise saw, with the sharpest possible teeth, has assured us that too much of one thing is good for nothing. And then, again, supposing that we felt any disposition to write learnedly about this gay plumed bird, and to enter into an anatomical inquiry respecting his bony structure, his nervous system, and the rest of it,—our space would necessitate us so mightily to abridge, that we should ultimately become the modern illustration of an old Latin sarcasm, and labouring to be brief become obscure. And, lastly, we are not remarkable for our acquaintance with natural history, and although our knowledge of ornithology may be sufficient to teach us the difference between a hawk and a heron, yet we do not profess to be great upon the subject, and have no stray letters of the alphabet attached to our name, duly conferred at any time by any college anywhere. All we propose to do is to gossip about the peacock.

Oh, a gay gallant is the peacock as he struts about in the sunshine: his bright beautiful coat resplendent in the light, his sharp eyes looking about as if he courted praise and felt that he deserved it; his form so graceful, as his long tail sweeps the ground like the train of a countess, or as he sometimes stands before his less-endowed brethren, and spreads that tail of his in a semicircle, all bright and gay, gleaming with its black disks and rings of gold. Oh, a noble fellow is the peacock: his small head crowned with a crest of feathers, choice and straight; his neck long and slender, tapering gracefully from the breast upwards; his back and wings of a light ash colour, mingled with black; his head and neck and breast of a greenish blue, with a gloss which, in the sunbeams, appears exceedingly brilliant; his eyes set between two stripes, of white; the feathers of his tail of a changeable mixture of green, blue, purple, and gold,—standing thus before us, he is one of the most beautiful objects imaginable.

The earliest mention which we can trace of the peacock is in the book of Job. At what period that book was written is itself uncertain, but there is little doubt that it is the most ancient book in the world. "All men's book" Carlyle calls it, and so it is—a truly catholic production. There, in the strange mysterious story of the man of Uz, God himself challenges the patriarch to reply to such questions as, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Gavest thou the goodly wings to the *peacock*; or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?" Even in those early days, when the world was young, the peacock was famed for his beautiful plumage, and had become an object of general admiration.

At a later period, when Solomon the Wise was king over Israel, and the fame of his doings was world-wide, peacocks but added to the attraction of his court. The glory of the Jewish people had culminated in their king. Solomon—whose wisdom surpassed the wisdom of the Egyptians; whose fame was in all nations round about; who had spoken three thousand proverbs, and composed a thousand and five songs; who had written of trees, from the cedar in Lebanon to the hyssop which grew upon the wall; who was conversant with the habits and characters of beasts, and fowl, and creeping

things, and fishes; who had received the congratulations of surrounding sovereigns; who had reared the temple at Jerusalem, employing in the labour thirty thousand men,—even Solomon thought it a desirable thing to have the gaudy peacock in his court, for once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and *peacocks*. It is a high honour to the noble family of peacocks, that Solomon should have had them imported to his court, in order to gratify his taste for the beautiful productions of nature.

Thus thinking of the great Hebrew king, we are naturally led to think of that other mighty sovereign, who, in after days, by battle and by victory, established his name for ever in the the world's history. We think of Alexander—he who wept for other worlds to conquer,—but even then our peacock friend has a word to say for himself. When Alexander was in India, he discovered vast numbers of peacocks flying wild on the banks of the river Hyarotis. He was so struck with their beauty, that he laid a heavy fine and punishment on any person who should in any way wound, injure, or disturb them.

At this same time a pair of peacocks was carried to Athens as great curiosities. The rumour of their arrival spread all over Greece. From distant parts the rich and noble took their journey to the classical city, and paid handsomely for a view of the wonderful birds. Going to look at the peacocks was not only an expensive but an aristocratical entertainment. How greatly admired were that magnificent pair!—how, in beholding the gay plumage, the people would listen and wonder as the showman of the day informed them that the black and ill-favoured legs of the birds were objects of aversion, even to the birds themselves, and that they never were so happy as when they spread their gorgeous tails, and felt the power their appearance exercised on the gay groups of sight-seers before them.

Peacocks were then so highly prized in Greece, that the price of a pair of them was more than thirty pounds of our present money.

At a later period, the Grecian ladies had the tail feathers of peacocks arranged in the semicircular sweep, and used them as fans. Bright, beautiful fans they were, with the brilliant colours and the glittering gold shining in the light, and the fashion contributed very greatly to the picturesque costume of those ancient dames.

When the city of the seven hills in its turn began to exercise lordship over the world, and the Roman eagle came pouncing on the lesser birds of heaven, peacocks were highly esteemed in Rome. Rome, the mistress of the world, had grown voluptuous; she had forgotten the stern energy of her sires, and failed to imitate those Romans who—

> ——— "in Rome's quarrel
> Spared neither lands nor gold,
> Nor limbs, nor life, nor son, nor wife,
> In the brave days of old."

The days of her laborious infancy were over. She lay down to be shorn of her strength; her native splendour was degraded and sullied. Her nobles contended with each other in the empty vanity of titles and surnames; they invented or selected the most lofty and sonorous appellations—such as Reburrus or Fabunius, Pagonius or Tyrrusius. They measured their rank and consequence by the loftiness of their chariots, the magnificence of their apparel, the novelty of their pleasures, and the delicacy of their food. A strong and especial regard had they for the latter. In their journeys into the country, the whole body of the household marched with the master. The baggage and waggons moved in the front, and were immediately followed by a multitude of cooks with all the necessary kitchen utensils. At the Roman tables, the birds, the squirrels, or the fish which appeared of an uncommon size, were contemplated with curious interest, and the scales were duly brought to ascertain their exact weight, and notaries were summoned to attest, by an authentic record, the truth of the marvellous event.

In those days it was fashionable among the great men at Rome to eat peacocks, not because peacocks were delicious eating, but because they were expensive. The manner in which the peacocks were prepared for table is uncertain: for it appears that after the highest seasoning their flesh is still black, tough, and, when compared with that of other birds, but poor and insipid. But peacock was an aristocratic dish. It belonged to a class. The expense prevented the common sort from offering so costly a viand. It is said, that the man who first undertook to fatten peacocks for the markets made his fortune by the trade. Hortentius, the orator, was the Roman noble who first ordered them to be served up at his table as an article of food, and he became highly celebrated on this account.

How long peacocks were considered a delicious and costly article of diet does not appear. In France, during the days of King Francis—of cloth of gold renown—these birds were still used at the entertainment of the great and noble. At a somewhat earlier period it seems that they were eaten in England, but at that time they were only introduced to garnish the festive board.

The fashion then was to take off the skin of the bird, and having prepared the flesh with salt and spices, the skin was again drawn on, so that the bird appeared in full plumage, and in nowise injured by the preparation.

Thus fitted up for service, it was kept for many years to be set on the table in full dress—its tail spread to full proportions, and a very marvel to behold—on all great occasions. At weddings, and other high times, they filled the beak and throat of the bird with cotton and camphor, which was set on fire for the entertainment of the company.

Our first peacocks were brought from the East Indies; and we are assured that they are still found in vast flocks in a wild state in Java and Ceylon. Ælian says they were brought into Greece from a barbarous country. Its introduction to the west was probably originally owing simply to the beauty of the bird.

Aristophanes mentions Persian peacocks, and Suidus calls them "Median birds." Aufidius Hurio is charged by Pliny with being the first who fatted up the peacock for the feast of the luxurious.

The pea-hen seldom lays above five or six eggs in this climate before she sits. Aristotle indeed informs us that she lays twelve. It is by no means improbable that she may be thus prolific in other and more favourable climates, for it is certain that in their own native forests they are numerous beyond expression. The common age of the bird is twenty years, and not until the third year does it display its gay, beautiful, and variegated plumage.

There are various descriptions of this bird, some of which are white, others crested; that which is called the peacock of Thibet is the most beautiful of the feathered creation, containing in its plumage all the most vivid colours, red, blue, yellow, and green, disposed in an almost artificial order, as if merely to please the eye of the beholder. *

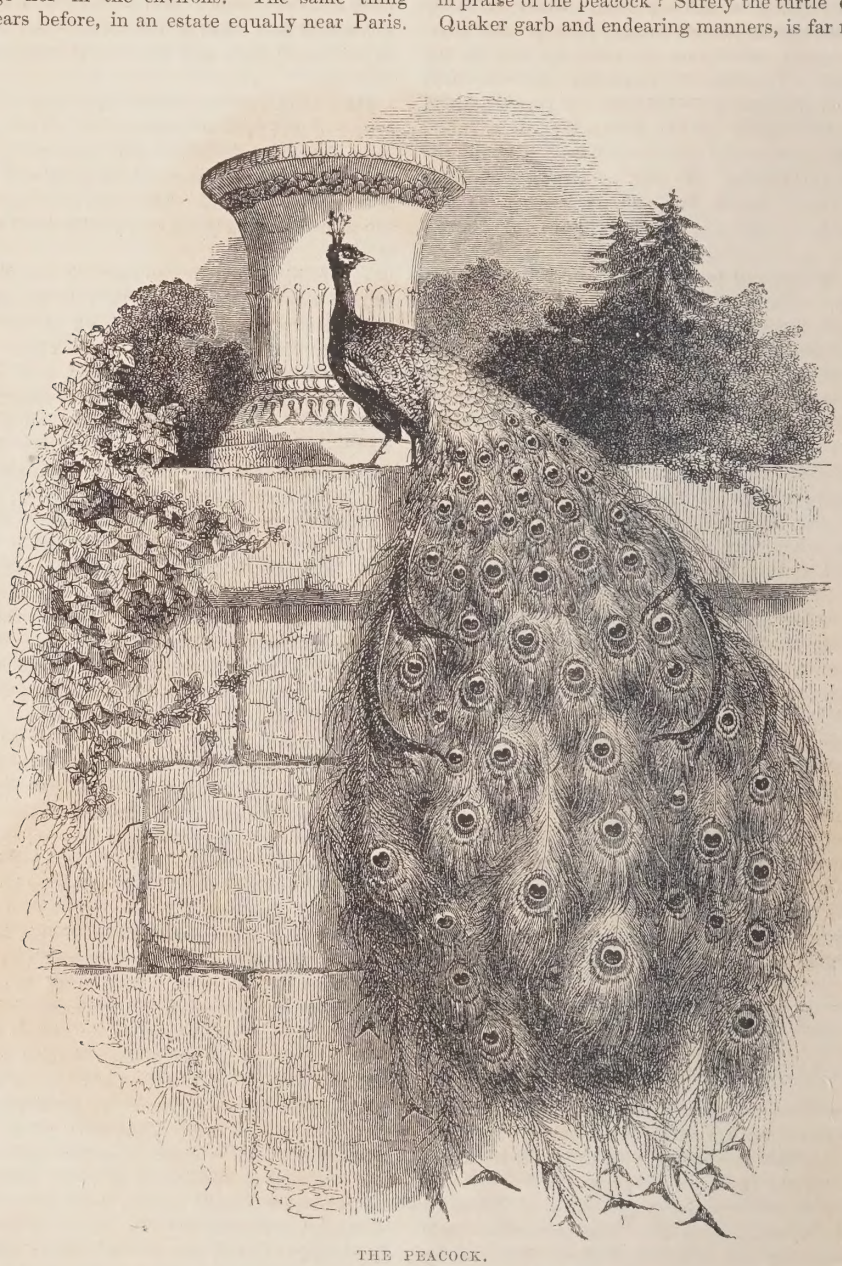
Buffon says: "Climate has not less influence on the plumage of birds than on the fur of quadrupeds. We have seen that the hare, the ermine, and most other animals, are subject to become white in cold countries, especially in winter; and now we find a species of peacock which appears to have experienced the same results from the same cause, and more important ones still; for this cause has produced a permanent race in this species, and seems to have acted more powerfully upon the feathers of this bird, since the whiteness of hares and ermine is but transient, taking place during the winter only, like that of the wood-hen and lajopus; but the white peacock is always white in summer as in winter, in Rome as in Torneo; and this new colour has become so fixed, that from eggs laid and hatched in Italy come white peacocks."

Strangely beautiful is this description of peacocks. Although the birds be white, a creamy white, they still retain some vestiges of the gorgeous colouring peculiar to the species. They carry in their plumage the impression of the different colours, indicated by a whiteness more or less pure. These birds are highly

* Goldsmith.

valued, and produce a strikingly beautiful appearance in a group of gay plumed peacocks, bright with all the colours of the rainbow.

In the French Encyclopedia, Sonnini says that the race of white peacocks is not essentially original to the north, for, in 1783, a pair of common peacocks produced at Gentilli, near Paris, four young ones, two of which preserved the plumage of their parents, and two were entirely white. Nevertheless, Manduyt, who relates this fact, observes that there was no white peacock in the village nor in the environs. The same thing occurred, a few years before, in an estate equally near Paris.



THE PEACOCK.

It then appears, that the whiteness of the plumage of the peacock is a simple accidental variety, which one cannot regard as forming a permanent race; and what seems to prove this still more is, that these white peacocks are very rare.

A peacock bears the first rank among domestic fowls, as the eagle does among the birds of prey; for which reason the ancients consecrated the eagle to Jupiter, and the peacock to Juno.

But however beautiful may be the outward form of the gaudy bird, the disposition of the peacock is of a very different character from its plumage; and the common people of Italy are said to characterise it truly, when they say it has the plumage of an angel, the voice of a devil, and the guts of a thief. Its loud harsh voice grates unpleasantly on the ear; while its insatiable gluttony and spirit of depredation more than counterbalance the beauty of its external form.

Proudly indeed the peacock moves along, as though he were the very king of birds; proudly he extends that glittering tail of his, brightly jewelled, as it seems in the glory of the sunshine,—but he is only beautiful to the eye. What poet can sing in praise of the peacock? Surely the turtle dove, with its plain Quaker garb and endearing manners, is far more worthy of the poet's song. Pleasant it is to listen to the cuckoo, the plain song-cuckoo of Bottom the weaver—the beauteous stranger of the grove, the messenger of spring. But the peacock has no other recommendation than that of a fair exterior, a gay and gorgeous plumage,—says Young:—

> "How rich the peacock! what bright glories run
> From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
> He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
> Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
> With conscious state the specious round displays,
> And slowly moves amid the waving blaze."

LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

At the close of the seventeenth century there was still barbarism enough in England to require men to seal their testimony to great principles with their blood. The age of the Stuarts was the age of political martyrdom, as well as of royal knavery and baseness. English degradation in the eyes of foreign nations was in some measure atoned for by the valiant devotion to truth which signalised so many of her public men. There were always some who never looked up sant, even, to muse over their vague and often erroneous notions of what civil and religious freedom really means; but their errors can never make us despise them, for it is by their falls and bruises that we have learned to walk. And then the closing scenes—their manly resignation when all hope in this world was at an end—those touching partings of which the old English prisons have witnessed so many—and the pious exhortations to the crowd assembled to witness the last act in

LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

to the weathercock of political success, but in all changes of time and men loved liberty wisely and well.

Amidst all the turmoil, froth, foam, baseness, chicanery, and hollow-hearted time-serving, of which so many political reputations of the present day are built up, it is pleasant at times to shut out from our eyes the shifting panorama of modern society, and spend an hour or two with those grave, quaint, and austere old martyrs of English liberty. It is pleasant to read their hearty, nervous denunciations of base practices in the simple unadorned Saxon which reigned in hall and forum before Johnson had ever been heard of; it is pleathe tragedy, so full of Christian hope and patriotic fortitude,—all these show so much simple energy of character, that on looking round at the men of our own day, we almost fear that if such troublous times occurred again, we should be found to have lost the art of dying.

On Friday, the 20th day of July, 1683, there was a wild, open space, consisting of green fields, some trees, and skirted by a few buildings, in which young gentlemen acquired the art and mystery of the law, where the smoky square, with its rusty railings, its stunted shrubs and yellow grass, and its black, dreary houses, now lies in the heart of London, so com-

pletely shut in that if a stranger once finds himself within it, little else than the guidance of a native can extricate him from the labyrinth of lanes and alleys which alone lead to the great thoroughfares. It was then called Lincoln's Inn-fields, and though the fields are long since departed, the appellation still remains. Well, in these fields, on that summer day, one hundred and sixty-six years ago, a great crowd was assembled around a wooden scaffold, erected in the midst, and covered with black cloth. There were the sheriffs upon it, and a block, and an axe, and a headsman, and a victim—tall, dignified, pale, but tranquil, and dressed in mourning. This was Lord William Russell, and he was about to suffer death, the king and the court, and the judges and the jury said, for high treason. History and posterity say that it was for defending English liberty, and the world knows which to believe.

Let us see how it happened. Charles II. was not long restored to the throne which his father had lost, when troubles and discontents began to break out afresh. The king had all the leaning towards arbitrary power, the love of ease and enjoyment at any cost, the disregard of popular rights and the profound faith in the principle of legitimacy, which distinguished and ruined his race. He, therefore, speedily commenced the same attacks upon the constitution of the kingdom which had brought his father to the scaffold. The great object of his dislike was the Protestant religion, and to overthrow it now became the darling object of the courtiers, but particularly of the Duke of York.

The parliament which was dissolved in May, 1679, passed one measure at least which must for ever entitle it to the grateful remembrance of every Englishman of whatever sect or party—the Habeas Corpus Act. Previous to this, although it was a generally acknowledged legal maxim that every man accused of committing a breach of the law should be brought to trial as speedily as possible after his apprehension, the intrigues of faction, the caprices of arbitrary power, or the spite of underlings, too often left him pining in prison for years without an opportunity of defending himself, and sometimes in ignorance of the offence with which he was charged. The Habeas Corpus Act enabled every one to protect himself against arbitrary arrest and imprisonment, by suing out a writ addressed to the jailor, commanding him to produce him in open court, and state why he detained him in custody. Next to the Magna Charta this is the mainstay of English freedom, and surrounds personal liberty with a barrier which none, save the law, can enter.

This parliament also freed the English press. Previous to the great Revolution, all printers were liable to punishment by the Star Chamber for transgressing the laws and regulations which it laid down, and which, with a refinement of despotism, were never made known, and, perhaps, never existed, until some unfortunate publisher had incurred its anger. He was then pilloried, or whipped, or branded, or had his ears cut off, or his nose slit, or was hanged, according to the magnitude of his offence, or the wrath of his judges. This court, it will be believed, was never popular with the parliament or the people. Accordingly it was a standing grievance in every petition and remonstrance addressed to the king, during the struggles which preceded the Revolution. After that event it fell with the throne. Milton then addressed to the Long Parliament that eloquent protest against all restrictions on the liberty of the press, which alone, were it the only one of his productions which had come down to us, would be sufficient to place him in the front rank of English authors and philosophers. Independently of its rich and vigorous style, it is full of thoughts, of which few men in that day knew anything,—broad and sound ideas of liberty and good government, which slumbered on our library shelves for one hundred years or more after the blind old man who conceived them had been resting in his grave, and which have only within the latter part of the present half-century started into life and action. But Milton was not able to make the world beat time to the throbbings of his own great heart. The essay on the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing was written for another age than his. The parliament did not heed him. It abolished the Star Chamber, to be sure, but established a censorship in its stead, and by this the printers and authors were kept in bounds until the year 1679.

In the passing of these two measures, as in that of all others of a like nature, William, Lord Russell, bore a prominent part. He was born in 1641, and during the greater part of his youth led a wild and dissipated life. In 1667 he married Rachel Wriothesley, daughter of the Earl of Southampton. He sat in the second and three following parliaments after the Restoration. He was a scion of the noble house of Russell, which first appears in English history in the person of a country gentleman named Sir John Russell, to whom Henry VIII. took a great fancy, and enriched him with some of the confiscated lands of the monasteries. By a series of services to the state, and aided by uniform good fortune, the family rose step by step to the dignity of Earls of Bedford, which they now held in the reign of Charles II. They had ever been distinguished by their attachment to the popular, or, as it was now for the first time called, the Whig party, and were amongst the staunchest adherents of the constitution of the kingdom, the bitterest opponents of the doctrine of non-resistance and of arbitrary power, and the deepest haters of Popery. They had consequently viewed with great alarm the king's leaning to the church which on the continent had winked at his follies, consoled his misfortunes, and had always presented itself to his mind as the inculcator of a gentlemanly creed—the creed of courts and people of quality. But he at least was outwardly and professedly a Protestant, and would doubtless remain so during his lifetime. Not so his brother, the Duke of York, who was the heir-apparent to the throne. It was one of Charles's misfortunes that, although, according to a standing joke of the time, he was the father of a large number of his subjects, not one of his children had entered the world with the sanction or approval of the church, or of that portion of the public whose notions of morality were not of the laxest description. His wife was childless, and in all human probability his brother was destined to succeed him, and this brother was a rigid and devout Roman Catholic.

When it became quite clear that the king was not likely to have any legitimate issue, the kingdom was in a blaze. The old Tories and country gentlemen were in a sad dilemma, wavering between their love of the Protestant church and their devotion to legitimacy, but in most instances the latter triumphed. The Whigs, on the contrary, entered upon the contest against the succession of the Duke of York with an ardour worthy of the old days of the Long Parliament, and introduced into the House of Commons the famous Exclusion Bill, so called from its depriving him of his hereditary title to the throne. The excitement which now arose over all the kingdom was tremendous. Every hamlet, town, corporation, counting-house, coffee-house, pot-house, and school in the kingdom contained two parties, Exclusionists and Non-Exclusionists. It was sought to be proved that the king had been privately married to his mistress, Lucy Walters, and that therefore his son, the young, handsome, brave, popular Duke of Monmouth, was the heir to the throne. The Pope was burnt in effigy, and Pope Joan was produced on the stage.

Parliament met again in 1680. The Exclusion Bill was again introduced, and passed the Commons readily. Lord William Russell carried it up to the Lords, and thus drew upon himself the hatred of the court party, and above all of the Duke of York, who hated, as a superstitious bigot always hates,—to the death. The debate in the House of Lords was loud and long. The peers poured out vituperation fiercely as quarrelsome coal-heavers. They sprang to their feet and clapped their hands to their swords, as in the terrible days of the Long Parliament. The king was present, smiled upon his friends, and marked his enemies, and dissolved parliament once more. The next he summoned to meet at Oxford, fearing that if matters came to a crisis the London train-bands might once again, as they had done before, decide the quarrel in a summary manner. "The session at Oxford," Macaulay says, "resembled

a Polish diet rather than an English parliament." The Whigs repaired to the place of meeting on horseback, surrounded by their retainers all armed, the latter scowling fiercely on the royal guards; one blow struck in anger, and the civil war was begun. The Exclusion Bill was still insisted upon, but to this the king steadfastly refused his assent. Anything but this he would grant, but this he would not grant, and once again dissolved parliament.

A re-action now set in amongst the middle classes especially. The king had so far kept within the bounds of the law. A large part of the legislature supported him. He had a small standing army on his side. The Duke of York's leaning to arbitrary power and Popery were well known; but the multitude, always changeable, at length began to think that after all this was not a sufficient reason for taking away his rights beforehand—that sufficient for the day was the evil thereof—and that, in any case, in supporting his brother the king was only doing his duty. But history has shown us the wisdom of the Whigs, and the folly of the multitude. Russell and Sydney foresaw in 1680 the events of 1688. Had the Exclusion Bill been passed, the Duke of York might have gratified and carried out his religious views to any extent he pleased in private. The Stuart family might have been still on the throne, and the battles of the Boyne and of Aughrim would never have been fought, nor Limerick nor Derry ever besieged, nor Ireland desolated for a whole century by laws which disgraced the English statute-book, and which even now History blushes to record. This change in the public feeling, however, enabled the king to strike at the Whig leaders, who, in these evil days abandoned by the masses, were for the time the sole champions of English freedom, and he followed up his advantage with terrible rigour.

He proceeded to annul or revoke all the charters of corporations which he supposed to be unfavourable to the Duke of York, and a number of other arbitrary acts which we cannot in our limited space attempt to give in detail. At last the Whigs were driven to the construction of the celebrated Rye-house plot, so called from a house on the road to Newmarket, where it was said the conspirators formed the design of killing the king and the duke. Many people are of opinion that the plot never existed save in the imaginations of the court party; but there can be little doubt that the great Whig leaders did project an insurrection, to break out simultaneously at York, Chester, and the other great towns, the object of which was to overthrow the government. Some of the most fanatical even went so far as to propose a general butchery of their opponents, but these designs were never mentioned in the presence of Russell or Sydney, and no higher tribute than this could be paid to these great men. Two informers swore to a knowledge of the conspiracy, and the king immediately issued a proclamation for the apprehension of a crowd of Whigs. Shortly afterwards Lord Howard, of Esrick, surrendered himself, and upon his information warrants for high treason were issued against the Earl of Essex and Lord William Russell. Algernon Sydney, an old soldier of the parliament, was also seized, and met his fate soon after Russell.

But against Russell it was that the court was most incensed, because he it was who proposed the Exclusion Bill in the House of Commons, and carried it up to the Lords. He was tried on the 12th of July, at Old Bailey, before eight judges. He was very urgent for one day longer for his trial, because he was expecting witnesses who might arrive before night. But this was refused. He then asked for a postponement until the afternoon, but this also was denied him, and the proceedings begun. He pleaded not guilty. Three witnesses were examined against him, no one of whom proved anything amounting to a charge of high treason; but according to the odious doctrine of constructive treason, which was often put into practice in those arbitrary times, the evidence of all three put together was held sufficient to condemn him. It may give some idea of the spirit which animated his prosecutors, when we mention that words spoken in his presence merely by others were proffered and received as valid proof of his intentions.

When all the evidence had been gone through, the accused called persons of standing and repute to speak to his character. Dr. Burnet testified to his loyalty and integrity—so did Lord Cavendish; Dr. Tillotson thought him "a person of great virtue and integrity;" Dr. Cox said "he often had occasion to speak with my Lord Russell in private, and having been himself against all risings, or anything that tended to the disorder of the public, he had heard my Lord Russell profess solemnly that it would ruin the best cause in the world to take any of these irregular ways of preserving it." The Duke of Somerset "had known him for two years, and had been often in his company, and had never heard anything from him but what was very honourable, loyal, and just." Several other noblemen and divines testified to the same effect.

Then Russell himself was asked what he had to say. He denied that he wished to bring about a rebellion, declared that he was as loyal as any man, and that in any changes which he advocated he desired only the aid of parliament and of the laws, told the jury that his life and honour were in their hands, and prayed God to direct them. In the afternoon he was found guilty. On Saturday, the 14th July, he was placed at the bar, and sentence of death pronounced upon him in the disgusting formula which to this day English judges are compelled to employ in similar cases—which happily are now of rare occurrence. The last is doubtless in the recollection of all our readers—that of Mr. Smith O'Brien and the unfortunate Young Irelanders, in the autumn of 1848.

Bishop Burnet attended him in his last hours. This divine was one of a race of churchmen, which now seem almost if not quite extinct, who never remained quiet and impassive in the presence of a great abuse, never swam with the stream because it was strong and flowed on to dignity and ease, but buffetted bravely, cried aloud, and spared not. They never abandoned a good cause in evil days, but, like the mighty men whose successors they are supposed to have been, they maintained liberty at all hazards, against thrones, and principalities, and powers. All honour to those old English churchmen! They were worthy of the good old cause for which they battled—the cause for which "Sydney died on the scaffold, and Hampden died on the field."

Burnet has written a history of his own times, in which he describes the last hours of Lord Russell's life with that quaint minuteness for which old writers, and particularly old divines, are remarkable. By him we are told that all possible means were used to save his life; that his father, the Earl of Bedford, offered the king one hundred thousand pounds if he would grant a pardon. The exchequer was well nigh empty, but the pardon was refused. Money without measure was offered to Lady Portsmouth, Charles's mistress; Lady Russell went on her knees before the Duchess of York; Lord Russell himself, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, offered to live abroad for the remainder of his days, and never more to meddle in English affairs. But all was in vain. "What!" said the king, "shall I grant him his life who would not grant me six hours?" The Duke of York, it is said, was even anxious that he should be executed in Southampton-square, before his own house; but this Charles would not hear of.

Russell was throughout calm and cheerful, equal to either fortune, and triumphed over death. He read the warrant for his execution with indifference, and conversed with great liveliness after the sheriffs had left the room. The day before his death his nose began to bleed. "I shall not," said he to Burnet, "let blood to divert this; that will be done to-morrow." It rained hard during the night, which he said was a pity, for it would spoil a great show on the morrow. He hoped God had forgiven the sins of his early youth: he had for many years walked before him with a sincere heart. If he had committed errors, they were errors of the understanding, and in aught that he did he had no private end of his own. He was still of opinion that the king was limited by law, and that when he broke through those limits his subjects might defend themselves, and restrain him. * He thought a violent death was a

* It must be remembered, that at this period the Tory party were preaching, on all sides, the doctrine of non-resistance, and "the right divine of kings to govern wrong."

very desirable way of ending one's life; it was only the being exposed to be a little gazed at, and to suffer the pain of one minute, which he was confident was not equal to the pain of drawing a tooth. He said he felt none of those transports which some good people feel, but he had a full calm in his mind. He was much concerned at the cloud that seemed to be then hanging over his country, but he hoped his death would do more service than his life could have done. That there might be no mistake about his political principles, he drew out a statement of them, which he handed to the sheriffs on the scaffold. They are those which every man now recognises as the law and constitution of England. He received the sacrament from Tillotson, the day before his death, with much devotion, and in the evening took leave of his wife and children. The parting with Lady Russell was one of the finest scenes in English history. This heroic woman had stood by his side in court, during the appalling agony of a trial for high treason under the Stuarts—took notes, comforted and consoled him. After sentence was passed, she toiled night and day to procure a remission of it. And now, when hope on this side the grave was gone, the most terrible ordeal still remained. She knew it was for her husband's honour, his peace of mind, his name and memory, and the cause for which he had laboured, that he should die like a brave man, calm, confident, and hopeful, superior to the malice of his enemies, and, prophet-like, should look beyond the bars of his dungeon, the axe and block, to the triumph of liberty and of right. And when they met, she suppressed her woman's feelings, and spoke calmly, and then in silence embraced him for the last time, and they parted for ever. "Now," said he, turning to Burnet, "the bitterness of death is indeed past." "For," adds the good old bishop, "he loved and esteemed her beyond expression." He went to bed, slept soundly, rose early, prayed alone for two or three hours. He then drank some tea and sherry, and wound up his watch, and said now he was done with time, and was going to eternity. He asked how much he should give the executioner, and on being told ten guineas, said smilingly, it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his head cut off. Tillotson and Burnet accompanied him in the coach to the place of execution, Lincoln's Inn-fields. There were great crowds in the streets. Some wept, others insulted. He said he hoped he should quickly see a much better assembly. When he ascended the scaffold, he turned to the sheriff and delivered his paper. He protested he had always been far from any designs against the king's life or government. He prayed God would preserve both, and the Protestant religion. He wished all Protestants might love one another, and not make way for Popery by their animosities. He then prayed, and laying his head upon the block, it was severed from his body at two strokes.

In 1688, when the Duke of York had become James the Second, when his tyranny and bigotry had disgusted the nation, when his nearest and dearest had deserted him and fled, when William Prince of Orange had landed, and was marching upon London in hostile array, he called a council of a few nobles at the palace, and implored their advice in this great emergency. Turning to the Earl of Bedford he said: "My lord, you are a good man and have great influence; you can do much for me at this time." "I am an old man," was the reply, "and can do but little; I once had a son, who could now have been very serviceable to your majesty." The king was struck dumb, and made no reply.

A DAY AT THE CITY SAW MILLS,

REGENT'S-CANAL BASIN, CITY-ROAD, LONDON.

A VISITOR in London, if he would become perfectly, or even cursorily, acquainted with the sources of the city's greatness, must have better guides than printed books, be they ever so well written, and better introductions than purses, be they ever so well filled. A week in London, properly spent, will give a man a better idea of its vastness, its riches, and its mighty power as the centre of a great manufacturing kingdom, than a whole year devoted to sight-seeing, in the ordinary sense of the term. It is true that a pedestrian in the metropolis of Great Britain will find, on his first arrival, enough to do to look about him in the apparently interminable streets. If he seeks amusement, there are almost numberless places where it may be found — the theatres, the picture galleries, the museums, the parks, the bazaars, the markets, the concert-rooms, the exhibitions, and the great river which divides the town. But if he wishes to blend instruction with his pleasures, if he would carry away with him something more than a mere sight-seer's memory, he must go deeper into the mysteries of the court and city; he must go a foot into out-of-the-way places and unfashionable neighbourhoods; he must make acquaintance with those whose good word is better than money, and seek knowledge in dusky by-ways. Embued with such a spirit, and accompanied by such friends as have both influence and spare time, the visitor in London—the present writer for instance, by way of making the interest personal,—will find more sights worth seeing, and make more wonderful discoveries, than the most thorough-bred Cockney could have any idea of. Thus, he will see, in the various docks and wharves along the river, how the daily wants of London are supplied from all parts of the world; a visit to the warehouse of a London merchant, or to the sheds of a railway carrier—Pickford's, or Chaplin and Horne's, say,—will show him how the accumulated merchandise is distributed to the sellers; and then, a little knowledge of the retail business of the shops will teach him, finally, in what way the infinite number of packages he saw swung from the sides of goodly ships on the quays, come into the hands of the great money-spending and much-enduring public. These things, some might say, can be seen to a greater or less extent in almost every city in the world. Not so, however, with other and peculiar sources of wealth. It is only in London that the economy of a *Times* printing-office can be seen; that the *modus operandi* of a vast brewing establishment like Barclay's can be witnessed; or that the many and curious processes peculiar to various trades and manufactures can be seen to advantage—that is to say, with all the appliances of modern discovery and invention in full and profitable employment.

This last sentence brings us at once to the subject of our present paper, the establishment known in London as the City Saw Mills. On the northern side of London there is a wide and populous thoroughfare called the City-road—which was opened, we believe in 1761, and was projected by a Mr. Dingley, who modestly refused to have it called by his own name. This road, about midway between the Bank of England and the Angel Tavern at Islington, is crossed by the Regent's-canal; and all along both sides of the canal and round the City-road Basin, as the widening of the canal at this spot is called, are various large wharves and manufacturing establishments. Various firms connected with the building and timber trades have chosen this locality for their warehouses and workshops, and the pedestrian has only to turn out of the City-road into the Wharf-road, and he finds himself in a neighbourhood, the characteristics of which differ almost as much from the ordinary City streets, as does a backwood settlement from a village highway. In the place of houses, and shops, and well-dressed people, he is suddenly in the midst of coke, lime, slate, and stucco works, and he sees few

other passers-by than workmen in their ordinary work-a-day clothes, sometimes very much whitened and soiled with dust.

Well, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Canal-basin—at the end of Wenlock-road, in fact,—we come to the City Saw Mills, the largest establishment of the kind in London, or perhaps in the world. And if we have been rather tiresome in our introduction, as very probably we have, we must request the "good, charitable reader" to imagine that we have been gossiping with him on his walk from the West-end, *where of course he resides* when in London.

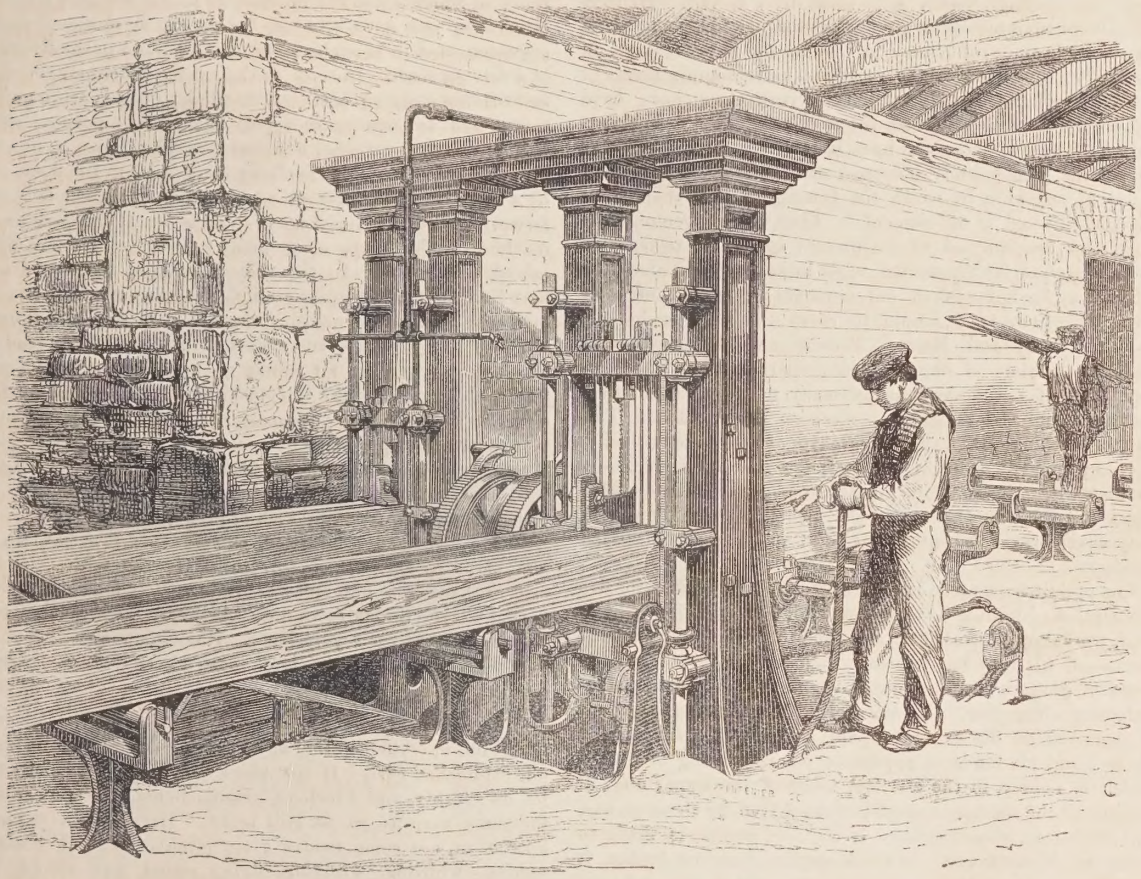


FIG. 1.— FRAME DEAL-SAWING MACHINE.

Messrs. Esdaile and Margrave, the proprietors of the extensive works we are about to describe, carry on various busi-

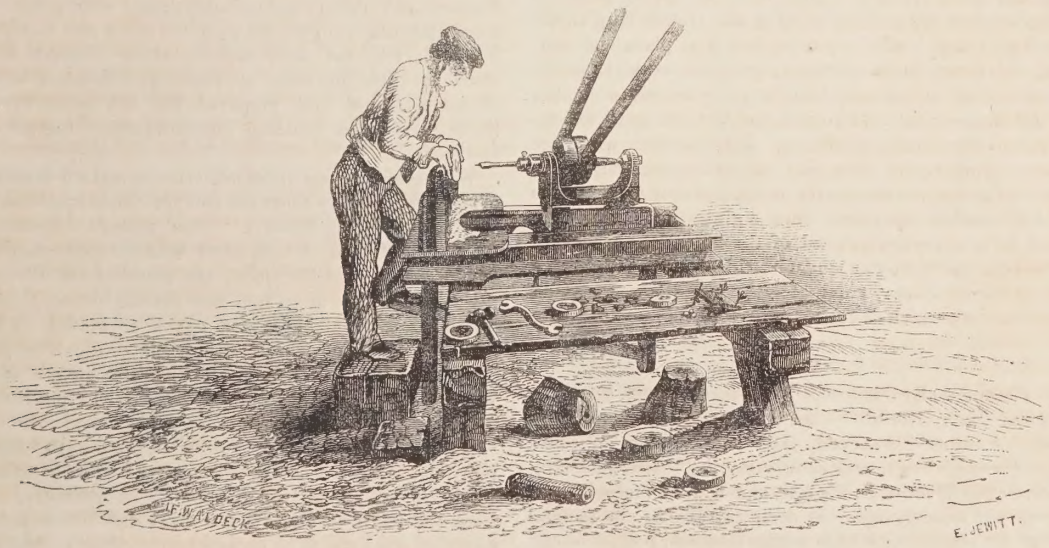


FIG. 2.—BLOCK DRILLING MACHING.

nesses connected with the sawing and cutting of wood. In the first place, they have the largest and most complete steam-

power sawing apparatus in London—hence the distinctive name, *The* City Saw Mills; next, they are makers of ships' blocks, and all kinds of wooden rigging and ships' gear, such as steering-wheels, &c.; they are large producers of bent wood for carriage-shafts, &c.; they drive a very extensive trade in wooden blocks for street pavements, and have invested considerable sums of money in patents for improvements in the latter; they are also the most extensive manufacturers in the world of the wooden splints for lucifer matches; have lately completed a patent for the production of cork in sheets for the making of hats; and have, lastly, "great pleasure"—as one of the firm politely informed us—"in undertaking contracts of any kind in which the sawing, cutting, shaping, or twisting of wood is an element." Thus, some ingenious persons who are opposed to the present system of telegraphic communication,—by insulated wires hung on posts along the "iron way,"—have taken out a patent for a plan of their own, by which they intend to carry the wires under the old highways, and Messrs. Esdaile and Margrave were busy at the time of our visit in preparing a solid longitudinal box of no-one-knows-how-many miles in length, as a receptacle for the telegraphic wires to be so placed. This box is nothing more than a groove of about four inches deep, by an inch or so in diameter, cut in a thickish plank, so that when the separate pieces are placed end to end, the wires run through them, and the aperture carefully closed, they shall form a continuous air-tight gutter of any proposed length.

The premises occupied by this firm are of the most extensive description; building having been added to building, mill to mill, workshop to workshop, and shed to shed, as the business increased, till they have spread themselves over acres upon acres of ground, and have outgrown the neighbouring establishments altogether. Of course, the firm have a great wharf of their own on the canal-side, and a wet dock for seasoning timber, and all kinds of apparatus for the saving of time—which is money, in the strictest sense of the term; and, of course, all the machines employed are driven by steam power, and of course wherever force is required steam is made to exert it. Nevertheless, as steam-engines have no brains, it is necessary to employ some couple of hundred men and boys to tend them, besides numerous women and girls in the match-making business—a very appropriate employment for the latter, certainly!

Like other large establishments, more attention has been paid to the useful than to the ornamental, so that having entered the gateway, and made ourself known to heads of the firm, we need say nothing more of the architecture of the principal buildings before us, than that it is plain and substantial, and fitted for its purpose; nor need we speak of the fire-engines kept in constant readiness; or the engine-house, where the furnace is always a-light, and the two great steam-engines are continually throbbing and panting with the quantity of work before them, and the civil-spoken engineers, all heat and grease, are constantly on the look-out for accidents and repairs, and are altogether above a gratuity from visitors; nor need we take particular heed of the offices of the clerks; much less detain the reader longer outside,—but, accompanied by our polite conductor, enter at once the largest apartment on the premises, which is called, *par excellence*,

THE SAW MILL.

It is a strange sight indeed. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio"—but the quotation, though very excellent, is rather hackneyed. Here, surrounded on every side by whirring wheels, and swiftly-moving shafts, and endless driving bands above and below, and a perpetual whizzing noise, we are scarcely able, at first, to take in the general aspect of the place. In a little while, however, both eyes and ears become accustomed to the scene, and we are enabled to comprehend how each separate sawing machine—and there appeared to be about a dozen of them—performed its office rightly, and fulfilled its purpose with an exactitude and integrity which machinery only can. As the principle of all the sawing engines in this mill is precisely the same, a brief description of one will suffice.

It will be perceived, on reference to the engraving (fig. 1), that this machine, technically called a saw frame, consists of an iron frame in which a number of vertical blades or saws are made to move up and down through the block, by means of motion communicated to them by an eccentric affixed to the fly-wheel of a driving shaft. In some of the sawing machines the shaft and driving strap are *above* the machine; but to ensure greater safety, and to give more room, the motive power is most frequently communicated from below. The timber to be sawn into planks is placed on revolving rests fixed to the floor, and, by a very simple but elegant arrangement, the wood is moved forward to the saws, and made to pass out at the back of the machine in the shape of so many "deals" of certain determined thicknesses. In this way from eight to twenty saws may be made to act upon a single prepared mass of timber; and that which, ten minutes since, was merely the squared trunk of a tree, is now so many separate planks, all ready to the builder's hands. Of course no hand labour could compete with a machine like this, in either accuracy or despatch; and the rapidity and cheapness with which deal and other planks are thus produced by machinery, has doubtless given a vast impetus to the building trade in England. What man who ever made for himself a log hut in the wilderness can forget the long and painful task of preparing the timbers!

It may be mentioned here, though this firm are timber merchants in the widest acceptation of the term—viewing, selecting, marking out, and purchasing whole forests at a time,—that all the timber sawn into planks by their machinery is the property of their customers. Having stated this fact, we may pass at once into the large room where

THE VENEER CUTTING MACHINES

are in full operation. Here an altogether different scene meets our astonished gaze. If the plank sawing mill surprised us by its cleanly and excellent arrangements, the veneer mill increases surprise in us still more. Here, in an immense apartment, are some twelve great circular saws in constant motion—whirling, whizzing, flying round and round, and sending off little clouds of dust, which sticks to your clothes and covers your hat like flour! The delicate slips of satin wood for boudoir panels and young ladies' work tables; thinner leaves of bird's-eye and Russian maple, for library picture frames; wavy strips of oak and sycamore, chestnut and ebony, walnut and cedar, for the various parts of highly-finished and high-priced cabinet work; wide planks of rose-wood and mahogany for dining-room tables and rest-provoking couches; and yet more delicate slices of birch and zebra wood for drawing-room ottomans and dream-inviting easy chairs!—all cut and prepared for the artist-workman at these tremendous-looking, circumferential frames of wood and steel.

We regret that our artist neglected to make a drawing of one of these ingeniously contrived and yet simple machines; but we will endeavour to make a "word picture" instead. Well, then, each of these circular saws, whether its circumference be twenty-four feet or fifty-four—the smallest and the largest in the mill—consists of an immense circular frame, all round the edge of which is affixed a steel chuck or holder. This chuck retains the actual saw or cutting edge—which is put on in sections of about three feet, for the convenience of removal when out of repair, &c.—in its place. The motion is given by a simple driving band from the engine-room; and the block of timber, sliding on rollers similar to those in the deal cutting machine, is guided to the edge of the saw by an attendant workman, who, while the machine is in motion, is careful to keep the teeth of the saw free from dust, by means of little pieces of wood which he presses against them as they leave the plank. The office of the workman who attends this machine is one of great care and nicety, for if a hole or knot occurs in the wood, it is necessary sometimes to stop the motion of the saw,—which is done, of course, by throwing the machine out of gear, an operation understood by all who ever watched a

steam-engine at work,—or perhaps the veneer would be greatly injured. The precise thickness of the veneer is regulated by a gauge screw, and to such extreme fineness may the gauge be set, that a mere shaving may be taken off a plank with the same ease as a veneer of a quarter of an inch in diameter. The generality of veneers, however, are from a tenth to an eighteenth of an inch in thickness. The harder kinds of furniture wood require a saw with a greater "set," as it is technically called, of the teeth, set so that out of a given quantity of timber a greater or less number of veneers is produced accordingly. On the inner side of the revolving saw-plate is affixed a mass of wood which rises gradually from the edge towards the centre, the purpose of which is to bend the veneer from the mass as soon as it leaves the teeth of the saw, so that, when detached from the parent trunk or plank, it may be readily taken away, and piled beside its fellows on the bench. The veneers are then brushed, examined, sorted, and placed in racks in the drying room—an apartment heated by pipes into which the "used-up" steam is admitted. There is very little *waste* steam in this establishment, as we shall see presently in another part of the premises. Near to this mill is the apartment devoted to

THE CORK-CUTTING MACHINES.

These are somewhat like the veneer machines in principle, and their office is to cut from the rough sheets of cork-bark those extremely thin and tissue-like veneers—if the expression be allowable in reference to this material—of which the bodies of hats and the inner soles for boots and shoes are made. All who have ever worn a cork hat know something of the comfort of it, and all who have ever put a pair of cork soles in their shoes will appreciate the value of this manufacture. The elasticity of the cork allows it to expand to the head, and prevents those aches and pains of which so many persons complain who are obliged to keep their hats on for any length of time. So extremely fine have tissues of cork been cut by this machine, that 500 slices were less than an inch in thickness. At the Great Exhibition in Hyde-park these cork veneers were exhibited, and obtained for their patentees a prize medal. There is also a machine used for the cutting of cork into fibres for sofa and mattress stuffing; and we understand that this firm have recently patented a fabric of woven cork and whalebone for the manufacture of hats. The cork fibre is also extensively used for life belts, and other contrivances for the preservation of life from shipwreck.

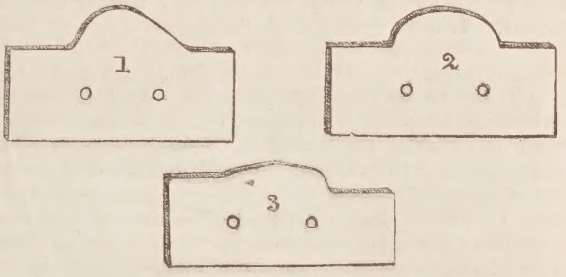
We may now, having spent rather too much time in this department, proceed to

THE BLOCK MILL.

Everybody knows what a ship's block is. At the Government works at Chatham they have some ingenious and complicated machinery for the making of large blocks out of one piece of wood. At the City Saw Mills the larger kinds of blocks are composed of separate pieces, which are made to fit together with the utmost strength and nicety. It is not considered by any means necessary that the large blocks *should* be made of a single piece. Indeed the firm assert that their mode of construction gives a strength to the block which cannot be obtained by the Government method; for if a block, consisting of one piece only, should happen to receive a severe fall, it would probably split, while a similar accident would have no effect on a block composed of several pieces. And again, where the block is of one piece of wood, it is subject to split in the direction of its grain, by the mere action of the weather. But to describe the smaller blocks first. These are necessarily made from a single piece; and in the production of one block, a series of seven or eight processes are gone through. The wood chosen, well-seasoned elm, is cut into blocks at a circular saw; the block is then drilled, then morticed, then cut at the corner, then gouged for rope and strapping, then shaped, sheaved, and finally finished for sale. Each of these processes requires different tools and separate machines. We will endeavour, with the aid of the artist, to explain these processes to the reader.

As the making of a solid block is identically the same whatever be its size, we will suppose that the reader follows the order which the writer observed when at the mill. A double block is being made. First, the wood is cut into the size of the intended block by means of a circular saw, which goes through it as easily as if it were cheese! Then four holes are drilled in the square mass at a simple machine (fig. 2.) made for that purpose.

The block is then taken to a saw bench (fig. 3),—a "double block morticing machine," as it is called,—and, by the application of a circular saw, a deep indented cut is made on each side so as nearly to meet; which operation leaves the mass of wood as a simple square with two mortices cut in it, the longitudinal pieces being afterwards knocked out. It is then taken to a saw bench, and the corners are cut off, which gives it the first rude outline of a ship's block. It is then taken to the shaping machine (fig. 14), as seen in the engraving, where it is brought a step nearer completion. Being fixed in a frame, a set of revolving cutters is made to play upon its surface, and determines its exact shape. This is accomplished by means of the wheel seen on the left-hand side of the engraving. This wheel travels over a curvilinear side-piece, by which the outline of the block is determined. The wheel is, in short, a guide to the cutting instrument, the motion of the two being identical, the one tracing its course over the pattern, and the other producing a *fac-simile* of the pattern upon the wood submitted to it. The side pieces are of course removeable, and have nothing to do with the action of the machine further than as guides to the cutters. They are of various shapes and sizes, as in the diagrams 1, 2, 3, and are used equally for the solid and the joined blocks.



SIDE PIECES USED IN THE SHAPING MACHINE.

The socket is now gouged out, so that the block may be attached by rope strapping. This is done by a machine of similar construction, but by a differently shaped tool. The shaping machine also makes another block, which is technically called a dead eye (fig. 5), a phrase most persons will understand by reference to the drawing of the same little block with a rope attached (fig. 6), though, in the latter case, a different view of it is given. We have now got the shell of the block. We have next to see how the sheaves over which the ropes are to pass are produced. These sheaves are made of lignum vitæ—the hardest wood—and turn on a pin which passes through the block and is securely fastened on

Fig. 5. Fig. 6.

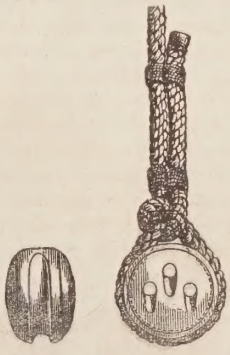


Fig. 7.

SHEAVE BORING TOOL.

DEAD EYE. DEAD EYE WITH ROPE.

each side. The lignum vitæ having been rounded at a saw bench, is bored for the pin at an engine similar to the

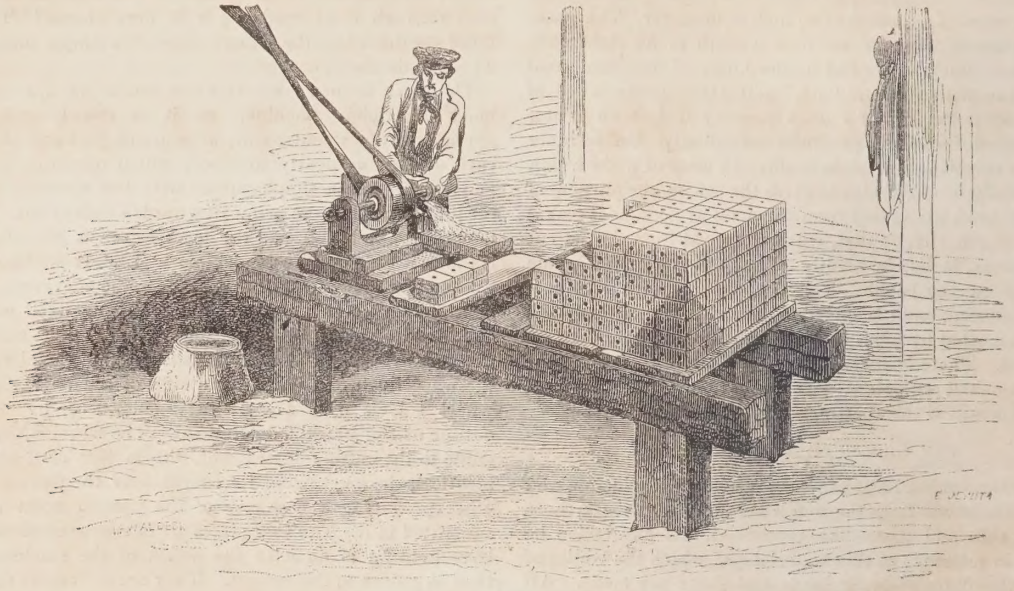


FIG. 3.—BLOCK MORTICING MACHINE.

drilling machine. A tool shaped like fig. 7 is used for that purpose. It is an operation requiring great care and skill.

smooth and polish it; and the little block,—on the free working of which, it may be, the safety of many a brave fellow may depend in storm and wreck—is finished and ready for use. In the production of the larger kind of blocks—some of which,

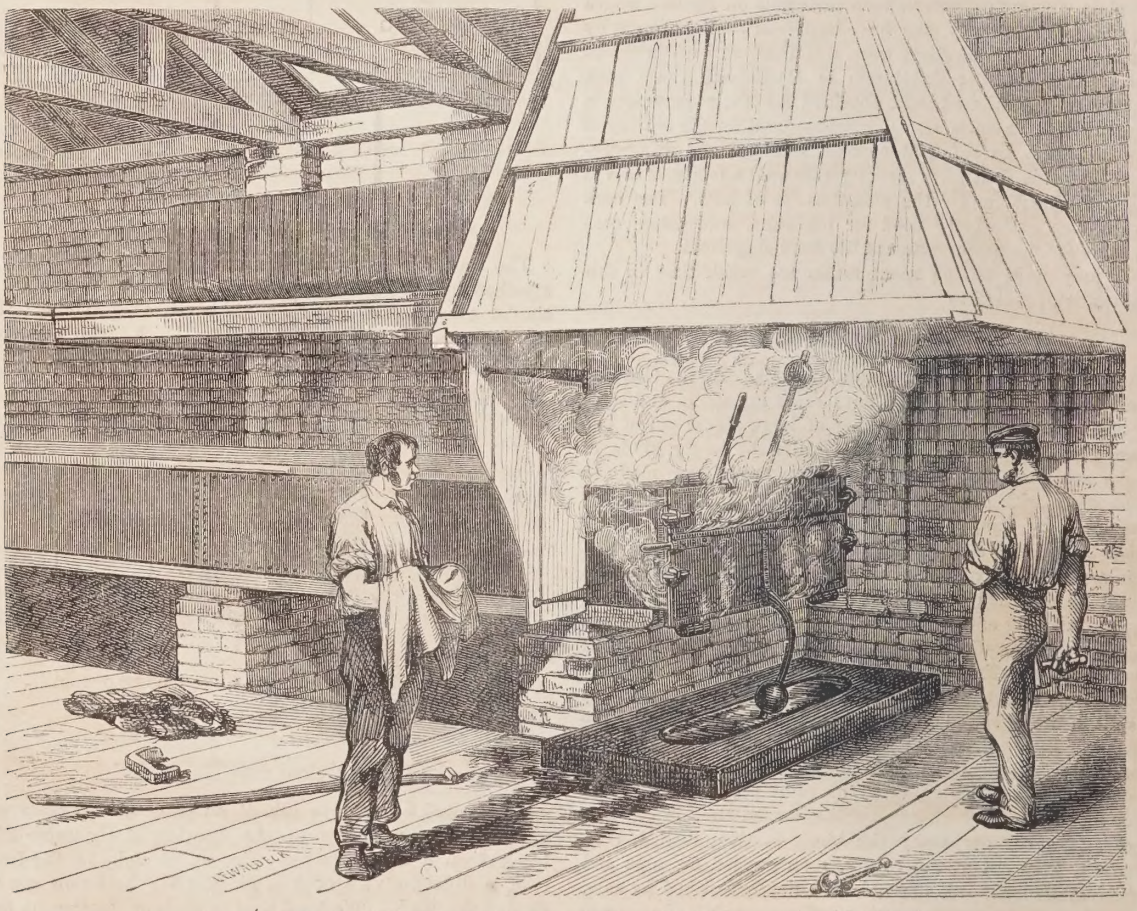


FIG. 4.—STEAM TANK FOR SATURATING WOOD PREVIOUS TO ITS BEING BENT.

The sheave fixed, and the iron pin which holds it in its place firmly clenched on either side, nothing remains but to

with their hooks and rings attached, weigh a couple of hundred weight, and which must of course be made extremely

strong—a rather different course of proceeding is adopted. As we said, the large blocks made at the Government works are each sawn and drilled from a single piece of wood. The machinery necessary for this purpose was invented, in 1801, by the late Sir M. I. Brunel, the architect of the Thames Tunnel.

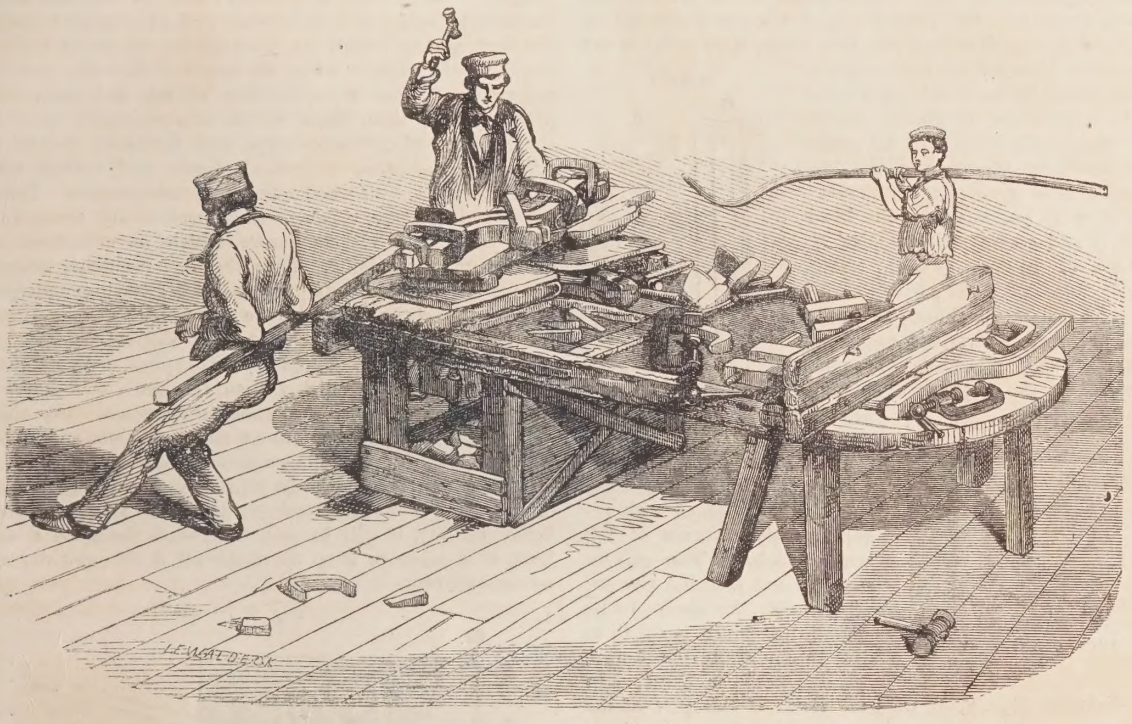


FIG. 12.—BENDING BENCH.

The completion of the very ingenious combination of saws and lathes which are used in the process occupied more than six years, to say nothing of the constant superintendence and anxiety of the inventor himself! But so successful were the efforts of Brunel, that he received from the Government no less than £20,000 for the purchase of his invention. This large sum, however, proved a good investment of the public money. Hitherto ships' blocks had been made by hand; but, by the use of the improved machinery in question, a saving was effected, in a few years, as compared with the previous expenditure, equal not only to the award to the inventor, but sufficient to defray the entire cost of the machinery and the erection of the necessary buildings. These machines for block-making are in use both at Portsmouth and Chatham Dock-yards.

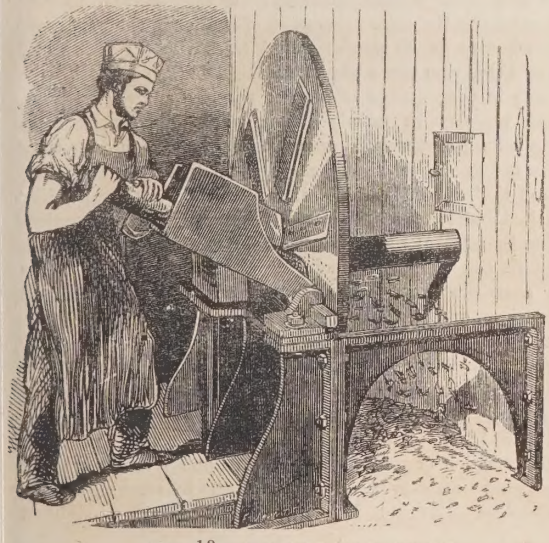


FIG. 13.—CLIPPING OF LOGWOOD.

The importance of machinery for the purposes of block making will be apparent when it is stated, that not fewer than about 1,500, are required for the complete fitting and rigging of a first-class ship of war, while, for smaller vessels, there are seldom less than a thousand. Though the block, from its single use as a sort of pulley in guiding the ropes of a vessel, would seem to be a simple kind of instrument, yet it requires to be made with the utmost nicety and exactness before it can be brought into practical operation.

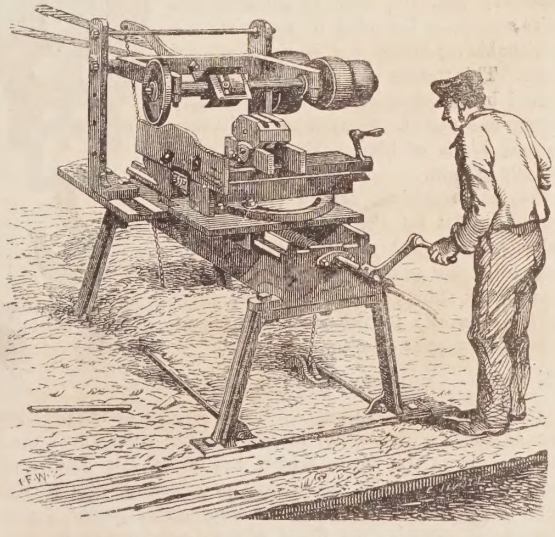
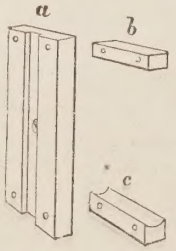


FIG. 14.—BLOCK SHAPING MACHINE.

The invention, therefore, of several kinds of block machinery

was a necessity arising out of the desire to obtain blocks which should be at once good and cheap. Of the several patent inventions in use, however, we have little to do just now, as our business is to describe the large blocks produced at the City Saw Mills. These, as we said, consist simply of plain boards attached at the ends by pieces inserted between, with the grain of the wood at right angles to the grain of the boards or cheeks. Of course blocks of this description can be produced at a much cheaper rate than if they were each cut out of one solid piece of wood, because all the waste caused by the morticing is saved.

(Fig. 7.)



The construction of Messrs. Esdaile and Margrave's block will be readily understood by reference to the little diagram here given; *a* represents a side view of one cheek of the block, while *b* and *c* show the shape of the end pieces. In these, as in the smaller kinds of blocks, all the parts, however, are produced by machinery,—circular saws and drills of various sorts being necessary before the shell, or rough outline of the block, is submitted to the shaping machine to be fashioned and finished as before described. Large double blocks consist of three side pieces or cheeks, and two end pieces. But an important variation takes place with regard to the sheaves of the larger blocks. For greater strength and security, the pin which holds the sheave in its place in the block is made to pass through an iron centre, called a *coak* or heart. In the diagrams (figs. 8, 9) we have views of this part of the block, both horizontally and sectionally. On each side of the lignum-vitæ sheave one of these coaks is inserted and securely fixed; and a little space is left between them for the introduction of oil or grease, to promote the more free working of the pin. All the parts of the block, except the iron casting for the coak, are made and finished on the premises. A patent block, invented by Mr. Bothway (fig. 10), with an internal iron wire strapping, intended to supersede the perishable rope strapping, is also produced here. This patent block is generally believed by sea-faring men to be extremely strong and useful. Sometimes, in the very largest kinds of blocks, the sheaves are wholly of iron.

(Fig. 8.) (Fig. 9.)

IRON COAK. SECTION OF COAK.

(Fig. 10.)

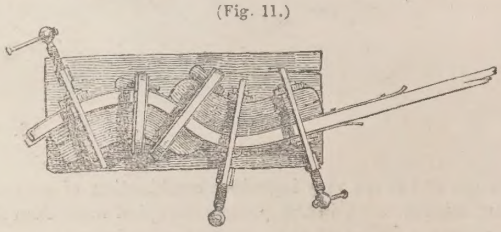
BOTHWAY'S PATENT DOUBLE BLOCK.

Various machines are in use at this establishment for the making of steering wheels and other portions of a ship's economy; but as our space is limited and our time is short; and as, moreover, there is little novelty in the machines themselves, we pass at once to

THE BENT TIMBER DEPARTMENT.

On the very first entrance into this portion of the premises, we are struck with another instance of the economical use of steam. Here the steam which has previously driven two great engines—capable, we believe, of exerting, each of them, a force equal to two hundred horses—is employed for the purpose of softening the fibres of wood previous to its being bent into the shapes required. The engraving will give a good idea of the appearance of the steam tank into which the straight pieces of wood are inserted, so that they may undergo the necessary saturation with steam to fit them for the bending process. Of course little more can be said in explanation of this formidable-looking apparatus (fig. 4), now that its office is explained, except that the wooden head represented in the engraving is the lower part of a shaft for carrying off the steam that really *is* wasted; and that the two tall workmen who appear to be helping each other to do nothing are not actually necessary to the steaming process! In the other picture, however, we see what they really are necessary for. (Fig. 12.) Meanwhile, as we stand beside the tank, and watch the escaping steam, as it endeavours with all its might to ascend the shaft, and so "waste its sweetness on the *murky* air," we may as well explain what we know of the why and the wherefore of this steam-bending of ash and lance-wood poles. Well, then, these woods are principally used for the making of carriage-shafts and futchels; though for window sash-frames, waggon-tilt heads, and various other minor purposes, bent wood is in considerable request. Lance-wood and ash are capable, when sufficiently steamed, of being bent into various shapes which no after-force can prevent them retaining. Thus they are peculiarly adapted for the carriage builder's purpose. After having undergone the ordeal of steam, the poles are taken to a bench, and there forcibly bent into the positions and shapes required. A glance at the engraving (fig. 12) will explain this part of the process much more quickly than the pen can describe it. This is, of course, quite a mechanical operation. The object being acted on by force of muscles and iron bands, and cranks, is the futchel of a phaeton—or rather, one of a pair of twisted arms which pass beneath the vehicle, and to the extremities of which the shafts are attached; and in the small engraving below (fig. 11), it will be seen how, when the wood is once bent, it is made to keep its shape till it is quite dry and crooked for ever.

(Fig. 11.)



FUTCHEL FIXED IN FRAME FOR DRYING.

It is not necessary that we should visit the drying-room, which is much too hot for any but an African, and which is heated with more "used-up steam;" or that we should stay long examining the piles upon piles of timber in the yards and on the wharves, in all states,—rough trees with the brown and green of the forest even yet upon their barks; smooth trees lying idly in wide wastes of water; squared and peeled trees, huddled together in unruly heaps, as if they were communing among themselves upon their altered fortunes; trees that are not trees, but simply masses and trunks of sawn and prepared timber, stacked in tall square, compact heaps, like unfinished block houses in South Australia, with interstices between the several pieces for the sake of air; trees that look worn with the dust and smoke of London, and which even house sparrows would disdain to perch upon; trees of all shapes, sizes, and appearances.

But they are good and excellent trees, nevertheless; for they are brought from far over the seas, whole hundreds of them at a time, and are paid for at the highest prices and with ready money in the market, for the only and sole purpose of *making lucifer matches of!* Yes, it is quite true, that the very best pine deals which come into the port of London are bought for that purpose—congreves sold in the streets by starving women and shoeless children! We were favoured with a sight of

THE MATCH-CUTTING MACHINE,

certainly one of the most curious, the most simple, and most ingenious engines in the possession of the firm. But as its construction is the subject of a patent, and its principle is a secret, we shall attempt no further description than to say that blocks of wood are *divided and sliced* into the rectan-

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, WESTMINSTER.

gular splints, of which congreve matches are made with a rapidity and correctness truly astonishing. Some idea may be formed of the amazing rapidity of the operation, when we say that upwards of seventy-three thousand splints may be produced in a minute. That is, that during the time the attendant is at work, when all things are favourable, the match splints are produced at that rate. The dividing instrument can make fifty incisions in the slice of wood at the same instant that the knife or plane cuts off a slice from the block; and six blocks of wood, each the length of two matches, can be brought under the operation of the machine at the same time, the slicing-knife making one hundred and twenty-two strokes, or as many strokes as the fly-wheel of the steam-engine makes revolutions per minute. Thus:—

$$50 \times 6 \times 122 \times 2 = 73,200.$$

This calculation is, of course, only one of the curiosities of the machine. The actual rate, owing to the loss of time in placing and turning the wood, adjusting the knives, &c. &c., cannot be reckoned nearly so high. Millions of splints, however, are produced by this machine in the course of a week; and though produced in such quantities, they are really counted and sold by number. The method of counting is extremely simple. Being gathered together by women and girls, they are placed in a receptacle which holds 1,800,—one bundle. Two of these make what is called a gross, because when divided in their centres they fill a gross of boxes of fifty matches each. The splints before dipping are sold for fourpence three-farthings per gross. The dipping is quite a separate trade, and is sometimes carried on in factories, but oftener in garrets and poor people's houses; and the selling—we know how they are sold. The consumption of these little articles in Great Britain must be enormous. In consequence of the great quantity of water in the composition of the wood, the splints are sometimes a fortnight in the drying-room before they are fit for sale!

There are several other processes of minor importance carried on at these mills, to which we can only allude. Th clipping of logwood for manufacturing chemists and dyers, at a machine of simple and effective construction (fig. 13), and the production of the wood blocks for carriage-pavements, by means of an instrument not unlike the block morticing machine, are both processes worthy observation, on account of the extremely easy and natural manner—if such a phrase be admitted—with which they perform the tasks allotted them.

We have now made the circuit of the premises, and have visited in succession all that is most worthy of remark. We might, had we been so inclined, have indulged in a few reflections by way of wind-up; or we might have treated our readers to a few statistics and commercial facts touching the various matters we have seen and attempted to describe; but—we forbear, and bid them adieu!

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

At twenty-five minutes to seven on the evening of the sixteenth of October, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, a cry of fire was raised in the neighbourhood of Westminster, and as the shout spread over the metropolis, and was caught up and echoed back by the crowds that rushed towards the scene of disaster, a deep red glow settled in the sky.

As the alarm spread over the town, and the streets began to fill with the crowds rushing towards Westminster, the interest and excitement was considerably heightened by the intelligence that the conflagration was raging in the Houses of Parliament, and that the old senatorial chambers were threatened with destruction. Within a few minutes of the breaking out of the fire, a vast multitude had arrived and settled down before the burning pile. Swaying to and fro like a restless sea, the crowd was driven back; ten thousand up-turned faces, ruddy in the glowing light of the fire, watched the devouring element as it began to rage with greater vehemence; and the quick arrival of the engines added fresh confusion to the scene. The shouts and cries, the clatter of hoofs, the noise of the pumps, so peculiar, so monotonous, the roar of the fire as it mounted higher and higher towards the sky, the restless movements of the vast concourse, the bristling bayonets of the guards, the open spaces here and there kept by the police, the leathern hose that lay like swollen serpents on the ground, the showers of water cast upward on the flaming timbers, the flames contending for the mastery, and the deep red glow from within the building, presented a spectacle rarely witnessed by the multitude that had assembled there that night.

Fire! fire! Rumour with her thousand tongues spread the report of the disaster. At the far east of the city the event was soon made known, and quiet streets were quiet no longer. Every thoroughfare was crowded by the throngs hurrying to the scene of destruction, the loud cries of men, and quick rattle of wheels, betokened the passage of another brigade engine; everywhere hurried questions were asked that nobody could stop to answer. But in the close neighbourhood of the fire the most intense excitement prevailed. From that part of the building opposite to Henry VII.'s Chapel the fire had at first been seen; it had burst through the roof in a spiral flame, and then, taking three separate directions, proceeded to the body of the House of Lords, taking within its range the several apartments over the piazza facing Palace-yard, then proceeding to the Painted Chamber, and extending to the Library. The whole of these apartments were eventually destroyed, but not completely so until about one o'clock on the succeeding morning. Every moment the crowd increased and the confusion became more confused. The red glow of the fire lighted up the scene with a strange unearthly glare, and showed upon the river the crowded barges and the numerous boats which had gathered about to witness the conflagration, and the dense forest of faces that watched the destruction from Westminster-bridge. The river flowed onward like molten lead, and mirrored the flames as they mounted still higher and higher, and every stone and tree about the old palace at Lambeth became distinctly visible.

Fire! fire! The flames had seized upon the modern library, and with a tremendous roar the roof had fallen in, crushing massive timbers, and scattering stones and firebrands like a volcano in eruption. Through every window and loophole the ruby light was shining, and the fire within was raging like a furnace. Strange fantastic shadows were cast out upon the night as the fire leaped and danced and caught upon the quaint old carvings. With the shrill hiss of a serpent, and still in mighty force, the water was cast up, and still with hearty zeal men laboured at the pumps.

Fire! fire! The flames were sweeping onward towards the river. The numerous large rooms which formed the offices of the House of Commons were first consumed, and in these the loss was very great. The library of the Commons shared the same fate. The House of Commons was next attacked. At first, from its proximity to the river, it was hoped that this building would escape; but the tide was low, the building was in an enclosed situation, the fire-engines could not be brought to play upon it. The old building, with its strong wainscotings and timbers, added fresh fuel to the flames, and in an inconceivably short space of time the whole was a mere shell. The House of Commons was destroyed; but the chapel of St. Stephens stood, in its strength and beauty, like a rock amidst a sea of fire, and broke the force of its waves, which till then had gone on conquering and overthrowing.

Fire! fire! The official residence of the Speaker was next attacked, and the fire extended westward along the range of

buildings leading to the Commons' entrance in Margaret-street, and facing St. Margaret's church. The scene became more and more exciting, the crowds greater and greater,—the police, the military, and the men of the fire brigades behaved with the greatest intrepidity,—and bright as noon-day stood out the tower of St. Margaret's-church and the whole of the surrounding edifices. The whole of the range of buildings, consisting of waiting-rooms, committee-rooms, Bellamy's coffee-house, &c., were entirely destroyed, nothing but the walls being left by eleven o'clock.

"When it is considered," says a journal of the period, "that the fire raged simultaneously in all directions, forming one tremendous conflagration, it will be seen that Westminster-hall was in the greatest danger, while hemmed in on the east side and south end by the flames. Fears for its safety were entertained from the first appearance of the fire, and throughout its continuance, and its preservation was the greatest object of anxiety and exertion among all classes. There was more than one time when its destruction seemed inevitable. But its strong stone walls opposed such an effectual resistance to the consuming element, and fire-engines, which had at an early period been introduced into the body of the hall, played through the great window with such effect upon the surrounding fire, that the only injury sustained was in the destruction of the glass in the upper part of this window. Had the flames burst through the window, as there was much reason to dread, the roof, which is of fine carved oak, must have been destroyed, and a structure consecrated by many historical associations would probably have become a ruin. The strong anxiety which spectators of the very humblest class in life expressed for the preservation of this historical building is highly creditable to the national feeling. The antiquities of a nation are among its best possessions."

Thus, nineteen years ago, the old Houses of Parliament at Westminster were destroyed. What strange scenes had those old walls witnessed! How many thoughts are suggested, as we think of the struggle between freedom and tyranny which had there gone on—how many privileges had been won? how many abuses had been exposed? and how much huge wrong-doing had been overthrown and destroyed! A strange, eventful history is that of the Parliament House, and the mind looks back with interest, and forgets the present in the past.

When the mild government of the Saxon kings had been succeeded by the arbitrary sway of imperious Normans, the territory was chiefly in the hands of military tenants, who held their estates from the Crown. This description of tenure brought with it the privilege of having a voice in the great council of the nation. When "Domesday Book" was compiled, there were about seven hundred of these persons, but the most wealthy and influential of them were alone permitted to exercise their right; and such was the origin of the meeting called the House of Lords, or rather the beginning of a representative government. In those days the people had no voice in the senatorial assembly. The condition of the burgesses is illustrated by the fact that the superior lord was equally prohibited by the feudal law from marrying his ward to a burgess or villain (slave). This fact shows very strikingly the estimation in which these two classes, forming the bulk of the population, were then held. At a later period writs were issued to summon knights, citizens, and burgesses to parliament, but this was not the result of any attempt to confer those privileges upon the many which the few had before enjoyed, but was rather a skilful piece of policy on the part of the third Henry to overrule the arrogant domineering of the proud barons. But when these men of inferior rank were summoned, and compelled to attend, their tone was most subdued and humble; they declined to interfere in great questions of state, and oftentimes advised the king to abide by the council of his lords. In the reign of Elizabeth we find the Commons complaining that the Lords failed in civility to them by receiving their messages sitting with their hats on, and that the keeper returned an answer in the same negligent posture; but the house proved to their full satisfaction that they were not entitled, by custom or the usages of parliament, to any more respect.* Some amendments were made by the Lords in a bill sent up by the commons; and their amendments were written on parchment and returned with the bill to the Commons. The lower house took umbrage at the novelty; they pretended that these amendments ought to have been written on paper, and not on parchment, and they complained of this innovation to the peers. The peers replied that they expected not such a frivolous objection from the gravity of the house, and that it was not material whether the amendments were written on parchment or paper, or whether the paper was white, black, or brown. The Commons were offended at this reply, which seemed to contain a mockery of their dignity; and they complained of it, though without obtaining any redress.

The first parliament held at Westminster after the conquest was in 1189, in the reign of the lion-hearted Richard, who, before he quitted England for the Holy Land, thought it desirable to take the opinion of his counsellors in parliament assembled. It was one of the most exciting scenes which was ever witnessed, for there the peers responded to the burning words of the king, and, assuming the cross, took the crusading oath upon the spot. So, from the house of legislature the peers went forth, true belted knights, to struggle with the Moslem power, and win the sepulchre of Christ from infidel dominion. In 1225 another parliament was held at Westminster, and from that date they were then held with increased frequency. In Edward the Third's time the parliaments were almost exclusively held at Westminster; and since the termination of that reign but fourteen have been held anywhere else.

At an early period in history, Westminster became the nucleus of a great city. On Thorney Island the Pagans had erected a temple, and there was built one of the first Christian churches. The Abbey of Westminster drew together a large body of religious men; to supply the wants of the monastic establishment tradesmen began to erect their shops in the neighbourhood. Canute the Dane had a royal residence at Westminster. This is generally attributed to the influence which the church exercised over his mind. He loved the company of the priests, and sought sanctity in the neighbourhood of their dwelling. Edward the Confessor erected a palace on the same spot. This building was large and magnificent; it stretched along the banks of the Thames, and not only occupied the site of Westminster-hall, the Courts of Law, the Houses of Parliament, and the offices adjoining, but also included the space now called Old Palace-yard, together with part of Abingdon-street. William the Conqueror enlarged the palace, and his son, Rufus, erected the present Westminster-hall as a banquetting-house. King Stephen built a chapel which he dedicated to the proto-martyr, which structure was rebuilt by the chivalrous Edward III.

The palace at Westminster continued for many years to be the chief residence of the English sovereigns, and in an apartment of this palace the earliest parliaments were holden. From a hint dropped by Stowe, it appears that this apartment was Westminster-hall: "for," says he, "when the original hall, erected by William Rufus, was taken down and re-built in the reign of Richard II., a temporary building of timber was run up in Palace-yard for the use of the parliament." In 1377, when the separation took place between the Lords and Commons, the latter took up their sittings in the Charter-house adjoining the abbey, while the lords still continued to use Westminster-hall. After the Reformation, the chapel of St. Stephen's was appropriated for the use of the Commons' House, but at what period the peers first took possession of the apartments which formed the old House of Lords is uncertain. Stowe, who is generally remarkably exact and accurate, mentions no definite time. He only says: "and now of a long time, the place of the sitting of parliament remains in the same ancient palace: the Lords in a fair room, and the Commons in that which was formerly St. Stephen's-Chapel."

In the last year but one of the reign of the second Richard,

* Hume.

the Duke of Hereford appeared in parliament, and accused the Duke of Norfolk of having slanderously and wickedly maligned the king, and of having treasonable intentions with regard to the crown. Norfolk denied the charge, Hereford gave the lie,—and as those were the days when men settled all disputes by hard blows and sharp thrusts, a passage of arms was demanded. The lists were prepared, crowds assembled to witness the fray, the king and his court in royal splendour were present. The rival champions,—armed cap-a-pie, came forward. It was a gallant show—these knights in their steel harness, their heralds in their costly tabards, their esquires in half-armour; and everything prepared to add pomp and splendour to the chivalric array. In the midst of it all, the king interposed; alas! for him it was a fatal interposition, for he whom he sent into exile soon returned to pluck the crown from his head.

Parliament witnessed another curious scene in the days of Edward IV. The king himself appeared before the assembly as accuser and witness against his brother Clarence. The charge was frivolous and incomplete, but royalty was too much respected to be thwarted by its peers; the right divine of kings to govern wrong was fully believed, and poor Clarence was condemned, and was soon afterwards drowned in a butt of his own favourite Malmsey.

And Wolsey, once the honoured and reverend cardinal, became the object of scorn and contempt to the parliament when Henry VIII. withdrew his royal support. The House of Lords came forward with a charge, extending to forty-four articles, against him, and petitioned for his punishment and removal from all authority. A few years later, parliament saw the gentle Ann Boleyn brought as a culprit to their bar, and when the sentence of death was passed, heard her soft voice, as, with uplifted hands, she cried: "O Father! O Creator! Thou art the way, the truth, and the life. *Thou* knowest that I have not deserved this fate!"

The first time that parliament assembled in the days of Queen Mary, high mass was celebrated before both houses of legislature with all the ancient rites and ceremonies which had been abolished in the previous reign. Taylor, bishop of Lincoln, refused to kneel when the host was elevated, and, after being very roughly handled, was violently thrust out of the house. In the days of Good Queen Bess, the trials of Essex and Southampton made no inconsiderable figure in the parliamentary history of the period.

During the troublous times of the first Charles many curious scenes were enacted within the walls of the Parliament House. There appeared the Earl of Bristol, though forbidden by the King to attend, and accused the Duke of Buckingham of the highest crime of which a subject is capable. There the Earl of Strafford was tried and condemned, and there the arrogant Laud was found guilty by his peers. In the Commons' House a mighty power had begun to exert itself, a power which shook the throne. The Upper House became of no account, and the king himself was charged with high treason against the state. We are all familiar with the events of that period, and how the Long Parliament was finally dissolved by Oliver Cromwell.

Later in parliamentary history we meet with the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, in the reign of Queen Anne, and those of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, the Earl of Macclesfield, and the Earl of Oxford, in that of George I. The circumstances attending the trial of the late Queen Caroline, in 1820, are fully known, and need no mention in this place; but, perhaps, the most interesting and romantic episode in the history of the old Houses of Parliament is that of the Gunpowder Plot, in 1605. It was a strange scheme of vengeance skilfully planned, the detection of which brought down a fearful retribution on the heads of the conspirators. This affair has made so deep an impression on the minds of those in authority, that a practice is still continued of carefully examining the cellars and lower building, before the commencement of every parliamentary session.

But we have said enough of the old building, a building described as unworthy of so august a body as the parliament of Great Bitain. A new and splendid edifice has arisen in place of the old structure; and while it is probably the largest Gothic building in the world, is one of the most magnificent edifices ever erected in Europe. It covers an area of nearly eight acres. The first stone was laid on the 27th of April, 1840. The architect is Charles Barry, R.A. "In its style and character the building reminds us of those magnificent civic palaces, the town-halls of the Low Countries,—at Ypres, Ghent, Louvain, and Brussels,—and a similarity in its destination renders the adoption of that style more appropriate than any form of classic architecture. The stone employed for the external masonry is a magnesian limestone, from Austen, in Yorkshire, selected with great care from the building stones of England by commissioners appointed, in 1839, for that purpose. The river-terrace is of Aberdeen granite. There is very little wood about the building; all the main beams and joists are of iron; and the Houses of Parliament, it is said, can never be burnt down again. The east or the river-front may be considered the principal. This magnificent façade, 900 feet in length, is divided into five principal compartments, panelled with tracery, and decorated with rows of statues and shields of arms of the kings and queens of England, from the Conquest to the present time.*

The river-front includes the residence for the Speaker at the north end, the corresponding terminal towards the south being the residence for the Usher of the Black Rod. Between the two extremes, and comprising what is called the curtain portions, are the libraries for the House of Peers and the libraries for the House of Commons; in the immediate centre is the conference-room for the two houses. All this is on the principal floor, about fifteen feet above the terrace, or high-water-mark. The whole of the floor above the libraries, and overlooking the river, is appropriated to committee-rooms for the purposes of parliament; the Peers occupying about one-third towards the south, and the Commons two-thirds towards the north. The House of Peers and House of Commons are situated in the rear of the front building, or that next the river; and will, when completed, be enclosed also towards the west, so as to be entirely supported by Parliamentary offices. The plan of this truly national edifice is exceedingly simple and beautiful. The Central-hall, an octagon of seventy feet square, is reached through St. Stephen's-hall and porch, communicating, by noble flights of steps, with Westminster-hall, and forming an approach of unequalled magnificence. From the Central-hall, a corridor to the north leads to the Commons'-lobby and House of Commons; and a corridor to the south, to the Peers'-lobby and the House of Peers; still further to the south are Victoria-hall, the Royal Gallery, and the Queen's Robing-room, communicating with the Royal-staircase and the Victoria-tower, at the south-west corner of the pile, now rearing itself in Abingdon-street, intended for her Majesty's state entrance. The Royal Entrance is 75 feet square, and will, when completed, be 340 feet in height. The height of the entrance archway is 65 feet, and is peculiarly rich in some most beautiful architectural adornments.

Various other towers break the monotony of the river-front. The central tower is sixty feet in diameter, and 300 feet high. The clock-tower is forty feet square, with a richly-decorated belfry rising to the height of 320 feet.

The Houses of Parliament are perhaps the most splendid structure of the kind in Europe; a little more taste might perhaps have been displayed in particular parts; there might have been more grandeur and simplicity in the *tout ensemble*,—but it is, nevertheless, singularly in keeping with the character of the bodies who meet within its walls, and with the constitution whose working it witnesses. The adherence to antique forms, combined with the gorgeous magnificence, which modern science and research have introduced into the art of decoration, are emblematic of the spirit which now animates the English nation—the reverent clinging to the past in union with courageous and hopeful progress.

* Murray's "Modern London."

THE YOUNG BARON OF LIEBERACH.

A GREAT many years ago—some hundreds, for aught I know—there lived a proud and puissant baron, named Rodolph von Lieberach, in whom a good many of the virtues, and all the vices, of his race seemed combined. His life was passed in his castle, in a sort of semi-barbarous retirement, except when foreign wars called him abroad; and the sudden change from the bustle of the field then made him sombre and gloomy for many weeks at a time. In his youth he had spent much time abroad, and had for two years served in the armies of the Greek emperor, at Constantinople, in whose service he had won much honour, but little reward. While in the capital of the Eastern empire he had seen and loved the fair daughter of a certain Greek noble attached to the court, and when he proffered her his hand, her father and the emperor compelled her to accept it, because they feared to offend the rude Frank warrior, though she loved him not. But, alas, what a change for her!

About a mile from the city, a luxurious villa stood on a rising ground overlooking the Bosphorus. Spacious gardens stretched from the house to the shore, perfumed by the surrounding orange groves, and shaded by the citron and olive trees which overhung the calm water, as if longing to kiss it. A fountain played in the centre, and arbours at every corner invited to ease and retirement, while the nightingale sang all day long in the branches overhead. The rarest plants and flowers of Europe and of Asia grew side by side, and in every sight and sound there were music and beauty. The interior of the house was in keeping with the garden. Gorgeous tapestry—couches radiant with gilding, and covered with the richest silks which Venetian enterprise brought from the mysterious East,—busts of the ancient philosophers of Greece, and of the early martyrs of Christianity—piles of manuscripts richly illuminated, and written by cunning hands—small marble fountains to cool the hot winds from the desert—verandahs in which the inmates might sit at eventide to inhale the refreshing breezes from the water, and hear the barking of the dogs, the laughter of children, and the song of lovers from the farther shore,—met the eye on every side. Here the youth of Agatha Kale was passed. She was the only child of her father, and he was a widower. She had been carefully educated by an old priest, who had retained a large leaven of the old philosophy mingled with the doctrines of the Christian religion. Plato and Pythagoras had shared his attention with Paul and the early fathers He had not fallen into any of the extravagancies or corruptions which time and foreign influence had mixed up in the bosom of the church. He had too much of the fine sentiment of the beautiful to let one gross thought pass between him and the objects of his love and adoration; but he had in him too much of the pride of philosophy to become a missionary or a martyr. He was a priest because it gave him opportunities of indulging his love of literary research, without coming in contact with any of the common cares and passions of life; but he had little of the ardour of devotion which reigned amongst the common people. He was in fact born out of his time, and spent many an hour in bitter regrets that it had not fallen to his lot to mingle in the solemn groups who a thousand years before had sauntered in abstraction amidst the groves of the Academy. He undertook the task of Agatha's education with joy; it gave him an opportunity of moulding a human being after his own mental image—to reproduce his own thoughts and aspirations, and regrets in a mind to which everything was new. Teaching was not to him the wearisome drudgery which so many now regard it, but an art which Socrates had ennobled. Under his tuition Agatha grew up all he could wish her, refined, speculative, fond of reading, and prone to doubt, but holding all that she embraced with tenacity, and defending it with subtlety. She grew up a model of Greek beauty—that beauty which had lent inspiration to the chisel of Praxiteles, and the pencil of Apelles, a thousand years before, when Greece was in its prime, and which then, and ever since, has been continually reproduced, as if it clung to the soil, when "living Greece" is no more. The high arched head, the lofty forehead, the straight nose, the thin delicate lips, the energy in the lines of the mouth, the smouldering fire in the soft light of the dark eye, bridged over by brows black as ebony, the swan-like throat intersected by veins "like streams through fields of snow," the graceful, wavy outline of the figure, which had never known an hour of constraint, and the soft, white roundness of the arms, were all Greek. The priest Demetrius took care the intellect should be Greek too. Every evening, from the time when she reached her fifteenth year until her marriage, the old man tottered into the garden two or three hours before sunset; and, sitting in the arbour, with a volume of the Republic, or the Phædo open before them, they talked over the anticipated Christianity of Socrates, the sweet-souled piety of Cimon, the patriotism of Epaminondas, and examined the fabrics of speculation which had in later years been built upon the Gospel, until the sun sank into the blue waves of the Ægean, and with his last rays turned the waters of the Hellespont into gold. During the last year they were together, their conversations assumed unconsciously a tone of sadness. Dire calamities were hanging over them. The Turks had come down from their mountains, fiery and fanatical, and threatened to beleaguer the imperial city, and extirpate the Christian faith. Strange rumours were abroad. The emperor held councils by night, and from these Agatha's father returned anxious and thoughtful. What if their dreams and happiness should end under the scimitar of the barbarian, their faith in their own doctrines be rudely tested by torture and violence, and their names added to the long list of martyrs and confessors! From this time their conversations, as well as their thoughts, turned more upon themselves—upon the discipline of their own hearts—more upon their feelings and less upon opinions and doctrines. They were often sad and tearful, but oftener far, hopeful and courageous. The old priest had not lived so long a life, with great thoughts and great examples constantly before him, without being able to rise to the level of the heaviest misfortune or calamity; and his precepts availed so well, that at length, amidst the wars, rumours of wars, fears, and misgivings which agitated all hearts in the great city, the only spot where calmness reigned was the summer-house of the senator's garden.

Thus matters stood, when the sorrowful morning arrived on which she was arrayed in bridal dress, and stood before the altar to be united for life to the Latin knight. Demetrius married them. His snowy beard seemed to quiver on his chest, and his voice faltered as he pronounced the church's blessing on their heads. His last farewell was calm and solemn.

On that evening the bride and bridegroom were rowed on board the galley in the harbour, and Agatha, standing on the deck, saw the palaces and spires of Constantinople, and the vine-clad hills above it, slowly fade from her view for ever.

When the honeymoon was over, her life in her husband's castle became weary enough. He was not a man after her heart; their tastes were not congenial. The summer brought pleasant walks in the woods, and rambles along the banks of the neighbouring stream, but neither summer nor winter brought back the sunny skies and loved friends amongst whom her youth had been passed. They had one son, born the second year after their marriage; and when he was but three years old his father died suddenly.

Time wore on. Agatha was becoming an old woman, and Hugo her son a young man. He had reached his nineteenth year; was skilled in the martial exercises of the Germans, and well taught in all the lore of the Greeks, generous to a fault, ardent in his love as in his hate, fiery and proud. She died before he had attained his majority. When she was on her death-bed she called him to her side, and gave him a paper, containing a small phial, informing him that it was the gift of a certain Jewish rabbi, whom she had once succoured when pursued by a mob, and who, on giving it, had

told her that if the liquid it contained were drunk by her, or those nearest and dearest to her, when in their greatest earthly need or peril, a way of deliverance would be speedily pointed out to them. With a romantic trust in the marvellous, which was quite in unison with the enthusiasm of her character, she had preserved it carefully, and never having been placed in such a position herself as in her opinion to call for its use, she bequeathed it as a legacy to him whom she most loved, and in whose path most snares and dangers were likely to lie. In some petty wars which followed he was driven from his ancestral domains, and placed under the ban of the empire for taking part with the burghers of an adjacent town against the nobles. For several days he found shelter in the cottage of one of his vassals; but at last, fearing to involve his faithful follower in danger, he left his retreat, and sallied forth to find aid and refuge where he could the wide world over.

After undergoing various toils and anxieties, and passing through sundry "hair-breadth escapes," he arrived in Paris, and for awhile, with characteristic thoughtlessness, abandoned himself to all the dissipations of that metropolis, which was then, as now, the gayest and most frivolous on earth. But his funds were soon exhausted. Those who at first smiled upon him, in deference to his birth and his romantic career, began to look on him coldly, or avoid him, and he was at last driven to cast about for some course of life that would afford him the means of subsistence. He was one evening musing mournfully in his lodgings upon his position and prospects, when he bethought him of the phial, and coming to the conclusion that he could never be in greater straits than he was then, he drank of its contents. He instantly fell into a deep sleep—a sleep as deep as death—and saw a vision. He was walking, or dreamed he was walking, along a broad avenue bounded on each side by lawns of surpassing verdure. The gnarled oaks, green with the moss of a century, threw their broad branches across the path, and streaked it with shadow. A refreshing breeze sighed gently through the leaves, and played amongst his hair, and at a little distance a brook ran parallel with his course, and, though hidden from his view, murmured gently and musically in his ear. In the trees overhead birds of the rarest plumage sang in strains of more than earthly melody, without a single pause, and it seemed to his enraptured senses as if there was hope and courage in every note, and a grateful perfume seemed to pervade the atmosphere. And far away in the long vista a bright lake appeared dancing in the sunshine, with waterfowl of snowy whiteness gliding gently and gracefully over its surface. He was enchanted. His blood coursed swiftly through his veins; his heart throbbed with rapturous excitement. It seemed as if he could never grow tired of wandering here.

He walked on thus the greater part of a day, but to his astonishment he at last began to perceive that he was making no progress. The lake seemed still as far away as ever, the same trees grew by his side, the same brook murmured in his ear, and the same birds sang overhead. Little by little he found all those features of the scenery which had at first given him so much pleasure begin to pall upon his senses. The perfume seemed to sicken and enervate him; the voice of the birds sounded heavy and dull. He longed wearily for a mountain side, with a clear prospect, a refreshing breeze, and where at least he would find the fruits of his labour in making some progress on his way, and meeting some change of scene. Pondering over the time he had lost, and the strange position in which he found himself, he sat down upon a mossy stone by the way-side. Absorbed in reverie, a voice whispered in his ear, clear as a trumpet, but he knew not from whence it came. The tone seemed to be his own but he had not opened his lips. In energetic accents, but mournfully, reprovingly, and persuadingly, it seemed to say:

"Thou art treading in a perilous path. Delights are on either side of thee, but danger and destruction are ever in front. Turn boldly to the right, pass through the wood, follow the road that leads up yon hill, and at the top thou shalt find rest, liberty, and peace."

Rising in obedience to a sudden impulse, he pushed boldly forward in the direction which had been indicated to him. He soon found himself in the highway. Great numbers of men were travelling along the same road. Some were strong, vigorous, and hardy—a flush of hope, courage, and ardour in their cheeks, and their eyes ever looking upwards. Others seemed faint and weary, as if they were unused to the work, and tottering feebly seemed ever prone to lie down and rest, and think no more of ascending. And, alas! at every step were the prostrate forms of those who had fallen and perished with the smile of expectation on their lips, and manly vigour in every limb. Some appeared to have sunk only after a long struggle and had left heavy footprints in the dust; and their features had scarcely yet lost the scowl of the combat, and settled into the dread composure of everlasting rest. But others seemed to have fallen almost without an effort,—terrible wrecks, like

> "Ships that have gone down at sea,
> When heaven was all tranquillity."

These last formed by far the greater number. Hugo prayed inwardly to be preserved from such a fate, and now that he travelled in company, and that the eyes of many were upon him, he determined to strike them by the fiery impetuosity of his onward march. But the ascent was steep and rugged, the sun shone fiercely upon his head, and upon turning round to look for sympathy he saw no look of pity for his faltering steps, and received no offer of aid. All were intent upon themselves. Wearied and disheartened, he at last sat down by the wayside, and, leaning his head upon his hand, wept bitterly.

While in this predicament, those with whom he started upon his journey passed on, leaving him behind alone. He abandoned himself to despair; a black curtain seemed to hang between him and the future, shutting out all hope of rest and peace. He raised his head, half-mechanically, and glanced vacantly along the road he had traversed. A figure appeared in the distance approaching rapidly; a little nearer, and Hugo's attention was rivetted upon it. It was a man in the prime of life, tall and athletic in appearance, and bearing in his face every mark of great internal strength. A broad and open forehead, on which thought had ploughed some furrows, was half covered by luxuriant hair, which waved carelessly in the fitful breeze that now and then blew up the valley. There was fire in his dark eyes, subdued by many a year of meditation and watching; in the thin nostrils and firmly-set mouth there were traces of energy which had gathered fresh strength with every roll of time, and now seemed to hurl defiance at the world and at fortune. His figure was such as the sculptor would love to copy. There were united all that collection of excellencies in each part which are said never to have been seen together save in the statues of the ancient artist—the sinewy limbs, the broad shoulders and expansive chest, that seemed able to fling off the heaviest load of grief that ever fell on mortal man, with one impetuous heave. There was no sign of faltering in that rapid stride and firm tread which seemed to claim the ground they measured for their own, and no backward shrinking in the lofty glance that was ever fixed on the hill top, save when he looked hastily and half carelessly aside, as if to measure his progress. Onward and upward he came, and at last stood for a moment silent and thoughtful before Hugo. At length he passed over, and laid his hand on his shoulder:

"Young man, thou art wearied and worn," said he; "but knowest thou not that delay is death? He who lingers here, goes backward."

"Leave me, I pray thee," said Hugo, "and continue thy way, friend. I can go no further."

"Nay, I will not leave thee; I have been as thou art, and have overcome my weakness; I have gained all my present strength from striving, and now find it holy and joyous to be strong; by persevering here, I have gained the power to persevere farther; by daring I have gained courage; by refusing to despair I have found my hopes fulfilled. Come on with

me; I will teach thee to do as I have done, and then thou shalt become such as I am. On the summit of yonder hill, all the brave, and wise, and good, who have, since the world began, battled for truth and justice and humanity, and died for them, await our coming. It needs no brilliant exploit to qualify thee for admission to commune with them. They us go; when thou art weary let thy courage avail thee. If thou hast none, thou art not worthy of the goal to which thou aspirest."

And Hugo awoke, and behold it was a dream.

* * * * * *

Fifty years afterwards an old man died in Paris, a priest of

HUGO WEARY BY THE WAYSIDE.

heed not thine abilities, but thy courage, thine aspirations, and thine acts. All that thou doest, do well; march right onward, and let not this dread weariness any longer detain thee. Shed no more tears on the barren wayside; keep them for the sorrows and weaknesses of others, and they shall make the ground beneath thy feet blossom as the rose. Arise, and let

great reputation. The poor wept in crowds outside the doorway, and followed him sorrowing to his grave. The learned said a star was gone from the constellation of genius and intellect; and even the reformers, who declaimed against the Romanist clergy, extolled his virtues, his piety, faith, hope, and charity, and said, "Would that all were like him!"

WILLIAM HARVEY, M.D.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

THERE are two classes of persons who succeed in obtaining "a name among men," and who acquire what the world calls "immortality." In the *first* class are those bold and enterprising individuals who explore regions hitherto unknown, who found colonies and cities, who rear towers and pyramids, who construct tunnels and bridges, who guide the pencil, the chisel, or the pen. These pant for fame, and, in the majority of cases, obtain the object of their ambition. In a *second* class are those who—without seeking or desiring it, having no motive to prompt them beyond the acquisition of knowledge for its own sake, or as a means of benefiting those around them, patiently persevere in a course of industrious investigation and research, and after enduring for a season contempt and ridicule—find their theories established beyond all possibility of refutation, and their names enrolled amongst those of the best benefactors of mankind.

WILLIAM HARVEY, M.D. FROM A PAINTING BY BEMMEL.

In this latter class we place WILLIAM HARVEY, an English physician, celebrated as the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. He was born at Folkstone, in Kent, April 2, 1578. His parents, who were respectable, sent him to a grammar-school at Canterbury, whence, having made considerable progress in study, he was admitted to Caius College, Cambridge, in 1593, where he devoted himself to the study of logic and natural philosophy for nearly six years. Being greatly desirous of improvement, especially in medical science, he went abroad; and after visiting France and Germany, he removed to Padua, at that period a celebrated school of medicine, where he attended the lectures of Fabricius ab Aquapendente on anatomy, of Minadous on pharmacy, and of Casserius on surgery. There he took the degree of doctor of medicine in 1602; and on his return to England, he obtained a similar honour at Cambridge. He settled in London, and at the age of thirty he was elected Fellow of the College of Physicians, and shortly after appointed Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. In 1615 he was elected by the college to deliver the Lumleian lectures on anatomy and surgery, in

the course of which undertaking he is supposed to have first brought forward his views upon the circulation of the blood, which he afterwards established more fully, and which, about 1623, he was induced to publish.

No one imagined that there was any *circulation* of the blood till Harvey demonstrated that the same blood which the veins brought *to* the heart, the arteries immediately carried away again *from* it a discovery—the glory of which he lived for many years to enjoy.

The following is a brief abstract of the principal steps in this great and original discovery in physiology :—

Harvey states that the heart has periods of action and of rest; but in warm-blooded animals its motions are so rapid that the different steps of them cannot be distinguished. In cold-blooded animals they are more slow; and in warm-blooded animals also, after the examination of its action, by opening the chest of a living animal, has been continued some time. During its action the heart is raised, and its point tilted forward so as to strike against the parietes of the chest. It contracts in every direction, but more especially on its sides; it also becomes harder, as other muscles do during their contraction. In fishes and cold-blooded animals the heart may be observed to become paler during its diastole. If a wound be made in the ventricle, the blood is ejected from it during its contraction. From these facts Harvey concluded that the essential action of the heart is its systole, or contraction, and not its diastole, or dilation, as was supposed by physicians before his time; and that the result of this contraction is the expulsion of the blood into the pulmonary artery and aorta. The dilation of the arteries or pulse is synchronous with, and caused by, the propulsion of the blood during the contraction of the ventricle, and is a *passive*, and not, as was previously supposed, an *active*, operation of the vessels. If the motions of the heart be carefully observed for some minutes, it will be seen, first, that the two auricles contract simultaneously, and force the blood contained in them into the ventricles; and, secondly, that the ventricles in their turn assume the same action, and propel most of the blood into the pulmonary artery and aorta, from which it is prevented from returning by the valves situated at the entrance of those vessels.

The author next proceeds to describe the manner in which the blood passes from the right to the left side of the heart. During *fœtal* life, he says, this is sufficiently evident. Part of the blood passes direct from the right to the left auricle through the foramen ovale, while the rest is conveyed into the right ventricle, and by its contraction forced into the pulmonary artery, and so through the ductus arteriorus into the descending aorta; for, as he observed, the lungs do not admit of its passage through them in the fœtus. In the *adult* a new condition is introduced, namely, the function of the lungs, by which, he said, the question was so much obscured that physicians were unable to give a correct explanation of the phenomena. The consideration of the obvious use of the valves had led Galen to maintain that a portion of the blood contained in that vessel passed through the lungs into the pulmonary veins; but this passage he supposed to depend more upon the action of the lungs themselves than of the heart. Harvey carried out this argument still further, and maintained from it that the whole of the blood which is propelled from the right side passes through the lungs to the left side of the heart. In like manner, he showed that the blood is propelled from the left ventricle into the arteries, and so distributed to all parts of the body. He next proceeded to give approximate calculations of the quantity of blood which passes from the veins through the heart in a given time. This he showed to be so much more than is required for the nutrition, or can be supplied to the veins by the absorption of alimentary substances, that the surplus must of necessity return through the various tissues of the body to the veins again. He then argued, from the construction of the valves of the veins, that the course of the blood in them must be from the smaller to the larger divisions, and thus to the heart again. These views he still further confirmed by reference to the now well-known effects of ligatures placed on a limb with different degrees of tightness. If the ligature be so placed as to compress the veins alone, they become swelled and tumid beyond the ligature, and quite empty between it and the heart, whilst the pulsations of the artery remain unaltered. If it be drawn a little tighter, the pulsations of the artery cease beyond, but are felt more violent than usual just within the ligature. Such is a brief abstract of the principal steps by which Harvey arrived at his great discovery.

This discovery was so directly opposed to all the previous notions of physicians, that its author anticipated that prejudices would be indulged, that objections would be made, that old established opinions would be opposed to his, and that he might have to encounter coolness if not opposition. His anticipations proved correct.

Amongst those who opposed the opinions of Harvey were Primirosius, Parisanus, and Riolanus. Parisanus was ably refuted by Harvey's friend, Dr. George Ent, Fellow of the College of Physicians; and other advocates of Harvey's views appeared on the continent. The only man who was honoured by a reply from Harvey himself, was Riolanus, professor of anatomy at Paris, in answer to whom, he published two letters. Some of Harvey's opponents, when they could no longer answer his objections, attempted to invalidate his claim to the discovery, and would fain have transferred that honour to the famous Father Paul, of Venice, to the Spanish physician, Servetus,—whom Calvin caused to be burnt for heresy,—and even to the ancient Hippocrates. But these attempts were vain; the reputation of Harvey was in no degree diminished by these attacks, and it is now admitted that whatever hints may be found in the writings of his predecessors, he first clearly demonstrated the system of sanguineous circulation, and thus brought about one of the greatest revolutions in medical science. Sprengel, in his "History of Medicine," pays a just tribute to the conduct of Harvey towards those who differed from him on this grand subject; he says, "In the whole of this controversy, the discretion and nice modesty of Harvey afford the best model for naturalists and scientific writers."

In 1623, Harvey was appointed physician extraordinary to James I., and afterwards performed the duties of the ordinary physicianship. He was next physician in ordinary to Charles I., by whom he was highly esteemed, and in whose court he frequently exhibited the motion of the heart, and the other phenomena upon which his doctrines were founded. During the civil war he travelled with the king, and was with him at the battle of Edgehill and afterwards at Oxford; while staying at the latter place, the king made him master of Merton College, where he had previously received the degree of doctor of medicine. This was in 1645; but Harvey held the mastership only for a few months, in consequence of the restoration of Dr. Brent, the former master. Harvey then removed to London, where his house was plundered and burnt, and his papers and museum destroyed by the party then in ascendancy. The remaining years of his life were chiefly spent at Lambeth and Richmond. In 1654, he was elected President of the College of Physicians, but in consequence of his age and infirmities he declined accepting the office. His brethren of the college had, a year or two before, testified their sense of his merits by erecting his bust in their hall, with an inscription recording his discoveries; and in return he testified his regard for the college by building for them a combination room, and by presenting to them a library and museum, and a paternal estate of £56 a year, for the institution of an annual festival and other purposes. Hence has originated the Harveian oration.

In his old age Harvey was subjected to distressing attacks of the gout, to alleviate the pain of which he is said to have resorted to violent remedies which somewhat shortened his life. He lived, however, to complete his *eightieth* year. He died June 3, 1659, and was buried at Hempstead, in Essex, his funeral being attended by all the members of the college; a monument was afterwards erected there to his memory. He maintained to the last the esteem and respect of his contemporaries, and has secured the admiration of posterity.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES IN THE LOUVRE.

If, a century after the conquest of Mexico and Peru, any archæologists had been found to take as lively an interest in American antiquities as Boturini Benaduci did;* and if any *virtuosi*, forgetting, for a moment, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Rome and Athens, had devoted themselves, as did the Italian traveller, to the study of the somewhat barbarous arts, it is true, of the *Aztecas*, there might have been collected, even a hundred and fifty years ago, a number of statues, of paintings, and relics of innumerable idols, or even of symbolical books, which the great zeal of the pious Zummaraga, the first bishop of Mexico, had done all he could to destroy. Had such been the case, the small body of learned men who direct their attention in the nineteenth century to the antiquities of Anahuac and of Tihuanco, would not be compelled to remain satisfied with mere conjectures, as they are at present; it is, therefore, very praiseworthy of the directors of the museum at the Louvre to have prepared an asylum for those remains, often much dilapidated, and those fragments, often very roughly formed, which constitute the new collection. It must be owned, however, that the assemblage of these things, though it confers a real benefit on science, does not give us any very clear notions of the barbarous, yet often grand, art which struck the companions of Pizarro and Cortes with astonishment. Even the conqueror of Mexico, though well versed in the relics of antiquity, could not help participating in the admiration which this art still gave rise to in the sixteenth century.

There were three distinct centres of civilisation in the New World: that is, three regions where the rudimentary art of sculpture was held in great veneration. Peru, Mexico, and the table-land of Cundinamarca are worthy, in this respect, of being examined successively. In consequence of their theocratical government and of their isolated position with respect to one another, each of these countries possessed an art that was peculiarly its own. Unfortunately, the new museum, which occupies one of the smallest chambers in the Louvre, does not contain any of the valuable antiquities of New Granada, but of which Monsieur Jomard, one of the stars of science, has succeeded in collecting some of the finest specimens. The directors, who have already made such praiseworthy exertions, will, doubtless, soon take measures to supply this want. As for ourselves, passing over, for the present, the art of the Muiscas and that of the Peruvians, we will begin at once with that of the Mexicans, as being the most curious and perhaps the most varied.

Art among the Azteck nations was, above all, *hieratic*, that is, it assumed its fantastic and often monstrous forms under the direction of priests practising a barbarous kind of worship. It would, however, be an error to imagine that the statuaries of Tezcuco and Tenotchitlan confined themselves to the reproduction of the truly hideous idols which the symbolism of Mexican theogony imposed on the statuaries employed in the temples. We learn from the best authority, that Mexican art, devoting itself in a more direct manner to the study of nature, perpetuated by sculpture the likenesses of the sovereigns and great men of the country. Statues representing Netzahuatooyotl, the Solomon of Anahuac, had been executed over and over again, and the chronicles tell us that the statue of Montezuma ornamented the beginning of the famous aqueduct which emptied its limpid water into the gardens of the imperial palace, which were themselves ornamented by the hand of the sculptor. The architects of Netzahualpilzintli executed a colossal head of this sovereign on a gigantic body of *amixtli* or of *cougard*, and every one hastened to admire this wonderful work, which was placed on the side of a mountain covered with large gardens. When Ixtlilochitl, one of the last independent chiefs of Mexico, accompanied Cortes in his memorable voyage towards the Pacific Ocean, he was followed by innumerable Indians, and foreseeing, perhaps, the melancholy fate reserved for him by the ruthless conqueror, he was desirous of having his memory immortalised in a country ruled over by a sovereign who had been his ally: he, therefore, implored Apochpalan to order his sculptors to cut his statue in a very lofty block of rock which stood at a little distance from the road. "Apochpalan complied with his request," says a valuable memoir of the sixteenth century, "and his sculptors cut his statue in the rock as large as life, and represented him with the same arms he had been accustomed to wear. It is said that this statue can still be seen, an assertion corroborated by the national songs. Ixtlilochitl went to see it with Apochpalan, and, on beholding it, melted into tears. If the poets are to be believed, Apochpalan also wept, and all their attendants consoled them."*

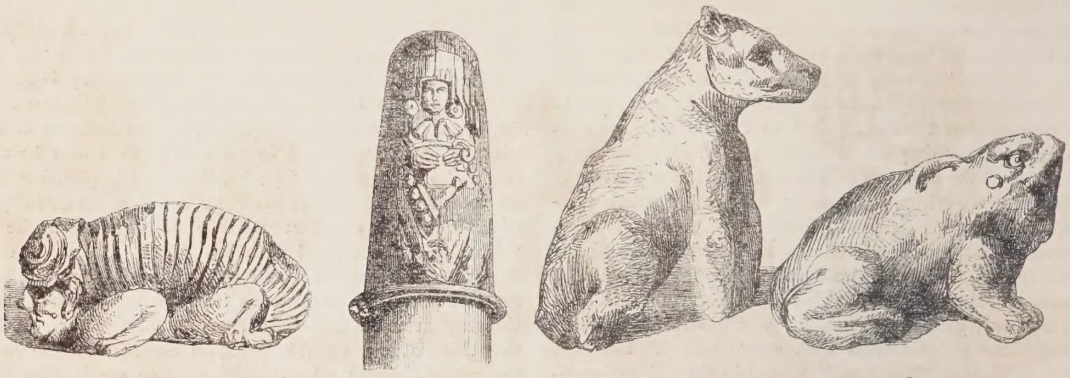
It would be useful to make a collection of several specimens of this kind, but neither Europe nor America possess many of these monuments, which are the productions of an art freed from religious symbolism, and which iconography would have willingly reproduced, had such a thing been possible. Even the hideous statues which the priests of the blood-thirsty religion of Huitzilipuchtli and Tezcatlipuca had had sculptured with such care and minuteness, have gradually disappeared since 1552; and it is worthy of remark that, in 1525, more than twenty thousand of these hieratic statues were destroyed. Cortes gave the signal, by ordering the two large statues of the immense temple of Mexico to be thrown down before his eyes. We, therefore, ought not to be astonished that the Louvre does not contain a single figure of importance enough to have assigned to it the name of any one of the more important gods of Anahuac. With the exception of the spiral serpent, which, doubtless, represents Quetzalcoatl, the god of air, the divinities collected in Paris, and which are of pretty considerable dimensions, are all, most probably, but secondary ones, unless we choose to see Tezcatlipuca in Coyotl, which is near the symbolical reptile, one of the figures of which we give a drawing. Tezcatlipuca (brilliant mirror), the supreme god and soul of the world, generally represented with the features of a young man, "was fond," says Bernadino de Sahagun, "of assuming the appearance of the animal above-named, and, under this terrible form, held, among a people of America, a place similar to that held nowadays by a man-wolf in the minds of the vulgar." The best-informed writer, perhaps, who has written on Mexican antiquities, thus expresses himself, while speaking of the divine Coyotl, on this fantastic myth:—"He placed himself in the public places, right in front of the passers-by, as if to bar their passage." The sculptor's fancy has placed the wolf-god (No. 40) near the gigantic toad (No. 57), which, according to the catalogue of the museum, is the symbol of the tribe of Tamozolan; on its left, is a bust sculptured in the form of an ellipsoidal cone (No. 2), representing the face of a man, whose two hands clasp a vase in which are two ears of Indian wheat. We will mention, on the authority of the catalogue, and of the great work of Aglio, "that the stalk of Indian wheat is the hieroglyphical sign of the tribes of Ohuapa and Quauxilotitlan." But the name of the god does not, for all this, remain any the less known; the

* Lorenzo Boturini Benaduci was born of an old family in Milan, and went, in 1733, to New Spain. It was the Countess of Santillane, a descendant of Montezuma, who sent him to Mexico, to look after her affairs there. While engaged in the discharge of his duties, the Italian archæologist made the most incredible researches, in order to collect Azteck antiquities, learned the language of the Indians, and did not return to Europe before he had spent eight years in his scientific labours. It would take too much time to relate here how Boturini's collections were despoiled, how he himself was thrown into prison, and how he, at last, obtained complete redress, without, however, obtaining re-possession of his treasures. Being appointed historiographer-general of the Indies, he spent the rest of his life at Madrid, where he finished the first volume of his *General History of North America*, which has never been published. He died about 1749. His book entitled *Idea de una newa historia general de la America septentrional*, is much sought after. It is a valuable catalogue of the antiquities he had succeeded in collecting together.

* See *La Collection des Monuments inédits*, publiés par M. Henri Ternaux.

armadillo with a human head, which comes directly afterwards, helps to throw no further light on the symbolical system of the Aztecas. Perhaps, like several other fantastic reptiles which are seen in the museum at the Louvre, it represents one of the inhabitants of the Mictlan, that central hell, reigned over by the god Mictlantuctli, where the souls of the departed assumed the forms of various animals.

These rude remains of Azteck art, together with many other



55* 2 40 57

fragments which the Louvre contains, suffice to prove that the Mexican sculptors knew how to employ the hardest and most durable materials, in order to represent the various symbols of their blood-thirsty religion. Statues, much anterior to the sixteenth century, are to be met with; they are made of *teotetl*, or divine stone, which appears to be a black jasper, of grey, black, and rose-coloured granite, of serpentine stone, of green jasper, of basalt, of jade of different tints, and,

66 13 61 1

what is less extraordinary, of lava of several colours. Metals were also frequently employed to ornament idols, or even to represent the idols themselves. It is known for certain, that the formidable statue of the god of war, which ornamented the great temple of Mexico, was furnished with a gold head; and

* These numbers are the ones by which the antiquities are designated in the Catalogue of the Louvre.

the little figures placed in the Louvre, under the numbers 39 and 40, which are of silver and bronze, sufficiently prove that, though these people might not possess any superabundant knowledge on this point, they were certainly not ignorant of any of the caster's secrets, or even of the chaser's art. As it is fully ascertained that the use of iron was entirely unknown to the Mexicans, the Peruvians, and the other inhabitants of New Granada, and that they were obliged to substitute brass, formerly erroneously designated by the name of *tempered copper*, in its place, it is somewhat difficult to imagine by what process the Aztecas cut through basalt and granite, and how they managed to polish idols which greatly exceeded in height the ordinary stature of a man. Instruments of ixtli, or obsidranus lapis, with points made exceedingly hard by dint of patience and rubbing, supplied the place of the steel chisel used by us. The large figures contained in the American Museum, though doubtless much smaller than those which have been destroyed, bespeak, in this respect, what great difficulties the sculptor must have had to surmount. Such, among others, is the head numbered 13, which the catalogue states as representing To-cozintli, the goddess of abundance, and which, though it is only made of brown lava, does not require any the less patience from the sculptor, if we take into consideration the numerous details

that compose its various attributes. Such is also the serpent with a human head (No. 61), which the catalogue designates, according to the great work of Lord Kingsborough and Aglio, as the symbol of Acamapitchtli, king of Mexico, but which we would rather acknowledge as the Mexican Cybele, *Totonantzin* (our mother), who was called, according to Bernardino de Sahagun, *Cihuacohuatl*, the woman-serpent. The capital with an abacus, an astragal, and a torus, which is surmounted by a rough statue, and observed on entering the

175 246 246 179 168 165

museum, beneath No. 66, is also made of brown lava; but figure 1, which represents the insignia of royalty, is made of grey granite, and must have caused the sculptor many difficulties in its execution.

These various statues, worn away at present by frequent moving and time, were formerly polychromatic, and the different colours with which they were painted formed an essential part in the religious symbolism of these people. We know,

120 158 151 125 160

for instance, from Torquemada, that Quetzaalcotl, when he was represented under a human form, was painted entirely black, with bundles of feathers to represent flames of fire. We are also aware that *Matlalcuaje*, the sister of Haloc, god of the waters, while she, herself, was goddess of the tempest, wore a blue tunic. *Iacateuctli* (the lord who guides us), the god of commerce, wore, according to Clavigero, an azure cloak; but his face was spotted with black and white, while his ears were gold. *Macuilxochitl*, the divinity who presided over flowers, was represented, says Sahagun, with the features of a flayed man, or rather of one painted red.

We will not give any more of these curious details, or of these barbarous names, which have, perhaps, already frightened more than one of our readers; we will merely add that, while the Mexicans were acquainted with the art of cutting the hardest stone, they also knew how to form secondary figures of burnt clay as well as by the means of moulding. It was, doubtless, by the latter process that was manufactured, on certain solemn occasions, the gigantic idol of the god Huitzilopuchtli, which was formed of different vegetable grains, stuck together by Indian-wheat paste impregnated with human blood. Some historians maintain that this idol was piled up, bit by bit, on wooden bars, but the first opinion seems to us the most likely one. This figure was broken annually during a grand religious ceremony, so that its fragments, distributed among the tribes, might be used for the administration of a horrible sacrament—less horrible than the one partaken of by the priests, who glutted themselves on the hearts of the victims.

Several of the little figures we have engraved have been produced by casts. No. 175, for instance, which representst *Yxcuina*, holding a child in his arms, is the production of a cast contained in the American Museum. The god *Topiltzin*, who has a little human figure in one of his arms, was, doubtless, produced in the same manner, as were also the Nos.

168, 179, and 246. It was by the means of these various kinds of baked clay, that the more important divinities of Mexican theogony, if we are to believe the conjectures of the catalogue, were represented. No. 120, for instance, represents a very strange-looking head of Quetzalcoatl, the god of air, while No. 63 is intended to represent no humbler personage than Tezcatlipoca, the god-creator, dressed in the spoils of a bird; but in spite of the manuscript of the Vatican appealed to here, we must own that we can find in this little statue none of the attributes of a superior being.* We do not know whether any more certainty is attached to No. 120, which presents us with the dreaded head of *Totec*, the military disciple of the god of air. As to Huitzilopochtli (No. 121), the god so formidable in war, and to whom so many human beings were sacrificed that the number of the victims is said to have amounted to sixty thousand in a few years, we admit his authenticity more readily, because his name really is to be met with in valuable Codex of Letellièr. For ourselves, we are at a loss to imagine what god No. 126 is intended to represent, unless, like the figures which surround it, it belongs to a very rudimentary state of art. Though we are not able to claim for the Mexicans a very high position in the hieratic statuary of primitive nations, it would be very unjust to judge them by such specimens as the ones we have seen. We must not forget that thousands of the innumerable household gods, known by the name of Mitlou, and which were constantly renewed in every dwelling, were daily manufactured by the members of a popular calling. The large idols executed by the renowned sculptors whom King Achuetzotzni assembled together in 1487, when he finished the temple of Mexico, were, as we have already said, all broken in 1525. On the first day of that year, says Torquemada, the last temples were burnt down, at the same hour, so to say, in Mexico, in Tlascala, and in Huetzingo, and it was thus that the last traces of Mexican art were destroyed.

PALISSY, THE POTTER.

It is a London auction-mart, and the sale hast just commenced. The lots consist of curiosities and articles of *vertu*, and after one or two have been disposed of, the master of the hammer puts up a small lot, marked in the catalogue "unique and costly." It consists of a few specimens of a peculiar kind of pottery; a large vase, a candlestick, and some smaller ones. They are eagerly watched and hotly bid for. The owner of the vase rejoices at the prize which has cost him nearly sixty pounds, while he who wins the candlestick for twenty is hardly less happy.

This ware was made three hundred years ago. It was the work of a Frenchman, who, inspired by genius, fought his way to the mastery of an art then unknown in Europe, except amongst the Italians. The cottage of the peasant, and the castle of the baron, were almost equally destitute of those articles of utility and luxury which are now within the reach of all. Cups and saucers were as little known as bohea; while plates, dishes, and the endless variety of utensils which may now be had in the simplest ware and the finest porcelain, were then represented only by rude vessels of pottery or stoneware.

This self-taught potter was Bernard Palissy. He was born in the beginning of the sixteenth century in the district of Agenois, on the western coast of France. Having learned in his youth the art of glass-painting, he travelled for some years through his native country, sojourning in various places on his route, and maintaining himself by the exercise of his craft. Beyond this we know very little of him, until, at about thirty years of age, he married and settled in the town of Saintes. Adding to his skill in "verrerie" a knowledge of mapping and surveying, he was able to provide for the simple wants of his household. Thus a year or two was spent. There then occurred a simple incident, which disturbed the even tenor of his life, and gave a new impulse to energies which had not before been evoked. We give it in his own words:—"There was shown to me," he says, "an earthen cup, turned and enamelled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that had been made to me in fun when I was painting portraits. Then seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass-painting was also little patronised, I began to think that if I should discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels and other things very prettily; because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing. And, thereafter, regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of drugs, I began to seek for the enamels as a man gropes in the dark."

Palissy, at this time, was not a potter. He could not have made the simplest earthen vessel which served his wife in the *cuisine* of her little household. But his was not a soul that could rest content with painting on glass the portraits of the good folk of Saintes, or keeping the stained windows of the neighbouring châteaux in repair. So he set diligently to work upon the new path to fame and competence which the cup opened up to him. He had been used, in his work in "verrerie," to the grinding and mixing of colours, and he began his experiments by pounding all the substances that he "supposed likely to make anything;" then, purchasing a number of earthen pots, he broke them into fragments, and spread on each some one of his different compounds. Constructing a furnace "according to his fancy," as he naively remarks, "for he had never seen earth baked," he heated it to a promising temperature, and put his trial pieces in to bake. The chemicals had not been chosen quite by chance, for many metallic colours were used in glass-painting, and these, with the action of fire upon them, were known to Palissy. Allowing such time as he supposed requisite, he drew out his potsherds, eagerly looking for any on which the compounds should have melted. But there were none such. The labour had been all in vain, and he was none the nearer to the accomplishment of his object. He did not even know that these mixtures were *not* the right ones; for he was as much an experimentalist in the construction of furnaces and the baking of earth as in the art of enamelling, and it was impossible to tell where his errors lay. To produce a successful result, all the antecedents must be according to rule. Nothing daunted, however, Palissy set to work afresh; and every day found him, at all spare hours, pounding new materials, or constructing new furnaces. For all this time he worked at his old trade to maintain his household, and to supply the materials of his costly experiments. In this manner, to use his own words, "he fooled away several years." Domestic cares increased upon him, and instead of being able to improve the circumstances of his family by a new and more lucrative occupation, he was, to outward seeming, and doubtless in the judgment of his neighbours, fruitlessly expending what was their just inheritance. But such men as Palissy can work against discouragements of all kinds.

After the years thus lost, Palissy began a new series of experiments, at a pottery some miles distant. He hoped, by this plan, to avoid the large outlay on fuel and furnaces which had hitherto drained his slender resources. But, alas! disappointment met him here as before; and, after several failures, he determined to "take relaxation" for a time, and "comported himself as if he were not zealous to dive any more into the secret of enamels."

Just at this time a profitable engagement fell in his way. The gabelle or salt-tax was about to be levied in Saintonge, which contained extensive salt marshes, and Palissy was employed by the government to survey and map the district. This occupied him nearly a year, and, being a much more profitable employment than glass-painting, he found himself at its close in possession of "a little money." So, with his mind at rest for a time on the subject of daily bread, he "resumed his affection for pursuing in the track of the enamels." This time he had recourse to a glass-house, the

* With respect to this subject, the learned little work entitled, *Essai sur la Théogonèe Mexicaine*, par M. Ternaux-Compans, Paris, 1840, in 8vo, may be consulted.

furnaces in use there being much hotter than those employed in the potteries. Nearly a hundred different compounds were duly prepared, three dozen earthen pots were bought and broken; and at the appointed time, Bernard, his heart once more beating high with hope, repaired to the glass-house. Courage, brave one, the clouds are breaking, and there is promise of the dawn. This time, *some of the compounds had began to melt.*

Starting with fresh vigour from this new point, the unwearied worker pursued his researches for two years longer, without gaining another step in advance; at last he began to lose courage. Not that he despaired of ultimate success, or was weary of the struggle which he had so gallantly carried on. But he did not stand alone in the world. There were those who had shared with him the discouragements and privations of these long years. Doubtless his wife had listened with fond and willing faith when first he told her what he hoped to accomplish, how her husband would be sought after by all the nobles of France, and have riches and honour for his reward. But when year after year passed away, and no result appeared; when she saw him neglecting his trade, and expending a large portion of his scanty earnings in drugs, and furnaces, and fuel; when it was no uncommon entry in his journal, "I broke three dozen earthen pots, all of them new:" we cannot wonder if with such things as these came the sickness of hope deferred, or if in losing heart, the wife lost temper too. More than once the earth had closed upon a little grave, and a seat was left vacant at Palissy's meagre board, but still many little faces clustered there, and their wants were not diminishing with years. It was at least a natural thought to the wife and mother, "Why not abandon these costly experiments which have wasted so many years, when you can maintain your household by diligence in an honest calling?" Palissy began to think he must give up; —"One trial more," he said to himself, "and if I fail, I have done with it for ever."

The last effort was to be a great one. Upwards of three hundred trial pieces were prepared, and poor Bernard went himself with the man who carried them to the glass-house. The time for drawing out the batch comes, and one piece appears on which the mixture is completely melted. It is set aside to cool, and Bernard watches anxiously. As it hardens, it grows white. At length it is cold; it is the long-sought enamel: "singularly beautiful" to the longing eyes of Palissy. With what joy he turned his steps homeward that day one can easily imagine.

In possession of the secret, the next question was, how to make use of it. Palissy did not deem the housewives of that day worthy of enamelled cooking utensils, and he therefore disdained to expend his skill on the jars and pipkins which the neighbouring potteries could furnish. Without ornamental pottery his enamel was useless, so he set himself to make vessels suitable for his purpose, and this labour cost him seven or eight months. These vessels must next be baked, and straightway we find Palissy toiling at the construction of a furnace, such as he had seen at the glass-house. His finances were now so low that he could not procure himself the help even of one man; he had to carry the bricks on his back, to temper the mortar, and to erect the works with his own hands. The first baking of his cups was successful, but the more difficult task was yet to come. For more than a month he worked night and day in preparing the materials of "that beautiful enamel," and, carefully applying it on his vessels, he put them in to bake. Six days and nights he watched and fed the fires, but the enamel did not melt. Suspecting an error in the proportions of his compound, he began to grind and pound afresh, and all the while fed the insatiable double-mouthed furnace, that it might not cool.

The fresh compound being ready, he was forced to purchase pots on which to try it, for his own were all lost by the last failure. These being prepared were put in, and the whole of his remaining stock of wood was thrust into the furnace. Anxiously he watches, but no sign of melting appears. The fire is burning low; what is to be done? He has neither fuel, nor money to purchase it. There was no time to be lost; now or never, thought Palissy; so he tore up the palings of his garden, and they were soon consumed by the devouring element: but all in vain. Half frantic, he rushed into his house, and, bringing forth the tables, broke them in pieces and cast them into the furnace. Still no change in the inexorable chemicals. Once more he appears before his astonished household, and, tearing up the flooring of the little dwelling, consigns it likewise to the flames. His resources, and the demand upon them, are at an end together—*the enamel is melted.*

"Another such victory and I am undone!" was the exclamation of Pyrrhus after a battle with the Romans; and in such a spirit might poor Palissy have spoken of his hardly-earned triumph. He had succeeded in producing a beautiful white enamel, but it glistened only on fragments of broken pottery, which were of little account in the eyes of his practical wife. Exhausted by the heat of the furnace, and the excessive labour he had undergone, Palissy turned to enter his dwelling. Alas! it had been dismantled by his own hands; while his wife, she "from whom solace was due," as he touchingly expresses it, had run to proclaim publicly the insane conduct of her husband, and to incite vulgar mockery against him whose sins she should have tenderly covered. Poverty and reproaches saddened him at home, while the finger of ridicule everywhere met him abroad, and for a time his soul fed upon its griefs; but soon again he was up and at work. Having made drawings of such vessels as suited his purpose, he hired a potter to execute his designs, and once more set about the erection of a furnace. His means being quite exhausted, and the potter discharged, he was forced to build it himself, with incredible labour, out of the materials of the former furnace. Borrowing money for the purchase of wood and chemicals, he had now, at length, a fair prospect of success, and confidently reckoned on the proceeds of the batch to clear his debts and give bread to his household. His creditors hastened to the furnace in the morning when the time for drawing out arrived. But alas! alas! an unforeseen misfortune had destroyed all his hopes. The mortar employed in the brickwork had been full of flints, and the intense heat had caused them to explode, while at the same time it had liquified the enamel. The cups and medallions were, in consequence, stuck all over with sharp fragments of flint, and thus, though otherwise very beautiful, were entirely spoiled. Some there were who offered to buy them at a mean price, but Palissy preferred to break them in pieces with his own hands; and then he lay down on his bed in melancholy—not in peace however, for we hear some hints of maledictions added this time to the reproaches.

But, reflecting that "if a man had fallen into a pit, it would be his duty to endeavour to get out again," Palissy arose at once, and "gaining a little money by painting and in other ways," expelled want for a season from his hearth. Many times more he laboured, and saw his work destroyed by some unforeseen mischance. But he was gaining knowledge by these bitter experiences, and gradually approaching the mastery of his art. During fifteen or sixteen years he "blundered" on, as he himself tells us, but for the last six or eight of these he accomplished works which had a ready sale, and supplied him with means not only to maintain his household, but to carry on his experiments. Vigorous, indeed, must have been the frame that could endure such labour, and execute the behests of that dauntless spirit. But "sweat of the brain" and "sweat of the arm" had sapped the strong man in those days of sorrow. He tells us that for ten years together he was wasted and worn to a shadow; but most keenly of all he felt the isolation of soul in which he lived. "I often walked about the fields of Saintes," he says, "considering my miseries and weariness, and wondering, above all things, that in my own house I could have no peace, nor do anything that was considered good." True misalliance this—where a noble soul of either sex is mated with one that has sympathy neither for its sorrows nor its aspirations. True solitude—where there is association without companionship, and personal intercourse without communion of spirit.

It is curious to find, in looking at the history of one who lived three centuries ago, that with all the difference produced by the manners of a time so far distant, men and women were then very much what they are now. A curtain lecture seems a modern thing, and brings up before us the image of Mrs. Caudle; but if the dead could speak, poor Palissy might tell us "there is nothing new under the sun." After recounting the hardships which attended his labours, chiefly because he had not means to protect his furnaces from the inclemency of the weather; and how, many times, at midnight or near dawn, he went to bed cold and weary, "filled with great sorrows," inasmuch as, having laboured long, he saw his labour wasted—he adds, "then I have found in my chamber a second persecution worse than the first, which makes me to marvel now that I was not consumed with suffering." But we would not deal too hardly with the failings of Palissy's wife; it would have required the devotion of a true-hearted woman to last through nearly ten years of failure and defeat. We will add but one word more, and rest content to leave to our fair readers the judgment of her sins. One night, the wind being high, and the rain falling in torrents, Palissy found that the poor hut which sheltered his furnace would no longer resist the inclemency of the weather. His precious cups and vases would be destroyed by either cold or wet, and something must be done. Entering the house he sought about for what might suit his purpose, and failing to meet with anything more portable, he carried off his wife's chamber door! We should be glad to know where is the British matron that would not be indignant at such usage!

Palissy now began to take heart to call himself a potter. No longer weighed down by poverty, he was able to procure assistance in his work, and the nobility of the province were eager to purchase the beautiful productions of his skill. The name which he assumed for himself was that of "Worker in Earth and Inventor of Rustic Figulines." These figulines were models from nature, of animals, reptiles, and plants, with which he adorned cups or vases. Palissy was an ardent lover of nature; from his youth he had delighted to wander in the forest, through the meadow, or by the sea-shore; nor was it with an uninquiring eye that he gazed upon the wonders they present. He was a close observer and a careful analyser; and in the beautiful adaptations and contrivances which he everywhere discovered in creation, he devoutly recognised the care which the Maker has exercised for all his creatures, and the wisdom which presides in every department of the universe. So fully did the artist prove himself the naturalist, that, as his biographer remarks, "his leaves and reptiles, and other rustic designs, are so copied, in form and colour, with minute accuracy, that the species of each can be determined accurately. There has been found scarcely a fancy leaf, and not one lizard, butterfly, or beetle, not one bit of nature transferred to the works of Palissy, which does not belong to the rocks, woods, rivers, and seas of France."

We have been so intent on watching the experiments which were carried on by Palissy, that we have not even cast a glance at the affairs of the outer world. Thus it was that Palissy himself would fain have lived; forgetting in his study of nature and his researches in art the sorrows and distractions of his native land. All minor factions were then being merged in the two great parties of Catholic and Huguenot. And as Palissy stood in the light of his glowing furnace, his soul had burned within him at the thought, that other fires were being kindled in France, not for purposes of science or of art, but in the vain attempt to purge the land from "heresy." But while he sought to keep aloof from scenes of suffering in which he could neither restrain wrong-doers, nor protect the weak, he yet fearlessly asserted in his own person the right of free speech and free action. We have a touching chronicle from his own modest pen of the first Reformed Church of Saintes: "A certain artisan, marvellously poor and indigent," already known to us as a diligent and reverent student of the Book of Nature, met daily with "another as poor as himself," to search the pages of that other divine volume, the Book of Life. The small beginning grew; the "little one" became a "thousand," and after a time Saintes was largely leavened with the purifying doctrines of the Gospel. Sometimes the members of the little church stole at dead of night to the secret rendezvous; but the days grew brighter, and, as Palissy tells us, the fields and groves of Saintes echoed with the sweet voices of virgins "who delighted to sing of all holy things."

The storm came at last, however. It swept over Saintes, and Palissy's home did not escape. He was seized at night, and hurried to a dungeon.

If this had happened in the days of unsuccessful toil, Palissy's name would have been quickly entered in God's Book of Martyrs; but his noble patrons could not afford to let his beautiful art perish. The works which he had in progress for the Constable Montmorenci and the Duc de Montpensier would have come to an abrupt termination if the hand of the cunning workman had been suffered to grow cold in death. Palissy was appointed "Inventor of Rustic Figulines to the King and the Constable," and was, of course, immediately set at liberty. This was in the year 1562, the date of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Another year or two the potter carried on the practice of his art at Saintes, and then removed to Paris. The Palace of the Tuileries was then in course of erection for Catherine de Medecis, and he was employed in its decoration. All that we know of the remaining years of his life in the licentious capital is highly interesting. Collecting around him such lovers of science and literature as could be found in the precincts of Henry the Third's riotous court, he delivered a course of lectures, in which he propounded his discoveries in science, his own rich collection of specimens serving him for illustration. He continued this practice for many years, and in 1580 published some of these lectures, together with a treatise on agriculture. Two other volumes from his pen had before, at intervals of some years, issued from the press. The first, a medical treatise, is lost; the others which remain prove Palissy to have been far in advance of his age, and establish his claim to many discoveries in chemistry, geology, and natural history.

During his years of court favour, as in his rustic retirement, the Huguenot potter fearlessly avowed his religious opinions. It was the fashion to patronise "poor Master Bernard, of the Tuileries," and for a long while he stood unharmed. But in the year 1585, a royal edict was issued which made death the penalty of exercising the Reformed faith. The noble old man, then seventy-six years of age, had served the crown for forty years, but was forced to abandon for the Bastile the laboratory which his genius had enriched with gems of art. Yet, even the rude hands which spared not tender virgins, hesitated to strike Palissy. He had passed three years within those gloomy walls when he received, one day, a visit from the king.

"My good man," said Henry, "you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and the massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women [fair girls—guilty of heresy] and you; they are to be burnt to-morrow, and you also if you will not be converted."

"Sire," answered the old man, "the Count de Maulverier came yesterday, on your part, promising life to the two sisters . . . . They replied, that they would now be martyrs or their own honour, as well as for the honour of God. You have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay."

The sisters were burned as the king had said, but Palissy was spared the fiery trial. After four years of captivity he died in the Bastile.

With the potter perished his beautiful art. Two sons survived him; but the genius which presided in the laboratory had departed with Bernard Palissy.

DEAD BRIDAL.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER I.

"There is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible. And from the land we went
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly—silently." *Rogers.*

It was midnight—deep, dark, and moonless. Not a star shone out upon the still lagunes—not a ripple swelled upon the Adriatic. Solitary and silent the minarets and dome of St. Mark's rose, a dusky mass, into the night. All the tumult and sound of busy day and of pleasant eventide had long ceased to be heard in the city of Venice. No lights were now to be seen in casement or verandah. No step to be heard in the courts and piazzas that, a few hours since, were thronged with life and motion,—all was darkness and repose, save that, in the distant chamber of the Palace of the Doge, the lamp of some sleepless senator or councillor of state, casting a pallid ray out upon the gloom, proclaimed that there be watchers over the safety of the republic, by night as well as by day,—that when the song and the lute of the lover are hushed, and the beacon-light of beauty is extinguished, the precious dew of sleep falls not on him to whom the care of a state is committed.

VIEW OF VENICE.

A sleeping city!—how solemn and sublime a spectacle at all times, but especially solemn when it sleeps in the stillness of a dark night! What a subject for contemplation to the least imaginative mind! how suggestive of thought to the philosopher, the moralist, the romancer, and the poet! Ranges of tall edifices, clustering together—solitary and detached buildings, columns, and spires, and cupolas, towering up into the sky till the eye loses them, all standing like ghosts in the dark, voiceless air—lifeless all, but showing that life has but recently fled. No rush or struggle through the thoroughfares; no thronging in squares or courts; no tumult of contention; no wrangling of barter in the market-place or the merchant's booth; no laughter in the public walks; no light in the closed windows! Deathlike—though it be but the death of a few hours—a sleeping city preaches sternly and importunately to man how death is the fate of all things—how death is the renewal of all things—the sleep of time for the life of eterniy. It preaches to him how the day shall come when the builder shall leave all that he has built, lonely and deserted as now they even appear to be—his works unfinished, his speculations uncompleted, his hopes unrealised—when the familiar haunts of his busy life-day shall know him no more—never more echo to the tread of his foot or the sound of his voice. It preaches to him of a day when the cities of all the earth shall be tenantless—of a day when even these mighty and time-enduring fabrics shall themselves wax old, as doth a garment, and be changed as a vesture at the word of Him who is ever "the same, and whose years shall know no end."

And so now slept fair Venice, darkness brooding over her with outstretched wings. Every loiterer had left *calle* and piazza; the last plash of the oar-blade had been heard long

since on the sluggish waters. And now the iron tongue of the great clock in the Piazza di San Marco (not that wondrous monument of art which Pietro Lombardo erected in the following century, the "Torre dell' Ore," and which, gentle reader, and classic traveller, you may now see any day of the year, surmounted with its mighty bell, guarded on either side by a bronze giant, who registers with sledge-hammer peals the progress of old Time's march—smiting on the heart with an appaling sense of life's checkless flitting;) and now, I repeat, the iron tongue of the great clock startled the silence with one hoarse note, and then another, and so on, till twelve clangs had announced the hour of midnight to any one who was wakeful enough to listen to it, or whose sleep was too light to be proof against its thunder. Scarcely had the last toll ceased to vibrate, when, from beneath the arabesque colonnade which sustains the basement story of the Ducal Palace, a figure emerged, wrapped closely in a cloak of black cloth of Padua, having on his head a bonnet of the same colour and material. Pausing a moment, to listen if any sound indicated that a watcher was near him, the person passed quickly along the Piazzetta di San Marco till he reached the smaller of the two columns of red granite—that one which is surmounted by the winged lion of the republic. Sitting down upon the steps at its base, he gazed towards the water's edge, endeavouring to discover the objects in the water beyond him. His scrutiny was vain, for the darkness rendered objects invisible even at that short distance. At length he smote gently with the handle of his poignard upon the granite, and at short intervals twice repeated the action. Then a plash as of a pebble was heard in the water. The man arose, and advancing to the head of a flight of steps that led down to the edge of the Canale Spinalonga (as it was then called, but now known as the Canale della Guidecca), perceived a head slowly raised as from the water.

"Beppo!" said the cloaked figure, in a whisper.

"Eccomi Eccellenza," was the reply.

The first speaker descended the steps and entered the black gondola that lay concealed beside them. Then the muffled oar sent the sharp steel prow so noiselessly through the water that one on the marble steps of the palazzi would scarce have discovered that there was a wanderer on its surface.

Onward the boat sped along the tortuous course of the Canaletto, or grand canal, which then separated the eastern from the western portions of the city, the great bridge which now spans the water; the Ponte di Rialto, not having yet been erected, a bridge of boats serving the purpose of transit. When the gondola had nearly reached this spot, the dexterous gondolier, with an almost imperceptible motion of his single oar, changed his course, shooting the boat under one of the low, narrow bridges that are thrown across the smaller canals. In a few moments, the close, heavy odour of the night air, and the almost impenetrable gloom, indicated that they were now entering the quarters of the city where the great mass of the population, the merchants and the mechanics, principally resided. As the gondolier faced the prow shoreward, his eye caught a faint ray of light in the uppermost story of one of the houses;—silently he pointed towards it.

"Appunto," said his master.

In another moment the side of the gondola was close to the steps which led from the water's edge to the entrance, the principal approach to most of the houses in Venice being from the canals. Placing his hand on Beppo's shoulder, his master mounted the steps, and disappeared beneath the portal of the house. The gondolier laid his oar noiselessly along the boat, and, stretching himself at full length, prepared to obey the brief, yet emphatic, injunction conveyed by his master at parting in the whispered words, "Aspetta e veglia!"

Groping his way cautiously up the wide staircase, common to all the *piani*, or flats, into which the houses in Venice were then, as now, divided, the personage, whose movements we have been following, reached at length the upper story. His further progress was arrested by a door of great strength, and strongly secured. Failing to open it by the usual means, he knocked stoutly upon the oak panel, and was, after what seemed to him an unreasonably long delay, admitted by a young girl into an ante-room, and thence, upon a summons from within, into an interior apartment.

As the visitant entered this latter chamber, and raised the mask of black silk from his face, the light from within fell strongly upon him. He was tall, muscular, and compact, with a proud and lofty port, a dark, restless, and somewhat haughty eye, and a brow at once bold, ingenuous, and manly. Apparently he was yet in the prime of life;—it might be about forty, or a few years more,—and he was altogether a fine specimen of the Venetian noble of the age, such as the pencil of the immortal Titian has handed down to us in his numerous portraits of their doges and senators. As he flung open his cloak, he disclosed a doublet and hose of velvet, slashed with silk, and made after the French fashion, which even then was much affected in Italy, and which the Venetian nobility, notwithstanding the sumptuary laws of the state, were wont to wear beneath the cloak of black cloth prescribed alike to all citizens.

A poignard, or stiletto, was stuck in his girdle, and a rapier hung by his thigh. As he entered, an old man rose from a chair in the further end of the room, and advanced to meet his visitor.

"You received my message, doubtless, Messer Pietro Molo?"

"Yes, did I, truly, my good Lord Polani, and much I marvelled to learn that you were in Venice. May I entreat your excellency to be seated."

The noble flung himself into the richly-carved and high-backed chair, to which his host respectfully pointed, and then, opening a pouch beneath his girdle, he drew forth a letter, tied with a silken string, and reaching it to the banker, he replied,

"By Saint Teodoro, no light matter would have brought me just now from the fort at Pelestrina, you may well believe, and still less up to your eyrie here in the clouds."

The banker acknowledged his sense of the depreciating speech with an inclination of the head in which ostentatious respect was mingled with ill-concealed pride,—the pride that one of the lordliest nobles of Venice, a count of the *terra firma*, sought the goldsmith in his own house. "Here is something for thee, from him of whom I advertised thee; it might not be delivered by other hands than mine own. Read, I beseech thee, for time presses." The goldsmith took the packet, however, in silence, and proceeded to read its contents, meantime his visitor occupied himself in a survey of the apartment.

Pietro Molo was the wealthiest goldsmith and most extensive banker that was to be seen in the "Corso degli Orifici," the great location and resort of the jewellers and bankers of Venice, and a distinguished portion of that quarter of the city known as the "Riva Alta, or Rialto." He was, at the time in which we are introduced to him, well stricken in years, and somewhat approaching to corpulence; his eye was gray and small, but remarkably bright and keen, giving to features, otherwise placid and rather commonplace, an expression of singular shrewdness, which, however, was only observable when that organ was in motion. Ordinarily he wore the appearance of bland, and even over-courteous, deference to his superiors, though, at times, the pride of wealth, and of the power that wealth confers, would betray itself unmistakably. That pride of riches was deeply seated in the old man's heart, might be seen as well in his personal attire as in the furniture of the apartment. Though the character of both were, on the whole, rather plain than showy, yet something in each told of the banker's treasures. The chair from which he had risen on the entrance of the count was massive and finely carved, with the seat and back covered with rich dark velvet. In front was an escritoire of highly-polished walnut, inlaid with brass, and elaborately fashioned, having many drawers of curious workmanship. Upon it, at one side, stood an inkstand of Venetian glass, then highly prized, opposite to which lay several large leathern money-bags, drawn together by rich cords of silk, to which were attached two pearls of great value. His head, too, was covered with a cap of crimson velvet, trimmed with fur, and looped up with a silken cord, to which was attached a

jewel of price, while on the first finger of his left hand a diamond of the richest lustre sparkled in a silver ring of antique fashion.

While the Count Polani was engaged in noting these details, the banker perused the packet; when he had finished, he put it carefully aside in a drawer of the escritoire, and then addressed his visitor.

"I find, my good lord, that you are acquainted with the purport of the despatch from his excellency the general, and therefore deem it best to commit my answer to your ear, rather than to the chances of writing. Be pleased to assure the noble Zeno, that I shall seek to do his pleasure in this matter as I have before done, both for his sake and for that of the state, though, indeed, it may bring me into no small strait and trouble."

"I shall deliver your words to his excellency, Messer Niolo," said Polani.

The banker bowed, but made no further observation; and the noble, after waiting in vain for him to do so, at length resumed.

"Thou knowest, Signor Banker, how this war with the Genoese and Paduans hath been a costly affair, not only to our republic itself, but has well nigh drained us Venetian nobles of what wealth we had in land or money."

"Your excellency speaks but too truly," replied the banker, with a sigh; "there are not many of our Venetian nobility by whom we poor merchants shall not suffer more or less."

"And if the merchants do suffer in some sort," retorted the count, "is it not just that they should bear their share of the public burthen? When the Contarini mortgaged his fair estate on the *Terra firma*, and Orso furnished a galley and equipped it with fighting men and rowers, would you merchants be as careful of your purse-strings as the lazy Minorites were of their over-fed bodies and strong coffers? By my faith as a Christian, I think the state did well to drive these cowardly and selfish monks from her bosom."

"Assuredly we do not seek exemption from our share of the general charge," replied the banker, with an expression at once of pride and pain. "It is well known, Signor Count, and by none better than you nobles, that I and those of my class in the Corso degli Orifici have remitted large sums to our debtors that we might have them free to aid in the struggles for the state."

"Well, be it so," said the count; "I shall not dispute the point with thee. But as I said, thou knowest well, Ser Molo, how largely I have dispensed of mine own for this war. Thou didst thyself help me to turn my revenues into gold. After all, there is no philosopher's stone like that which you bankers are possessed of."

The noble smiled somewhat ruefully at his own conceit, and one might see a faint reflection of the pleasantry on the face of Molo. He said nothing, however, in reply, and waited patiently till the count should proceed with the subject, whatever it was, that he was evidently at the same time anxious, yet unwilling, to introduce.

"I would, my good friend Molo," he at length resumed, "that thou couldst see how gallantly our foreign mercenaries are equipped. There is Roberto Recanti, and the brave English knight, Gulielmo Checo, or Cheke, or whatever be his name—"

"Ah!" said the banker, "these Englishers ever ruffle it with the best, and care not what cost they go to for their bravery. My brother at Milan sold a hauberk of steel, inlaid with gold, to the gallant cavalier, Sir John Hawkwood, and I do assure you, it cost——"

"Maladetto," interrupted the count, angrily, "curse the base Condottiere! He and his *alba comitia* played us false, and he is, they say, treating with the Prince of Padua or the King of Hungary. But I was going to tell thee, that it is not for the honour of Venice that our nobles should not ruffle it with the best, as you truly say those Englishers do. You cannot understand these things as we do, good Messer Pietro, but, trust me, that a noble's retinue, such as I retain, is heavily chargeable upon me."

"Doubtless it must be, as you say; but your excellency has wisely made provision before-hand for these extraordinary requirements. The letters of exchange on my brother at Milan were, I am advised, honoured in due course."

"Content thyself on that score. The money duly came to my hands, and as duly left them. But what are a thousand golden zecchins? Our esquires and men at-arms must be maintained. I promise you they would soon dissolve thy money in the wine flagons, or disperse them with the dice box."

"And none the slower, I trow, if their master should now and then set them the example," said Molo.

"Even so. But now to the point. I want money."

"How much?"

"Five thousand ducats of gold."

"Five thousand ducats! 'Tis a large sum, Sir Count. How shall I——"

"Nay, nay," said Polani, hastily interrupting the merchant, "I know all that you would say. How should you contrive to find so much money? A truce, Messer Pietro, with all those common-places and coquetries of the counting-house. You have the money. Will you lend it?"

"My lord Polani," said the banker, proudly, "I said not, and I thought not of saying, that I had not the money. The Moli are too fair in their credit and to honest in their dealings to stoop to the paltry pretexts of the Israelitish money lenders. Your lordship is in the quarter of the Rialto now, and not in that of the Giudecca. I have the sum you name, ten times told; but I was about asking you, signor, how shall I be secured in the payment of the loan, if I should advance you the moneys?"

"My villa and estate at Fusine—"

"I have already advanced the full value upon them."

"My palazzo here in Venice——"

"It is pledged to Ben Aaroni; and I like not to glean where he has been reaping."

"My prospects in the issue of this war are, thou must perceive, worth much. Everything is prospering with the republic. We hold the enemy even now in blockade within the walls of Chioggia, and when we become masters of the town again, as assuredly we shall ere long, I warrant thee that the booty which shall fall to the share of the soldiers and chiefs of the republic will be considerable. Thou dost not forget the heaps of wealth which were got when our enemies fled from Brondolo. One might have a suit of armour for the trouble of taking it, or buy as many as he pleased for a ducat."

"I remember it well, signore, and I know that the money and the goods passed away from the victors as speedily as it reached them; but little of either found its way to the coffers or the booths of their creditors in Venice. I doubt not that the booty will be great when, as your lordship says, and may Heaven grant, the republic shall again regain her territory—but I fear it would be a security but little negociable amongst my brethren of the Corso."

"Besides," continued Polani, carried away with his own visions of aggrandisement, and not altogether estimating how much his ideal wealth was at a discount with the sober-minded merchant;—"besides, the republic is my debtor, and I stand high in her favour. I am, as you know, a member of the Pregadi, and count soon on being elected one of the Seignory."

A shade, for a moment, fell upon the quiet features of the goldsmith, as he thought of the terrible power of that council, whose acts were as sudden, as irresponsible, and as inscrutible as those of the inquisition itself, and he remembered how often men like himself fell victims, either to the cupidity or the vengeance of some of its members.

"It will be a high honour, my lord," he said, "and one which your work and services to the state shall well merit. The Council is, as God's providence, ever watchful over the republic; and your excellency's expectations are, I question not, as well founded as they are brilliant. But as I am a fair dealer in gold, who take but mine own back again with just

usance, and not a Jewish speculator upon chances and inheritances, I cannot afford to hazard my money upon such expectancies as your lordship mentions."

"It is well," replied the count, in a tone in which pride, anger, and disappointment were evident,—"it is well, Sir Banker. I did but give you a pre-option which you are free to decline. The Jew, of whom you spoke so slightingly just now, will be as ready to strike a good bargain as he will be proud to serve a senator and a Polani."

"Your lordship's haste does me wrong," said the banker. "Pray do me the favour to be seated again;" for Polani had risen to depart. "Indeed, I would gladly serve, if I could only see how it is to be done. Permit me just to reflect for a moment."

The count resumed his seat, and after a short pause the banker continued—

"Ah, yes! There is the summer residence on the Adriatic——"

"It is not mine," replied the count "Do you not know it is the sole inheritance of my ward?"

"True, true; I crave your excellency's pardon, I had forgotten it indeed. Now I recollect, it does belong to the Signora Bianca. Ah, what a lovely young lady! What eyes! What teeth! What ——."

"Give me leave to ask what concern Messer Pietro Molo can have with the Lady Bianca's beauty?" said the count with some disdain. "Her eyes are not diamonds, nor her teeth pearls, on which he will advance gold!"

"Ah! a very pleasant thought, truly. And yet I know not that your lordship is altogether so far astray. I have seen pearls and diamonds, without the fairness of the one or the brightness of the other, fetch twice as much as you ask me to lend you."

The keen gray eye of the old man sparkled with some hidden meaning, and a thoughtful smile stole along his features, till his face wore an expression of unwonted archness. The count gazed on him with amazement.

"In the devil's name," said he at length, "what are you driving at, Messer Molo? Do you dare to make a mock of me or mine?"

"Your pardon, my good lord, I meant indeed no such impertinence. But your remark suggested an idea so strange, and yet so pleasant withal, that I could not but smile,—and then it comes so opportunely for the loan of the ducats."

"Out with it then, for Heaven's sake," said the count, impatiently, unconscious that he was at the time betraying his hopelessness of aid in any other quarter.

"Your excellency must first promise to hear me to an end, and to remember that the idea is of your own creation."

"I promise."

"Well, then, your lordship is in present need of some five thousant golden ducats, and I am very willing to supply your want, but merchants must have some security. Now my brother Jacopo has just sent me from Milan, that sum, and more, with orders to invest it in some safe venture for his only son Girolamo. I was minded to barter it with the Turk for spices and gums, as I am advised by my correspondent in Aleppo, Mohamed Ishmael, by letter under date the 15th ultimo," (here Molo methodically took the letter from a file and ascertained that he was correct as to the date), "that such merchandise will double their cost in our market. But your lordship's pleasant remark, as I said, has suggested quite a different venture. I shall be content to pay you down to-night the sum you want out of my nephew's money, and ask but your own obligation with twelve months for the repayment. On that day he and I shall wait on your excellency at the Palazzo Polani, where, if you repay him with just usance, as no doubt you will if your expectations bear but half the fruit they promise, why well. But if it should not please you so to discharge the debt, you shall then and there give the fair Bianca in marriage to the youth, who is by birth a citizen of our republic, and I shall thereupon write you an acquittance. Said I not truly, my lord Polani, that your fair ward's eyes were jewels for which even an old goldsmith would count down ducats?"

The Count Polani had long since started from his chair, and during the entire of the old man's proposition he continued striding up and down before him, eyeing him alternately with rage, scorn, and wonder; yet still his curiosity controlled him in some sort till the goldsmith had concluded. Then the storm burst with a vengeance.

"Now, by the blessed St. Marco and the Holy Virgin, and all the Apostles on the altar-screen, you are a bold man, sirrah! What! Bianca Morosini, the descendant of a doge, mate with the spawn of the counting-house? Madre di Dio, shall the blood of princes mingle with the puddle of money-lenders? Corpo di Bacco, dost think that the nobles of Venice are going to worship every golden calf which they themselves have bloated and fattened up? It is too much. Santo Diavolo! it is too much for human endurance!"

The count flung himself down in his chair again, fairly wearied with his fury. He had expended all his breath and all his vocabulary, and had not the power of saying anything more, even if he had anything left to say. And yet, it was surprising how much that select anthology of maledictions, sacred and profane, had conduced to cool his temperature and reduce his system. Molo seemed to expect some such result, and to know the choleric temper he had to deal with. Calmly, and yet with much of real dignity the old man replied:—

"Count Andrea Polani, the princes of Venice are sprung from merchants. It is their boast to be so, though recent laws of our republic have forbidden even the poor noble to pollute his hand with the honourable soil of trade. But the time may come again in Venice, as it has come elsewhere throughout the world, when the merchant of to-day shall be the sire of the prince of to-morrow. You have heard, doubtless, of Giovanni di Medici, the banker of Florence, who is even now, though sprung from a base physician, as your order would say, the chiefest in that city. Who shall say what places his children, and his children's children, shall fill in the annals of Tuscany, or even Italy? Know, too, that the house of Molo has as fair and as wide repute, from the Gulf of Genoa to the Adriatic, as has any noble of you all; and that a scroll from their pen can open gates at which the mace of the warrior would batter in vain; aye, and I say it without offence, that their simple word is as trusted as the knightly pledge of the proudest name in chivalry. Girolamo, too, is a goodly youth, pleasant to look upon and well nurtured, and, as I hear, learned withal; and I trow, that with a prince's wealth, he will not fail to find a noble dame to mate with, if such be his humour. Therefore, my lord, I did but mean you kindly in what I offered; and suffer me to say, that you have but unworthily repaid that kindness by harsh and insulting words. I shall keep the money for the Turk."

We will not venture to assert that the Polani heard every word of this lengthy oration of the good banker. Certes he sat plunged in a reverie as the words fell on his ear. With all his hot temper and hereditary pride, he was not wanting either in generosity of spirit or in good sense. And so while he was regaining his breath, he was also taking counsel of his own thoughts, which shaped themselves somewhat in this fashion, as the old banker was proceeding:—

"The churl presumes on my empty coffers—empty indeed! aye, there's the pinch. A plague upon poverty! A noble without a zecchino, will cut as sorry a figure in the camp as at the court; therefore I must have my purse replenished—that point is plain at all events—but how, I know not, per Dio, if this goldsmith fail me. A Morisini marry a banker—pshaw! the notion is intolerable, or rather it is ridiculous—the man is doting, surely. Princes have been merchants—so they have, in faith, and, as he says, merchants may become princes—well, not in our days, please Heaven. The ducats now down in hand and twelve months to repay them. Twelve months! great changes take place in half the time, and I shall not want the means to pay him back his gold and laugh at him for his folly. So I think I may as well do what he proposes, especially as I have nothing else to do. After all, it will be but humouring honest old Molo with a condition which I shall never be called upon to fulfil. No doubt, as he says, he meant to do

kindly by me, and I may as well speak him fair; so then let's make a beginning."

These cogitations led the count insensibly to a state in which he could discuss the worthy goldsmith's proposition with something like temper—a process which, to speak the truth, was much accelerated by the click of bolts and the closing of drawers, as the banker stowed away his papers and moneys into various places of security.

"By mine honour, Messer Molo," the count began, "thou fliest at high quarry. 'Tis bold falconry and perilous, I warn thee. Dost thou forget that a patrician may not marry one who is a mere citizen, unless the grand council shall give their sanction—a thing not easily obtained, even should I be disposed to take you at your word."

"Content you, my lord, on that head; I should not require the hand of the fair lady for my nephew other than with the permission of the republic. If I fail in obtaining that, the forfeiture shall be mine. You shall be absolved from the condition, and yet keep the money."

"In that thou speakest fairly, and I care not if for the nonce I indulge thee in thy humour. But I advertise thee thou shalt shoot short of the mark—the bolt wilt not mount the higher for being tipped with gold."

"So be it, my lord, I shall be content with either issue; and now I shall make a fair engrossment of the obligation and condition, which your excellency will please to sign."

In a few minutes the writing of the instrument was completed, and Molo, touching a silver bell, summoned his grandson, a sober-looking, clerkly youth, to witness its execution. Writing was not a very knightly accomplishment in those days, nevertheless, the Count Polani contrived to append his signature to the document in bold straggling characters. This formality having been duly witnessed by the youth, who flourished his name in a corner of the bond, the banker deposited it carefully in the escritoire; then he opened a strong oak chest, bound with iron straps, and secured by three locks, and as he drew forth several large canvass bags, said with a quiet smile,—

"Does your lordship desire the whole amount in specie?"

"Diavolo, no!" said the count, "wealth would be too burthensome on such conditions. I will have a hundred ducats, or so, in gold, for present use, the rest will I take in bills, which thou wilt honour as occasion may require."

The matter was speedily arranged to the satisfaction of the count, and as he stowed away the gold loosely in his pouch, and the bills somewhat more carefully in the breast of his doublet, the banker opened a buffet which stood in a corner of the apartment, and took from it a silver salver, on which stood a bottle of vermilion-coloured glass, encased in filagree-work of silver, and on each side of which was a small golden goblet, chased with the most exquisite and elaborate workmanship. Into each of these Pietro Molo poured a little of the contents of the bottle, and courteously extending the salver to his guest, he said,—

"Will it please your excellency to taste, ere you depart, such Maraschino as you will not meet at the works of Pelestrina. I brought it myself from Zara, and know the Marasca cherry from which it was made."

The count took the cup, and emptied the contents with a gusto that showed the commendation was not unmerited.

"In faith, it hath the true flavour of the nut, good friend Molo. But I must away now, for the night wears apace, and morning must find me again at my post. I would not that men should know of my visit to thee."

"You have but short time for such travel, my lord, so I shall not offer to detain you. May I make bold to reckon so far upon your condescension, as to beseech you to accept, in memorial of our compact, the goblet in your lordship's hand. It will cumber you but little; nevertheless, though it be small, you will not, I think find its fellow, save this here, in Italy. They are a gift from my good friend Bartollocio Ghiberti, the goldsmith of Florence, and are the workmanship of his young son, Lorenzo, whose fame is already spreading through the neighbouring states, and they say even as far as Rome."

"You have made your own terms throughout, my worthy Molo," said Polani, "and it would not be fitting to gainsay you in such a matter as this. I shall willingly keep it in memory of thee, when all thy other golden memorials shall have slipt through my fingers."

So saying, the count briefly admired a gem, whose worth he did not half understand, the work of one of the fines geniuses and the most famous worker in metals of his own or any other age,—he, of whose bronze gates, in after years, Michael Angelo declared that they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

"O, come bello!" said the count, as words of course, while he drew his black cloak close round his figure and resumed his mask. "And now, Signor Molo, I wish you a good night."

"Bon viaggio, Eccellenza," said the banker, as he ceremoniously attended the count, lamp in hand, to the outer door. In a few minutes the latter was again in his gondola. Now, however, he drew the dark curtains close round, and Beppo at a signal moved noiselessly away as before. He retraced his way as far as the point where the "Dogana del Mare" now stands, and thence through the Canale di Santo Spirito. Here, at its junction with the Canale di Malamocco, at a motion from the count, the gondola glided silently up to a galley lying in the middle of the water; at a signal the rowers stood to their oars, and the count springing on board, in a moment every oar-blade was dipped in the water, and the vessel started on its course with the utmost speed at which stout hands could force it through the water. Next morning, when Count Andrea Polani joined his companions in arms, none knew the journey he had made since they parted on the preceding evening, or had any notion of the strange mode in which he had procured the golden ducats, which he now displayed with a careless ostentation.

FADED AND GONE.

FADED and gone are the Summer's sweet flowers,
Strewn by the wintry winds o'er the dark mould!
Smilers, when sunlight stole through the soft hours,
Down from yon azure their leaves to unfold.
Bright were their beauties when breezes swept on
O'er the blue waters to gather perfume;
Whisperers lovely, now faded and gone!
Slumberers lonely 'mid chillness and gloom!
Oh! but the Spring-time will come o'er the plain
Wooing the whispering blossoms again,
With its soft tread o'er the emerald lawn—
Then we'll not mourn for the faded and gone!

Faded and gone are the ones that we cherished,
Fondly and true, in our bosoms of yore!
Slumbering buds may awake o'er the perished,
Their faded hearts shall unfold here no more
Sweet is the music that Memory flings
O'er the oasis of Life's early love,
Where flew the Angel on fluttering wings,
Bearing our lost through the starlight above;
Oh! there's a land where the perished ones bloom,
Where cometh never a shadow of gloom!
Fadeless and fair is that glorious dawn—
Then we'll not mourn for the faded and gone!

Faded and gone are the sweet dreams of childhood,
When the young wings of the Spirit were free,
Folded or furled 'mid the shadowy wildwood—
Sweeping the surface of life's sunny sea.
Time's fading finger hath sullied the leaf,
Stainless and lovely in childhood's pure years;
Pages of beauty once brilliant, yet brief,
Wear its deep impress of changes and tears!
Oh! but the blossoms of childhood will bloom
Brightly again, o'er the shadowy Tomb!
Infinite gladness flow endlessly on—
Then we'll not murmur for the faded and gone!

A MORNING AT BILLINGSGATE.

It was still dark, for the iron-tongued bells of many-steepled London had not yet struck "five of the morning," when we started from our temporary domicile for Billingsgate. And how strange did the old city seem at that early hour! The unwonted solitude which prevailed contrasted, almost painfully, with the bustle and uproar which is so intimately connected with all one's associations of those thoroughfares; the darkness seemed rather to be "made visible" than dispelled by the street lamps; the universal quietness was broken only by the footfall of the policeman who slowly paced in his nightly vigils along his beat; while the thought that, within a three or four miles' circuit of where I was standing, some two millions of human beings were locked in the embrace of Morpheus, seemed scarcely possible of realisation. The moon, as she now shone forth, and anon was hid behind some dark rain-clouds which intervened, first gave a mild and feeble tint to the more prominent objects which presented themselves to view, and then seemed to make everything but the darker as she disappeared.

As we approach the great fish-market, the profound silence of the night is now and then broken by the wheels of the fishmonger's light cart, who is hastening to the same destination; and at length the hum of those who have already arrived at the scene of operations is heard, as the whole area of the market, brilliantly lighted with flaring streams of gas, which the wind tosses remorselessly in all directions, comes into view. We are early on the ground, for the fish have not yet been exposed for sale in any large quantities, and the company is at present but thin. We pass on among the tables, the fish, and the salesmen, to the front of the building, and from the back of the river we see the vessels moored alongside the shore some four or five deep, which will be left hard and fast in the mud when the tide has retired. As we glance at the cold murky waters, feel the chill of the damp breeze, and hear the clatter of the rigging and the spars, we feel thankful that it has not been our lot, as it has been that of others, to spend the past night in hauling ropes and nets, and handling cold, wet, flabby fish.

The clock strikes five, and instantly the scene changes. The fishermen and porters have been busily engaged in arranging their cargoes for delivery as soon as the market commences, and two or three minutes ago the salesmen took up their positions for beginning business. Immediately the hour of five strikes, the porters march off with their burdens to the spots which have been indicated to them by the salesmen. Let us look at one of these men, for they are a fraternity enjoying exclusive privileges, and are, in some respects, worthy of their vocation. He is a stalwart fellow, with massive lumbering limbs, dressed in a jacket which is evidently a cross between a smock frock and a tarpaulin coat, and trowsers which have been so long exposed to the weather and so bedaubed with mud that it would require minute and professional investigation to ascertain their paternity. His huge head is protected by a black shiney hat, the edges of the brim being curled up to catch the wet, while resting upon his shoulder is a heavy basket of fish. The contents of the latter are quickly deposited on the tables, and he hastens back for a fresh supply. By these means some tons of fish are speedily deposited in the market and arranged for sale.

Meanwhile business has actively commenced, and a strange spectacle presents itself. The white bellies of the turbots, whose heads and tails are tied together, shine in the lamplight; the huge cod is quivering in its last agonies on the sloppy boards; and the blue-black piles of small live lobsters move about their bound-up claws and long feelers. The eels are making languishing efforts to escape they know not where, while one of them, being of an enterprising disposition, has got adrift and struggles furiously for liberty, setting at nought the efforts of a young amateur fisherman to retain its slippery form in his hands, and it is not till an experienced practiser seizes it by the fin and head that it is secured and restored to its companions. Piles of baskets containing herrings block up the narrow paths; women, having the long limp tails of codfishes dangling from their aprons, elbow their way through the crowd; men, bearing huge hampers, force a passage onward; while others, grouped round the auction-tables, are turning over piles of soles, which slide about in their own slime, and carrying on their bargains with the salesmen. The stalls groan under their weight of fish. Cod, mackerel, plaice, haddock, soles, whiting, herrings, salmon, sprats, eels, flounders, dabs, oysters, lobsters, crabs, shrimps, whelks, mussels, cockles, and periwinkles, crowd every available spot, all being either alive or very recently dead.

By the time that the market has thus been carried on for a couple of hours, the best of the fish has been purchased by the regular fishmongers; and about seven o'clock they are succeeded by a new class of buyers—the costers. A long line of vehicles may be found in every direction converging towards the market as the centre of attraction, perhaps extending as far as the City side of the Monument, and consisting almost exclusively of hand-barrows and donkey-carts. Everybody has also obviously made a point of coming to Billingsgate in his worst clothes, and no one knows the ultimatum of a coat's durability till he has visited the market. Nor should the visitor be unduly scandalised if he finds the cold dab of the tail of a cod pressing against his cheek, or an odd sprat or two in his coat-pocket when he returns home.

Business is now at its height. The sales were at one time effected by Dutch auction, the seller putting up his goods at his own price, choosing—one may be sure, a sufficiently high item with which to begin—and gradually lowering his demand till it reached the limit which the purchasers might be prepared to offer. This plan has, however, been given up, and the usual method now adopted is that of advancing on previous biddings. Other buyers stand around while bargains are being effected, perhaps thinking that they can do better elsewhere, and then they move off to other salesmen, having ascertained the range of prices in the market. The purchasers pass rapidly from one salesman to another, in order to give the least possible price, while the money in the outstretched hand of the dealer sometimes indicates the highest amount he will pay. If the buyers were to give too high a price one day, their sales would fall off; they would buy less the next, and prices would be lowered. Concise and expressive are the terms and phraseology employed by all parties, but there is scarcely any remains of the vulgarity and abuse which were at one time so prevalent here, as to have attached a proverbial character to the lowness and profanity of the spot. "There," cries a salesman, "that lot of soles are worth your money," as he sees one of his would-be customers moving off leisurely, "none better in the market. You shall have 'em for a pound and a half-a-crown." Presently a tall porter, with a black bag full of oysters, passes staggering under his burden, muttering through his clenched teeth, "Shove on one side!" as he forces his way through the crowd. Girls ask you to buy baskets, and women with bundles of twigs for stringing herrings cry out "Ha'penny a bunch." The entire scene is one of excitement and confusion.

Salesmen and hucksters of provisions, caps, hardware, and newspapers, are bawling at the top of their voices, and purchasers are exercising their lungs to the utmost advantage in order that their biddings may be heard, till the place is a perfect Babel of competition. "'Ha-a-ansome cod! best in the market! All alive! alive! alive O!'—'Ye-o-o! ye-o-o! here's your fine Yarmouth bloaters! Who's the buyer?'—'Here you are, governor, splendid whiting! some of the right sort!'—'Turbot! turbot! all alive! turbot!'—'Glass of nice peppermint, this cold morning; a ha'penny a glass!'—'Here you are, at your own prices! Fine soles, O!'—'Oy! oy! oy! Now's your time! fine grizzley sprats! all large and no small!'—'Hallo! hallo here! beautiful lobsters! good and cheap! fine cock crabs, all alive O!'—'Five brill and one turbot, have that lot for a pound! Come and look at em, governor; you won't see a better sample in the market.'—'Here, this way! this way! for splendid skate! O! skate O!'—'Had-had-had-had-haddick! all fresh and good!'—'Currant

and meat, puddings a ha'penny each!'—'Now, you mussel-buyers, come along! come along! come along! now's your time for fine fat muscles!'—'Here's food for the belly, and clothes for the back, but I sell food for the mind!' (shouts the newsvender)—'Here, smelt O!'—'Here ye are, fine Finney haddick!'—'Hot soup! nice peas-soup! a-all hot! hot!'—'Ahoy! ahoy here! live plaice! all alive O!'—'Now or never! whelk! whelk! whelk!'—'Who'll buy brill O! brill O!'—'Capes! water-proof capes! sure to keep the wet out! a shilling a-piece!'—'Eels O! eels O! alive! alive O!'—'Fine flounders, a shilling a lot! who'll have this prime lot of flounders?'—'Shrimps! shrimps! fine shrimps!'—'Wink! wink! wink!'—'Hi! hi-i! here you are, just eight eels left; only eight!'—'O ho! O ho! this way, this way, this way! Fish alive! alive! alive O!'"

At the end of the market may be seen the line of oyster-boats moored alongside the wharf, whose tangled ropes and masts appear innumerable, while their decks are so crowded with men and women on board, and with the crews—who are readily distinguished by their red worsted caps,—that they seem as if they would sink under the burden. The costermongers have nick-named this row of vessels "Oyster-street," and the scene which they present to view is full of animation. Each boat has its hold filled with oysters and sand, while some of them have a blue muddy heap of mussels divided off from the "natives." These are disposed of by the bushel. The sailors in their striped guernseys sit on the boat-sides smoking their morning's pipe, allowing themselves to be tempted by the Jew boys with cloth caps, old shoes, and silk handkerchiefs. There are also the Dutch-built eel-boats, with their bulging, polished, oak sides, and with their holds fitted up with long tanks of muddy water, while the heads of the eels are seen breathing on the surface. When a purchaser arrives, the master Dutchman takes his hands from his pockets, and seizing a sort of long-handled landing-net, scoops from the tank a lot of eels, which he weighs in a pair of scales fitted up with a conical net-bag to receive them, and then hands them to his customer.

Of the business of the costermongers, who buy so largely in the market, a word must be said. One of them, in speaking of his business to Mr. Mayhew,* said, "That it was formerly much better than now; he having frequently made from three to five pounds a week, while at the present time he did not clear more than fifteen shillings." Alluding to his business, he said:—"I don't do much in lobsters. Very few speculate in them. I do more in pound crabs. There's a great sale for haporths and pennorths of lobster or crab, by children; that's their claws. I bile them all myself, and buy them alive. I can bile twenty in half-an-hour, and do it over a grate in a back-yard. Lobsters don't fight or struggle much in the hot water, if they're properly packed. It's very few that knows how to bile a lobster as he should be biled. I wish I knew any way of killing lobsters before biling them. I can't kill them without smashing them to bits, and that won't do at all. I kill my crabs before I bile them. I stick them in the throat with a knife and they're dead in an instant. Some sticks them with a skewer, but they kick a good while with the skewer in them. It's a shame to torture anything when it can be helped. If I didn't kill the crabs they'd shed every leg in the hot water; they'd come out as bare of claws as this plate." No fewer than 60,000 lobsters and 50,000 crabs are sold annually in the streets of London by the costermongers, while they dispose of oysters to the number of some 124,000,000 a year, for which about £125,000 are paid. Of periwinkles, too, a very large amount is sold. One of the costers in the "wink business" said, that he made some twelve shillings a week by his stall. His cry was uniformly, "Winketty-winketty-wink-wink-wink-wink-wink—wicketty-wickety-wink—fine fresh winkety-wink-wink-wink." He confessed that he was often so sore in the stomach, and hoarse with hallooing, that he could hardly speak. Some poetical and philosophical reflections may be suggested by the experience and observation of another member of this fraternity. Speaking of his customers, he said: "When a young woman's young man takes tea with her mother and her, then they've winks; and then there's joking, and helping to pick winks, between Thomas and Betsy, while the mother's busy with her tea, or is wiping her specs, 'cause she can't see. Why, sir, I've known it." The gross money value of the fish purchased yearly in the streets of London has been estimated, by those in whom confidence ought, we think, to be reposed, at no less a sum than £1,460,850!

* "London Labour and the London Poor."

The following table will indicate the quantity and weight of some of the principal kinds of fish sold in Billingsgate-market in the course of a year:—

	No. of fish.	Pounds weight of fish.
Salmon, and Salmon-trout	406,000	3,480,000
Live Cod	400,000	4,000,000
Soles	97,520,000	26,880,000
Mackerel	23,520,000	23,520,000
Fresh Herrings in barrels	175,000,000	42,000,000
,, ,, in bulk	1,050,000,000	252,000,000
Smoked Haddock	19,500,000	10,920,000
Bloaters	147,000,000	10,600,000
Oysters	495,896,000	
Shrimps	498,428,640	
Periwinkles	304,000,000	

The increased facilities afforded by the railways and steam-boats for communication with remote districts have greatly extended the market for fish. The inhabitants of London are thus enabled to consume the cod and salmon, and other fish caught in the Atlantic, and the bays and rivers on the north-western coast of Ireland; this, in the days of sailing vessels, canals, or waggons, would have been out of the question. The fishermen who supply the London market, instead of coming to Gravesend or other parts of the Thames or Medway, put their cargoes, already packed in hampers, on board the steamboats which pass along the eastern coast, as far north as Aberdeen, and land them at Hull, whence they are conveyed to town by railway. Fast sailing cutters are sometimes employed to take provisions to the boats on the fishing-ground, and to bring back the fish taken by each.

The fish imported in 1848, and paying an import duty, were

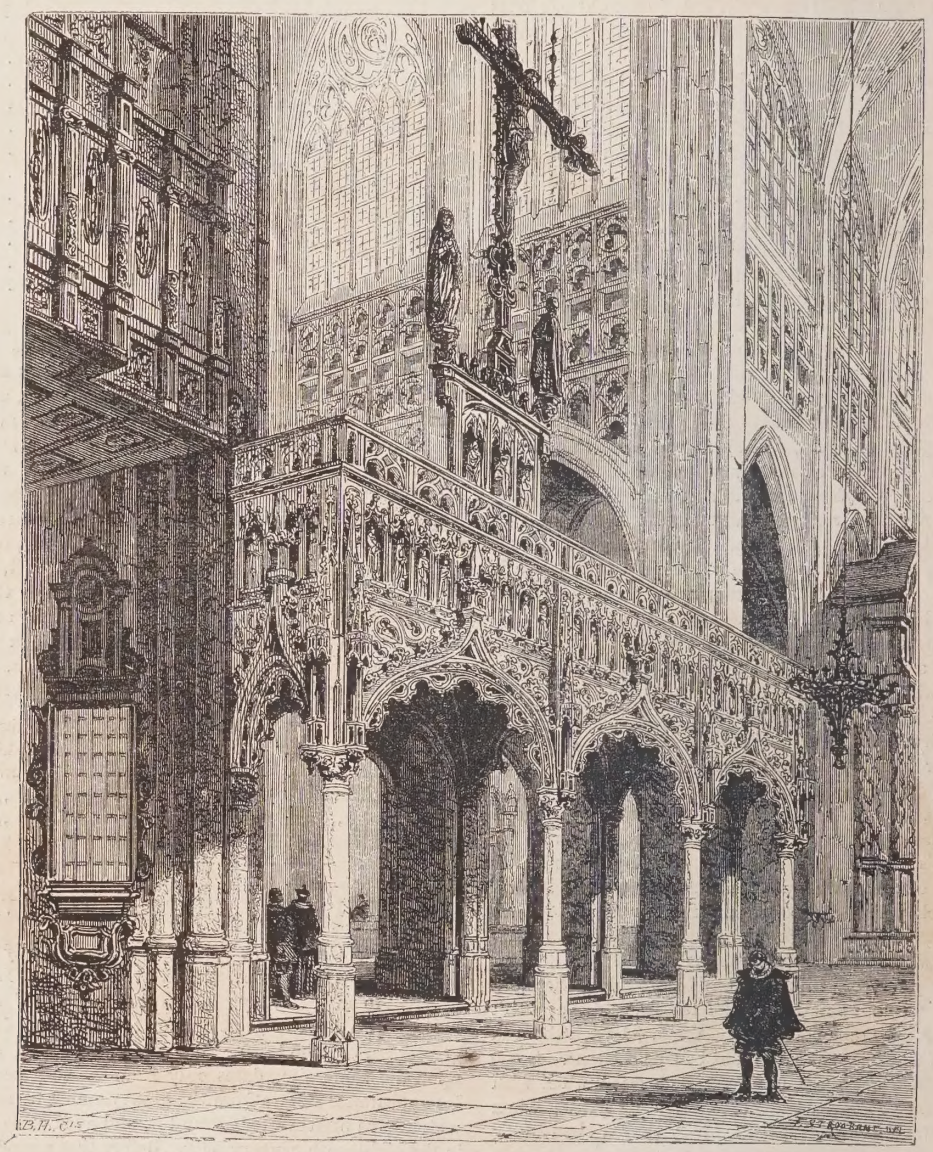
Anchovies	161,100 lbs.
Eels	76 ship-loads.
Salmon	1,344 cwts.
Turbot and Soles	41 ,,
,, of British taking	99,147 ,,

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, AT LOUVAIN.

St. Peter's Church, at Louvain, was originally founded by Lambert le Guerroyeur, the first Count of Louvain who attained to any celebrity; but as it was built of wood, it was burnt down by the great fire of 1130, which destroyed the greater part of the town. The present building, which stands upon the same site, dates only from the fourteenth century. Its appearance suffers from the great number of small edifices which have been erected around it, and even close to its walls, in the eighteenth century only. Before that period, and before the various accidents had occurred by which the church has been greatly mutilated, it was remarkable for standing in the centre of a great open space, and was surmounted by three towers, the central one, according to a plan still preserved in the Town-hall, reaching 536 feet in height. In January, 1604, this was blown down by a terrible storm, and in its fall it overturned the two others also. The remains of St. Peter's tower went on decreasing from day to day, so that they were obliged, in 1776, to cease ringing the bells in it; but, at last, in spite of all their precautions, every fresh breeze detached large pieces from it, and, in 1826, it was pulled down altogether.

The church is in the form of a Latin cross, and entrance is gained by three gates. There is nothing remarkable about the

northern one; the southern was built with the design of having an exterior porch, raised upon a double row of graceful small columns, which have not been preserved. But the handsomest of these entrances is that named the *Long Staircases*. All the fantastic devices of the *tertiary* style are here displayed with a profusion of riches, which does not, however, exclude harmony. The principal nave, formed of twenty-three pillars, is really magnificent. Its effect is marred, however, by its too great height, and also by the glare of light which is thrown in by a great quantity of glass. The latter is surrounded by very graceful arabesques, in the form of rose-work. The two lateral naves are constructed in the same manner as the principal one, and contain a great number of chapels lighted by windows of very strange architecture. The chapel of St. Margaret, behind the choir, possesses a beautiful casket, containing the relics of the saint. In another chapel is a very beautiful Christ, black as ebony, and partly covered with a red robe. But the real *chefs-d'œuvre* of this church are the jube and the tabernacle. This last is one of the finest works of Gothic art. There is a tower, thirty-five feet high, in which the artist has combined all possible architectural devices—turrets, colonnades, niches, pendentives, buttresses, statues, curious groups of leaves and flowers. The passion of Christ is represented in it in detail; and the whole represents, on a small scale, the Tower of Anvers with its lofty crown, and the elegant spire of the Hotel de Ville of Brussels. This bijou belongs to the year 1433. It is a curious specimen of the high degree of perfection to which art had attained under the opulent House of Burgundy. The jube is composed of three arches supported by cylindrical columns. The archivolt is beautifully sculptured, and with great delicacy. It is adorned with beautiful foliage, and arabesques which seem to have been formed by caprice rather than any settled plan. Above this jube, which is also decorated with statues of exquisite workmanship throughout its entire extent, and nearly to the full height of the roof, rises a Gothic cross in the same style, and equally ornamented. In front of it hangs a chandelier in wrought iron, itself a masterpiece, the work of the celebrated painter-blacksmith, Quintin Matsys.



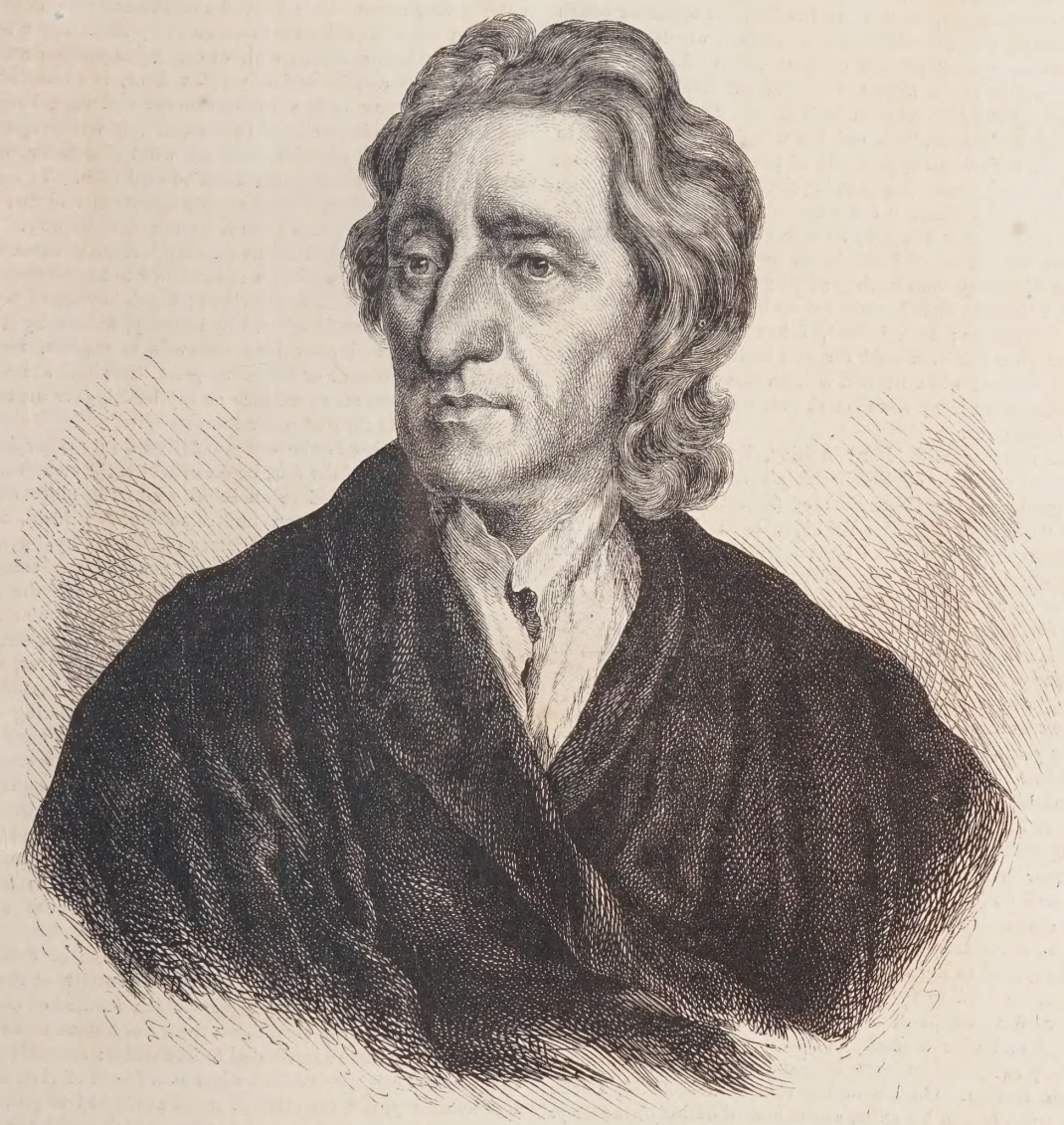
INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, LOUVAIN. FROM A DRAWING BY STROOBANT.

JOHN LOCKE.

"His office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the fountains of thought, and to direct into the proper track of reasoning the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process, from the first perception of sense to the last conclusions of ratiocination, putting a rein upon false opinion, by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment."—*Lord Erskine.*

John Locke, "the wise philosopher," as he has been justly termed, was born at Wrington, near Bristol, on the 29th of August, 1632. His father was steward to Colonel Alexander Popham, and, on the breaking out of the civil war, became a captain in the parliamentary army. At a proper age, John was sent to Westminster-school, whence he was elected to Christchurch-college, Oxford, in 1651. Here he applied himself with great diligence to the study of classical literature, and by the private reading of the works of Bacon and Descartes, he sought to acquire that aliment for his philosophical spirit which he had sought for in vain in the Aristotelian scholastic philosophy then taught at Oxford. In 1655, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in 1658 that of Master of Arts. He then adopted the study of medicine; but after making considerable progress, the weakness of his constitution presenting an obstacle to successful practice, he at length abandoned his design.

In the year 1664, he accepted the office of secretary to Sir W. Swan; and Sir William being appointed by Charles II. envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg and other German princes, Mr. Locke accompanied him; but he returned to Oxford in the course of the year, and renewed his studies with increased ardour. He soon afterwards received an offer of considerable preferment in the Irish church, but he declined taking orders, alleging as his reason, that "he could not content himself with being undermost, possibly the middle-



JOHN LOCKE.

most, of his profession; and that care ought to be taken not to engage in a calling wherein, if a man chanced to be a bungler, there was no retreat."

In 1666, Locke became acquainted with Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury. So high an opinion did this nobleman form of Locke's general powers, that he prevailed upon him to take up his residence in his house, and urged him to apply his studies to politics and philosophy. From this time he attached himself to the fortunes of his lordship through life, and after death vindicated his memory and honour. In the house of his noble friend, Locke became acquainted with some of the most eminent men of the day, among whom were the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Halifax, and the Earl of Northumberland. *His* conversation was highly acceptable to these celebrated men; and to show the value he attached to *their* conversation, as well as the familiar terms on which he stood with them, the following anecdote is worth recording. On an occasion when several of them met at Lord Ashley's house, the party, soon after assembling, sat down to cards, so that scarcely any conversation took place. Locke, after looking on for some time, took out his note-book, and began to write in it, with much appearance of gravity and deliberation. One of the party observing this, inquired what he was writing. "My lord," he replied, "I am endeavouring to profit as far as I am able in your company; for having waited with impatience for the honour of being in an assembly of the greatest geniuses of the age, and having at length obtained this good fortune, I thought that I could not do better than write down your conversation; and, indeed, I have set down the substance of what has been said for this hour or two." A very brief specimen of what he had written was sufficient to make the objects of his irony abandon the card-table, and engage in rational discourse.

While residing with Lord Ashley, Locke superintended the education, first, of his lordship's son, and afterwards of his grandson, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, the author of the "Characteristics." In 1672, Lord Ashley received an earldom, and the office of chancellor, when he gave Locke the appointment of secretary of presentations, which, however, he enjoyed only till the following year, his patron having lost favour with the court and being deprived of the seals. He then became secretary to the Board of Trade, of which the earl still retained the post of president. The commission, however, was dissolved in 1674, so that he lost that appointment also.

A few years before this, Locke had commenced his investigations into the nature and extent of the human understanding; but his numerous avocations long protracted the completion of his work. The delicate state of his health, and his being apprehensive of consumption, induced him, in 1675, to visit France, and he resided for some time at Montpelier. Here he formed an acquaintance with the most eminent literary men of that country, and also with the Earl of Pembroke, to whom he afterwards dedicated his celebrated essay. In 1679 he was recalled to England by the Earl of Shaftesbury, who had been restored to favour and appointed President of the Council. Six months after this, however, the earl was again disgraced, and after a short imprisonment in the Tower, was ultimately compelled to leave England to avoid a prosecution for high treason. On his taking refuge in Holland, Locke accompanied him in his exile, at the hazard of his own safety. After the death of his patron, he remained in Holland, but found it necessary, even while there, to conceal himself from the rancour of his political opponents in England. In 1686 he ventured to appear in public, and in the following year he instituted at Amsterdam a literary society, the members of which (among whom were Leclerc, Limborch, and other learned individuals,) met weekly for the purpose of enjoying each other's conversation.

The Revolution of 1688 finally restored Locke to his native country, and he returned to England in the fleet which conveyed the Princess of Orange. Being regarded as a sufferer for the principles on which that revolution was established, he was made a Commissioner of Appeals. He now became a prominent defender of civil and religious liberty, in a succession of works which have exerted a highly beneficial influence on subsequent generations, not only in Britain, but throughout the civilised world. His letter on Toleration, originally written in Latin, was translated and published in Dutch, French, and English, and he was soon after gratified by the establishment of toleration by law.

In 1690, Locke published his most celebrated work, the "Essay on the Human Understanding," in the composition of which he had been engaged, at intervals, for eighteen years. It will be interesting to most persons to hear how he himself states his object in presenting this essay to the world. In the prefatory epistle to the reader, he says:—"Were it fit to trouble thee with the history of this essay, I should tell thee that five or six friends meeting at my chamber, and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand by the difficulties that rose on every side. After we had awhile puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts that we took a wrong course; and that, before we set ourselves on inquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were, or were not, fitted to deal with. This I proposed to the company, who all readily assented; and thereupon it was agreed, that this should be our first inquiry. Some hasty and undigested thoughts on a subject I had never before considered, which I set down against our next meeting, gave the first entrance into this discourse; which having been begun thus by chance, was continued by intreaty, written by incoherent parcels; and after long intervals of neglect, resumed again, as my humour or occasions permitted; and at last, in a retirement where an attendance on my health gave me leisure, it was brought into that order thou seest it."

It is evident that Locke was gradually led into other fields of investigation, for of the four books of which the essay consists, only the last is devoted to an inquiry into the objects within the sphere of the human understanding. Enfield, in his "Abridgement of Brucker's History of Philosophy," gives the following brief summary of the contents of the completed work:—"After clearing the way, by setting aside the whole doctrine of innate notions and principles, both speculative and practical, the author traces all ideas to two sources, sensation and reflection; treats at large of the nature of ideas, simple and complex; of the operation of the human understanding in forming, distinguishing, compounding, and associating them; of the manner in which words are applied as representations of ideas; of the difficulties and obstructions in the search after truth which arise from the imperfection of these signs; and of the nature, reality, kinds, degrees, casual hindrances, and necessary limits of human knowledge." The third and fourth books are generally considered the most valuable portion of the work; in the third, the author treats of the nature and imperfections of language, and in the fourth the subject already mentioned.

The success which attended the publication of this essay was very considerable. Independent of the merits of the work itself as an attempt to apply the Baconian method of observation and experience to establish a theory of human knowledge, many circumstances contributed to its success: amongst others, the personal celebrity of the author as a friend of civil and religious liberty, and the attempt made at Oxford to prevent its being read in the colleges, a measure which could not fail to have a contrary effect. Numerous editions passed rapidly through the press, and translations of it having been made into Latin and French, the fame of the author was quickly spread throughout Europe. No book of the metaphysical class has ever been more generally read; or, looking to its overthrow of the doctrine of innate ideas, none has produced greater consequences. In the opinion of Dr. Reed, Locke gave the first example in the English language of writing on abstract subjects with simplicity and perspicuity. The fact was, that he hated scholastic jargon, and wrote in language intelligible to every man of common sense. His noble pupil, Shaftesbury, says of him,—"No one has done more the towards recalling of phi-

losophy from barbarity, into the use and practice of the world, and into the company of the better and politer sort, who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress." "Few books," says Sir James Mackintosh, "have contributed more to rectify prejudice, to undermine established errors, to diffuse a just mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of inquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries which nature has prescribed to the human understanding. An amendment of the general habits of thought is, in most parts of knowledge, an object as important as even the discovery of new truths, though it is not so palpable, nor in its nature so capable of being estimated by superficial observers. In the mental and moral world, which scarcely admits of anything which can be called discovery, the correction of the intellectual habits is probably the greatest service which can be rendered to science. In this respect the merit of Locke is unrivalled. His writings have diffused throughout the civilised world the love of civil liberty; the spirit of toleration and charity in religious differences; the disposition to reject whatever is obscure, fantastic, or hypothetical in speculation; to reduce verbal disputes to their proper value; to abandon problems which admit of no solution; to distrust whatever cannot be clearly expressed; to render theory the simple expression of facts; and to prefer those studies which most directly contribute to human happiness. If Bacon first discovered the rules by which knowledge is improved, Locke has most contributed to make mankind at large observe them. He has done most, though often by remedies of silent and almost insensible operation, to cure those mental distempers which obstructed the adoption of these rules; and thus led to that general diffusion of a healthful and vigorous understanding, which is at once the greatest of all improvements, and the instrument by which all other improvements must be accomplished. He has left to posterity the instructive example of a prudent reformer, and of a philosophy temperate as well as liberal, which spares the feelings of the good, and avoids direct hostility with obstinate and formidable prejudice. Those benefits are very slightly counterbalanced by some political doctrines liable to misapplication, and by the scepticism of some of his ingenious followers,—an inconvenience to which every philosophical school is exposed which does not steadily limit its theory to a mere exposition of experience. If Locke made few discoveries, Socrates made none. Yet both did more for the improvement of the understanding, and not less for the progress of knowledge, than the authors of the most brilliant discoveries."

In 1690 Locke published his second letter on Toleration, in answer to an attack on his first letter by Jonas Proast, a clergyman of Queen's College, Oxford. In the same year appeared his two Treatises on Government, with the view of refuting the principle advanced in the *Patriarcha* of Sir Robert Filmer, who had maintained that men are not naturally free, and therefore could not be at liberty to choose either governors or forms of government, and that all legitimate government is an absolute monarchy. The first of these essays was devoted to a refutation of Filmer's argument,—that all government was originally vested by God in Adam, as the father of all mankind, and that kings, as the representatives of Adam, are possessed of the same unlimited authority as parents exercise over their children. In the second essay Locke proceeds to establish what had been the leading doctrine of the Puritans and Independents on this subject,—that the legitimacy of a government depends solely and ultimately on the popular sanction, or the consent of men making use of their reason to unite together into a society or societies.

Finding the air of London disagreeing with him, in consequence of a constitutional complaint of asthma, he accepted the offer of apartments in the house of his friend, Sir Francis Masham, at Oates, in Essex; where he resided for the remainder of his life. While in this retirement, he wrote his third letter on Toleration, which called forth a reply from his former antagonist on the subject, his answer to which, a fourth letter, in an unfinished state, was published after the death of Locke. In 1693 he published his "Thoughts concerning Education." In 1695 he was made a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations; but he still found leisure for writing. In the same year, he published his work "On the Reasonableness of Christianity," which was intended to facilitate the execution of a design which William III. had projected, to reconcile and unite all sects of professing Christians; and accordingly the object of the tract was to determine what, amid so many conflicting views of religion, were the points of belief common to all. Dr. Edwards attacked this publication with great warmth, in his work entitled "Socinianism Unmasked," and Locke published a first and second "Vindication of the Reasonableness of Christianity, &c.," in which he defended his opinions with considerable mastery. Locke was again engaged in this controversy, in 1697, in consequence of the publication of a "Defence of the Doctrine of the Trinity," by Dr. Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, in which the bishop had censured certain passages in the "Essay concerning Human Understanding" which he considered as tending to subvert the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Against this charge Locke vindicated his essay; and the controversy, after having been maintained for some time, was terminated by the death of the bishop. Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the soundness of Locke's views on this question, all admitted that his publications respecting it were distinguished by mildness and urbanity.

Soon after the publication of this last work, Locke retired from the press; and his health became so impaired, that he determined to resign his office as Commissioner of Trade and Plantations. King William was very unwilling to receive his resignation, and urged upon him the acceptance of a pension as that to which the services he had rendered the public fully entitled him. But with the rectitude which distinguished the whole of his conduct, Locke declined to accept of it, observing that he could not in conscience accept a salary or pension, when he was no longer able to discharge the duties which the office involved.

The remainder of Locke's life was devoted chiefly to the study of the Holy Scriptures, his profound veneration for which was most beautifully expressed in the character he gave of them to a friend in that well-known sentence, "They have God for their author—salvation for their end—and truth without any mixture of error for their subject." Among others of his religious labours at this period, a "Discourse on Miracles," and "Paraphrases, with Notes, of the Epistles of St. Paul," together with "An Essay for the understanding of St. Paul's Epistles, by consulting St. Paul himself," were published among his posthumous papers. These contained also the work, "Of the Conduct of the Understanding," and "An Examination of Father Malebranche's Opinion of Seeing all Things in God." The sufferings incidental to his disorders were greatly alleviated by the kind attentions and agreeable conversation of Lady Masham, who was the daughter of the learned Dr. Cudworth, for many years his intimate friend.

Mr. Locke remained for nearly two years in a gradually declining state, and at length expired in a manner consistent with the uniform excellence of his character, on the 26th of October, 1704. He was buried at Oates, where a neat monument is erected to his memory, with a modest Latin inscription indited by himself.

"The personal character of Locke was in complete harmony with the opinions which he so zealously and so ably advocated. Truly attached to the cause of liberty, he was also willing to suffer for it. Perfectly disinterested, and without any personal objects at stake in the political views which he adopted, he never deviated from moderation, and the sincerity of his own profession rendered him tolerant of what he believed to be the conscientious sentiments of others."

The works of Locke have been collected and frequently published. There is an edition in three volumes, folio; another in four volumes, quarto; and a third, which is the most complete and best, in ten volumes, octavo. A "Life of Locke" was published in 1829, by the late Lord King, a lineal descendant of his sister

THE FAMILIES OF PLANTS.

ROSACEÆ.—THE ROSE TRIBE.

Calyx four or five lobed. Petals five, perigynous, equal. Stamens indefinite. Ovarium superior, one-celled. Ovules two or more, suspended. Embryo straight. Herbaceous plants or shrubs.

This family of plants is exceedingly varied and extensive; and not a few of its members excite peculiar interest, not only for their exquisite beauty, but for their great utility.

"The roses laden with the breath of June,"

when found in the hedgerow of the lane and in the garden, whether the hardiest or the richest, were the theme of praise hundreds of years ago, as they are still. Well might one of our poets say:—

"Ah! see deep blushing in her green recess
The bashful virgin rose, that half revealing,
And half within herself, herself concealing,
Is lovelier for her hidden loveliness."

More than a hundred distinct species of the rose are known, and about two thousand varieties are said to be the objects of

Fig. 1.

Rosa Centifolia.

care to the British gardener. The rose, in some one or other of its species, is a wild flower in almost every country of the northern hemisphere of the globe—from Sweden to Northern Africa; from Kamschatka to Bengal; and from Hudson's Bay to the lofty mountians of Mexico; but neither South America nor Australia has the rose-bush, either as adorning the deepest valley or the mountain height.

The cabbage rose, *rosa centifolia* (fig. 1) is well known by its numerous petals, closely folded over each other, like the leaves of a cabbage. A bush of this sweetest of roses appears in almost every cottage plot. It was long thought to be a native of France, but this seems doubtful. In some low woods on the eastern parts of Caucasus it is certainly wild, and its odour perfumes the air. In the Isle of Rhodes it is also profuse in all its fragrance. Upwards of seventy kinds of this rose only are under culture. The cabbage rose is planted, both in England and France, for the sake of its petals, which are gathered, when fully blown, for making rose-water, and also for the conserve of roses sold by the druggist.

The size of the Persian rose-trees, and the number of flowers on each, far surpass anything we are accustomed to witness. Sir R. K. Porter, describing one of the gardens of that country, says:—"On first entering this bower of fairy-land, I was struck with the appearance of two rose-trees, full fourteen feet high, laden with thousands of flowers, in every degree of expansion, and of a bloom and delicacy of scent that imbued the whole atmosphere with the most exquisite perfume; indeed, I believe that in no country of the world does the rose grow to such perfection as in Persia, in no country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives. Their gardens and courts are crowded with its plants; their rooms ornamented with vases filled with its gathered branches; and every bath strewed with the full-blown flowers plucked from the ever-replenished stems. Even the humblest individual, who pays a piece of copper money for a few whiffs of a *kalioun*, feels a double enjoyment when he finds it stuck with a bud from his dear native tree. But in this delicious garden of Negauvistan, the eye and the smell were not the only senses regaled by the presence of the rose; the ear was enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of the multitude of

Fig. 2.

Rosa Rubiginosa.

nightingales, whose warblings seemed to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favourite flowers; verifying the song of their poet, who says:—'When the charms of the bower are passed away, the fond tale of the nightingale no longer animates the scene.'"

The sweet-briar rose, *rosa rubiginosa* (fig. 2), is the true eglantine, so often sung by the poets. We can only take the language of one of them; it shall be that of Brainard:—

The breeze of Spring, the Summer's western wind,
Robs of its colours none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it leaves behind,
As that the sweet-briar yields it; and the shower
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
One half so lovely: yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door.
Such are the simple folks it dwells among,
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song

"I love it, for it takes its untouched stand,
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate;
Its sweetness all is of my native land,
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate

Among the perfumes which the rich and great
Buy from the odours of the spicy East.
You love your flowers and plants, and will you hate
The little five-leaved rose that I love best,
That freshest will awake, and sweetest goes to rest?"

We pass now from

"The pride of plants, the grace of bowers,
The blush of meads, the eye of flowers,"

Fig. 3.

Rubus Cæsius.

to plants of a very different kind, yet members, as has already been stated, of the family of the *rosaceæ*.

Fig. 4.

Pyrus.

The bramble has not wanted poetry to celebrate it: the following is a pleasing instance by Elliott:—

"Thy fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake,
So put thou forth thy small white rose,
I love it for his sake.

"Though woodbines flaunt, and roses blow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers.

"For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty, beautiful
Thy tender blossoms are.

"And thou, wild bramble, back dost bring
In all thy beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fond spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.

Fig. 5.

Amygdalis Persica.

"Again thou bidd'st me be a boy,
More fair than bird or bee,
To gad in freedom and in joy,
O'er bank and brae with thee."

Fig. 6.

American Apricot.

Among the pulpy fruits we have, as natives of this country, not only the bramble, but the strawberry, the dewberry-bush, and the raspberry. In these shrubs and plants, the fruit is composed of numerous lesser ones, collected into a head that is more or less round. In some instances the fruit becomes pulpy, as in the raspberry, where it should be observed that each of the small grains is an entire fruit or berry.

In other instances, the fruit is merely a composition of many smaller seed-vessels. This is seen in the cinquefoil, and in the tormentil. The *tormentilla officinalis* bears a pretty little yellow flower, and is very common among furze and other bushes on heaths.

The common dewberry, *rubus cæsius* (fig. 3), is very much like the common blackberry. It differs in the fruit, the grains of which are larger and fewer in number, and ripen rather

Fig. 7.

Prunus Armeniaca.

sooner; the leaves have not so many leaflets in them, and they are green underneath. The stem is nearly round, the prickles small and almost straight, and the calyx incloses the fruit.

Among the choicest and most useful fruits which belong to this family are the *pomaceous*, or apple-bearing trees and shrubs. This tribe is distinguished by its fruit, which comes under the definition of a *pomum*, or apple; that is, a fruit, the texture of which is granular, and has its seeds within cells

Fig 8.

Geum Coccineum.

that are lined with a peculiar material differing from the rest of its substance. *Pyrus communis*, the pear, and *pyrus malus*, the apple, are examples of the genus *pyrus* (fig. 4), and of the usefulness of this order.

If the fruit of the mountain ash be examined, it will prove to be an apple in miniature. To the same family belong the medlar and the quince.

The drupaceous trees, or such as produce a *drupe*, or plum, which contains a nut, within a fleshy pulp or covering, belong also to this family, with the almond, *amygdalis*, the drupe or fruit of which is composed of a juiceless fibrous bark, and a nut pierced with many holes. The bitter and sweet almonds are varieties of the same species, the *amygdalis communis*.

The peach, *amygdalis persica* (fig. 5), distinguished by having in the centre of a large fleshy drupe a nut roughed with furrows and wrinkles in a remarkable manner. Of this, there are two species—the peach and the nectarine.

The apricot, *armeniaca vulgaris*, has its drupe large and fleshy, covered with a velvet down like a peach, but the nut is blunt on one side and acute on the other, and smooth, with the exception of a single furrow. An oil is prepared by pressing the nuts or seeds of a species of apricot, which is a native of Dauphiny in France. We give an engraving of the American apricot (fig. 6).

Prunus is a genus embracing the damsons and various kinds of plums. The drupe of this genus is very smooth, and covered with a fine powder; the nut is flattened and sharp at each end. The cherry, *prunus armeniaca* (fig. 7), has a drupe which is round, destitute of powder, and with a smooth roundish nut or stone.

Fig. 9.

Alchimella Vulgaris.

We conclude our account of the remarkable and most interesting family of the *rosaceæ*, with a reference to a few of its humble plants.

The avens, or herb bennet, *geum urbanum*, is very common by the side of hedges; its flowers are yellow, but it may be easily known by the hooks into which its pistils are changed when the fruit is ripe. It is by these hooks it lays hold of our clothes, and thus offers itself to our notice.

The *geum coccineum*, of which we give an engraving (fig. 8), is a species from Asia Minor, having numerous flowers; the petals being very large, and of a beautiful scarlet.

The common lady's mantle, *alchimella vulgaris* (fig. 9), is found in pastures, and by the side of brooks, rivers, and pools. Its flowers, of a yellowish green, in numerous corymbose clusters, growing on short stalks, may be observed in the months of June and July.

A few genera are allied to *spiræa*, the meadow-sweet, etc. It is marked by the fruit, which consists of numerous lesser ones, gathered in a circle round an imaginary axis. This character may be seen in the *spiræa*, cultivated in our gardens, or in the meadow-sweet (*S. ulmaria*), known by a profusion of small white blossoms, and a sweet scent. It is commonly found by ditches, in the early part of the summer.

SKETCHES OF SPANISH AMERICA.

The history of the colonisation of the two great divisions of America, their progress in civilisation, and their present condition, are, to the thoughtful man, subjects of the deepest interest, and offer to him a wide field for observation and inquiry. History loses here her dry formality and tedious details, and becomes a gorgeous romance filled with a succession of wild tales and striking incidents unparalleled in older and more prosaic countries. The most superficial observer is struck by the strange discrepancies and singular differences presented by the two great continents of North and South America; and, tracing back their history, we find in every portion of it the same opposing features. The early settlers on the northern continent were men of peace, who sought a refuge from religious or political persecution in their own countries; and who, in their newly acquired territory, practised only the arts of peace, anxiously avoiding collision with its wild inhabitants. Gradually the ancient forests fell before the sturdy pioneers, and fruitful fields and thriving towns flourished in their stead. The towns became mighty cities; the infant settlements grew into great states; and the little colony of fugitives rapidly expanded into a powerful nation, whose fleets now cover the once solitary ocean, whose railways pierce the trackless forests, and whose countless steamboats rudely break the silence that has for ages brooded over the vast lakes and noble rivers, turning their gloomy solitudes into great highways of commerce, and planting on their banks new towns, and fertile farms, and thriving villages. But the peaceful invaders have driven the Indian from his home; tribe after tribe have disappeared from the land of their forefathers; the pale-face dwells in the villages of the red-skin; and the plough glides smoothly over his deserted hunting-ground.

How different is the history and present aspect of the southern continent! How slight the resemblance between the first European settlers in the two countries! Between the pilgrim fathers and their exiled families, seeking only a quiet shelter, and coveting no treasure save the produce of their own toil, and the Spanish leaders, with their ruffian bands, burning with the thirst for gold, and, in their eagerness to allay it, slaughtering hundreds of thousands of the unoffending and half-civilised inhabitants, destroying their cities, devastating their country, and spreading ruin and desolation wherever they appeared. But whilst the emigrant Anglo-Saxon quietly ejected the Indian from his territory, and gradually became sole master of the land, the warlike and victorious Spaniard, over-burdened by his stolen riches, sank into apathy and indolence. The blood of the conquered and the conquerors mingled in their descendants; and the broken nations of Mexico and Peru, though at first slaves to the victors, became, by degrees, amalgamated with them. The mixed breed thus produced assumed an important place in the fabric of society; and though the man of pure Spanish descent still claims the first position, and pretends to be the aristocrat of the republic, yet few of the most wealthy, and scarce any of the middle and wealth-producing classes, are without a tinge of Indian blood.

The Indians of the mountainous districts still retain the language and many of the customs of their fathers; and in some instances, the ancient dislike to the invaders has descended to them. But the inhabitants of the low country present a singular mixture of races and of customs, and, though speaking one language, mingle the manners of the Moor, the Spaniard, and the aboriginal Peruvian. Their cities, too, exhibit in their architecture the same confusion. The streets, in Spanish fashion, crossing at right angles, enclose in the squares or cuadras, houses with all the peculiarities of Madrid, large, roomy, and secluded in deep courtyards. The centre of the city is occupied by the great square, on one side of which towers the magnificent cathedral richly decorated with Moresco ornament, and on another stands the palace of the government, plain, massive, and strong, fashioned like the stately residences of the royal Incas, the ruins of which still exist in the city of Cuzco, the ancient capital of Peru.

Since the Spanish colonies threw off the yoke and declared themselves independent republics, they have been subject to repeated political convulsions and to frequent changes of government. But the revolutions have been usually short-lived, and governments have risen and been overturned with a rapidity unknown in other nations. Yet, amidst all these changes, society has remained the same; and though the influx of foreigners has introduced into it a new element, it continues to run on in its old channel; and Peru, with a thoroughly republican and democratic form of government, retains in all its social institutions the very essence of conservatism. With these peculiar characteristics, the manners of the Peruvians, their social usages, and domestic habits offer attractions to the traveller rarely found in more modernised communities; and the advantage of a short but familiar residence among them enables me to give, from personal observation, a sketch of these peculiarities.

The tract of country lying between the Andes and the Pacific is called Las Valles, and that included in the range of mountains La Montana. The former of these, to which we will at present confine ourselves, is more essentially Spanish than the high country, contains more of the appliances of civilisation, and exercises a greater influence over the destinies of the republic.

Entering the country by its chief sea-port, Callao, we drop anchor in the bay opposite the town, and proceed to examine the strange scene which has suddenly opened to us. On one side of the harbour rises the lofty island of San Lorenzo, a huge barren rock, fourteen miles in circumference, and nearly fourteen hundred feet in height, abounding with seals and sea-lions, and the resort of innumerable sea-fowl, especially pelicans, of which thousands are seen hovering over the bay, flying fearlessly among the shipping, and occasionally diving with great velocity in search of fish. Stretching from the town towards San Lorenzo is a long, low, sandy point, on which Callao once stood before its destruction by the great earthquake of 1630. Numbers of strong arches of burnt bricks remain nearly level with the ground; and beneath these many excavations have been made by treasure-seekers in search of the wealth supposed to be buried in the ruins. These excavations are now filled with skulls and bones, the remains of those who were driven out of the fortress as useless mouths during its siege in the war of independence; and who either crawled into these recesses to perish miserably by famine, or—happier fate—died beneath the fire of the attacking fleet. The government disgracefully allows these ghastly mementoes of war to remain unburied and uncared for. The fortress of Callao—Castillo de la Independencia—is the largest and strongest fortification in South America, and at one time mounted four hundred pieces of cannon; but it does not now contain more than one hundred and twenty. For eighteen months after the declaration of independence, the flag of Spain waved over this solitary castle. During the whole of that period it was strongly besieged both by sea and land—the republican fleet being commanded by Lord Cochrane—and it was only after the original garrison of four thousand men had been reduced by famine and disease to a miserable remnant of two hundred, that the Spanish General Rodil surrendered. He capitulated on the 19th of Febrnary, 1826, and with him fell the Spanish power in South America—the last vestige of that once mighty empire. The fort is now more usefully employed as a bonded store, and casks and bales of merchandise replace the murderous piles of shot and shells. In one part of it are two dark, gloomy, and unhealthy vaults used as criminal prisons, and these are seldom untenanted by English sailors, sent there by the consul for some petty breach of discipline. I remember, on my first visit to this prison, being amused by seeing one of the soldiers on guard seated on a bench mending his wife's gown, while she sat on the ground beside him comfortably smoking a cigar.

The attention of the stranger in Callao is immediately attracted by the number of flag-staffs scattered over the town,

each pole being crowned by a large bird, called by the Spaniards *Gallinazo á cabéza colorada* (red-headed vulture), but known to English sailors as the turkey-buzzard. The streets and the roofs of the houses abound with these birds, which are the scavengers of the coast towns; and their services are much needed, for the inhabitants—according to our notions of cleanliness—are extremely filthy in their habits. Callao, in common with all the smaller Peruvian towns, presents to the traveller a mean and rather disagreeable aspect, arising from the lowness of the houses, the universally flat roofs, and the temporary structure of the buildings. The majority of the houses are mere sheds of reeds plastered with clay and roofed with grass matting; few of them possess the luxury of a glass window, and none of the meaner ones contain a fire-place; in many, the window is in the roof, a square opening, into which is fitted a wooden grating that can be raised or lowered at pleasure by a small line, which, passing over a pulley, hangs down in the middle of the room. But the frequency of earthquakes accounts for this slight style of building, and the total absence of rain renders sloping roofs and waterproof walls unnecessary. Every port on both the coasts of South America possesses its *piscatoria*, or "fisherman's bay," as the word is literally translated. This is the lowest part of the town, the Spanish Alsatia, where all the ruffians and vagabonds are located. In Callao the piscatoria is composed of rows of huts, built of reeds alone, without plaster, many of them wanting roofs, and all exceedingly well ventilated. Into this district it is dangerous for a well-dressed man to venture after night-fall, for the long knife of the Indian Chilo is a ready weapon and is used with but scant ceremony.

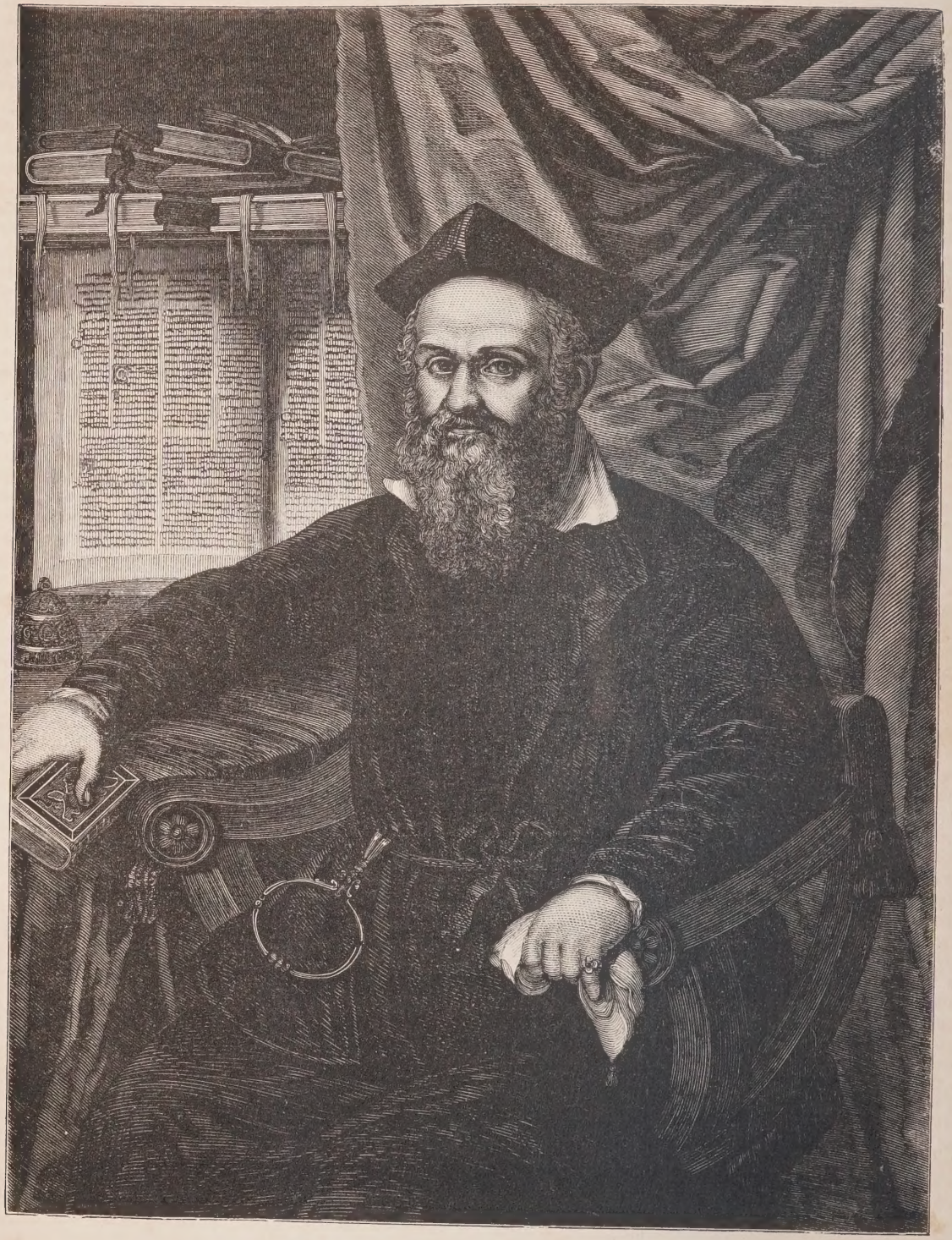
The mole or landing-place at Callao is usually blocked up by huge heaps of wheat imported from Chili, and thrown loose upon the ground, with no other covering than a few mats spread carelessly over it to protect the grain from the heavy night dews. Surrounding these heaps are rows of *botigas* filled with Italia or Pisco, a strong colourless spirit distilled from grapes, and chiefly obtained from the port of Pisco—whence its name. The botiga is an earthern jar, in shape resembling a pear, pointed at the lower end and gradually increasing in bulk to the top, which is rounded over and ends in a narrow mouth-piece. This singular shape necessitates a constant reclining position, but it is found the most convenient for the mode of conveyance universally adopted—the backs of mules and asses. On each side of the pack-saddle is an iron hoop, in which the botiga is placed with the small end downwards; and in this manner spirits, oil and other liquids, are conveyed across the trackless desert on the coast, and over the shapeless roads and frightful chasms of the snow-crowned Cordillera. The frequent accidents to which the botigas are liable from the falling of the mules, or from the collisions which ensue in the desperate rush that occurs on reaching water in the desert, have caused the occasional substitution of goat-skins as a means of conveyance. The mode of obtaining these skins is most barbarous. The goat is hung up alive by the horns, and an incision being made round the neck, the skin is torn off the struggling animal in such a manner that it forms a bag having only one seam. It is asserted that the skin is more easily stripped in this form when the animal is alive, and that the bags are also more durable; but such slight advantages do not warrant the detestable cruelty of the process. Wheeled carriages are rarely seen beyond the limits of the towns; and even between Callao and Lima, a distance of only seven miles over a tolerably level road, troops of asses are the chief means of transport. But the *boricas* (asses) with their picturesque drivers, and the six-horsed omnibuses which conveyed passengers between the port and city, will now be superseded by the railway recently opened; the first, and, I believe, the only one, in South America. A little incident connected with this railway is worth recording. During the progress of the works, the engineer, an Englishman, was taken seriously ill, and, his brain being affected, he was ultimately ordered home. The consequence was that the proceedings were at once suspended, and the completion of the miniature railway was delayed until the arrival of another foreign engineer, as, throughout the puissant republic, not a single man could be found to carry on the work—road-making being a science not commonly taught in the schools of Lima.

Pending the completion of the railway, we leave Callao in an airy omnibus driven by a negro, the six horses running three abreast. The carriage resounds with a perfect Babel of languages, and the faces of the passengers present every shade of colour, varying from the ruddy cheeks of the newly-arrived German, and the pallid countenance of the creole, to the rich brown of the *mestizo*, and the jetty black of the woolly-headed *zambo*. As we enter the high road, we notice on the left a stone obelisk that marks the spot to which a large frigate was carried from the harbour in the disastrous earthquake of 1746. On a small eminence to the right are the ruins of an old fort, above which stands the village of Bonavista, the barracks, and an English hospital. The road now enters the pampas, or, more correctly, the "plateau del Calloa," an undulating plain plentifully watered by little rivulets, but producing only harsh grass diversified by a field of stunted maize or a plantation of spreading plantains. The ground is covered with a yellow sulphurous powder strongly impregnated with nitre, and at a few miles distance are some extensive saltpetre works. From the absence of rain, the road is knee-deep in dust, and the troops of asses which we pass, and the cavalcades of horsemen who pass us, are completely enveloped in white clouds.

The compact little horses of the cavaliers move rapidly over the ground at a long swinging pace, an easy run, which never breaks into a gallop or subsides into the English trot. In fact, the latter pace is considered a great defect, and the horses are carefully trained to avoid it. Every horseman wears the poncho—a square cloak with a hole in the middle, through which the head is passed, the folds falling over the chest, shoulders, and back. This article of dress, common throughout the Spanish republics, is, in Peru, often made of the finest alpaca wool, and dyed in the most brilliant colours; and the cavalier, enveloped in one of these gaudy cloaks, with his head covered by a finely-worked Panama sombrero, has a very picturesque appearance. His horse is hidden beneath a profusion of coloured wool and leather fringes, with a multitude of straps and silver buckles. The heavy stirrups are of wood, beautifully carved and inlaid with silver, whilst his spurs of the same metal are of a most preposterous length, and terminate in rowels of three or four inches diameter. A full-sized pair of spurs contains three marks, or a pound and a half of silver.

Half way to Lima, the conveyance stops for a few minutes to water the horses. Here is a *pulperia*—a union of a dram-shop and a general store,—and close to it stands a deserted convent and the old church of *La Virgen del Carmen*, with the usual accompaniment of a small picture of the crucifixion placed on a little table at the gate, and a plate to receive the contributions of the pious traveller. As we approach the city, which stands on an elevated plain at the foot of the Andes, the scenery is improved by large gardens filled with fruit-trees; and at about a mile from the gates commences the *Alemada*, a beautiful promenade between rows of trees planted on the road-side, and offering a grateful shade, cooled by a gentle stream that murmurs by the path. Close to the gate of the city stands a small inn, the whole front of which is covered by a gorgeous painting of the Sacramento diggings—a mode of ornament peculiar to Lima, The noble gate through which we pass claims a moment's notice, as it was built by an Irishman—bearing the euphonious name of Don Ambrosio O'Higgins—at one time a small shopkeeper in the city, then a Chilian soldier, and ultimately a marquis and viceroy of Peru.

The appearance of the "City of the Kings" (so called from its having been founded on the 6th of January, the celebration of the Epiphany) is not by this entrance very inviting, the houses presenting only blank walls pierced by narrow apertures defended by rusty iron bars. But as we advance into the more frequented streets the scene changes. Noble



DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.

ARCHBISHOP OF SPALATRO.

churches and vast convents appear; the straight lines of the cuadras are broken by elegant shops; overhanging verandahs relieve the sameness of the houses; fountains play in the squares, and small streams of clear water sparkle through the centres of the principal streets. The spacious mansions of the wealthier inhabitants are perfectly secluded from observation by high walls, in which is built a small chamber with a latticed window, where the ladies often sit watching the passers-by. Entering through a lofty gateway, and a portico ornamented by brilliantly coloured paintings, we pass into a quiet yard, round which are the offices, coach-house, &c. Fronting the gateway are the principal rooms, reached by a short flight of broad steps, the windows open to the ground, the iron bars wrought into ornamental shapes and often gilded. In the rooms a low subdued light prevails highly favourable to the full enjoyment of the *siesta*, or afternoon sleep, a Spanish luxury which all the republicanism of the Limenno cannot induce him to forego; and to which he adds a zest by his custom of taking it swinging in a cool grass hammock opposite the open door-way.

Society in Lima is particularly unconstrained, and a generous hospitality pervades all classes. Every evening comes the *tertulia*—the house is thrown open for the admission of all friends who choose to come. The guitar, or, in some European families, the piano calls to the dance, in which the newly-entered visitor joins without ceremony. No introduction is necessary; the rays of a lamp placed at the entrance of the apartments give notice that the family is "at home," and serve as a sufficient invitation. The stranger enters without hesitation, and the fact of his being a foreigner ensures him a still more certain welcome, and a doubly hospitable reception. Slight refreshments are offered—as ices, sweetmeats, and cigars. You are treated by all present as a brother, and on taking leave of your entertainer, are overwhelmed with protestations of regard, and informed that *La casa esta a la disposicion de usted*—"the house is at your disposal;" which is equivalent to an invitation to visit there whenever you think proper; an invitation, moreover,—unlike similar ones in England—given in perfect good faith. The formal party—*la baile de convite*,—is equally open to strangers, though it is an occasion of great importance to both the entertainer and his guests. The most remarkable feature about these parties is, that the populace of all classes have the right of *entreé* to the court-yard; and this right is invariably exercised, the doors and windows being crowded with spectators, who pass very free but good-humoured remarks on the dress and appearance of the guests. The ladies display all their jewellery, both real and false, on such occasions, and heartily enjoy the pleasure of being gazed at by the crowd; whilst the *tapadas* are objects of especial remark and observation. These tapadas are ladies closely veiled in their long mantas, a disguise assumed sometimes from coquetry, but occasionally from a wish to avoid recognition by other visitors, or from want of means to provide a proper dress and ornaments. So closely is the idea of an intrigue associated with this dress, that a foreigner marrying a Lima lady, frequently stipulates that she shall renounce it from the day of marriage. At a party the tapadas do not often mingle with the dancers, but remain in an adjoining apartment, where, through the open folding-doors, they have a good view of the scene. Here the veiled ladies are visited by their friends, occasionally slightly removing their disguise for the benefit of some particular favourite. At these parties gaming is commonly introduced, and large sums are frequently won and lost. Deeply as all the South American republics are stained by this vice, Peru may claim an infamous pre-eminence among them. The ruinous passion affects all ranks and ages; and the priests may be classed with the most determined gamblers of the community. They are found in their long robes and rope girdles at the billiard-tables, cock-pits, and lottery-offices; and are never-failing attendants at the card-tables in the coffee-houses, stooping even to bet with the ignorant cholos, and openly gambling with the most depraved and vicious associates. The afternoon of the Sabbath is more particularly devoted to cock-fighting, a sport which is only second to the bull-fight in the estimation of the Limenno. At every door in the lower districts of the city you see one or two cocks tied by the leg, and need not be surprised if, on entering the house, you discover one in each corner of its only room. The circus for cock-fighting is a handsome building, in the form of an amphitheatre, with an arena in the centre; though large, and capable of accommodating a considerable number of persons, it is usually filled to overflowing on Sunday, when from fifty to a hundred birds are not unfrequently killed. The cocks are armed with a single spur, a keen steel blade curved like a scimitar, and, armed with such a weapon, the first spring generally decides the contest. The bull-fights are held in a large circus erected for the purpose in the suburbs across the river Rimac. Every great festival is signalised by one of these brutal exhibitions, and during the season one usually takes place every Monday. No true Limenno would on any account miss one of these spectacles, and the most intense excitement prevails in the city previous to any extraordinary fight. The ladies take especial interest in these cruel amusements, and attend them in great numbers, applauding the bravery of the torridors, and rewarding every successful feat by loud expressions of approbation. Each principal trading company annually presents a bull to the people, and these animals are paraded through the city decorated with flowers and ribbons. The sports are more varied than in Spain, the bulls being attacked in many different modes; and the barbarities of the Spanish circus are greatly augmented by the ingenious and inhuman tortures customary in that of Lima. It is difficult to understand how so gentle and indolent a people as the Peruvians can find pleasure in such savage scenes, but the bull-fight has become a national custom, and in the intense gratification that it affords its cruelty is overlooked or forgotten. Perhaps to this early intimacy with these bloody spectacles may be attributed the wanton ferocity which has distinguished the civil wars of Peru, whose history, crowded as it is with legalised murders and tragic narratives of unarmed prisoners shot in cold blood can only excite in the mind of the civilised reader sentiments of deep horror and of sickening disgust.

The foreigner in Lima is astonished at the number of monks and friars who continually pass him in the streets—mean, vulgar-looking men, whose gowns and faces appear to be equally guiltless of any close acquaintance with soap and cold water, and who seem to divide their time between gambling in the cafés and lounging in the cigar-shops. Lima is proverbial for the extent and splendour of its ecclesiastical buildings, and though the churches have been repeatedly plundered during the revolutionary wars, they still retain some remnants of their former magnificence. The cathedral is rich in shrines containing beautiful wax figures of various saints, before which stand huge wax candles of fantastic shapes. Among the numerous offerings of plate and jewels are many little silver legs and arms presented on recovery from some accident or malady affecting those members. In the cathedral is a magnificent choir carved in wood, and the splendour of the grand altar there almost exceeds belief. The beautifully wrought golden tabernacle, sparkling with brilliant jewels, glitters in the blaze of many tapers placed in massive silver candelabra, and a row of elegant silver columns lends increased splendour to the *coup d'oeil*. The church of San Augustin is chiefly remarkable for its outer decorations. The whole front is one mass of pillars, statues, scrolls, and similar ornaments, but they are all of plaster, and are now falling to decay. Among the fifty-four churches and convents which the city possesses it is difficult to particularise a few. They were formerly noted for their valuable collections of paintings, but most of these have now disappeared; and as an instance of the care and taste of the priests in such matters, I may remark that I noticed in one church a magnificent painting of the Madonna *decorated* with a large pearl necklace, and massive gold rings, holes having been cut in the canvas to admit these *tasteful* ornaments. By the side of the churches stand the vast and sombre convents. One of them, dedicated to St. Francisco, covers with its grounds an immense area; but the gardens, once highly cultivated, are now

neglected, and the diminished revenues of the monks have left hundreds of cells vacant. Within this convent is a small chapel, over the door of which stands an image of the Virgin; and the priests tell us that during the great earthquake of 1630, this figure turned towards the altar, and, devoutly kneeling, prayed for the safety of the doomed city. This intercession, say they, saved Lima from utter annihilation.

The monasteries of Santo Domingo, Santo Diego, San Augustin, and San Pedro, are all falling to decay; and in the *Plazuela de la Inquisicion*, a gloomy and almost tenantless building, is the only vestige of that once terrible institution. Yet Peru, in common with her sister republics, is deeply sunk in the religious superstitions, and no religion but Roman Catholicism is tolerated within her boundaries. A few years ago, the British minister in Lima, wishing to give to his countrymen an opportunity of attending religious worship in accordance with their faith and consciences, hired a house to be used as a Protestant chapel. The people on hearing this assembled in a mob, threatening to pull down the house, unless the landlord withdrew his consent and turned out the pestilent heretics. He was compelled to obey. Yet half the commerce, and nearly the whole of the manufactures of the country, are in the hands of these despised heretics; and to foreigners alone does Peru owe even her nominal place among nations. The most eminent officers of her patriot army were natives of Britain or of France. Her merchants are from England, Germany, or the United States; and her shopkeepers are Frenchmen or Italians. Her engineers, her sailors, and her artisans, are of all nations; and even her Lilliputian fleet is in a great measure manned and officered by foreigners, among whom the Americans and English are conspicuous; though the difficulty of obtaining any pay from the government has latterly considerably diminished their number.

The religious processions of Lima are among the favourite amusements of the people; and all the members of the government, the whole army of the republic, and the swarming multitudes of priests and monks, take part in them. The statues of the saints form a portion of the spectacle, and their rich decorations, with the gaudy dresses of their negro bearers, add to the gaiety of the scene. Numbers of tapadas closely veiled join the procession or mingle with the spectators, and as these constitute nearly the whole population, the streets are crowded with a motley assemblage of all colours, whose merry faces evince the joyous interest which they take in the brilliant pageant.

Among the popular recreations of the Limennos the fête of the Amancaes is perhaps the most curious and characteristic. At a short distance from the city, in the direction of the mountains, is a small plain which, during the greater part of the year, is a mere barren waste; but in the months of June and July the night dews falling on the arid soil cover it with beautiful carpet of verdure abounding with flowers, among which a handsome yellow lily grows in great profusion. On the 24th of June, St. John's-day, Lima literally empties itself upon this plateau; the whole population rushes frantically to the Amancaes, wild with delight and anticipated pleasure. The road is thronged by parties of men and women, shouting, laughing, and dancing, in the exuberance of their joy. Negroes mounted on spirited horses ride at full speed along the road, exhibiting the most extraordinary feats of agility and horsemanship. Rapidly passing some other cavalier, they clasp him round the waist, and dragging him by main force from the saddle, carry him some distance on the road. In a similar manner they occasionally catch up an unsuspecting Indian or mulatto woman, and placing her before them on the saddle gallop rapidly away. The most extraordinary vehicles appear on the road loaded with gaily-dressed cholos, the females glittering with gilt chains and heavy gaudy ornaments. Amidst a party of equestrians you see coloured women riding in the same fashion as men; or occasionally a group of cavaliers and fair ladies, distinguished by their graceful bearing, and the dexterous management of their beautiful horses. The ladies of Lima are celebrated as graceful horsewomen. They wear a short white riding-cloak, over which is thrown a splendid poncho; trowsers trimmed with silver lace, from beneath which peep the delicately small feet enclosed in satin slippers; and an exceedingly pretty hat woven of very fine grass, and decorated with a broad streaming ribbon. On reaching the plain you find it covered with booths, where you can obtain provisions, spirits, or chicha, a pleasant liquor made from maize, and an especially favourite beverage with the coloured population. Every man and woman on the plain wears a bunch of the yellow lilies, and yet the ground is brightly covered with them. The huge mountains almost encircle the plateau, frowning in grim stolidity upon the merry scene, and casting back in broken echoes the joyous shouts and peals of happy laughter which dare to invade their silent solitude. Here is a mirthful group seated on the grass busily discussing the provisions they have brought with them, and passing from mouth to mouth the huge tumbler of chicha, or the little goblet of Italia. There a jocund party form a ring for the *zambacueca*, the favourite dance of the Peruvians. The eternal guitar twangs out its monotonous notes, accompanied by the low chant of the women, and by the uncouth music of another performer, who beats time with a stick upon a wooden box. A well-built mulatto, throwing aside his hat and poncho, steps into the circle, leading a pretty mestiza, or a darker zamba, with her short, frizzled hair worked into a hundred little plaits, and decorated with newly-gathered flowers. The woman commences the dance, carrying in her hand a handkerchief, and slowly moving round her partner, who follows every footstep, gazing on his mistress with an indescribable air of timorous entreaty. By degrees the musicians and the dancers become more excited; the guitar twangs with redoubled energy; the woman, throwing into her countenance an expression of disdain, quickens her movements, and flies before the pursuing swain in the most graceful evolutions, shaking the handkerchief in his face as she passes. With steady perseverance he follows every turn, and soon the tired maid becomes herself the suppliant; vainly she now tries to avoid him by the most desperate springs and rapid changes; he presses more closely upon her, and at length, exhausted by her efforts, she sinks upon his outstretched arm, and drops the handkerchief in token of defeat; the surrounding crowd loudly applauding the triumph of the proudly-conscious victor.

As night approaches the happy multitude return to the city, their horses and themselves covered with flowers; and as they pour along the Alameda, and across the bridge, the jocund laugh and sportive song ring out as merrily as though the much-loved festival was but commencing, and the long day of pleasure had left them still unwearied and uncloyed.

Such scenes as these are the life-blood of the Peruvians, the only objects worth living for. The world of the Limenno is a stage, a bull-ring, a cock-circus, or a *paseo de Amancaes*. Give him these, varied by an occasional religious procession or a military spectacle, and he is perfectly contented; always provided that there is plenty of ice in the plaza, and that his cigar-case is well filled. Thus provided for, he is heedless of all else; satisfied that Lima is the greatest city in the world, and that he, himself, is the most graceful dancer it contains. It matters not to him that, though under a thoroughly democratic government, his country lags far behind the most absolute monarchies of Europe. He cares not to know that whilst art, literature, and science, are striding with unparalleled rapidity over the rest of the world—in Peru, in Bolivia, in Chili, in Ecuador, they are either stationary, or actually retrogressing. The prophecy of the liberator, Bolivar, that great destinies were in store for the Spanish republics, and that they would one day attain to an eminent position amongst the world's nations, seems to be as far from fulfilment as when it was uttered. And yet the cause rests only with themselves. The only obstacles to their advancement are in their own indolence and inactivity; in their inveterate love of pleasure, and their utter want of energy. What other country can vie with Peru in the number and the riches of its varied products? Her seas swarm with fish; the sperm whale rolls in her bays, and the fur seal inhabits her rocky islets. On her coast is an open mine of incalculable wealth, attracting to

her ports the ships of all countries, and pouring into her treasury vast sums of gold for which she neither toils nor spins. For thousands of years, on the barren guano islands, has this wealth been accumulating, and were it possible to transport the Chinca and the Lobos rocks to the mouth of the Mersey or the Thames, all the gold of Australia would scarce suffice to purchase the rich fertilising matter which they bear.

On the banks of the streams which water her deserts grow the vine, the cotton-plant, the sugar-cane, the olive, tobacco, maize, barley, lucern, and many other valuable products. Her plantations abound in rich fruits, among which are oranges, pomegranates, lemons, figs, plantains, guavas, dates, pattas, quinces, and many peculiar to the country. The deep valleys of the Sierra are rich in the most valuable productions,—indigo, dyewoods, gums, medicinal barks, and costly timber. Flocks of sheep in the Sierra supply large quantities of wool; and on the table lands of the Cordileras, is produced the soft silky fleece of the alpaca, which the enterprise of a single Englishman has raised into an article of great commercial value. Copper, iron, lead, and gold are found in the mountains, and their prolific silver mines are celebrated all over the world. But when we turn from the country to the people, all is barren as their mountain-peaks, arid as their scorching deserts. Superstitious, apathetic, unstable, the Peruvian gives little hope of future progress. His moral, intellectual, and even physical condition, is most debased and degraded; and to him, the noble country, its magnificent scenery, and its vast treasures, are but as pearls cast before swine.

GIACOMO ROBUSTI, IL TINTORETTO.

We recently gave an engraving illustrative of one of the most interesting incidents in the life of Giacomo Robusti—namely, his painting his daughter's portrait after her death. In presenting our readers with a portrait of an Archbishop of Spalatro, a man to whom no interest attaches beyond the fact that Tintoretto painted him, we have now an opportunity of entering at more length into the details of the great artist's life.

He was born at Venice, in 1512, and was the son of a dyer, hence his name of *Tintoretto*. From his earliest childhood he showed a marked predilection for art, and covered the walls of his father's house with rude sketches. We have already remarked upon this early indication of genius in the case of Sir J. Reynolds, Benjamin West, and some other great artists of modern times. In Italy, in the seventeenth century, if a child displayed an inclination of this sort, an attempt was seldom made to divert or obstruct it. Tintoretto's father, therefore, had him instructed in the elements of design, and, when he was old enough, placed him under the tuition of the great Titian, who was then in the zenith of his fame. His advancement was now so rapid, that he soon outstripped all his fellow-pupils. Titian one day seeing in the studio some drawings of extraordinary excellence, inquired whose they were; and on being informed that they were Tintoretto's, ordered some one to conduct the boy home. This mean jealousy was certainly unworthy of Titian, but it did not in the least dishearten Tintoretto. Nothing piqued by the indignity, and nothing daunted by the disappointment, he went to work with new courage. It was a common object of ambition with the artists of that time to be considered successful followers of Titian merely. But Tintoretto now conceived the loftier idea of becoming the founder of a new school upon a system of his own making, which should hand down his name to posterity. His intention was, if possible, to unite in his style all the excellencies of the great artists of his time, and add to them what was, in his opinion, wanting. The boldness of this step was characteristic of the fiery impetuosity of his disposition. No sooner had he conceived the idea, than he set about carrying it into execution. His circumstances did not allow of his hiring an apartment very well adapted for his work, but he determined that his achievements should dignify and ennoble the humble garret in which he was for the time obliged to pursue his vocation. Over the door he wrote up, "Michael Angelo's design, and the colouring of Titian," to indicate the leading qualities which he would endeavour to combine in his work. He had always been an indefatigable imitator of the latter; he now began to spend his days and nights in copying models of statues by the former, as well as of ancient marbles and bassi rilievi. He had models also sent him from Florence of the figures of the tomb of the Medici by Michael Angelo, taken by Daniello da Volterra. There was an ancient head of Vitellius, upon which, in particular, we are informed he was always employed "in designing and learning." Lanzi tells us that he was in the habit of designing his models by lamplight, in order to give greater breadth and power to the effect of his light and shadow; and with the same view he made little figures of chalk, clothed them carefully, adapted them to little houses composed of pasteboard and slips of wood, and supplied them through the windows with small lights, by which he could regulate the chiaro-scuro. At this time very little attention was paid by Venetian artists to fore-shortening, or the apparent diminution in the length of a figure when viewed longitudinally compared with its appearance when placed perpendicularly. In Lombardy, however, this branch of art was closely attended to, and Tintoretto set to work with great zeal to perfect himself in a knowledge of it. For this purpose he suspended his models by cords from the ceiling, and then designed them from different points of view, and in a variety of positions. Sensible also of the importance of an acquaintance with the muscular structure of the human body, he attended the lectures and dissections of anatomists, and designed the naked parts as much as possible in a variety of shortenings and attitudes. By these studies he formed a plan of his own, which he determined all his followers should adopt, beginning with designing from the best models, and having obtained the idea of a correct style, copy the naked parts, and correct their defects. Even when his powers were in their prime he was employed in painting for the church of La Trinita, "Adam and Eve seduced by the Serpent," and the "Death of Abel," Ridolfi says, "he designed the figures from nature, placing over them a thin veil, to which figures he added a peculiar grace of contour, which he acquired from studying rilievi."

To all these aids and advantages he united two others, without which these would have been useless—a terrible genius, which extorted admiration even from those most disposed to condemn or criticise him severely, and one of the most fertile imaginations with which any artist of ancient or modern times was ever gifted. But there was something wanting which is more valuable even than genius or intellect, though they be of the highest order, without which they can do little, but which alone can do wonders,—diligence, steady, persevering, unfaltering industry,—"a virtue which of itself," says Cicero, "seems to include all the rest." But of this Tintoretto was unfortunately not possessed. It is seldom found in conjunction with great dispatch. Of his possession of the latter in a most wonderful degree he gave the following remarkable proof. The members of the confraternity of St. Rocco, at Venice, having determined to decorate the church with a painting representing the apotheosis of their patron saint, instructed some of the most celebrated artists of the time, including Paul Veronese, Andrew Schiavone, Salvinti, F. Zuccaro, and Tintoretto, to prepare sketches of the subject, that the most approved might be selected and carried into execution. Upon the appointed day the other painters appeared with their designs, but, to the astonishment of all present, Tintoretto produced his finished picture. His competitors rendered justice to so extraordinary an effort, and denominated "*Il Furioso Tintoretto, un fulmine di Penello.*"

During the earlier part of Tintoretto's career, however, his diligence fully equalled his rapidity, and some of his pictures executed during this period are amongst the wonders of Venetian art, and equal to those of Titian. Amongst these is his celebrated picture, "The Slave," representing the miraculous delivery of a Venetian slave who had been condemned to death by the Turks, and having invoked the miraculous interposition of St. Mark, the saint complies, the executioner's weapon is broken, and the crowd of persecutors is dispersed. This picture was formerly in the Scuola di S. Marco, afterwards in the gallery of the Louvre, but has since been restored to Venice. The attitudes of the men assisting at the spectacle are varied, appropriate, and animated, and that of the saint who flies to the rescue gives an excellent idea of the swiftness of an aerial being.

Tintoretto's soul was shared between two great passions—love of his art and of his daughter. Of her we have already spoken, and we can hardly do better than here repeat the touching story of his sorrow and bereavement.

When Tintoretto was forty-eight years old, a daughter was born to him. To the cultivation of the mind of his child the great painter devoted himself. The little girl was a bud of promise. As her intellect was developed and began to put forth its powers, she gave evidence of very great ability. She was beautiful as a child, and showed an early genius for music as well as painting, and performed remarkably well on several instruments. Tintoretto became her sole instructor, and under his teaching she progressed with amazing rapidity and great success. But though she was qualified to make a considerable appearance in historical subjects, she devoted her talents wholly to portrait painting. Tintoretto took great pains to direct her judgment and skill in that branch of the art, till she gained an easy elegance in her manner of design, and an admirable tint of colour. "Her pencil was free, her touch light and full of spirit, and she received deserved applause." Jacob Strada, the antiquarian, celebrated in the court of the Emperor Maximilian, was painted by Marietta, and so gratified was he with the beauty of the portrait, that he presented it to the emperor. She was solicited by Maximilian to reside at his court; Philip II. of Spain and the Archduke Ferdinand made similar proposals; most of the nobility of Venice sat to her; but such was her affectionate attachment to her parent, and such the affectionate attachment of Tintoretto, and her love of home was so strong, that all these glittering offers were refused. She married, but still continued to reside with her father, and the old man's heart was gladdened by the rising fame of his well-loved child. He seemed to live again amid all the glory of his early years—every shower of praise, every offering of applause, were dear to him on her account; he loved to watch her as she sketched and painted in his studio, to whisper here and there a word, to see the picture grow beneath her pencil into exquisite loveliness, to notice nature reproduced in all its ever varying shades, and ever changing forms. His own glory appeared to be as nothing—he forgot himself in her—he lived in her renown. And the father's love was only equalled by the strong attachment of Marietta. Venice, the city of palaces, was dear to them both. It had been, and still was the scene o Tintoretto's fame; it was associated with the earliest recollections and the dearest remembrances of Marietta.

But a cloud was to shut out the sunshine that made the old man glad. Marietta, not yet thirty, was seized with a dangerous illness. Day by day her father watched beside her bed; through the long, long, weary days, and through the long, sad, weary nights, he could scarcely be persuaded at any time to leave her couch; he watched the ebbing life, the ashy paleness of her cheeks, till all hope was gone, and the eyes grew fixed and her pulse ceased to beat, and they led the old man away and whispered she was dead.

That night Tintoretto returned to the death-chamber of his child. He had come prepared to execute the likeness of her who had the strongest hold of his affections, to trace the features of his daughter before she was committed to the tomb. There she lay in all the beauty of womanhood, and the strange, mysterious stillness of death. During the whole of that night the old man pursued his melancholy employment. M. Leon Cogniet has represented this last scene; the painter, sombre and austere, mastering for the time his overwhelming grief, is looking upon the features of Marietta; the bed-curtain is drawn aside, and the object of his love is seen almost as if she slept, the symbol of her faith is lying on the bed, and the light of a lamp falls upon the features with a peculiarly sombre effect. The work was completed that night,—the last touch was given, and the painter's vocation was gone, his art had now no attraction for him; fame and glory were worthless now that they would be reflected upon no second self.

When they had laid the body of his child in the sepulchre, when they had lowered it into its last resting place, Tintoretto placed his palette and brushes upon the bier, and, retiring from his old associations and old companionship, lingered out his few remaining days as if every object in life was taken from, and his only business in the world was to die.

In his latter years, however, Tintoretto had lost his diligence, and nought remained but his impetuosity, and rapidity, which marred the effect of many of his pictures. He aimed rather at liveliness than grace, and drew most of the models for his heads and attitudes from observation of the people of his native state. In some of his "Suppers," Lanzi says, "his apostles might be taken for gondoliers, when their arm is raised ready to strike the oar, and with a native air of fierceness on the face when they raise the head either to look out, to ridicule, or to dispute." He also varied Titian's method of colouring, making use of primary grounds no longer white, and composed of chalk, but shaded, owing to which his Venetian pictures have felt the effects of time more than the rest. He never thoroughly succeeded in attaining his great aim of uniting the design of Michael Angelo with the colouring of Titian, but his study of the works of the former led him into the adoption of a naturalistic style. The naked figure is with Michael Angelo a symbolic form, but Tintoretto introduces it for the sake of the muscular drawing, in which he excelled.

His portraits are his best works. Here his conception is fine and even grand, and generally combined with careful execution. There are three of his best in the Berlin Museum; a very fine one in the Louvre. In the collection at Castle Howard are two "Dukes of Ferrara, with servants and pages, engaged in their devotions in a church." In the same gallery are the "Sacrifice of Isaac;" and the Duke of Sutherland has in London "A Party of Musicians." There are also some fine specimens in the Bridgewater Gallery.

Some of his pictures are enormously large. In the palace of the Doge, at Venice, there is a representation of Paradise, painted in oil, seventy-four feet long and thirty feet high.

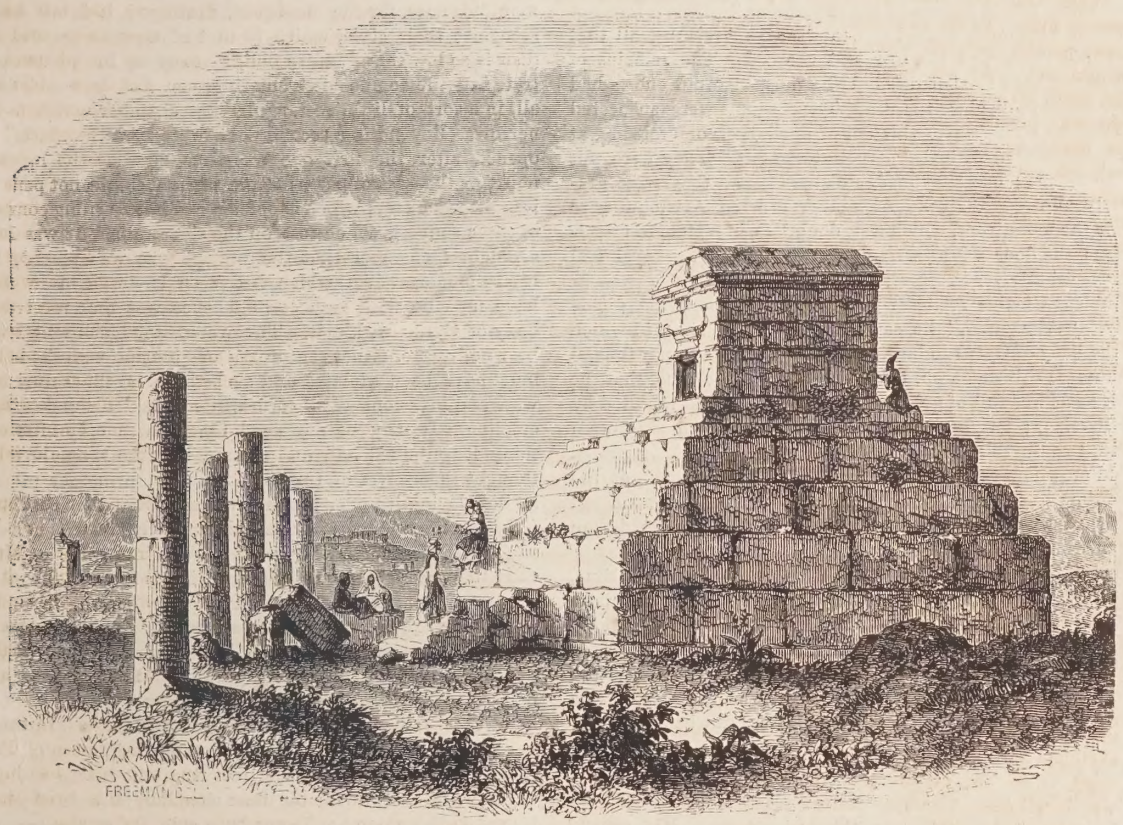
We cannot do better than conclude this brief sketch by Kugler's estimate of Tintoretto's style and genius:—

"He was one of the most vigorous painters that the history of art exhibits; one who sought rather than avoided the greatest difficulties, and who possessed a true feeling for animation and grandeur. If his works do not always please, it must be imputed to the foreign and non-Venetian element which he adopted, but never completely mastered, and to the times in which he lived. His off-hand style, as we may call it, is, it is true, always full of grand and meaning detail: with a few patches of colour he expresses sometimes the liveliest forms and expressions; but he fails in that artistic arrangement of the whole, and in that nobility of motives in parts, which are necessary exponents of a high idea. His compositions are not expressed by finely-studied degrees of participation in the principal action, but by great masses of light and shade. Attitudes and movements are taken immediately from common life, not chosen from the best models. With Titian the highest idea of earthly happiness in existence is expressed by beauty; with Tintoretto in mere animal strength, sometimes of a very rude character."

He died at Venice in 1594.

THE TOMB OF CYRUS.

After waging war victoriously for thirty years, Cyrus, who had made himself master of the whole of Western Asia, perished in a combat against the Scythians led on by a woman. Thomyris, queen of the Massagetæ, a people who occupied a tract of country from the north to the east of the Caspian Sea, burnt to revenge the death of her son, and it was by her order that the body of Cyrus was dragged from beneath the slain, and that the head of it was cut off and thrown into a vessel of human blood. "Though I am still alive and victorious," exclaimed the queen, "you have brought destruction on me, by causing the death of my son, who had allowed himself to be inveigled by your snares; but you shall now have your fill of blood, as I promised." It is also said that she addressed the pale face of the lifeless conqueror in the following violent words:—"Drink this blood, after which you ever thirsted, but by which your thirst was never allayed!"



TOMB OF CYRUS. FROM A DRAWING BY FREEMAN.

Such was the end of this celebrated king, according to what was related to Herodotus in Persia; but the great historian adds: "There are various accounts concerning the death of Cyrus."

According to another tradition, Ctesias relates that the last enemies against whom Cyrus fought were the Derbices (Scythians of Margiana), who had Amoræus for their king. These people put the Persian cavalry to the rout by means of their elephants, which they suddenly led out of an ambuscade; Cyrus himself fell from his horse, and an Indian pierced his thigh with a javelin. Three days afterwards he died of his wound.

Then again, Xenophon declares that Cyrus died tranquilly in his bed, in the midst of his relations and his friends. He had been warned, in a dream, of his approaching end, by a man with a majestic bearing, who appeared to him much more than a mortal, and who said: "Prepare yourself, Cyrus, for you are soon about to go to where the gods abide." This dream awoke him; and he immediately offered up sacrifices on the summits of the mountains, not to implore Jupiter and the Sun to prolong his life, but to thank them for their constant protection. On the third day from that he gently breathed his last, after having administered consolation and advice to his sons and to the first magistrates of his empire.

Lucian thinks, in his turn, that Cyrus, after having attained the age of more than a hundred years, died of grief, because his son Cambyses had put most of his friends to death. This version is not at all improbable. Cambyses was quite capable of putting his father's friends to death, or even his father himself; for Cambyses also was a great conqueror. Writers have attempted to excuse his cruel extravagances on the ground that he was subject to cataleptic fits. If, however, he did not make his father happy when alive, he paid him all honour after his death, and raised a tomb to his memory at Passagarda, a city which Cyrus had built on the very spot where he had vanquished and dethroned Astyages, king of the Medes, and who, according to some historians, was no other than his own grandfather.

If the Massagetæ put Cyrus to death near the Caspian sea, they must have given up his body to the Persians, or the latter must have re-taken it. History is silent in this respect. The monument at Passagarda might also be nothing else but an empty tomb, simply commemorative, like the numerous cenotaphs of Æneas, or the sepulchres that certain Greek nations raised on the battle-field of Platæa.

This tomb has been described by Arrianus.* It rose in the royal garden of Passagarda, in the midst of rare trees and tall shrubs, among which ran streams of limpid water. It

* Historica Indica, lib. x.

was a square edifice standing on a stone platform, and consisted of one little vaulted chamber, which was entered with difficulty through a door, both very narrow and very low. In the middle of the chamber was a golden urn in which the remains of Cyrus were preserved. This urn was placed on a table which was covered with rich stuffs from Babylon, and which had legs of massive gold. The chamber itself was covered with a purple carpet. Near the urn, were seen the royal dress, magnificent Assyrian garments, with others of a hyacinth colour, Median armour, necklaces, rings, and ornaments, in which sparkled gold and precious stones. At a short distance from the steps which led to this tomb was another little edifice, where the magians, who were charged to watch over the remains of Cyrus, resided. It was the wish of Cambyses that the fathers should be succeeded in this pious duty by their sons. Each day a sheep, flour, and wine were carried to the magians; and each month they were presented with a horse, which they sacrificed in memory of the great king. On the frontispiece of the tomb was the following epitaph: "Mortal, I am Cyrus, the son of Cambyses; I gave the Persians universal dominion, and I reigned over Asia; be not jealous of my monument."

When Alexander visited the tomb, says Arrianus, all that he found there was the urn and the bed. The remains of Cyrus had been carried off, and the most vigorous efforts had been made to displace the urn. The magians were suspected of being no strangers to this act of spoliation, or of being, at least, acquainted with the perpetrators of it. They were put to the torture; but they made no avowal, and they were graciously allowed to live. Alexander ordered Aristobulus to repair the monument, which was, doubtless, in a state of dilapidation; the door was afterwards walled up, and the royal seal was placed all over it.

Quintus Curtius relates this circumstance somewhat differently. "Alexander," he says, "ordered the tomb in which lay the body of Cyrus to be opened, as he wished to pay funeral honours to this monarch, believing, at the same time, that the tomb itself was full of gold and silver, as had been reported by the Persians; but he found in it nothing but an old rotten shield, two Scythians' bows, and a scimitar. The king placed a gold crown on the urn, and covered it with his cloak, at the same time expressing his astonishment that so powerful and renowned a king had not been more sumptuously interred than a man would be."

One of the courtiers remarked, on hearing him speak thus, that the tomb had contained three thousand talents, and insinuated that the treasure might have been carried off by Orsmes, a satrap of Passagarda. In consequence of this accusation, inspired by hatred, Alexander had Orsmes arrested, and the satrap, less lucky than the magians, because he was not so rich, perhaps, was condemned, without his guilt being proved, and put to death.

But does this tomb still exist? And where was Passagarda? On what spot was the great battle, in which the destruction of Astyages was achieved, delivered? No conclusive answer can be given to these questions; for it is as difficult to judge of the veracity of the various historical facts, as it is to form an opinion from mere supposition, and men of learning are not less divided in this respect than theorizers. The battle took place in the southern part of Persia, which at present forms the province of Farsistan. Ancient ruins are by no means rare about this part of the country, formerly the theatre of so many revolutions. There are some near a little village called *Fossa*. Now the scientific world hardly make the shadow of difference between the two words *Fossa* and *Passa;* and, moreover, great use is made in the south of Persia of the Zend termination *gherd;* Fossagherd and Passagherd are therefore the same; and from the latter word comes Passagarda, the place where, without doubt, the tomb of Cyrus was erected. But then, on the other hand, the ruins of Fossa are of little importance, while there are others in every respect more worthy of attention at a few days' journey higher up the country, near the small town of Morghab, at a little distance from the ancient frontiers of Media, and it is very natural to suppose that the field of battle of the Medes and Persians was near the frontiers. It has been, therefore, presumed that Passagarda was situated in the environs of Morghab, and this notion is strengthened from the fact that, in the midst of a vast plain which exists in these parts, and among ruins of a truly antique appearance, there is a monument of an austere form and aspect which possesses all the characteristics of the mausoleum spoken of by Arrianus. Monsieur E. Flandin, the last traveller who has seen and sketched this tomb, describes it in the following manner:—

"The whole structure, which rises about thirty feet above its foundation, is divided into two parts of nearly the same size; the first, which is composed of six steps retreating one over the other, serves as the basis or pedestal to the second, which constitutes the funeral chamber. This chamber is rectangular in form, and is made, like the steps, of enormous blocks of white limestone highly polished. Each of the two narrowest lines of its roofing forms a fronton. The monument is so situated that the entrance, which consists of a little door surrounded with a case and surmounted by a cornice, looks towards the north-west. Though these different mouldings are, for the most part, destroyed, it is still easy to recognise their style, which is that of Grecian profile. The door is so low that you are obliged to stoop in order to penetrate into the tomb; after entering, you find yourself, first of all, in a sort of little rectangular antechamber which is very narrow. Beyond is a second door, which was, doubtless only opened after the first one was shut, so that the light and noise, or the eyes of persons from without might not penetrate into the sanctuary, which is oblong, and has a ceiling composed of three courses, which rest on the side walls. It was in this sepulchral chamber that the sarcophagus was placed, or at least the mortal dust which had been enclosed in it, for we have no clue with respect to what it was that received the body of Cyrus within it. The walls, now black with smoke, bear no trace of either sculptures or inscriptions. This tomb must have been violated and sacked several times during the wars and invasions of all sorts which harassed Persia after its erection. It may be supposed that it was only after every thing it contained had disappeared that the Mussulmans bethought themselves of turning it into a shrine for pilgrims, and of placing it under the protection of what they call *Mader-i-Suleiman*. But who is this Suleiman whose name is held in such veneration, and who has replaced him to whose memory the tomb was erected? Is it Solomon? or is it one of the modern heroes of Islamism? Whoever he may be, the tomb, after having been profaned, and then abandoned as an impure place, like all monuments of the same kind, has undergone a transformation both of name and purpose. It has been turned into one of those *imamzadeh* which attract the most devout believers in Persia from all quarters. This transformation has rendered it necessary to make some slight alterations in its interior. A few Arabian lines from the Koran have been engraved on the walls of the inner chamber, in front of a *kebleh*, traced on the stone on the southern side. The Persians have thus turned this antique tomb into a celebrated place of worship, under the name of *Meched-i-Mader* Suleiman; it is principally used by women, who alone, it is said, have the right to enter it."

The shafts of a few pillars are still seen standing around the tomb; but it is not at all certain that they are in their primitive places, or that they were erected at the same time as the mausoleum. It may be supposed that the modern Persians have taken away from the edifices, whose ruins are seen a little further off, fragments of pillars, in order to encircle the tomb they have restored in honour of the mother of their Suleiman.

At a few paces from the tomb is a ruin which has quite a modern appearance, although antique remains are found in it. It is said that it was formerly a *medreseh*, or convent, which served as a residence to the mollahs who guarded the tomb that is now abandoned. This tradition agrees in one respect so well with what Arrianus says, that it appears as if it should carry conviction with it.

ART EDUCATION.

We have long known, that in almost every continental nation the arts and sciences have been more encouraged by government and valued by the people than in England;—but the Great Exhibition, by demonstrating this, in the superior grace and precision of foreign workmanship, made it a reality worth an effort to contend with. Hence memorials were sent last year to the Royal Commissioners, from the merchants and manufacturers of our principal towns, praying that the proceeds of the Great Exhibition be expended in the establishment of a great Central College of Arts and Manufactures, resembling that instituted in Paris in 1829, in the magnificent building which is the subject of the accompanying engravings.

The reports of Mr. Dyce, prove that schools exist all over Germany affording the highest scientific instruction to all classes; that geometry, with drawing and modelling from the antique, is taught at a merely nominal charge, which in cases of poverty is dispensed with; while pecuniary aid is often given, and the talented transferred to the art academies. The great Trade Institute of Berlin is free, and gives a full, scientific, and technical education, with a view to producing a class of skilled and intelligent artizans. Bavaria shows a most complete system of public instruction, in every stage of which art is combined with science, design for industry included, and drawing made as common as writing. In France, as is well known, attention to art, in its first principles, is promoted in every sphere, and that drawing, especially of the figure, is practised by all. What wonder, then, where art and science so mingle with the most elementary details of instruction, that they should enter into the whole character of a community, and be shaped to the exigence of its commerce?—that the metal-work of Nuremberg, the silk-trade of Lyons, the ceramic art of Sèvres, should variously illustrate the thorough artistic grounding which continental governments secure to the masses? That England, so great in mechanical appliance, is so wanting in self-assured science and the general expression of artistic feeling, must be attributed to our want of love and faithfulness toward these high graces of the mind. On the part of government and people, a too self-willed contempt of show has led to the grave error of contempt for the great truths of Nature, written alike in flower and star; to know which intimately must elevate the individual and promote general prosperity.

In contemplating the many institutions and educational advantages professed by France, we remark the evident devotion of her people to those truths. Even in the noble institution before us, the object of which is to educate civil engineers, drawing and design rank high among its studies; and, according to Dr. Playfair, a certificate from the school is "equivalent to assured success in life," while more than six hundred foreigners, from all parts of the world, have been educated there, and the most eminent men in France are among its professors.

This institution, called "L'Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures," was formerly established by private enterprize, on the conviction of its necessity, which had been vainly urged on government; its existence, however, was its strongest appeal, and it became acknowledged as a national institution in a country where every public school is patronised by government.

Established in the great Hotel Salé, which was built by Albert Fontenay, in 1656, it was subsequently the seat of nobility;—converted to a school, under the direction of M. Cousin and M. Andrew, it admirably answered its purpose. The candidate for study must be between eighteen and twenty-one years of age, and must pass through two examinations, one oral and the other written; in Paris these are made by the professors of the school, and elsewhere by the university professors of mathematics. The qualifications are of a high character, comprising a liberal acquaintance with arithmetic, algebra, and elementary problems of mathematics, geometry, and chemistry, mineral and organic; also drawing by rule and compass, sketching and colouring. The course of instruction occupies three years, with a general examination at the end of each. During the first year, all the studies are binding on each student, but in the middle of the second they are divided into a general and special course, the latter having reference to the pupil's destination. Four special classes are established. 1st, Mechanists. 2nd, Engineers. 3rd, Metallurgists. 4th, Chemists. The instruction is scientific and practical; and the student, sent forth to apply his various knowledge, proves its manifold advantage in his own special pursuit. At the last examination the diploma of civil engineer is granted to those who answer satisfactorily, and a certificate of capacity to those who show less ability.

The government and departments of France have granted exhibitions, in connexion with the school, to educate poor persons of talent, and, indeed, preference in admission is shown to those of limited means. Four purses are accorded at the end of the three years examination, and other prizes of money awarded by government. The general fee for all the branches is about £36 per annum.

Not only here, but in the provinces and at Paris, exist institutions as finely adapted to their various purposes as this high college of science: as for instance, the "Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers," founded in the Hotel de Montagne at Paris, in 1783, and forming its finest collection of machinery. The instruction here combines all that relates to industry, therein resembling the Polytechnic Schools of Germany, being calculated rather for artizans than for engineers. It is aided by a valuable library and lectures by distinguished professors. France has many such establishment—and in such, as well as the numerous museums of art, even more than in the special schools of design, we find the source of French superiority in taste and manipulation. We will now glance at those that are more decidedly artistic schools.

The "Ecole Royale Gratuite de Dessin" at Paris, was founded in 1767, mostly by private donations, with a view to improve the porcelain, bronze, carpet, and other manufactures. As its name implies, it is almost free—a very trifling fee being required of each student.

The school is open early in the morning for four hours, and the only entrance qualification is that the pupil be above nine years old, and able to read and write. Two hours' instruction is given in the evening to persons above fifteen, chiefly artizans.

The studies consist of mathematics, design, modelling, and sculpture. Models in stone, wood, and machinery, anatomy, and the study of living plants and animals, forming the means. Several professors have lately been added, attending on days appointed by the director, M. Belloc, himself an artist.

The school is supported partly by government and partly by the municipal budget. A subscription of 40 francs gives the privilege of appointing a pupil, who is furnished with materials; and three francs are paid to the school by those entering on an apprenticeship.

Scholarships are establishsd, with which materials and instruction are given free, and prizes of books, medals, &c., are annually awarded in public. Artificers of all kinds are educated here, and since 1830, 12,000 or 15,000 students have been sent forth; only a few have followed fine art, but some were transferred to "L'Ecole Royale des Beaux Arts," and have there gained prizes.

We here find the study of the human figure combined with that of mathematics; a feature, indeed, less characteristic of this than of most drawing schools in France. In the school of St. Pierre, at Lyons, the study of flowers, and, of the figure is deemed of first importance. The great secret of the French designer's success undoubtedly lies less in his educational opportunities, than in public appreciation, and the value set on him by the manufacturer.

In France the designer is respected as an artist, and his taste entirely deferred to; in England, he is treated as

secondary to the demand for a fabric, or his employer's caprice. This is the result, in the one case of general art-education, and in the other of its absence.

In France, consumer, producer, and designer, agree in mind and will; and hence the sovereignty of French fashion, which, however defective it may be in itself, is a striking proof of the strength of mental unity. The French designer sometimes gains nearly 10,000f. a year; and M. Miroy has paid as high as 6,000f. for the model of a clock-wheel, which, when finished, could not realise more than 2,000f.

In 1835, the attention of parliament was directed to the great need of instruction shown by our fabrics, which, though in themselves avowedly superior to the foreign, displayed false taste in decoration, both of form and colour. Two years later the schools of design were instituted in many manufacturing districts of the country. They seem to have long had little or no effect, and in many instances were quite unknown: and, although the annual reports show steady progress—both in the schools, and their practical influence—fourteen years have been insufficient to produce public respect for true prin-

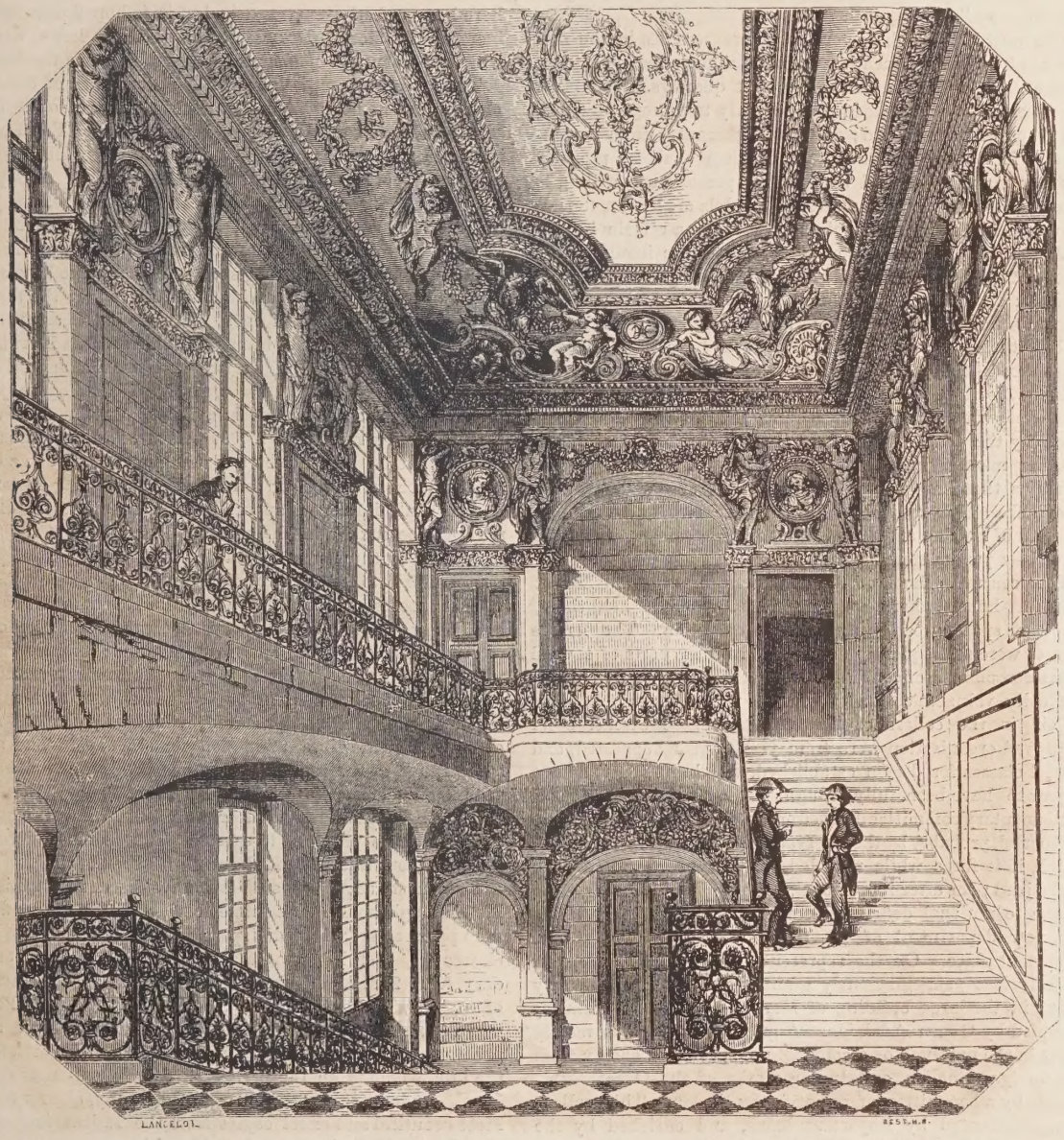
CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ART AND MANUFACTURE AT PARIS. VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR.

To the state of industrial art in England, there is but one remedy—a patient course of *working up* to the standard to which years of cultivation have raised neighbouring nations. This is begun, and, we would fain to believe, so nobly, so fully, that, in a few years, we may ourselves feel surprised at the effects. As yet, all the investigations carefully and expressly made have proved the existence on the continent of no general school of ornamental art—some being polytechnic, including design as complimentary, others, like that at Lyons, for special manufacture.

ciples of taste, or indeed any clear appreciation of their existence.

That something has been done, is proved by the fact that in Belfast the manufacture of the embossed bands for linen, formerly French, is rapidly becoming a home manufacture, and thus an expenditure of several thousand pounds is being circulated through native hands. In Coventry, too, the designs for ribbons, once wholly French, are now chiefly native; and the specimen shown at the Great Exhibition as the "Coventry ribbon," was designed by an artist educated solel

at the school there. A medal for the Queen's College was the design of a student at Cork; and at the time Dr. Layard went to Nineveh, Mr. T. S. Bell, then an exhibitioner of the London school, was chosen by the British Museum trustees to accompany him, and make drawings of the works excavated there. The reports for 1850 showed, that although the School of Spitalfields was in itself progressing, it had as yet, but slightly affected the silk-manufacture there, very few of its pupils being connected with that branch of industry; but the next year's report proves a decided change for the better—twenty-two pupils being engaged in the silk-trade, either as



CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ART AND MANUFACTURE AT PARIS. VIEW OF THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

designers, weavers, or pattern-drafters. This last important branch of woven fabric-manufacture has lately claimed much attention, and in several manufacturing towns, numbers following this occupation are pupils at the schools. The government report for 1850-51 states, that in Paisley, during the winter of 1849-50, the pattern-drafters who attended the school were allowed to leave their work at seven o'clock for this purpose—that is, to attend the evening class. "But in the last winter this indulgence was generally refused, notwithstanding a strong appeal from the committee to the manufacturers." This was probably owing to a greater press of business, as the pattern-drafters usually work late in the manufactories during winter; but, whatever the cause, the refusal was ill-advised, as the whole success in application of a fine design depends on the taste with which it is transferred to the loom.

As much as possible has of late been done to foster taste, by distributing the government books, casts, and drawings, throughout the schools; and in some cases the galleries so formed have been periodically opened to the public, thus attracting many visitors.

In different localities the instruction takes a different course—in Nottingham, for instance, geometric drawing is recommended, to improve the style of lace-patterns; at Sheffield, the studies are mostly confined to form; while at Stoke and Hanley, the pupils are principally engaged in work connected with the potteries. It must, however, be observed, that in all is enforced the same severe course of free-hand outline drawing from the flat and from the cast, followed by shading, and, as the case may be, more or less of figure and flower delineation, from good examples and from nature, geometric composition, and elementary design.

To ensure full instruction, a class has long existed at the

London school for the purpose of training masters; the requisites for admission to which being a general education, including the elements of geometry, and ability to draw and paint in ornament the figures and flowers from nature. On admission to the class, the candidate must attend morning and evening, pass through the whole school-course, with strict examinations thereon, "including practical geometry, perspective, and the principles and harmonies of colour; and it is intended that candidates for masterships in schools of ornamental art, shall pass through a special course on the human figure, either drawn, painted, or modelled; as well as a course connected with the peculiar manufactures of the district wherein each candidate is desirous of obtaining an appointment."

The most hopeful characteristic of progress lies in the new attempt to extend elementary drawing schools, which may be done at little cost, even in the remotest quarters. Wherever the necessity is acknowledged sufficiently to prompt an effort, the Department offer aid; and on a guarantee from a committee, formed in any town, that a room shall be properly kept for the purpose, and that twenty persons are willing to join a school, suitable examples and models are lent, materials provided, and a master appointed, to whom a certain income is assured in case the fees or subscriptions are insufficient—these fees not being less than sixpence a week from each student: and wherever it is thought desirable to form a permanent school, the casts, &c., of the department are furnished at half their cost price. Such schools have been already commenced—that at Westminster, in connexion with the Literary Society, is an example—and many drawing classes connected with public schools and institutions have been aided by the teachings and examples of the department. Visiting masters have also been appointed to take certain localities that have a number of schools, and will pay £5 a year each. Thus radical good must be effected, and a promise afforded of making art-appreciation in this country what it is abroad—a part of common intelligence.

The central school of London was first established at Somerset-house, where, owing to the many offices held there, want of space greatly cramped its operation. The female classes were subsequently detached, but the reports of several years complained of continued inconvenience to all the classes, while the valuable collection of casts were decaying for want of air in the cellars of Somerset-house. Movements for improved organisation were from year to year suggested, and special classes for design established, which, however, do not appear to have been fully brought into operation. In 1849 a parliamentary committee decided on certain changes, which were postponed, probably by the intervening of the Great Exhibition, which, if it for a while retarded, proved surely the school's best friend; for after its removal, the public mind being more awake to national deficiencies, a plan was formed in which the new department of practical art took a distinct and important place. On the representations of the Prince, Her Majesty last year graciously granted the use of about forty rooms in the large building of Marlborough House, formerly occupied by Queen Adelaide. A grant of £5,000 was mostly spent in the purchase of a collection of specimens chosen from the foreign, English, and Indian works of the Great Exhibition, by a committee of scientific gentlemen. This collection, augmented by important loans, and enriched by the plasters of Somerset-house, was deposited in what were formerly the lower bed-rooms at Marlborough-house, and is destined to form the nucleus of the finest museum of ornamental art in Europe.

Its present space is inadequate for the display of all its riches, although the whole museum is classified; and even in its narrow sphere enough is arranged to form a consecutive history of ornamental art. Lord Granville, to whose exertions the department owes its museum-grant, has, among several others, contributed valuable loans; and her Majesty's loan of Sèvres porcelain, of the finest workmanship, is said to be unrivalled, save at Versailles in the time of Louis XIV. About 1,550 casts, principally of ornament, selected of every style, from the finest works of all ages, are now removed to Marlborough-house; of these, 1,500 are, from want of space, consigned to the cellars, and thus, although accessible to the students, are hidden from the visitor. This collection is generally richer in illustrations of the *renaissance* than of any other style; 100 fine specimens from the various forms and periods of the *renaissance* are arranged and coloured to represent the originals; portions, contributed by the French government under M. Guizot, from the bronze gates of Lorenzo Ghiberti, at Florence, of the fifteenth century, and from the Chateau de Gaillon, the earliest great monument of the French *renaissance*, are examples. The art of ancient Greece and Rome, and of the Mediæval and Gothic age, are here less perfectly represented; but it is hoped that time will increase the store. Drawings, representing large works of which fragmentary specimens are given, enhance the interest.

The museum occupies a series of rooms, each of distinctive character; one being devoted to the display of objects illustrating what is considered false in decoration. From want of room, only a portion of the beautiful woven fabrics of the department are exhibited; but those exquisite examples of Indian taste, together with the metal-work, enamelling, jewellery, pottery, carving in wood, ivory, &c., of many lands, and all selected for excellence of either design or workmanship, form in themselves a lovely spectacle, heightened by artistic arrangement, and historical interest. Here may the thoughtful eye read the faith of ages, clothing itself, as true faith ever must, in a vesture of beauty, significant as it is truthful.

Being free to the public on two days weekly, and on others at the charge of 6d., its well-classed catalogues should make its merits known: it has, indeed, in fourteen weeks, been visited by more than 27,000 persons, 2,174 of whom paid to study there. It is not by a casual glance that such a collection may be estimated, or can afford that sterling instruction which shall influence appreciation. The thought of ages may not be caught in the moment's glance; and the lesson taught us by those great works of the past, is one of patient devotion paid to its object by unresting toil.

Three rooms are devoted to a magnificent library of reference, containing works on the history, theory, and practice of art; on antiquities, science, and manufactures; besides valuable prints and drawings. It is free to the students; and subscribers to the museum of one guinea a year, or a monthly ticket of 1s. 6d. may be procured, while 6d., charged for an occasional visit, gives admission for six days. The annual subscription to the museum is to encourage those connected with manufacture, to partake its benefits, and, the ticket being transferrable, any member of a firm or a workman may be sent. It is proposed to establish branch museums in the provinces, but this will, doubtless, be a work of time.

The most advanced students have been re-organised at Marlborough-house, where nine special classes are at work in the upper rooms, where the space is very insufficient. These classes are,—1st, For woven fabrics of all kinds, lace, embroidery, &c. 2nd, Metal-work, the pupils having the advantage of attending demonstrations of actual processes. 3rd, Pottery. 4th, Porcelain-painting, in which English artists have as yet generally proved deficient; the students see the works fired in the kiln which is on the premises. 5th, Wood-engraving for female-students only. 6th, Chromolithography, also for females. Most beautiful and exact copies from the Indian draperies of the Museum have been produced by this process, and may be seen among the examples of the school-studies which form part of the exhibition. By this means perfect representations of decoration in colour may be obtained; and, indeed, the first exercises of the students here are studies from the works in the collection. The 7th class is for anatomy, the pupils having first to draw a figure carefully from the cast, the professor explaining the position and offices of the bones and muscles which are to be drawn within the outline; they then proceed in the same manner to analyse the living model, and afterwards the limbs of animals, which are dissected and compared with those of men. 8th, Practical construction, in which a long course of geometry and perspective is first

required; then plans for the various branches of constructive appliance, such as the work of masons, smiths, and carpenters; then a course on the structural lines and proportions of architecture, with exercises in drawing buildings, utensils, &c. 9th, Casting and moulding. Each class has its professor, who demonstrates to his pupils the various processes, and who may be consulted at any time by manufacturers paying £5 a year, or by any one they may send. The fees for these classes vary from 3s. a month to 30s. a quarter, or £5 a year paid in advance. The schools at Somerset-house and at 37, Gower-street, are deemed preparatory, besides the twenty-two provincial schools, several of which have sent pupils.

A wide range of practical appliance is thus placed within the student's reach. The Duke of Wellington's funeral car, with its decorations, was the first large result of its operation: though in this instance many obstacles stood in the way of success, shortness of notice and want of facility in manufacture proving not the least. One incident, mentioned by Mr. Cole in his opening address last year, is a good example of the latter. Certain spaces in the car were to be fitted with helmets, a model for which was sent to Birmingham: the manufacturer returned the required number of helmets too large, and of another design; so papier maché was obliged to be substituted. A similar instance occurred in another part of the decoration. These casualties illustrate the need of art-education in England, especially among producers, who, employing the designer, scarcely give him credit for understanding his business as well as a common workman, that a pattern is sometimes not even seen until practically applied —that education, which teaches the French manufacturer the value of *respect* in stimulating the designer's talent.

That manufacturers have, however, acknowledged the benefits of the schools, is proved by their liberal response to the invitation to offer prizes for competition. £42 is at present offered by different houses, which have the privilege of purchasing the competing designs at a fair price. Besides these special prizes, others to the amount of £140 are, with bronze medals, and books, offered by government for works in the various classes: in these the principles of art taught in the schools must be observed, and the conditions of manufacture fulfilled; while competitors are required to state their age, and period of instruction, with the stages passed through at school, their works in which must be submitted for inspection if required.

Annual exhibitions of works from all the schools have long been made at Marlborough-house, being selections from those sent in for this purpose by the teachers. These exhibitions are open to the public, who are thus able to judge of progress in the schools.

To afford a wider range of comparison, it is now determined to define the subjects exhibited, making them the same from all the schools,—so that the exhibition for this year, differing from all former ones, will evince the power of emulation to produce improvement.

The establishment of scholarships, ranging from £10 to £30 and £40 a year, is a principal encouragement to talent; they ensure free instruction and admission to the lectures and demonstrations of the professors.

These lectures form a main feature in the new system. Lectures have hitherto been delivered in the schools throughout the country, by Ralph Wornum, Esq., on the principles, history, and application of art, and have been generally well attended; but now a continuous series of courses is ensured to the students of the metropolis, at the fee of 6d. each lecture.

The first course was delivered last year, at Marlborough-house, by Mr. Owen Jones, on the articles in the museum; which, by its elucidation of the first principles of form and colour in decoration, as well as by the beautiful examples produced from the collection, was calculated in itself to improve the taste of his audience.

The regular series have now been commenced, introduced by addresses from the superintendents in November last. The first two courses have been delivered; one being by Dr. Lindley, on the symmetrical arrangement of leaves and flowers, amply illustrated from nature; and the other by Mr. J. Thompson, the professor to the wood engraving class, on the history and improvement of that art. Mr. Wornum, on the ornament of the *renaissance*, will follow; and Dr. Lyon Playfair, on chemistry, as applied to pottery; with others on subjects of varying interest.

In reviewing a subject so full and hopeful, but one drawback seems presented. In most of the continental schools, art-instruction is nearly, or quite, gratuitous, the governments deeming the aim in view worthy of their full support; and hence the widely-spread influence of taste. In this new movement in our own country much has been ably said on the worth of making a system self-supporting, and thereby self-respecting; but if, as the superintendent has clearly avowed, the intention is, so to invite the attendance of all classes, that if the schools are not filled, it is the fault of the department, and not of the people, this will scarcely be effected by raising the fees in the *general* schools. The value set on art is as yet too low to claim devotees, unless won to it by its promoters; and until *appreciation* is self-supporting, we fear the schools for its encouragement will never be so. The charge was formerly but 2s. a month, which was last year raised to 4s. on advanced studies, or those pursued after following the three first stages of the drawing course; a further charge has been made within the last few weeks, raising the fee for figure-drawing from the cast to 30s. a quarter, or 4 guineas a year; other fees remain nearly the same, if paid for a longer time in advance, though by the single month the elementary or *outline* class now pay 3s. each. This arrangement may perhaps tend to keep away those who would come for a short time only, and without fixed idea, save that of spending a few hours in a novel and pleasant manner; but it must be remembered, that the schools were not instituted for the rich, but principally, at least, for artisans, or those who desire to add to already slender means by a respectable and useful calling. This is peculiarly applicable to females in the present state of society, and many who may afford 2s. or even 4s. a month for the experiment, may be quite unable to raise the larger quarterly or yearly sum, to be paid for an indefinite term without hope of return; and thus the burthen of the charge falls on those who most need aid, or deprives them of it entirely—while the class for the figure, in France deemed so important, the worth of which, as an exercise, is so well known by the artists, and practically enforced by the department before the study of wood-engraving —is placed out of their reach, unless there were certainty of success.

Time must, however, teach; for every system, like every man, is, in its youth, liable to error. The superintendents have expressed their willingness to succumb to the teaching of results, which, we must hope, will eventually lay the right foundation, by proving whether the experience of foreign systems or of our own is most productive. As yet, the proceedings have been thrown open as much as possible, and particulars about them may be known with very little trouble; the recommendation of the late President of the Board of Trade having been fully adopted—"Let your proceedings be such as may be placarded at Charing-cross!"

Our great need appears yet to be the establishment of some general college of science to meet our requirements, as the Ecole Centrale does those of France. This may scarcely be done by even so noble an institution as our School of Mines, lately established, and the sphere of which is not at present great. The Society of Arts, which, by its special exhibitions, led on to the Great Exhibition of 1851, has been exerting itself to form a Trade Museum. The Royal Commission for '51 have, we learn, purchased the estate and ground adjoining Gore-house, facing Hyde-park, with a view to combining in one group the many scattered societies of London, among which are numbered the schools of the department; and it is hoped this concentration of our unions for art and science will be crowned by an institution worthy of a land which, in one year, evinced the grandest effort of appliant genius, and is even now preparing yet mightier machinery to increased the riches gathered there.

RUSSIAN CARRIAGES.

In Russia, besides the ordinary trains or sledges which are used for travelling during the long and severe winter, the people employ nearly all the vehicles which are known to the rest of Europe—in the great cities the upper circles of society are every day adopting more and more the habits of the French and Germans. The truly national Russian carriages are generally small and uncovered, the traveller sits alone, and the driver occupies a position in the front.

Among the vehicles most commonly employed, and which are the most remarkable in form are three, represented in our engravings, namely—the droski, the teleka, and the kabitka.

The droski is a species of tilbury—very low, and very narrow. The officers of the guard and aristocratical young gentlemen chiefly make use of these vehicles, and in the fashionable quarters of Moscow and St. Petersburg they may be seen whirling along at the fashionable hour. They are ordinarily drawn by one horse, strongly built, and gaily harnessed; although some of the gallant Russians add a gallop on either side. Some sledges have a roof or hood over them, but the majority are open like a chaise or gig. In the country the horses are decorated with bells, but in the towns this is not allowed, in consequence of the intolerable noise the use of such ornaments would occasion. The Russian couriers are perhaps the most enduring and hardworking class of men to be found in Europe. Seated on a board covered with a thick leathern cushion, in a wooden vehicle, without springs or back to lean against, and on a level with the traces, the courier travels at full gallop over the most wretched roads, without rest or repose, to Odessa, to Chiva, or even to Port St. Peter and St. Paul, 12,800 versts from St. Petersburg. Add to this, that the courier, so long as he is on Russian ground, is forbidden, under pain of dismissal, to close an eye in sleep. On such tremendous journeys as the last referred to, nature becomes at last too powerful for duty to res st her call, and the harassed courier allows himself brief repose. But it has often occurred that when the despatches reached their

DROSKI.

second horse to that in the shafts, and drive the couple tandem fashion. The horses are matched with regard to their strength and size, and no attention is paid to their colour. The postillion is generally a lad, who wears the national costume, and who sits either at the side or on the front of the carriage. The chief employment of these boys is to shout to the passengers in the streets as the vehicle whirls onward with inconceivable rapidity over the smooth ice, which completely deadens the sound of the wheels. The horse in the shafts is usually a powerful animal, but the other horse is designed for show rather than service, and rears and plunges like a horse in heraldry. The vehicle itself is light and elegant.

The teleka is a travelling carriage, duly licensed by the government, and altogether under government controul. Especially in the winter time this is the usual mode of travelling. The general form of the sledge is that of a wheelless cradle or chaise, with a pair of shafts attached. The better kinds of vehicles have three horses, the centre one of which is fixed to the shafts, while his two companions

place of destination, the bearer was unable to deliver them,—he lay a corpse in the carriage.

Less fatiguing than the journeys of these couriers, but still far from agreeable to the foreigner, is the travelling with post-horses, or by diligences. By the first mode he is very much at the mercy of chance. If he quits St. Petersburg provided with a good *padroschnik* (an official document to procure him post-horses), and if he finds no competition at the posting-houses, he gets on pretty well. But if he has not the paper in question, or if there happens to be a demand for, and consequent scarcity of, horses at the relaying places, he may abandon all calculation as to the probable progress of his journey, and resign himself to the will of Providence. Supposing him to have at last got his horses, and to have left the post-house far behind, he yet has no certainty when he may reach the next; for he may chance to fall in with a courier, or with an officer travelling on service, to whose horses some accident ha happened, and who forthwith, and without the slightest ceremony, stops the luckless stranger, takes the cattle form

his carriage, harnesses them to his own, and gallops off perfectly indifferent as to the fate of the man whom he thus leaves horseless and helpless upon the emperor's highway. The traveller by sledge—say even from Riga to St. Petersburg, between which places the road is tolerably good—may deem himself fortunate if he does not get lost in the night; and may thank, for his safety, the quick ears of his postillion, who hearing his cry of distress, pulls up and waits until he can pick himself up out of the snow, into which (and out of the sledge) a sudden violent jolt has shot him.

TELEKA.

KABITKA.

The kabitka is less a carriage than a waggon. It is now used only for the carriage of goods. The trader who

has to transport his commodities—cloth or furs—to the fairs and various parts of the country, has no other means of conveyance. Hundreds of kabitkas are often seen slowly making their way along the great roads, pared with the trunks of trees, and conducted by a few carriers. The men are at the same time the hawkers and carriers of all Russia; they halt in every village where they hope to meet with buyers, and travel all over the vast extent of those cold northern regions.

GROUPS FROM THE BRITISH EXODUS.

At the present moment in England, how few are the households among the middle and lower class where no sympathetic, anxious thoughts accompany the fleets of Australian emigration-ships which each week sail from our shores! One would naturally imagine that the artist class, almost less than any other, would be drawn within the agitating whirlpool of this Australian excitement. Yet speaking from my own experience, I know that strange Australian images, interests, and speculations have glided into my studio, mingling in bewildered amaze with old objects of affection and reverence. The good ship "Halcyon," bound for Port Phillip, for the last several weeks has been disputing with Raphael, Titian, and Tintoretto, for supremacy in my thoughts! And groups of this mighty British exodus in their living freshness, vigour, and tenderness, have put to flight visions of mere ideal heroism and beauty. I shall tell you by what singular combination of circumstances my interest has centred itself upon this ship, the "Halcyon."

The first of my Australian groups introduced itself to me in the following manner:—About two months ago, a Mrs. Cathcart, a widow lady, accompanied by her daughter, called at my rooms, inquiring whether it would be possible for me to make a hasty sketch of her invalid son who was about to sail for Australia. He was able, said the ladies, to come to my studio; and the necessary preliminaries being arranged, the following morning the invalid arrived, being accompanied by his mother and sister. He was about seventeen, very thin and spectre-looking, with those large bright eyes, and those long ivory fingers, which so affectingly speak of consumption. There was a certain something about the three which immediately interested me, beside the natural sympathy which the young invalid excited. There was an air of singular frankness and decision about the daughter which would have rendered her very charming to one's imagination, even had she failed to delight the eye by her noble countenance, which was surrounded by masses of that *crisp*, golden hair, so familiar to us in Titian's beauties, so rare in real life. The mother's countenance was of the same character as the daughter's, only a shadow cast across it, as by the wing of the Angel of Suffering. That the mother's heart told her, with sickening foreboding, that this her son's departure was a departure for ever, I could not doubt, as at times a strange contraction of brow and mouth would pass convulsively across her countenance. But they all spoke cheerfully about the great voyage and separation; the invalid, perhaps, the most cheerful of all. "Oh, yes; the sea would do every thing for him, to say nothing of the glorious climate which awaited them—he should grow a very Titan in strength—Elizabeth might soon give up her office of nurse, depend upon it—he should be *so* strong! he should shoulder his spade himself and be off to join Frank at 'the diggins,' who by that time would have collected several 'pint-pots of nuggets,' sufficient to send over 'for you, dear mother,' and our little 'graces,' Aggie, Maggie, and Carrie," and the poor lad's eyes gleamed with sanguine joy as he pictured the delicious meeting. There was much that struck me as contradictory about my new acquaintance. That they were far from wealthy the dress of the ladies evinced, for although elegant, its material were of the most inexpensive kind; the address, also, on the elder lady's card was one which belonged in no way to either wealth or fashion—yet a renowned physician was spoken of as the suggester of this voyage to Australia, and as Willie's medical adviser. The sister and brother were going out as first-class passengers, and with every seeming comfort—nor yet, with regard to the sketch I was making, had expense seemed any object. Miss Cathcart had a fine appreciation of art, and spoke with much knowledge and feeling about various galleries abroad. She referred also to three particular pencil-sketches of a rare old Italian master in Lord B——'s collection, entering so minutely into her recollections of certain attitudes and groups in these designs, as greatly to amaze me; so that, half thinking aloud, I exclaimed—"Why really, like myself, you might have spent three weeks studying in that fine old gallery!" "Three weeks!" replied she, with a bright smile, "I have spent three *years* there—and these pictures are among my dearest friends! But the owner of these pictures has been the great and kindest friend of all; has he not, Willie?" asked she, her eyes swimming with tears. "The kindest, noblest friend: it is glorious to encounter in the world such truly *noble* men as Lord B——, and glorious to express one's sense of their nobility! For five years have I been the governess of Lord B——'s daughter; thus I have had time to test the true character of that household. It was through Lord B—— that Dr. S—— prescribed for Willie,—it is through Lord B—— that I am enabled to accompany him. To me, it all is one bewildering dream this last six weeks"—pursued she, speaking hurriedly, and the bright colour flushing her neck and brow.

"The news of Willie's intended voyage reached me at Vienna, where Lord B——'s family had passed the winter. For the first moment the scheme amazed, nay almost stunned me. My brother Frank had thrown up his situation and would accompany Willie; but he would be the money-maker—the *bread*, if not the *gold* winner. It was impossible for our dear mother to attend him for many reasons—it is for *me* to accompany him, rang through my soul! As if speaking in delirium, I poured forth all my anxieties and wishes to Lord and Lady B——. To my surprise, they not alone did *not* think me insane, but in every way seconded my departure, smoothing away many a difficulty and foretelling success and benefit to our poor Willie! It seemed to me as I flew home, as though the whole world were impelled by the same strange destiny as myself to wander. Waking out of my feverish, restless meditations, and gazing forth for repose upon the quaint dreamy landscape through which we were travelling, everywhere I saw troops and troops of wanderers toiling along—what were they? Pilgrims to some Catholic shrine? No, that could not be, for no banners or crucifix or chanting priest led the way! Yet evidently they were bound upon some great pilgrimage; there were men of all ages, women of all ages, children of all ages; with slow and weary steps they toiled along; the nearer I drew towards the Rhine the more numerous became these bands. There are costumes of the Odenwald, of the Black Forest. As we enter Manheim, the railway omnibus is obliged to pause, as a dense crowd of these wanderers leave the railway-station. 'Who are these people?' I asked of an old lady seated beside me. 'Emigrants to America;' she replied, 'these dreadful revolutions, this great dearth in the Odenwald, are driving forth our poor peasants, but driving them forth to a kinder home. But *you* have friends among them, I see; I beg pardon,' said the old lady kindly, laying her hand upon my shoulder, as involuntary tears chased each other down my cheeks as I watched these wanderers—such startling embodiments of my own strange thoughts.

The Rhine steamers were crowded with poor emigrants, many of them singing with a melancholy monotony their plaintive people's songs as they floated rapidly down their beloved and renowned river. Everywhere lay heaps and piles of emigrant goods, both upon the steamers themselves, and upon the quays of the quaint towns past which we sailed. Placards connected with emigration met my eye at every turn: '*Nach America!*' and '*Nach Australien!*' were the watchwords. The stream of emigration flows across Belgium; there my eyes again encounter swarms of wandering emigrant faces, which gaze out of the windows of long trains solely occupied by them, and which are whirling them off to Havre, where in the shipping and the ocean fresh astonishment await

them. No wonder that a stolid amazement is the prevalent expression of their heavy, clumsy, peasant faces—they have come forth into a new existence, an inevitable destiny has driven them out of the depths of their dense woods and valleys, where their forefathers had toiled and perished before them. London streets again sent forth the cry of emigration—but here the cry was, "To Australia!" Every wall, every shop-window seemed to speak the words. Melbourne—Port Phillip—Sydney, glowed upon you in letters, *coleur de rose*, gleamed forth in golden brilliancy suggestive of golden gleanings, or soothed the eye and heart with the lure of hope. On reaching our little home, behold what a chaos of "outfits!"—the usually orderly little sitting-room is scattered over with the most heterogeneous array of costume: here lie a heap of coloured shirts—pink, chocolate, blue, striped, flowered, or dotted; here are Jersey shirts of scarlet and indigo, for Frank in his character of 'digger;' here are piles of towels and sheets mingling in loving fellowship with cooking utensils, gun-cases, knives, scissors, and needle-cases! Was I not truly dreaming a fantastic dream, a compound of 'Aladdin' and 'Midshipman Easy?'"

"But," remarked Mrs. Cathcart, "the most singular feature of this tide of emigration is the people whom it carries along with it. Who ever would have imagined that Celebrity, the popular author, would have been off to the diggings!"

"Celebrity!" exclaimed I, laying down my port-crayons in sheer amazement.

"Yes; we learned this from Dr. S——; Mr. Celebrity and his two sons sail also in the same vessel as my children, the 'Halcyon,' and they have been most kind in affording us, through Dr. S., all the benefit of their experience in outfits," &c.

I am happy in being one of John Celebrity's acquaintance. That very evening I hastened to offer my hearty sympathy with him in his adventurous undertaking. Knowing his ardent and energetic character, I could easily account for an action apparently so extraordinary as this Australian trip.

I found Mr. Celebrity's house pretty much in the chaotic state that Miss Cathcart had described their little home as being in. At the door stood a spring-cart from "Silver's Outfitting Warehouse," and a splendid sort of a gig from "Payne's, Trouser-maker, Temple-bar." As I entered the hall I noticed several people waiting, some with parcels and boxes which they had just brought, whilst one was signing a receipt to his bill, and a half-open door showed me a couple of seamstresses busily stitching away, whilst three huge sea-chests stood in the process of packing, and heaps of garments, linen, books, scientific instruments, and gun-cases were strewn about. Celebrity's youngest child, merry little Sybilla, ran laughing towards me, and clapping her hands, cried, "Dear Mr. Hardwicke, Papa, and Ernest, and Algy, must show you all their nice things! And oh, Mr. Hardwicke, they must tell you all about their dear tent, and their funny little wheelbarrows that fold flat together and double up their legs; and about their cooking-stove, and their dear beautiful cart—their cart with a blue body and red wheels, and John Celebrity painted upon it! Oh, we're so proud of our cart—for"—whispered she archly, "you know we never had a *regular* cart before!"

The Celebritys are dear old-fashioned folks in their early hours; and I found them at tea in that pleasant familar sitting-room of theirs, so agreeable to the eye and the heart, with its dark wainscotted walls, its many books, its old rare china, and its odorous flowers. But instead of the calm peace usually reigning there, to-night it resounded with a Babel of tongues; it might really have been Celebrity's final levee. The strong cheery Mr. Celebrity, with his keen eyes flashing beneath his massive forehead, around which clustered his crisp iron grey hair, sate in his antiquated carved chair, so busy talking and being talked to, that he had let the tea in his cup grow quite cold, and never heard little Sybilla's repeated question, "Would not papa take another cup?" To his right sate a lady in very ample skirts, and of a most imposing mien; she was soliciting Mr. Celebrity's opinion upon shipping off her six daughters to Victoria. "He *had* such experience—on *every* subject,—if she could but get Mr. Celebrity to give his opinion upon female emigration in general, and upon the emigration of highly educated and accomplished young ladies in particular—it would be *such* a relief to her under her peculiar trials; and she had a wish!—dare she breathe it?—a wish until then concealed within the very core of her heart."

"And this wish,—Mrs. Muffle?" blandly enquired Mr. Celebrity.

"Oh dare she,—dare she breathe it!"—But really—*if*—there were a possibility of securing a passage for herself and six daughters in the 'Halcyon,' it would be such a comfort. Under the eye of John Celebrity, daily enjoying and drinking in his rich and varied conversation, herself and daughters would so develope their mental stature.

"Father," observed Algernon, Celebrity's younger son, breaking off his discourse about the possibility of governor's balls at Melbourne, with the youngest and prettiest of the six daughters,—"Father, there is the large poop-cabin still unoccupied, you know."

"No, not now, Algernon," replied Mr. Celebrity, with a certain unwonted asperity in his tone; "not now. The captain to-day told me that it was just taken by an Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Highflyer and their honourable infant. The Highflyers having exausted ordinary pleasure-trips, now take a three months' voyage to Australia as an agreeable novelty; and if gorgeous fittings to their cabin can ensure pleasure, they will have a vast deal of it, I can tell you! And, by the bye, Algy, you will have time to order a few more pairs of trousers, as I hear, also, that Mrs. Highflyer requiring a shower-bath and a toilet-table of a peculiar construction, the 'Halcyon' will be delayed leaving port a couple of days!"

"Trousers! ah, trousers!" remarked one of the company; "gabroon, fustian, or corduroy? Important item; pray, sir, may I request your advice and opinion upon gabroon?"

"For such particulars," laughingly observed Celebrity, "I must turn you over to my son Algernon, he's the man for trousers. How many have you, my lad?"

"Oh, Algy has nineteen new pair, papa; nineteen new pair, papa, and ten old ones mended up!" cried Sybilla, and hid her merry blue eyes and flaxen curls on her father's breast.

Algernon was deeply discussing, with the youngest of the six damels, the best material for ladies' riding-habits in Australia.

"Nankeen!" remarked he; "yes, certainly, nankeen is the thing!"

"Nankeen--oh, thank you, Mr. Algernon. Very important fact, nankeen for trousers; put it down instantly in my note-book!" and the little anxious man noted it importantly down.

"Mr. Celebrity," asked another, "may I beg your most earnest consideration upon the behalf of the Aborigines—the noble, oppressed, misunderstood Aborigines——"

"My brother was hooked by one of those chaps; speared through the back; fine prospect for *me!*" dropped in melancholy accents from a doleful youth with a large head, and who now first opened his lips in my hearing.

"The misunderstandings," resumed the former speaker, "regarding the ill-used blacks——"

"Mr. Celebrity, may I earnestly solicit your valuable influence," chimed in a third voice, "for the introduction of my most useful and unique discovery of the El-Doradian Australian Artesian-Borer, particularly adapted to the——"

"Were it not that our friend Celebrity's valuable time is so occupied," boomed a fourth, "I would desire three minutes conversation with him on the expediency of making geology a leading feature in his——"

"And botany, sir, botany," loudly remarked a fifth,—"the vast scope in Australia for the investigation of certain——"

"Gentlemen!" said Mrs. Celebrity, advancing towards the group of speakers with an open letter in her hand; "a communication to my husband has just arrived, for which I must crave both his and your consideration for a moment. Here it is:—

"Aaron Angstwurm, Esq., presents is compliments to John

Celebrity, Esq., on is expatriation, and possessing the honour of voyaging in the ship to Australia similar to him, hopes to enjoy is favour and interest. Aaron A., Esq., encloses is card

'AARON ANGSTWURM, ESQ.,

'Royal Professor of Modern Languages.

"Teaches by *instruction* is aboriginal maternal tongue, with genuine Swabian pronunciation, the best in is native Fatherland—also in Italian what he has learnt in Turin, in a three monthly sojourn, very thoroughly, with the veritable Piemontese enunciation; also French—but only elegant speaking and reading. A. Angstwurm, Esq., also teaches the English grammar to the Irish and Foreigners in general.

"TERMS.

"Sixpence at home, and one shilling from home. Per Lesson.

"A. A., Esq., being a German graduate in medicine, operates Corns for very moderate prices without pains. He as had the honour to excide the Corns from the Lord and Lady Lieutenant, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and the Right Honourable Lady Georgiana Morgan, the Earl of Auckland, before his death, and others too long to mention."

"Glorious Aaron Angstwurm!" cried Celebrity, laughing heartily till the tears rolled down his cheeks; "glorious Aaron! he'll work us so hard on shipboard, I promise you, my friends, that there'll be little time left, I fear, for the development of female intellect or the researches of science!"

But my sympathies were destined to be still more enlisted for the fate of the "Halcyon."

"What think you of Beverley and Ford being off to the golden Australian fields? And they sail in the Halcyon!" cried our artist-friend bursting in upon me almost breathless with his astounding news a week or two after my evening at Mr. Celebrity's.

"That dreamer, Beverley," pursued he—"Beverley with his fastidiousness, his tender idealism, imagine *him* roughing it at the 'diggings!'—the voice of gold, then, is a syren's voice even to him, with all his seeming un-worldliness! I wonder how all his Fra Angelico and Perugino sympathies will stand him instead there out in the 'bush?' ha! ha! ha! He will have visions of saints hovering around him as he toils all day in his muddy hole, digging for his vile and filthy lucre! and then solaces himself at night by cooking his kangaroo steak for supper. *He* declares himself willing to endure any martyrdom provided that *after* his martyrdom—like the saints and martyrs in the old pictures he idolises—he may repose on a *golden* ground at his ease:—he is dreaming of Australian gold purchasing years of peace beneath Italian heavens—poor Beverley! Do you remember that story of Sue's, over which you and I had such a hearty laugh, where two indolent, *Dolce far niente* lovers, two lovers too indolent even to make love to each other, work themselves for four mortal years nearly into their graves, in order that for the rest of their lives they may repose beneath odorous orange-groves, lulled by soft music,—and do nothing! Now I begin to think that picture not so very much over-coloured—our dreamy friend's scheme may be its counterpart. But that Ford should be bitten by the gold-fever does *not* amaze me, there is a depth of the grotesque and comic in him—a fund of animal spirits, and a love of the wild in nature and the adventurous in life, which harmonises with the whole expedition. He is in the highest possible glee—so proud of their tent, so witty over their imaginary adventures. I verily believe he is quite impatient for their bran-new clothes to wear out, in order to exhibit his powers in tailoring. Then, as to his washing, he declares that on a Sunday, when he and Beverley put on their clean shirts, they shall be the envy of all their neighbours. He has already composed a set of songs for the diggings too. You should only hear him sing what he calls his "Australian Pick-pocket Songs," which he means to sing in character that glorious day he foresees, when he picks one of nature's pockets agreeably lined with a golden lining worth several hundred pounds sterling. By the bye, come down to-night to my rooms. Ford will be there, and several of our set; and bring Beverley with you, that is, if he can be dragged from his home by main force. We will have a right jovial night of it. But do you know where to find Beverley? If he is not at his studio in —— street, you must seek him out at his Aunt Palmer's, No. 52 of the same street. He is a sly, mysterious fellow, is Beverley. We've often heard of 'My good Aunt Palmer,' 'My glorious aunt;' yet who ever heard of 'My good Cousin Angela.' 'My glorious cousin?' But I assure you, by Jove, that that Cousin Angela is his model for all those ethereal saint-like creatures in his clever sketches, let him cast up his eyes ever so much, and shake his head, and talk of 'merely a faint shadow of my ideal.' This Australian scheme has broken down the barrier between us all and Beverley's good relatives, for that good old soul of an Aunt Palmer is acting the mother in Israel to Beverley and Ford, and to any other of our young adventurous spirits who will join their party. I shrewdly myself suspect the old dame of being the originator of the scheme; and you would think so did you only hear her declarations of how, if she had only the means, she would be off too to the gold-fields; and then, says she, 'You should see what a grand table-d'-hôte and laundry, under the superintendence of Sarah Palmer, should grace the diggings; would not I cook and wash well for all you youngsters? And who knows whether I should not make *my* fortune sooner than you make yours?' Yes, really, she is a good old soul. Two years ago, she shipped off to New Zealand two other nephews of hers. 'My poor lads,' as she calls them, 'they are doing famously there;' and most proud she is of their success, and most proud of all her knowledge of "outfits" and preparations for long voyages, which experience she is volunteering now most good humouredly to her other 'poor lads.' But really I must be off"—cried my talkative friend, who now first paused to take breath, so excited was he by his news—"Addio! we meet to-night you know;" and away he rushed.

As it happened, I knew considerably more about Aunt Palmer and Angela than my loquacious friend did, although I did *not* know about the Australian scheme. I had long, through Beverley, revered Mrs. Palmer as one of the most energetic, most practical, and kind-hearted of women; as one who had fought, and was still fighting, most bravely in the stern "battle of life." Angela I knew to be a singular mixture of her mother's and of her cousin's temperaments—hopeful, energetic, devoted; yet her path in life rendered more difficult than her mother's, through a touch of romance and poetic sensibility so richly developed in the artistic nature of Beverley. She had also the artist's hand and soul, though in her the artistic aspirations flowed in a much humbler channel than her cousin's. She is a maker of wax-flowers; and in the modelling of lovely, gorgeously tinted forms, in the religious, worshiping study of nature, she has found her peace and great joy in life, as well as a most useful bread-winner. So great is her skill, and so exquisite her taste, that a group of hers carried off one of the principal prizes at the Great Exhibition last year.

Of course, I went that evening in search of Beverley; he was not at his studio, neither was he at Mrs. Palmer's. "He cannot be long now, Mr. Hardwicke," said Mrs. Palmer, in her hearty voice; "you will keep us company till his return, and we will have a pleasant gossip, although the fingers of such busy people as Angela and myself may be active the while!" and away she went rapidly stitching at a great piece of *sheeting*, about which she considered it quite unnecessary to apologise, taking it for granted that every one must know it was sewing for Australia, and would, therefore, pardon it for the sake of her "poor lad." Her "poor lad's" sea-chest stood beside her, half packed with its heterogeneous contents. It was quite night already—the little tea-table stood awaiting Beverley's return, close to a window, where a quaint brass lamp illumined a mass of ivy, which was tastefully trained around the interior of the window, and also a rich bouquet of exotics blooming in a tall grey china bottle, down the slender neck of which trailed a delicate spray of scarlet passion-flower. These flowers were the sole luxury of the room; but they were Angela's models. Seated at another table near her mother, and working by the light of a lamp similar to the one in the window, sate the young flower-maker. She was

modelling a spray of white lilies, and scarcely less white and pure was she herself than the flowers. As I watched her clever agile little fingers moulding the delicate petals, I could not avoid expressing my admiration of her skill and wonderful success.

"Oh, Mr. Hardwicke! do not you talk to me as every one else talks," exclaimed she, flushing crimson; "*you* are an *artist*, *you* know what nature's works are—how unutterably, unapproachably beautiful! How contemptible one's best, one's most loyal efforts would be, unless the yearning after, and study of, unapproachable beauty did not each day unfold new wonders, new perfections—and thus every leaf, every petal, every anther, becomes to one's soul a sermon and a hymn! And as for my success as you call it,—and for which mother dear, we are most thankful, are we not?—it is all owing to Paul! all, all owing to him who is so severe a critic, because he so loves the beautiful and the true, and who cannot touch a simple ivy spray, but it becomes instinct with a tenfold grace. Yes, truly I expect when *he* goes all my success will desert me. Therefore is it not very good of me to wish him to go, Mr. Hardwicke?" said she, with a little low laugh—half laugh and half sigh.

"But that must be Paul!" cried she, starting up as steps were heard slowly ascending the staircase.

"There is something amiss, mother, with Paul, I am sure there is." And as the door slowly opened, and Beverley stood there with a white, sad, hesitating countenance, little Angela fled like a swift shadow towards him, and seizing his cold hand, and looking up into his troubled face, exclaimed, "Paul, Paul! What has happened? Something terrible, I know. Speak—speak—dear Paul! O God! you are ill."

"No, not *ill*, Angela; but I have done for myself! I have finished off with myself!"

"Paul!" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, with anguish, and rushed to him with clasped hands.

"Yes, I have finished myself off! I've lost my £20 bill—all that remains of my money—I'm quite penniless now—I shall never more hear of it—for I have forgotten its number!—now, at the last moment, there is no time to earn more—and so my passage-money will be forfeited—yes, I've finished myself fairly off!" and the miserable Beverley sank on the sofa and buried his face in his hands.

"Oh, thank God! thank God! dear Paul, that it is *only* the money," cried Angela.

"The money *only!*" groaned he.

"Oh, it *is* very bad to lose the money, very bad, indeed, just now; but it might have been so much worse. We must—should we never hear more of it—make up the money, short as the time is, for, dear Paul, go you *must*. You must directly set to work and make some of your lovely sketches, for which ——— and ——— will give you, I know, any price, if you will only ask it. Then I am just finishing my grand group of flowers, for which I shall immediately be paid; and then, if money still falls short, we must—must we not, mother dear?—set our wits to work to see what else may be done. But is the money *really* lost, dear Paul—are you quite certain it is lost?"

"Quite, quite certain; I missed it an hour after I left you; I've been searching for it all day—oh, such a day as it has been! I put the bill loose in my waistcoat-pocket—more fool I!—and when I went to take it out to get it changed, it was *gone!* I have emptied my pocket a hundred times, but there it is *not!*"

"Oh Paul! Paul!" sighed Mrs. Palmer, looking very grave, as indeed she had done the whole time;—"how could you put it loose in your pocket?—what could you be thinking about?"

"Oh, he was thinking about Italy, no doubt! But, mamma, don't let us scold him until the money is found," ejaculated little Angela; "we'll all scold him heartily when it comes back—and come back it must. Paul, do let us look into your pockets—we will *conjure* it back again. According to mamma, women can do anything, and you know I *can* conjure."

"Well, dear Angela, you may look," said Beverley, mechanically taking out a handful of loose papers from his luckless pocket; "but it is of no possible use."

Angela, kneeling before him, received the papers into her hands. She unfolded one! Down fell the others upon the floor! Up sprang she, crying, "It is found! it is found!—it is not lost! It is here!" and displayed the delicious tissue-paper before the bewildered eyes of Beverley and her mother.

Paul's fevered brow sunk upon her slight shoulder—hot tears of joy fell upon her encircling hands, as he murmured, "My little Angela! my little angel! however can I wander away from my little guardian-angel?"

Mrs. Palmer was no less rejoiced than the happy cousins—shall not we also say the happy lovers?—But she with her practicality began to prepare tea, which she knew would refresh poor Paul more than anything else after his harassing day. Of course I was only too happy to stay and enjoy it with them; and I believe not a single thought about the artist-soirée, where Beverley and I were expected, ever entered our heads—what a merry, delightful tea it was! Beverley declared, that never had his favourite marmalade been such ambrosia to him—never had tea so fragrant and refreshing been "brewed,"—and certainly never did I see Beverley in such marvellous spirits. All thoughts of the approaching trial of their separation seemed to have been swallowed up in the bliss of the present moment. Angela was certainly the most silent of the gay little party, but her sweet hazel eyes beamed heavenly love, and her merry little laugh resounded cheerily as Beverley described the excitement in which he had left the whole of a little street near Golden-square. In this street he had purchased six-pennyworth of gooseberries from a tiny old woman, who kept a fruit shop, just a quarter of an hour or so before he discovered his terrible loss. Back to the old dame he posted, and every basket and every hamper and measure in her little shop was turned over to discover the missing bank-note, which, you must remember, all the time he was snugly carrying about with him! The old woman was extremely excited and distressed, scarcely less so it seemed than he himself. "Law! the poor gentleman! the unlucky gentleman! But would he not search his pockets there and then?" He did so, but no note was to be seen by their eyes! They hunted and hunted; neighbours came and hunted about in the gutter with them—slatternly women carrying big slatternly night-capped children, and men with very greasy hats came. Beverley searched everywhere, down that street and others, himself snatching at every bit of paper he saw, like a madman, and not at all feeling unlike one. But, as we know, all in vain.

"And depend upon it, even now, could we only see them, dear Angela, whilst we are laughing here over the adventure, they are still searching, poor wretches!" cried Beverley, bursting once more into an uncontrollable fit of merriment.

I know not how late we might have remained around that pleasant little tea-table, it seemed so sad to disturb such a blissful time, had not good Mrs. Palmer forcibly dispatched from her hospitable door Beverley and myself.

On reaching home I found lying on my table the following note:—

"Dear Hardwicke,—Can you come and breakfast with me to-morrow? I must have an hour's chat with my old friend before I start upon my adventures, for I am off to Australia! I am to sail by the 'Halcyon;' I have many things to say to you, but have been been so driven for time, that I could never get round to you, so charitably come round to me. Besides, I am going to claim an old friend's privilege, and shall beg you to witness 'the last will and testament' of yours ever,

"Hornsey ———." "Ben. Thornley.

Another passenger, then, from among my acquaintance for the Halcyon! And what possibly could be the attraction to my friend Thornley in these Australian wilds! He, a young and rising barrister, with a most comfortable little private fortune of his own, and with friends and intellectual pursuits, and a little bachelor home of the most agreeable and refined character—what *could* be the attraction? And pondering thus, I pursued my way towards Hornsey, on one of the brightest June mornings that ever gladdened old England.

Thornley himself opened the gate of his little rustic home for me. "You'll pardon my want of ceremony, old friend," said he, grasping my hand with a hearty shake. "You'll pardon my being this morning both 'master and man,' but it's as well to begin roughing it at once," said he, laughing; "and besides it happens that this is a very important day here. Reuben, you know,—Reuben, my *factotum*, my gardener, my groom, my '*stiefel fuchs*' as I should have called him in my German student days;—well, Reuben has taken it into his wise head to follow his wise master to Australia, and this morning he and his goods and chattels take their departure to join the vessel at Gravesend. Poor Reuben! it is a much greater trial for him to leave home than it is for me, for he leaves behind him a brave-hearted little wife, who would only too happily accompany him across the great waters, did they not expect, before many weeks are past, the birth of their first-born. They live, poor things, in hope of a joyful meeting next year, when she and the child are to go over to him. I can assure you this couple have been quite affecting to me, although I'm by no means given to 'the melting mood.' She's quite a heroine in her way, is Reuben's Dolly; such a brave spirit as she has shown throughout! Last night when I came home, after midnight, as I passed their cottage,—you've just now passed it, you remember that semi-summerhouse all covered with honeysuckle and roses, at the end of the lawn, and which serves as my 'lodge'—well, there was a bright light streaming through the little kitchen window, and Dolly, as busy as a bee, ironing away at her husband's shirts. I could not help pausing, and looking at her with admiration through the little casement, as the fire-light flickered and gleamed so cheerily upon every thing, for she had a cheerful fire burning,—I suppose for her ironing of certain shirts and gay cotton pocket-handerchiefs, which were displayed upon a line across the little room. A heap of blue worsted-stockings lay in a basket upon the chair, and I've no doubt but that the good little body would sit up all night putting the last stitches to her husband's poor clothes. And there, on the 'dresser,' stood,—as we should say, down in our part of the world—a perfect '*clan-jamfry*' of tin pots and pans, for Reuben's use on ship-board—a right capital ham, a case-bottle, and various other sundries. It is quite wonderful all the little comforts Dolly has managed to collect for her husband, and all out of their own earnings—for you know it is a maxim of mine, never to *give* money. And on the hearth, with its lid open, displaying a good array of 'outfit,' I noticed a marvellous box, which Reuben and I had drawn forth from dusky and dusty obscurity in the stable chamber, and which Reuben has rendered still more marvellous by attaching a pair of little wheels to, so as to be able to drag it himself on shore, and up the country if necessary.

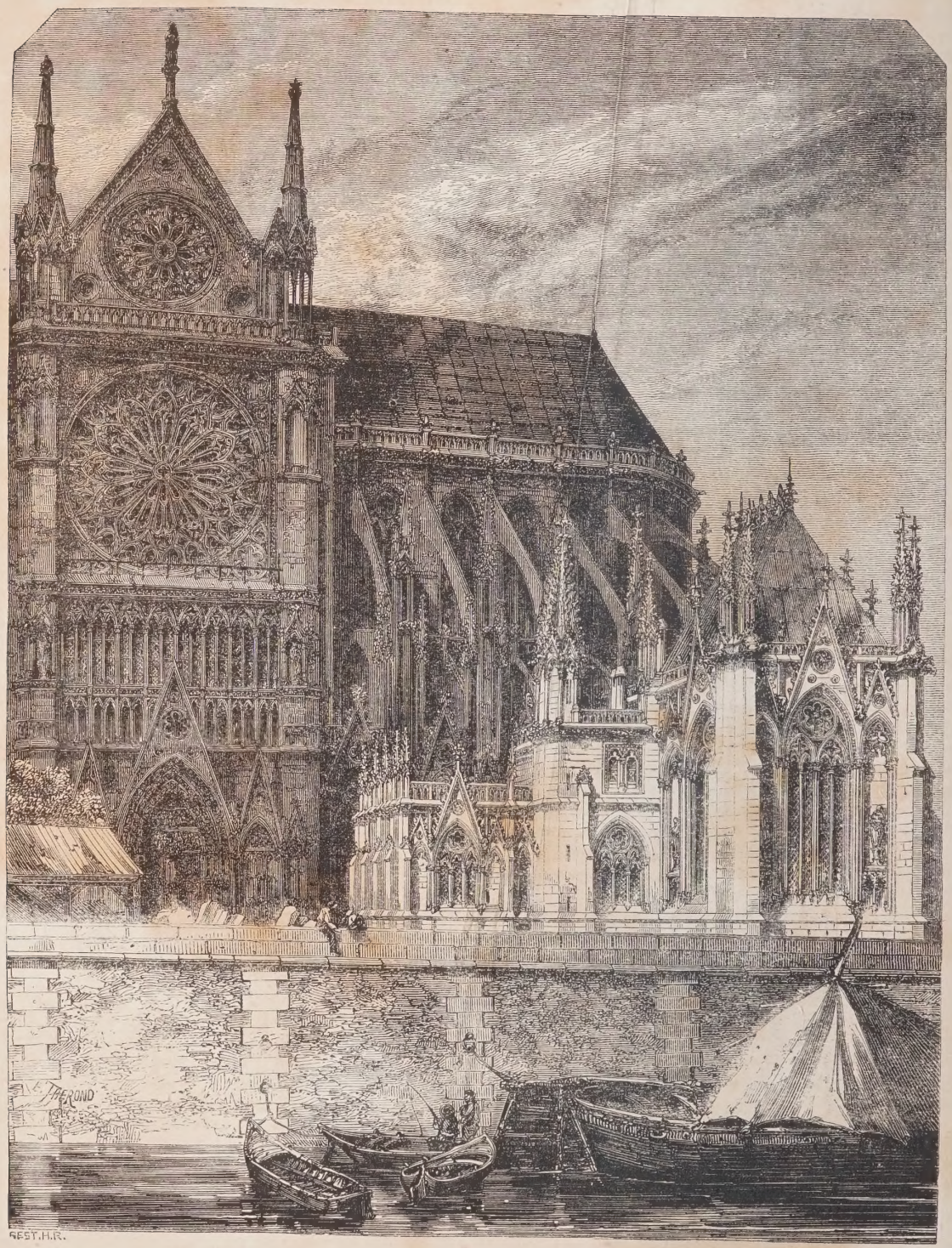
"I assure you, old fellow, I consider Reuben's Dolly a regular heroine, and shall preach up her example to my faint-hearted sisters. As for Reuben, poor soul! he's grown so thin upon the prospect of the great "sea-change" awaiting him—or it may be upon the prospect of parting with Dolly, and has gone about in such a dream, and looking so like a spectre—that I scarcely know whether it is my man Reuben or his "wraith." Then my neighbour Bolton's coachman has, I hear, nearly upset Reuben's courage with frightful accounts of spearings by black fellows, and of valleys so swarming with snakes, that at a distance they look like moving water, and, as Bolton's coachman is a reader, and as poor Reuben, on the contrary, does not know his letters, these horrors have come with all the greater weight upon poor Reuben's soul. But Dolly, I understand, has invariably cheered him up with the remark: 'Law, Reuben, now you don't ever go to suppose as how master would leave his sweet pretty home for nasty valleys full of snakes, or that all the accounts I've read you out of the papers and books master's lent us about the fine climate and fine wages arn't truer than the cock-and-bull stories Tom Alder's been stuffing you with!'

"But, Hardwicke, I'm forgetting how mighty an appetite your walk hither must have given you; and that coffee and toast are awaiting us, I perceive, by a vision of my comfortable old housekeeper beneath the verandah yonder. Don't stand snuffing up the morning air and breaking off my beautiful roses in that brown study of yours, but come and snuff up the odour of my lobster-pie and Yorkshire ham; you shall sun yourself, and listen to the melodious cawings of my rookery, after we have despatched breakfast and business." So brushing away the dew from the masses of clematis and roses which shaded his verandah, we stepped into his pleasant breakfast-parlour.

"In the name of all that is astounding, Thornley," cried I, coming out of my musings, "what has enticed *you* to set off to Australia? The more I ponder on the reason, the less can I compass it."

"The love of change inherent in that queer medley, man, perhaps," quoth Thornley laughing, as he poured forth the most fragrant of coffee into the most delicate of china cups.

"No, in sober earnest, it *is* partly a love of novelty, but chiefly because, as you may chance to remember, emigration has long been one of my 'hobbies,'—have I not for ever and a day been preaching it up in print and from platforms? Now I want to put the seal of personal experience upon my words. Besides, also, down in the country around the estates of my uncle in the midland counties, I have seen such misery among the peasants and small farmers, that there I have always been agitating the question of emigration among them. Now this trip of mine to Australia seems to me an opportunity of doing much practical good. I am going forth, I assure you, with a set of retainers like a gay knight of old romance. The wonder is, that you did not notice some of my retinue at the public-house down in the lane as you passed—certain rosy-faced, sunburnt, slouching fellows, very uncomfortable in their new clothes, and very uncomfortable because they don't know what to do with their arms and legs; we shall be summoned before long, I expect, to witness the departure of the emigrant procession, for without the command and countenance of 'Mester Ben,' they would not stir a step, I warrant you, an' it were to become rich as Crœsus! Oh, ye gods! what an Herculean labour has been mine in stirring up my clod-hopper friends! No, no! go they would not in the government vessels—no, bless you! they were not going to trust themselves to your governments! Who was responsible for government? Government might whip them off in no time to Botany Bay; no, thank you! no governments for *them!* And as to Mrs. Chisholm, there was no use either talking to them about *her;*—wasn't she a woman? and what could a woman know about ships? *M'appen* they *might* go if Mester Ben were to go, or ony grete gentleman o'Mester Ben's acquaintance, 'for after all,' said they, 'there mun be some truth i' all these tales, since Sammy Sprat,'—the bracklayer, of Hippesly, who had gone over to those parts,—'had written such wondrous news of th' mining for gold, and of the country; and had said, as if he went on as he'd begun, he should grow as rich as th' squire himself—and especially as he'd really sent over money for his old *slab* (assistant), Billy Fin, to come to him—the poor chap as n'body had ever showed kindness to afore Sammy Sprat took him for his *slab*, because his faythe had beaten him because he was so under-sized that they'd neither take him for a soldier nor a sailor. And so as under-sized Billy Fin was going, and if Mester Ben would go, they'd e'en go too.' And 'Mester Ben,' pondering upon their words, made up his mind to put himself at their head, and be off to Port Philip. And so now you know the origin of my resolve!" said my friend, smiling; "and," added he, "we are going to be mighty industrious on board ship—we are going to school! I'm turning schoolmaster, and they are turning scholars! Grievous to say, several of these poor fellows can neither read nor write. Reuben, now, capital fellow as he is, can neither read a letter from Dolly, nor write one to her. I have a whole set of copy-books, spelling-books, and slates with me among my traps. It is an opportunity not to be lost, these three or four months of the voyage. I mean to turn out some pretty decent scholars before we reach Port Philip, or, at all events, I shall hope to instil, if possible, a little wholesome knowledge into their



SACRISTY OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

numbskulls. As for myself, this is all education for me; just the experience I want to enable me to carry out certain plans I've chalked out for myself in the future. Some day you'll be seeing me back among you again, pray God, and until that day I willingly bid adieu to the luxuries of home. My sisters will take up their abode here. They must console themselves as well as they can, poor souls! but, in fact, I consider they will be much benefitted by being thrown upon their own resources during my absence; they are old enough, and this independence will be education for *them*.

"But hark! don't you hear a feeble shout? It is my scholars-expectant, depend upon it! Come down, Hardwicke, and see them." And up we started from the breakfast-table, and hastened down the lawn towards Reuben's cottage. The cheers proceeded from the road, but we saw no one; all seemed silent and dead about the bowery little cottage as it basked and glittered in the sunshine. Thornley opened the gate, and a discordant "hurrah!" greeted him. There stood two carts, one filled with Reuben's bedding and marvellous chest, together with a hamper, out of which protruded the necks of several bottles; in the other were seated half a dozen country bumpkins, ranging from the ages of forty to fourteen, and among them the sickly-looking Billy Fin. "Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! for Mester Ben!" shouted the men, with a most discordant hoarseness; Billy Fin's weak "hurray" lengthening itself out long after the others had ceased. "We return our humblest thanks and dooty for Mester Ben's goodness!" slowly began the tallest and awkwardest man of the party, rubbing his loose coat-cuff over his lips as though they were very dry—"and—"

"Never mind, Blinks! I know all you would say, my good fellows! God bless us all! and do you be right jolly till I join you at Plymouth; and there's something for you in the hamper yonder to drink my health in, and the health of all our good folks down at Thornley, and be sociable with my man Reuben Sikes, who is going with you!"

"That we will! be sure of that, Mester Ben!" hoarsely chimed the chorus.

"But Reuben, where is Reuben?" exclaimed Thornley, and ran back to the cottage,—still all was silent there, and neither Reuben nor Dolly visible. Only a widow woman, an acquaintance of Dolly's, who—against Dolly's will—had volunteered to accompany 'the poor young creeturs down to Gravesend,' and cheer up Dolly's spirits on her return, was standing at the door wiping her eyes violently upon a huge handkerchief, and moaning and murmuring, "The poor young creeturs! the poor, blessed young creeturs! and him to be a-sailing across the briny sea!"—

The door opened, and there stood the poor couple—Dolly's eyes were very red with weeping, and her face sadly flushed; still at bottom she seemed brave and cheery. But Reuben! never shall I forget his face, so deathly white, so bewildered, so stolid in his grief, his eyes so dead, the lids so heavy and red; it seemed as though the full strangeness of the change before him had for the first time fallen upon him, and he stood amazed and helpless in his ignorance.

"Good bye, Reuben!" said Thornley, with an unusual huskiness in his manly voice. "Good bye, Reuben, be of good cheer! My sisters will look well after Dolly."

"Thank-ee, Sir!" said Reuben, with the same stolid face, and letting his hand fall stiffly out of his master's grasp.

"Good bye, Sir," said Dolly, brushing her husband's coat with her hand, and hurrying him towards the cart. The drivers of the cart in which were Reuben's goods, helped him with difficulty to ascend, for he seemed to have lost all power of voluntary action. Then followed Dolly, and next the widow woman. The countrymen raised one more feeble "hurrah!" the drivers' cracked their whips, and away rolled the carts; Reuben's head sank upon his breast, and Dolly earnestly held his hands, whilst the widow woman convulsively wiped her eyes with the big white handkerchief,—and so they turned the corner of the road.

"Hardwicke," said my friend, as we returned towards the house,—"Hardwicke, it is a great, an awful responsibility that I have taken upon myself. Never till this moment did I feel its true weight. But I have ever heard in those voices from Australia, the voice of Providence loudly calling to us; let us, therefore, witnessing such bitter partings, only the more religiously, earnestly brace up our nerves, and work solely in God's name!"

Here are the last tidings of my brave friend, and the good ship "Halcyon:"—

"Plymouth, Thursday evening.

"One more line. We are off! Whilst we were in town the wind changed, and we hastened back to the vessel. You shall see the scene. The people all crowding on the deck. The men working at the anchor, and singing, "It is time for us to go!" The captain coming on board amid repeated hurrahs! The men running like squirrels up amongst the rigging. The great sails spreading themselves out like huge wings, the captain shouting to the men aloft through his speaking-trumpet, and everybody in excitement! Away we go. God bless you all, dear friends, a thousand times! The sun looks out, and shines upon us as we depart—and he descends! "Yours ever,

"Ben. Thornley."

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME, PARIS.

Though we learn from Victor Hugo that the cathedral of Notre-Dame de Paris was begun under Charlemagne and finished under Philip II., yet the obscurity which envelopes the origin of Paris itself also extends to the construction of the cathedral in question; and it is difficult to discover, in the midst of the contradictory statements of the old French historians, what saint or king really laid its first foundation. When so many writers disagree, what each of them states appears but fiction, and the mind, consequently, loses itself in a thousand conjectures.

For instance, some historians assert that St. Denis laid the first stone of the cathedral pile, but they are not certain whether it was in the *Cité*, or any of the *Faubourgs;* neither do they know whether the cathedral was first called *Notre-Dame* or *St. Denis du Pas*. There is, however, every reason to believe that St. Denis had nothing at all to do with the construction of this edifice.

Gregory of Tours tells us that when St. Denis came to Paris, the city still went, to use the words of Julian, who wrote in the third century, under the reign of Decius, "by the name of Lutetia, that it was surrounded by the Seine, and situated on a small island, which was approached on each side over wooden bridges." Now, at that time, Paris was under the sway of the Druids; St. Denis and his neophytes could, therefore, only celebrate the sacred mysteries of their religion in lonely places, called *crypts*, which are supposed to have been situated on the site now occupied by the quartier Saint Germain des Près. It is, therefore, very improbable that the Druids, on whose altars Christians were sacrificed, would have tolerated the construction of a Christian church in the very heart of the rising city.

The persecutions to which Christians were exposed, ceased, however, in the fourth century. Several Christian churches, consequently, now sprang up in the Ile de Paris, and one of them, doubtless, took the name of *Sainte Marie;* in fact, this circumstance can be almost incontestably proved by authentic authorities now extant.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century, for instance, Childebert made a donation, by charter, of the lands of Celle, near Montereau-Faut-Yonne, to the *mother church* of Paris, dedicated to Sainte Marie: this circumstance proves that the cathedral of Notre-Dame was built under the first race of French kings.

In the life of St. Cloud, also, it is stated, that this saint made a

donation of his monastery to the *mother church;* that is, to the church of *Sainte Marie;* and *Frédégonda retired into the basilica raised in honour of Sainte Marie.*

Under Philip II., Maurice de Sully had the choir of the church built on the existing foundation, in front of the new street, which then received, and has since retained, the name of *Rue Notre-Dame.* This street was celebrated by the poet Guillot, in the thirteenth century, in his "Dictionnaire des Rues de Paris."

The high altar was consecrated in 1182, four days after Whitsuntide. An inscription found on some part of it proves that it was still in course of construction in 1257, and, as it was not terminated before the fourteenth century, it took more than three centuries to complete it. In spite, however, of the length of time taken, and the different artists employed to complete this and the other parts of the building, great unity of *ensemble* reigns through its entire space. The style of the nave, which is less pure than that of the rest, proves that this was the part of the building which was begun first: at the entrance, near the two organ pillars, there are four columns unlike any others in the cathedral, a circumstance which distinctly shows that they were nothing else but an unhappy beginning.

The cathedral of Notre-Dame is built in the form of a Latin cross. It is a Gothic edifice, and its exterior is marked by the distinctive characteristic of the architecture of the Goths, it being surrounded with arched buttresses which begin from the bell-tower, are supported by struts from without, and counteract the effect of the thrust from within. Its length, in the clear, is 390 feet; its width, 146 feet; and its height, up to the keystone, eighty-four feet.

The façade was constructed under Philip II.; it is ninety-six feet long, and is terminated at each end by a square tower 204 feet in height. It formerly possessed a great many beauties, which will be sought for in vain at present. Before the Revolution of 1793, there was, above the three doors, a series of twenty-seven statues of the old kings of France, from Childebert to Philip II., and among them was Pepin le Bref, seated on a lion. On each side, also, of the middle portal, was a figure representing, the one, Faith, and the other, Hope. The façade was approached, too, by eleven steps, which time has destroyed by raising the surface of the surrounding earth. But was it time that removed the statues, and defaced the middle of the fine central porch by the new and bastard ogive now seen there? No; this was not done by time, but by the architects and artists of the present day, who have likewise placed a wooden dove, carved in the style of Louis XV., side by side with the arabesques of Biscornette. But we need not be astonished at this, for it is the same men who have removed from the interior of the cathedral all the statues that were found, carved out of every kind of material and in every posture, in every niche and corner of the edifice. It is they, too, who have meddled with the altars, and ill-treated the pavement—who have replaced the magnificent coloured glass of the windows with panes of the commonest white—who have smeared the walls with an unseemly wash, and who have thus treated the wonderful art of the middle ages as typical of nought, as a thing unworthy of preservation.

But to return to our narrative. A nobleman from Chartres, of the name of Gobineau de Montluisant, had formed a complete system of symbols out of this façade, and had discovered in it the history of hermetic science.

For instance, the figure of the Almighty spreading his hands over two angels, was the Creator forming the breath of life out of chaos; and the triumph of Marcel, near the portal to the right, with the dragon beneath his feet, was the discovery of the philosopher's stone, the two elements, the fixed and volatile, being represented by the mouth and the tail of the dragon.

It is impossible for these explanations to be admitted here; and, unfortunately, there exists no rational description of the curious forms seen on the middle portal.

Above the door, are three divisions of bas-reliefs. At the top is a figure of the Almighty, with two angels on each side of him; nothing can be conceived more graceful than this composition, the effect of which is truly imposing.

The second division represents a demon, dragging after him, with a chain, the links of which are of an oblong form, a crowd of men and women, who are, probably, the personification of different crimes and vices. The features of this demon are truly satanical in their formation and expression, while his body and legs are those of a lion. Below, in the third division, is a number of saints, male and female, with features devoid of expression.

In the voussure or coving, to the right, are six bas-reliefs, which appear to be intended to celebrate the triumph of Hell. The imagination of the artist who sculptured the scenes on them must have indeed been in a most disordered state. The eye sees nothing but hideous demons, and more hideous reptiles, flames of fire, and slaughtered children, priests, kings, and queens, all huddled together; faces expressive of the most atrocious pain, or vilely distorted with laughter, and a few calm countenances with figures undergoing torture in ridiculous or obscene postures. Long after the visitor has gazed on these bas-reliefs in the parvis of Notre-Dame, he is still pursued by the recollection of curious instruments of torture,—of demoniacal-looking forks, and of bodies all deformed and tightly interlaced one with the other.

What strange times were those when religion, leaving the pulpit, called men to piety by means of exhortations, half sublime, half grotesque, and by addresses of the most terribly-tragical, or of the most trivially-comic nature; and when the faithful were prepared, at the very entrance of the temple, to witness the most astounding dramas, by having suspended over their heads, by the side of the pure and naïve images of Heaven's angels, the infamous orgies of a witches' sabbath!

In the porch of the door on the southern side are a few bas-reliefs representing subjects that relate to the martyrdom of St. Denis; and in the porch of the door on the northern side, is a zodiac, the signs of which are borrowed from the Grecian zodiac; figures representing agricultural subjects, are placed by the side of these signs; but the twelfth, which represents the Virgin Mary, is placed on a column by itself over the middle of the door; the only peculiarity worthy of notice about this sculpture is, that Ceres, who forms, with her child, the twelfth sign of the Grecian zodiac, is replaced by the Virgin Mary, holding the infant Jesus in her arms.

The doors of the two side porches are covered with iron ornaments of the form of twisted scrolls, which are somewhat delicately executed. Above the niches which formerly contained the statues of the kings of France, is the large rose window of the nave. This window and the two others in the towers are surmounted by a peristyle composed of thirty-four very slender pillars, formed out of a single piece, and crowned with a balustrade.

The interior of the cathedral is divided into one large and four small naves, a choir, and an apsis. It formerly possessed forty-five chapels, but their number has been gradually reduced to thirty-two. The divisions are marked by 120 thick pillars which support the ogive vaulting. Around the nave and choir, are galleries supported by 108 small pillars formed out of one piece.

The choir, which is 115 feet long, and fifty-five wide, is ornamented with oak stalls, on which bas-reliefs, representing subjects taken from Scripture, are beautifully sculptured. They are surmounted by eight large pictures, not one of which, however, is the work of a good master. The choir is thus almost entirely shut out from view. Most of the pillars are round, and are terminated by capitals, from each of which spring forth into the nave and choir three slender columns, also terminated by three capitals, whence the nervures of the vaulting proceed. In the aisles, the nervures of the vaulting, which is not very lofty there, spring from the capitals of the large pillars. These capitals are ornamented with acanthuses, in imitation of Corinthian capitals. There are also in the aisles eight other large round pillars, which have their bases and capitals surrounded by five or six small slender columns detached from the large pillars, of whose

capitals they allow portions only to be seen. This disposition is productive of a most graceful effect.

Throughout the whole of the cathedral of Notre-Dame there are but six large pillars that shoot forth into a sheaf of small columns from the ground to the roof, two being at the entrance to the choir, and two at each end of the nave. It is principally owing to the absence of such pillars that the roofing appears so low. There are also very few of those grotesque figures, which decorate the vaulting and replace the capitals, ornamented with acanthuses in the Lombard style of architecture. Around the exterior wall of the choir are seen bas-reliefs, representing various subjects taken from the New Testament, and sculptured with all the want of knowledge, in all the grotesque postures, and all the confusion, which belonged to the times of primitive art. These sculptures were executed by Jean Ravy, the mason to the cathedral, and by his nephew, Jean Bouteiller, who finished them in 1353.

Before the Revolution, the towers of Notre-Dame were furnished with a complete set of bells, and there were also eight little ones in the steeple that surmounted the window, but they were reduced in number after the Revolution; and an architect amputated the charming little belfry, and replaced it with something that looked like the top of a porridge-pot. The great bell, which was cast in 1683, weighs 82,000 pounds, and the clapper 973 pounds.

In the time of Victor Hugo's deformed and athletic hero, Quasimodo, who lived some 200 years before the above bell was cast, the towers of Notre-Dame contained fifteen bells. There were two large ones in the southern tower, six more in the other tower, and six smaller ones in the belfry on the transept, with a wooden bell, which was never sounded but on a particular occasion, once a year. The great bell was christened "Mary," by its hideous-looking ringer, who, before it was put in motion, always gazed on it with great affection for awhile, patted it with his hand, as one would a horse about to go a long journey, and regretted the labour that "Mary" had to undergo. After these caresses, he would call to his assistants, who were in the lower part of the building, to begin; and, as they hung to the rope, the enormous mass of metal began to move. Quasimodo followed its every swing with a beating heart, and vibrated with its vibrations. At last, the great peal commenced, and then he was indeed in an ecstacy of delight; he would tremble from head to foot; but, suddenly, a sort of frenzy would seize him, and he would then watch the swinging bell for an opportunity to spring upon it, and, catching hold of the handles that were on each side, would move backward and forward with it, would press it with his knees, spur it with his heels, and thus increase, by his movements, the loudness of the tones pealed forth from it.

Since the archbishop's palace has been pulled down, there has been nothing to hide, or to detract from, the exterior magnificence of Notre-Dame on either the eastern, the north-eastern, or the south-eastern side. There are few Gothic monuments in all Europe so admirably or so openly situated.

The cathedral of Notre-Dame will always inspire the visitor with more wonder and admiration than will the majestic colonnades of the Louvre, of the Bourse, of the Panthéon, or of the Madeleine. There are, between the shores of the Mediterranean and the kingdoms of the north, between Rome and St. Petersburgh, many beautiful imitations of Grecian art, and these imitations inspire you with admiration for a people that no longer exists; but living nations cannot be characterised by the reflections of past glory, by mere tracings on stone walls; they can be only truly proud of the works which they have produced spontaneously, and the French may, therefore, be justly proud of the cathedral of Notre-Dame de Paris, which their forefathers considered, at the time it was finished, the finest temple ever raised in honour of Christianity.

The historical occurrences associated with the cathedral of Notre-Dame are too numerous to be mentioned here. We cannot, however, pass unnoticed the coronation of Napoleon I, recalled to mind by the recent ceremony, in which the nephew of the once purple-clad exile played so prominent a part. Eight-and-thirty years ago, the imperial robes were for ever torn from the shoulders of Napoleon I., to be restored, in direct contradiction to the calculations of human foresight, to his nephew, and thus to lend their *prestige* to the marriage of Napoleon III.

The solemnity of the coronation of their majesties the Emperor Napoleon I., and the Empress Josephine, was celebrated on the second of December, 1804, in the cathedral of Notre-Dame.

Before proceeding to Notre-Dame, the emperor was clothed in the imperial ornaments at the archiepiscopal palace; and, on arriving at the porch of the cathedral, he was received by the French cardinals, the archbishops, and bishops, preceded by the master of the ceremonies and his assistants. Next, advanced the empress, in the imperial mantle, but without the ring and crown, which had preceded her. Both their imperial majesties were here presented with holy water by the cardinal archbishop of Paris. Their majesties then advanced under a canopy borne by canons, and seated themselves in the sanctuary, on chairs prepared for them, the empress being on the right hand of the emperor.

When their majesties entered the choir, the Pope, descended from his throne, went up to the altar, and commenced the "Veni Creator." While this hymn was being sung, the emperor and empress knelt down in prayer, and when they arose, the arch-chancellor of the empire approached the emperor and presented him with the Hand of Justice. The arch-treasurer then received the sceptre, the grand elector took off the crown, and the grand chamberlain took off the collar. Then the mantle was taken off, and the emperor drew his sword, and gave it to the constable.

After the usual ceremony of anointing and the profession of faith, their majesties were conducted by the holy father to the grand throne raised at the end of the church. Then the pope recited a prayer, kissed the emperor on the cheek, and, turning towards the assistant, said, with a loud voice, "Vivat Imperator in æternum!" (May the Emperor live for ever!) and the assistants replied, "Vivent l'Empereur et l'Impératrice!" (Long live the Emperor and the Empress!")

When mass was over, the grand almoner gave the book of Gospels to the emperor, who, remaining seated, and placing his hand upon it, pronounced the oath. The chief herald of arms then cried out in a loud voice, "The most glorious and most august emperor of the French is crowned, and enthroned: long live the emperor!" On which, all present exclaimed, "Long live the emperor and the empress!" and a discharge of artillery announced the coronation and enthronement of their majesties.

The pope then began the "Te Deum." The secretary of state drew up the *procès verbal* of the emperor's taking the oath, and it was signed by all the dignitaries present. Then the arch-chancellor presented it to the emperor and the princes.

After this last formality, the emperor and the empress descended from the throne, and were conducted back, under a canopy, to the archiepiscopal palace. And thus terminated the coronation of Napoleon I., emperor of the French.

On Sunday, the 30th of January, 1853, Napoleon III. was married at Notre-Dame, to Mademoiselle Montijo, Countess de Téba, a lady of Spanish origin, and who was educated, with her sister, the present Countess of Alba, in England, at a school at Bristol.

On this occasion, both the exterior and interior of the cathedral presented the most magnificent appearance.

Before the façade, a large Gothic portico was erected, communicating with the middle portal. This portico, which was surmounted all round with a beautiful fronton, was decorated in bright colours with all sorts of ornaments and tracery, in keeping with the architectural style of the cathedral, and befitting the ceremony that took place in it.

The upper angles of the fronton, both at the sides and in front, were ornamented with the letters N. E, surmounted with an imperial crown, and surrounded with garlands of flowers, mixed with trefoil, fleurs-de-lis, golden eagles, and the impe-

rial initials. Enormous pillars supported the façade of the portico, and were ornamented with niches containing statues of saints, in the style of the middle ages. The sides were painted in imitation of green drapery, studded with golden bees.

Oriflammes floated from the summits of the towers, at each corner of which was an eagle with outspread golden wings, and between the towers was a colossal statue of our Saviour.

Painted statues of Charlemagne, of St. Louis, of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon I., were placed in the embrasures of the ogive windows of the two towers, and the niches separated from each other by small pillars above the portal were decorated with statues of the kings of France painted on a grey ground, and exactly imitating sculptured stone.

The interior of the cathedral was decorated with the utmost splendour. On each side of the chief nave, the pillars were covered from their bases to their capitals with crimson velvet, bordered with gold. On each side, also, was an *estrade*, that was continued to the back of each of the side naves.

From the railings of the balustrade of the galleries hung curtains of crimson velvet, bordered with ermine, while from the windows hung green curtains, studded with golden bees, and ornamented with the imperial initials. Garlands of evergreens and flowers stretched from window to window, and lustres were suspended from each ogive of the gallery, the pillars of which were covered with blue hangings ornamented with golden bees.

The aspect of the choir was magnificent, the spaces between the windows being covered with hangings of cloth of gold, while an innumerable quantity of lustres were suspended from the roof over the middle of the sanctuary.

The high altar was removed to the front of the choir, and was overhung by a splendid canopy, which was united to the side columns by an elegant Gothic gallery.

A platform, overhung by a canopy, decorated with eagles, and surmounted by an imperial crown, was raised before the altar, and on it stood two fall-stools and the throne.

The marriage was solemnised with all the expected pomp, and the "Te Deum" sung which had before celebrated the triumph of Austerlitz, and the ill-fated union of Marie Louise with the conqueror of Europe. Who shall say who will be the chief actors in the next marriage or coronation which this old church shall witness?

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's recent re-election for the University of Oxford has been attended with circumstances that have materially helped to familiarise his name and attributes with every class of the public, and will render some particulars in relation to his career acceptable to those of our readers for whom the *personnel* of cotemporary politics possess usually but little interest. Mr. Gladstone, though only in his 44th year, has been conspicuous in the parliamentary arena for upwards of twenty years, having sustained in the House of Commons the exalted reputation that was augured from his collegiate eminence, which, again, had maintained the *prestige* he had carried thither from Eton. In these educational antecedents, as also in his debating skill, and in his early attainment of official status, he greatly resembled Sir Robert Peel; and not less so, perhaps, in his moral and even physical idiosyncracy: for there is a close similitude in the bodily organisation and facial expression of the two men; or rather, there was great similitude up to the period of the fatal 28th of June, 1850, when the nation sustained a loss that could have been surpassed only by the death of the one still greater man who has gone from amongst us, and whose chief fame as a civilian sprung from his co-operation of a quarter of a century with him who reformed the criminal code, freed his fellow-citizens from religious disabilities, and enabled the masses to feed themselves by the produce of their own labour.

The predecessor of Mr. Gladstone in his present office, Mr. Disraeli, in his "Life of Lord George Bentinck," speaking of Sir Robert, says:—"Wanting imagination, he wanted prescience. No one was more sagacious when dealing with the circumstances before him; none penetrated the present with more acuteness and accuracy. His judgment was faultless, provided he had not to deal with the future. Thus it happened through his long career, that while he always was looked upon as the most prudent and safest of leaders, he ever, after a protracted display of admirable tactics, concluded his campaigns by surrendering at discretion. He was so adroit that he could prolong resistance even beyond its term, but so little foreseeing, that often, in the very triumph of his manœuvres, he found himself in an untenable position. * * * He had a peculiarity which is, perhaps, natural with men of very great talent who have not the creative faculty; he had a dangerous sympathy with the creations of others. Instead of being cold and wary, as was commonly supposed, he was impulsive, and even inclined to rashness. When he was ambiguous, unsatisfactory, reserved, tortuous, it was that he was perplexed, that he did not see his way, that the routine which he had admirably administered failed him, and that his own mind was not constructed to create a substitute for the custom which was crumbling away. Then, he was ever on the look-out for new ideas, and when he embraced them, he did so with eagerness, and often with precipitancy. Although apparently wrapped up in himself, and supposed to be egotistical, except in seasons of rare exaltedness, as in '44-5, when he ruled under favour of the court, the homage of the continent, and the servility of parliament, he was really deficient in self-confidence. There was always some person representing some theory or system exercising an influence over his mind. In his 'sallet days,' it was Mr. Horner and Sir Samuel Romilly; in later and more important periods it was the Duke of Wellington, the King of the French, Mr. Jones Lloyd, some others, and finally, Mr. Cobden."

What others were to him, Peel was to Mr. Gladstone, who was Sir Robert's other self on a small scale, his double, his *alter ego*, necessarily exaggerating at the outset these imitative peculiarities, as is unavoidably the fashion with the copyists of those who copy. Indeed, to so remarkable an extent did this simeous but self-diffident weakness proceed, that one of the greatest political satirists in England since the days of Swift, and, like the Dean, the editor of an "Examiner," described him as the "Pony Peel," an appellation whose singularly malicious applicability was universally recognised, and long adhered to the object of it, even after Sir Robert had emancipated himself from the thraldom of the traditions in which he was born, and commenced that bold and decisive course which has consecrated his name to the remotest posterity, as it has endeared it to his immediate survivors. Mr. Gladstone, too, has lately also entered upon a definitive and intelligible line of action, and unquestionably a large and distinctive popularity awaits him; but hitherto undoubtedly the mental infirmity we have referred to impaired his reputation, and afforded inferior men the welcome opportunity of sneering at a seeming feebleness of character that in reality arose from too great mental fastidiousness and metaphysical over-refinement. Still his evident sincerity of conviction, the amiability of his disposition, his avoidance of everything in the shape of vituperation or offensiveness, and his desire to elevate and purify the tone of debate by introducing into the discussion of worldly affairs a consideration of our obligations and responsibilities to a higher power, all tended to preserve him the respect and attention of the house on points wherein his seeming inconsistency with himself, and the very arguments he may have last used when he spoke upon the same subject, had begot comparative indifference towards him on the part of the giddy public, who might well be excused misunderstanding one who seemed a puzzle to himself. Thus, for example, on the question of the Jewish claims, and especially on the still more vexed question of making permanent the Maynooth grant, each of his several speeches was regarded by inconside-

rated witlings as the best possible answer to the other; while his "explanation" of the incongruities between the two lines of argument were intelligible to no faction and unsatisfactory to all; his conduct in reference to the latter question being to such incomprehensible and inscrutable. Having come into office with Sir R. Peel as Master of the Mint and Vice-President (and subsequently President) of the Board of Trade, he relinquished this double post in 1845 rather than acquiesce in the Maynooth measures then propounded by his chief; but he would not oppose those measures by speech or vote; and after they were carried he returned again to office in a higher grade than before, succeeding as Colonial Secretary to Lord Stanley (Derby), who had seceded from the Government in consequence of its free-trade tendencies.

Mr. Gladstone's tenure of office as Minister for the Colonies lasted but about six months—too brief to be distinguished by anything remarkable, save one unfortunate episode in connexion with Sir E. Wilmot, the Governor of Van Diemen's Land. Sir Eardley, it appears, had become the object of some colonial scandals, which were embodied in anonymous, or, at least, unavowed letters to Mr. Gladstone, who called upon the accused party to exculpate himself without telling him who were his accusers, or what were the precise charges; and, in the meanwhile, felt constrained, by an inxorable sense of what was due to decorum and propriety, to punish him as if already judicially convicted, by suspending him. This was equivalent to the ruin of Sir Eardley, a gentleman of an ancient Warwickshire family, who had gone out to the colony in the reliance that he would receive the usual retiring allowance at the end of six years, which had nearly expired. He died in Van Diemen's Land, where he had resolved to remain till he could learn from England the nature of his offences, so as to meet them on the spot by the evidence of witnesses who must have been cognizant of the facts, and in the face of those who had calumniated him behind his back. The family estates had to be sold at home to meet the difficulties this cruel affair had occasioned. The deceased's son, the present baronet, a barrister, who goes the Midland circuit, where his great talents deservedly recommend him to a rapidly increasing practice, was promised occupation in the public service, for which he was thoroughly fitted in education and aptitude, by way of some recompense for the injustice his father had fallen a victim to; but from that hour to this he has never obtained a particle of preferment, though successive Governments have been reminded of the hardships of his case. For the almost merely honorary office of Recorder of Warwick, conferred upon him last year, had no reference whatever to the circumstances we have glanced at, and which were brought in detail before parliament in '46. Mr. Gladstone truly assured the house, that he "*meant* no wrong, had done everything for the best, was sorry for what had happened." And so the thing ended; the public being too much absorbed in political matters to waste time about the immolation of an individual to the malice of irresponsible backbiters 16,000 miles away. The injustice, however occasioned, was so transparent—though its full consequences have really never come to light,—that considerable damage unavoidably accrued to Mr. Gladstone. However, time wore on, the general election of 1847 supervened; Mr. Gladstone, who, for his previous parliamentary life, since 1832, had sat as the nominee of the late Duke of Newcastle for the borough of Newark, was returned for the University of Oxford—having been a double first class of Christ Church in '31, and D.C.L. in '48;—and, the Russell ministry being in power, of course took his seat on the opposition benches, without, however, figuring often or prominently in debate during the lifetime of Sir R. Peel, who indeed, himself, became more of a spectator than an actor, save in the last great debate just previous to his death—that on the Pacifico-Palmerston business, wherein Gladstone also acquitted himself with great ability. Since Sir Robert's death, he has come far more frequently and individually forward—that is, more in the character of one who competed for a marked personal position. But here the little understood vacillation, already referred to, and on which we shall cite a remarkable authority presently, seemed altogether to mock his ambition and frustrate his pertinacious efforts. On one or two of those remarkable propositions for a re-adjustment of the incidence of taxation with which Mr. Disraeli occupied the house and the country before this time twelvemonth, Mr. Gladstone spoke with great effect and voted in their favour, therein differing from the other leaders of the Peelite party, and leaving the impression that he was a very mitigated free trader, judged by the Manchester standard. So natural was this conviction that, on a disruption of the Russell Government in 1851, Lord Derby being called upon to form an administration, waited several days the arrival of Mr. Gladstone before doing anything, and then relinquished the task he contemplated on finding that the right honourable gentleman would not join him in the imposition of a five-shilling duty on wheat; the main point, we believe, on which these two eminent personages differed at the time. Meanwhile, however, he seemed to separate himself more widely than ever from the Whigs, and not less so from the Tories, while inclining apparently to the very advanced Liberals and the Irish Roman Catholic party, by making a most determined stand, in common with Sir James Graham, Sidney Herbert, and other distinguished Peelite members and advocates of the Established Church, against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of Lord John Russell. It was on this occasion, for the first time in his life, that he put forth his varied powers in an independent capacity, stood upon original ground, scorned precedent, defied sarcasm, and established himself a real political puissance in the State. So far as popularity or expediency was concerned, nothing could have been more desperate or forlorn than the course he pursued—so much so, that there was probably not a constituency in England he durst face at the time; and, long after, when the irritation to the national feeling occasioned by the Papal aggression, and by the arguments of those who counselled its being suffered to pass with impunity, had subsided, the recollection of the offence cost Mr. Cardwell, Lord Mahon, Sir G. Clerk, and many other well-known Peelites their seats, and had very nearly ousted Mr. Gladstone from the University. More than that, the remembrance of his speeches then supplied the main animus to the unprecedented antagonism he has lately been subjected to on taking office, when the poll was kept open, on the part of Mr. Dudley Perceval, to the utmost duration allowed by university electoral usages—some fourteen days, we believe—for the express purpose of avenging the slight he was supposed to put upon that Protestantism of which he had been the admitted champion, by not resenting the insolence of the Vatican, in respect of its assumption of titular dignities and influence in this realm of England.

It would be a weary and profitless occupation to revert to those proceedings now, or to trace the reason for the modification of public opinion in respect to the aggression, and those who refused to visit it with the penalties of the law. Enough to say, that the independent, or as some consider it, the exceedingly indiscreet and intemperate course adopted by Mr. Gladstone then, appeared to embolden him to follow it up at the commencement of the present session, when he took the command of the heterogeneous opposition with the tacit acquiescence, if not the actual approval, of all the sections it was composed of, that of the immediate Russellite, perhaps, alone excepted; though they were much too prudent to advertise that they had been superseded by calling attention to the mortifying fact patent to every eye. And well did he show himself qualified for the important post, not only by the tact and discretion evinced in the embarrassing debate on Mr. Villiers's motion, which affirmed the justice, wisdom, and beneficence of free-trade, though in terms to whose retrospective spirit the ex-protectionist ministry not altogether unreasonably objected; but by the dignity, fire, and impressiveness of his wind-up of the budget debate, in reply to Mr. Disraeli, whose speech and his own together formed perhaps the finest gladiatorial-rhetorical encounter since Canning and Brougham combated in the same arena. That speech would,

in the absence of all other evidence, have sufficed to mark out Mr. Gladstone for Chancellor of the Exchequer, for which indeed his previous official training at the Board of Trade, together with the fact of his being the son and brother of distinguished British merchants, had peculiarly fitted him.

Accordingly, the general public heard without surprise, but with great satisfaction, that, in the recent distribution of office, the control of the finances of the country had been committed to his able care. From the circumstance of his being brother to Robertson Gladstone, President of the Liverpool Financial Reform Association, no less than from the attention he has given to fiscal topics of every kind, large expectations are formed of the manner in which he will acquit himself in his very difficult and, at this juncture (with the renewal of the income-tax pending), very delicate position; and we doubt not that all reasonable and moderate anticipations will be fully realised. Previous to the present, or at least to the preceding session, Mr. Gladstone was better known as a parliamentary polemic than as a politician, in the ordinary acceptation of that term; and was always regarded as the House of Commons exponent of high church principles, at least from the date of his first defence of those principles in 1839, entitled the "State in its Relations with the Church." The opening of the "Edinburgh Review" of this, by Macaulay, must always be quoted in a notice of Gladstone, not only on account of the author and the critic, but because of the importance alike of the text and the commentary, and because of the singular illustration of the prophetic truth of the latter afforded by the distinction which Gladstone has since justly attained, not more by his own talents than by his gradual abandonment of the extreme tenets which Mr. Macaulay so firmly reprobates.

In the annexed passages the reviewer gives a complete anatomy of the peculiarities of Mr. Gladstone, as shown in the first part of our notice, viz.:—"The author of this volume is a young man of unblemished character, and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow, reluctantly and mutinously, a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor. It would not be at all strange if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England. But we believe that we do him no more than justice when we say that his abilities and his demeanour have obtained for him the respect and good will of all parties. His first appearance in the character of an author is therefore an interesting event; and it is natural that the gentle wishes of the public should go with him to his trial. We are much pleased, without any reference to the soundness or unsoundness of Mr. Gladstone's theories, to see a grave and elaborate treatise on an important part of the philosophy of government proceed from the pen of a young man who is rising to eminence in the House of Commons. There is little danger that people engaged in the conflicts of active life will be too much addicted to general speculation. The opposite vice is that which most easily besets them. We therefore hail with pleasure, though assuredly not with unmixed pleasure, the appearance of this work. That a young politician should, in the intervals afforded by his parliamentary avocations, have constructed and propounded, with much study and mental toil, an original theory on a great problem in politics, is a circumstance which, abstracted from all consideration of the soundness or unsoundness of his opinions, must be considered as highly creditable to him. We certainly cannot wish that Mr. Gladstone's doctrines may become fashionable among public men. But we heartily wish that his laudable desire to penetrate beneath the surface of questions, and to arrive, by long and intent meditation, at the knowledge of great general laws, were much more fashionable than we at all expect it to become.

"Mr. Gladstone seems to us to be, in many respects, exceedingly well qualified for philosophical investigation. His mind is of large grasp; nor is he deficient in dialectical skill. But he does not give his intellect fair play. There is no want of light, but a great want of what Bacon would have called daylight. Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passions and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and indeed exercises great influence on his mode of thinking. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate. Half his acuteness and diligence, with a barren imagination and a scanty vocabulary, would have saved him from almost all his mistakes. He has one gift most dangerous to a speculator, a vast command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import; of a kind of language which affects us much in the same way in which the lofty diction of the Chorus of Clouds affected the simple-hearted Athenian. When propositions have been established, and nothing remains but to amplify and decorate them, this dim magnificence may be in place. But if it is admitted into a demonstration, it is very much worse than absolute nonsense; just as that transparent haze, through which the sailor sees capes and mountains of false sizes and in false bearings, is more dangerous than utter darkness. Now, Mr. Gladstone is fond of employing the phraseology of which we speak in those parts of his works which require the utmost perspicuity and precision of which human language is capable; and in this way he deludes first himself, and then his readers. The foundations of his theory, which ought to be buttresses of adamant, are made out of the flimsy materials which are fit only for perorations. This fault is one which no subsequent care or industry can correct. The more strictly Mr. Gladstone reasons on his premises, the more absurd are the conclusions which he brings out; and, when at last his good sense and good nature recoil from the horrible practical inferences to which his theory leads, he is reduced sometimes to take refuge in arguments inconsistent with his fundamental doctrines, and sometimes to escape from the legitimate consequences of his false principles, under cover of equally false history. It would be unjust not to say that this book, though not a good book, shows more talent than many good books. It abounds with eloquent and ingenious passages. It bears the signs of much patient thought. It is written throughout with excellent taste and excellent temper; nor does it, so far as we have observed, contain one expression unworthy of a gentleman, a scholar, or a Christian. But the doctrines which are put forth in it appear to us, after full and calm consideration, to be false, to be in the highest degree pernicious, and to be such as, if followed out in practice to their legitimate consequences, would inevitably produce the dissolution of society."

We regret that it is incompatible with our space and design to give further extracts from this admirable essay; but as it is already very familiar to the reading public, and has again just been issued in a remarkably economic and accessible form, those whom our specimens may have sufficiently interested to wish for more, can readily procure the composition in its entirety. Mr. Gladstone is the author of various publications, principally on Church of England matters; and of numerous pamphlets, chiefly consisting of his own speeches on the current topics of the time. His largest work is a translation of Luigi Farini's "History of the Roman States," of which three volumes octavo have already appeared; but by far his most important literary performance, the one that has done most good to humanity, to Europe, and to himself, is his celebrated "Letters to Lord Aberdeen," two years ago, in exposure and denunciation of the horrible atrocities, of which he obtained personal cognisance on the spot, as having been inflicted in cold blood, and with fiendish malignity, by Naples on its political prisoners. These famous effusions, the effect they produced in England, and it is believed in every court in Christendom, where our ambassadors presented them by order of Lord Palmerston,—all these facts are of too recent occurrence, and of too vivid impressiveness to require the least amplification; and the mere mention of them will answer every purpose that could be expected here. It only remains for us to say, that Mr. Gladstone is the son, by the second wife, of the late Sir John Gladstone,—whom Sir R. Peel made a baronet when retiring from office,—the head of a

mercantile firm of great repute, now conducted by the brother already mentioned; and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself has been left by his father an ample fortune, for the maintenance of the interesting family he has by the daughter of the late, sister of the present, Sir Stephen Glynn, the Flintshire baronet. He occupies the first position in this country by right of his own talents. Perhaps no man ever before did so who had so few enemies, or so many who so cordially wished the fullest success to his pure and patriotic motives, his virtuous zeal, glowing and enlightening eloquence, and exemplary character in every relation of life—private and public.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM GLADSTONE, M.P., CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. DRAWN BY H. ANELAY. ENGRAVED BY H. LINTON.

THE RAILWAY REFRESHMENT-ROOM.

It is a great fact in the history and habits of Mr. John Bull—the operations of which follow him into all the relations of life—the knowledge of which has enabled some to deal with him with singular success, and the ignorance of which has brought down deplorable discomfiture upon others who have aspired to guide the national taste or character,—that to have him in a good-humoured and docile condition, he must be kept *quite full*. This amiable weakness has demanded the thoughtful consideration of all who have aspired to be leaders of the people; and it is a peculiarity worthy of the profoundest attention of friends and relatives, of wives and children, whether the peace of social life is to be preserved, or domestic harmony is to remain unimpaired. What wife, indeed, except the most unobservant, or the most complacent, would think of asking for money to pay the milliner while her spouse was dressing for dinner? and if a child dared to plead for a half-holiday before his parent had finished carving, would any one pity him if he only received a snarl for his pains? Now, we are credibly informed on historical evidence, handed down to us by the illustrious Joseph Miller, that a ferocious fire-eater, who had, early one morning, challenged a companion to fight a duel, requested that the latter would accompany him into an hotel just at hand, where he at once uttered to the waiter the significant order—"Pistols for two, and breakfast for one;" thus manifesting an economical disposition which has been commended to general imitation. But a deeper acquaintance with the character of Englishmen is manifested in the records of naval and military service, where we constantly read, if but the opportunity is by any possibility afforded, that before going into action—"The signal was then given to go to dinner!"

But without delaying further in any philosophical reflections which the theme would suggest, we may look more directly at the fact itself, and the arrangements which it has been found necessary to make in consequence thereof. It happened, that some time ago we were journeying on the London and North-Western line; our companions in travel consisting of a party of four, comprising two young ladies, a younger brother, and their mamma. Between two of them rested a large square box, covered with leather, looking particularly like an immense folio family bible, and it was evidently regarded with great satisfaction by the group. We had scarcely passed Cheddington Junction, some five-and-thirty miles from London, when, the conversation having decidedly flagged, a bright thought suggested itself to one of the fair maidens, which at once found expression in a tone which indicated that such an oversight was at once singular and painful:—"La, Jane, we haven't had anything since we left Euston!" The secret recesses of the box were at once brought to light, where were a multitude of massive little sandwiches, packed like herrings in a cask, which had been provided for the journey between London and Birmingham, and which by a young officer on a commissariat staff would, we believe, be regarded as sufficient to last a troop of cavalry for—we won't say how long. But as a quarter of a hundred-weight of ham-sandwiches is not within arm's reach at any moment, and as there is a peculiar liability to have one's appetite quickened by a couple of hour's run by train in the fresh air, our railway companies have been under the necessity of providing ample arrangements, by which the ever-recurring wants of the inner man may be satisfied, and passengers may be preserved in a state of amiable tranquillity.

Who is there, who is at all accustomed to travel, who has not heard of Wolverton's far-famed red hot coffee, with the five minutes allowed for its consumption, and the various contrivances which have been adopted to drink it within the time? Who has not laughed at the remorseless way in which, when he asked for milk to cool the scalding beverage, the amiable attendant filled up his cup with BOILING milk? Who has not had to thump stout gentlemen between the shoulders, and to pat the backs of middle-aged ladies, who have, in their haste to devour the provisions they have ordered, unfortunately attempted to swallow more pork-pie or sausage-roll than agreed with the capacities of their pharynx? But let us turn to the scene itself, and for ourselves observe some of its wonders.

As the train sweeps gallantly alongside the platform, a multitude of doors are opened, and the carriages have hardly paused in their career, when the passengers with headlong speed bound out, verifying the declaration which some one has uttered, that it takes twenty minutes to fill a train, but only twenty seconds to empty one. The appearance presented by the refreshment-room is much the same everywhere, except that at Swindon, which surpasses all the rest. There is usually the same long counter, upon which stand the mountainous tureens of soup, and the tea and coffee urns, flanked by *plateaux* of pork-pies artistically piled, and strata of sandwiches protected by glass bee-hives, and interspersed with dishes of buns and cakes, or plates with slices of pie enticingly supplied with knives and forks for instant operation.

Behind the counters stand a number of maiden and of men attendants, and if the visitor thinks that they will be surprised at the rush made into the apartment, he will be very much mistaken, for as though calmed by the fuss and haste which most of the passengers make, whose thirsty throats or vacant stomachs stimulate them to extraordinary activity, they wait with supreme indifference, though unimpeachable civility, upon all who demand their aid, as though they felt the deep truthfulness of the declaration that it was indeed "nothing when you are used to it."

Yet "what a strange notion," it has been remarked, "the young ladies at a refreshment-room must have of their travelling fellow-creatures! They only see them in the guise of ravenous monsters—flinging themselves upon edibles, and consuming all before them, entombing in a brief five minutes hecatombs of flesh and fowl, absorbing floods of the muddiest of coffee and the weakest of tea, roaring for pale ale and stout, and deluging themselves with 'soda and sherry,' or, the stronger minds, 'soda and brandy.' And the same process is constantly being repeated. The refreshment young ladies never encounter their fellow-creatures except in the act of eating or drinking. Almost every hour during the long summer day, sometimes every half-hour, another and another flood of ravenous humanity arrives. The urns and tureens are hardly replenished, when they are again attacked—the superintendents of these constantly recurring feasts retiring at last, if they ever do retire at all, to dream of crowds of hungry faces, and open mouths, and eager eyes, grinning, and glaring, and munching, and swallowing, round their virtuous beds." *

The round of daily duty devolving upon the attendants at the refreshment establishment is much the same at the different stations. Early in the morning, the exact time depending on the arrival of the first train, the servants rise whose duty it is to awaken the young ladies who are appointed to the work of attending the passengers who may arrive; and from that time till the departure of the last train, up or down, which is perhaps about eleven o'clock at night, they are constantly passing to and fro, between their own private apartments and the refreshment-room, or, at the ringing of a bell, from one side of the line to the other, according to the direction from which the train may be approaching. "By about midnight," says Sir Francis B. Head, who alludes to Wolverton Station, "after having philosophically divested themselves of the various little bustles of the day, they are all enabled once again to lay their heads on their pillows, with the exception of one, who in her turn, assisted by one man and one boy of the establishment, remains on duty receiving the money, &c., till four in the morning, of the up-mail." The young person, however, who in her weekly turn performs this extra task, instead of rising with the others at seven o'clock, which is the usual hour, is allowed to sleep till noon, when she joins her companions behind the long counter, and resumes her important avocations."

Should any of our readers ever be detained an hour or two

* Angus B. Reach.

at a railway station where there is a large refreshment department, he may find much to amuse, and perhaps something to instruct, in a careful observation of the numberless little incidents which there transpire. But to see the whole thing to advantage, he should be at a refreshment-room on the route of some great branch line, for people who are about to set off on a journey generally arrive at the terminus with a very respectable allowance "on board" for present consumption, and cannot therefore be regarded as fair game. No better spots could be selected for observation than Wolverton or Swindon.

A very correct idea may often be formed of the characteristics and habits of the passengers at the refreshment-stall. There may be seen the thin-faced cadaverous-looking man, who is always in a hurry and never in time; seeming to realise the condition of the individual who explained the cause of his constant want of punctuality by the declaration that he was born just twenty minutes too late, and that he had, *par. consequence*, been twenty minutes late all his life. Then there is a stout gentleman, who has enveloped himself in two great-coats, and wrapped up his neck in a huge parti-coloured cravat, which seems only one size less than an average table-cloth, who pokes his elbows most unconscionably into every one's ribs, till he has reached the counter, where, in the brief space allotted to the work, he contrives without any difficulty to consume an incalculable amount of cold beef or pork pie, and to drink stout in proportion. There are nervous men who are in a state of intense alarm lest some one should occupy their places in their carriages, or steal their carpet-bag and rug which have been left under the seat; and then there are cool men, who are never afraid of anything, who enter the refreshment-room as quietly as if they were going no further by the train, who go straight up to the exact part of the counter at which they shall find just what they want, who manage to dispatch their soup before their neighbours have cooled it into eatable condition, and who are deep in the analysis of a slice of bacon or tongue before others have eaten a penny bun. And last, not least by any means, are the ladies, who with an equal diversity of style and method avail themselves of the opportunity to drink boiling tea and to nibble "ladies' fingers," till at the first sound of the bell, which the older travellers quite disregard, they rush frantically to their carriages, leaving upon the counter a larger proportion of the unconsumed beverage. Thus here, as everywhere, character and characteristics go together; but as the best opportunity for seeing the real disposition of a man is when he is off his guard, and acting by the simple dictates of his nature, such occasions as these should not pass unimproved to those who feel any interest in "anatomising" their fellow-men.

In some instances a very questionable economy has been manifested at the refreshment-stalls. Not many months ago, we are assured that a curious illustration of this kind took place at the Tunbridge Station, on the South-Eastern line. A train having stopped there, the passengers rushed out to obtain some refreshment. "They had hardly began to sip their hot coffee, when the bell rang, and the exclamation of the guard, 'Now, gentlemen, take your places, if you please,' compelled them, however reluctantly, to resume their seats. But, from some cause or other, the train did not start for several minutes, and before it left the station the travellers had the pleasure of seeing their almost brimming cups, which they had left on the counter, emptied back into the urns for the next customers! As they rolled away, one of them made an estimate of how many times the same cup might thus be calculated to serve before it was finally consumed; but the result of this calculation, like many other theories, had better pass away without a record."

One of the handsomest and most complete of our railway refreshment establishments is that at Swindon. This stands between the main line and the branch line, which, from either side, runs to Gloucester; and passengers proceeding from one to the other have to pass through the luncheon-rooms. These are two splendid apartments, in each of which the counters are placed under a noble arch enclosed, within which is a magnificent glass, through which the people in one department may see those in the other. The effect produced by this is very curious, for the observer is inclined to imagine that the view which he has of the crowd at the other end is the reflection of the company who are on his own side of the arch. Hence some curious mistakes have been made. One visitor assures us, that exactly opposite to the place where he stood—in the act of enjoying a glass of sherry and a biscuit—he discovered what he took to be a counterfeit representation of himself. But what an extraordinary result, he thought; for he saw a prodigious man, with enormous whiskers, ramming a large veal pie into his mouth with one hand, and holding in the other a tumbler of porter. He looked at the glass of sherry, and gave the biscuit a more vigorous bite—but it had none of the flavour of the veal and porter; so he discovered, he tells us, that the law of optics was unchanged, and that he had escaped the infliction of so voracious a double-gauger.

We have thus attempted to point out some of the incidents connected with the department of railway economy which relate to the refreshment of travellers. We trust that here, as in many other spots, interest may be found if it is sought. It is a fact which can scarcely be pondered too frequently, that habits of observation will bring to the inquiring mind many an amusing and many an instructive hour; and that if there be in any one the desire to accumulate large stores of general information, there are, on every hand, and in every department of human activity, rich and abundant fields over which to expatiate.

HEART AND SOUL.

THERE is a strife in the bosom, a strife between eloquent pleaders;
Heart unto Soul making protest, and Soul unto Heart giving answer.

"Sweet," says the Heart, "to be *weak*, and to lean on the strength of another,
Like the gray morn, that is passively filled with the glory of sunrise;
Sweet to be weak, and to carry the light of a life that is stronger;
Sweet to have sorrow and wrong, if, lifting the eyes in their weeping,
Eyes full of pity shine on them, and fond arms encircle the weeper;
Sweet to lose self like a sigh in the air or a drop in the ocean:
Sweet, oh, most sweet! *to be loved*, though the price that must buy it be anguish:
And for the love that the stronger draw up from the ranks of the weaker,
Can it compare with the love the weak draw from strength that is noble,—
Tender, encompassing, warm as the glow of the tropical summer.
Sweet," says the Heart, "to be weak, and to lean on the strength of another!"

"Blest," says the Soul, "to be *strong*, and to give from our strength to another,
Patiently hiding all pain in the silence and depth of the spirit,
Wrestling alone with the powers and dangers that haunt and beset us,
Seen but by God and his angels, who smile down, approving and blessing.
Then, with the joy of a conqueror, forth among friends moving gladly,
Aiding *by that which we are*, far more than by absolute action;
In the wild current of Passion and Error a mooring of safety.
Blest and most beautiful is it to feel we are helpful to others;
Blest, oh, most blest! so to love them, although they return not the loving;
Love, like the wings of an angel, shall fold round them, felt, yet perceived not;
Blest," says the Soul, "to be *strong*, and to give from our strength to another!"

So, there is strife in the bosom, a strife between eloquent pleaders;
Heart unto Soul making protest, and Soul unto Heart giving answer.

THE SWISS SOLDIER.

THE RETURN OF THE SWISS SOLDIER. FROM A PAINTING BY EDWARD GIRARDET.

It has been the custom for several hundred years for those amongst the Swiss peasantry who can find no occupation at home, to serve for hire in the armies of foreign monarchs. Having been always celebrated for their fidelity to those whose cause they have once undertaken, most of the kings of Europe have kept them as a body-guard.

The dangerous nature of the calling they follow is, however, perfectly well known, both to themselves and their relations, and consequently, when a young man leaves home with the intention of seeking his fortune in foreign armies, both he and they but too keenly feel the uncertainty of his return. His reappearance is, therefore, hailed by his own friends and the other villagers with as much joy as if he had risen from the dead.

The return of one of these wanderers is depicted in our engraving.

THE ISLE OF ST. THOMAS, IN THE GULF OF BIAFFRA, WESTERN AFRICA.

A RUGGED soil, black coarse sand upon the shore; black and ferruginous rocks, rising abruptly in the form of needles; rank and luxuriant vegetation, which is pressed together as if for want of space; limpid waters, which reflect the everlasting blue of the sky; half tame birds which give charm and animation to those splendid solitudes;—such are some of the leading characteristics of the four volcanic islands of the little bay of Biaffra, at the extremity of the immense Gulf of Guinea. All these peculiarities appear to owe their origin to some volcanic eruption of nature. The little island of Anno-Bom to the south, is nothing but a volcano; its sides are covered with herbage, and the crater is filled almost to the edge with pure water, calm at the surface, the depth of which has never yet been fathomed. Fernando Po to the north, is not less luxuriant. The centre of Prince's Island, in which grows the pandanus, of which we have already given an engraving, is justly celebrated among travellers as containing some of the most splendid scenery in the world.

The island of St. Thomas, which lies rather nearer to the mainland, has rather more resemblance to the general characteristics of the African soil. The surface is mountainous, traversed by deep ravines, and in the central district, towards the west coast, there is a high peak, the ascent of which is rendered almost impossible by the richness of the vegetation which clothes its sides.

Fernando Po belongs to England; the other three islands are the property of Portugal, which has established the seat of government at St. Thomas, in the little town of Santa Anna de Chaves. The most remarkable object in St. Thomas is the lofty column called the Pico de San Thomé—represented in our engraving—which rises like a colossal tower, the last vestige of some edifice constructed by giants. This natural column, which is from three to four hundred yards in height, and is one hundred and fifty yards in circumference at the base, presents various shades of colour, according to the direction at which the light falls upon it. Some mosses, some tufts of plants, grow here and there upon its surface, which is channelled in various places by the fall of the rain, and by fissures which descend in spiral irregularities from the summit to the ground. By

THE PICO DE SAN THOME.

a singular contrast with these vast proportions, the huge trees, which surround the base of this immense obelisk, appear only like diminutive shrubs. Few living beings are ever seen in the neighbourhood, save the dwarf-birds and their species. Innumerable flocks of parrots, the size of our house-sparrows, with a plumage glittering with a thousand different colours under the rays of the sun, are seen flying in every direction. These beautiful birds live upon the wild fruits they find in abundance at St. Thomas; but as they are also very fond of millet and maize, which this island does not produce, they often alight upon the coast of Africa, and ravage the field, but they never venture to Prince's Island, because they would there meet with a very unpleasant reception from the grey paroquets.

DIARY OF A VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

(*Continued from page* 317, *Vol. II.*)

PART III.

THE SHIP KENT.—*South Latitude* 28° 1′, *West Longitude* 23°. —*Aug.* 1st.—The ship that took our letters was the brig "Monarch," a Guernsey vessel, coming with a cargo of coffee from Nicaragua, on the Pacific side of the isthmus of Panama, and bound for London. She was a small vessel of 200 tons burden, and had been out ninety days, and suffered considerably in coming round Cape Horn, her canvas being torn and her bulwarks carried away, so that the seas must have washed completely over her. Having stood out that, I think there is little fear of her reaching London in safety. She came suddenly upon us in the morning, and the moment the captain said she was a homeward-bounder, there was a stir and a running on deck which must have been something like preparing for action. All the passengers ran first to get a sight of her over the ship's side, and when the captain said, "Get your letters ready," all was agitation, first a tremendous cheer, and then a scuffle and hunder of feet hurrying below deck. The next moment our captain was shouting "Haul up the main-sheet, and square the mizen-yard!" and then they knew that he was in earnest. Scarcely had we time to seal our letters, and run up upon the poop and throw them into the bag, than the vessel was alongside us. Five sailors and the second mate were in the boat, together with Alfred, who went to speak to the captain, and bring all the news he could. The people gave a succession of hurrahs, answered by the crew of the brig; the bag was dropped into the boat, and away they went. A few letters, as is always the case, were too late, and were flung at random down to the boat, two or three went into the water and were picked up, all excepting one, a stout packet, probably such another journal as mine. Alfred told the sailors to put back and pick it up, but the captain, who did not know what caused the delay, called out in a voice of thunder to cut away. That letter troubled me for hours, but the writer himself bore it with great equanimity, saying, "Never mind!" I suppose others of his friends had written, so that his friends at home would hear he was well. Quick as the boat was, the ship was about a mile on her way before it reached her.

It is wonderful how light and cheery we all seemed the day after. I felicitated myself with the idea of your joy some morning when the servant came in saying, "Here are ship letters!" I suppose you will receive them about the time we reach Melbourne.

The same day we saw a sperm whale. These whales are smaller than the others, and this must have been quite a small one, as it was supposed merely to be about thirty feet long. He was first discovered by the fountain of snowy spray that he was blowing up, and then his whole dark-looking body was seen. He every now and then heaved himself half his length out of the water, and then chopped down again with a blow that sent the white water up around him like breakers. Then he swam along at an enormous rate, showing only his dark back and fin and tail, making the deep around him "boil as if it were hoary." You could see a wake where he had gone like that of a ship. And so he sailed away to the horizon. We expect to see much larger ones as we go farther south.

That same evening we had a little mutiny. I was writing in the cuddy after tea, when suddenly there arose a clamour, bustle, and scuffle,—a running, a stamping, and a shouting,—as if all the people were fighting together. I ran up, and found the captain surrounded by a mob of nearly all the men in the ship, and in violent contention with three or four drunken sailors. The system of making the ship a floating gin-palace had produced its natural fruits. All the disturbances in the ship amongst the intermediates had arisen from that cause; they got drunk, and made the sailors drunk. This had gone on till the man at the helm, or the *hellem* as all sea-faring people call it, had let the ship go out of his hands. It was just at sunset, and about a week ago, I was walking the deck, and had been looking directly from the ship's side at the sun, when, to my surprise, I saw her going at once directly towards it. At the same moment a number of people cried out that the ship was running round, and the second mate was seen at full speed hastening to the wheel and pushing the man away. Had there been a brisk gale, it would have taken the sails aback, and very likely carried the masts all away together. Now again we had a disturbance from drunken sailors, though there was no danger to the ship, but many dreadful threats on all sides.

Tuesday, Aug. 3rd.—We have been getting along very badly for several days. On Friday we had a smart gale. The sea rose higher than in the Bay of Biscay, and washed several times over the deck and poop; but we were now seasoned to it, and did not mind it ourselves; several, however, have suffered severely by it. Since then we have had little wind, the vessel rolling miserably. In bed you are regularly churned up by it: head up, heels down; head down, heels up; that is it, till it quite muddles you. At table you cannot prop your plate or cup as you can when the vessel heels one way; one half second things are shot from you, and the next shot back again. You must hold your tea-cup in your hand, or put it on the swinging tray over head. And as to writing, you may believe it is no joke to write with the table going down from you, and then up against you.

We are now coming among a new class of birds. Every latitude has its particular birds or fish. After we left the shores of England and her gulls, we next saw the Mother Cary's chickens, which came to herald the storm. They stayed with us for weeks, flying night and day like a flock of swallows. Then came the region of flying fish, sharks, skipjacks, bonetas, and albacores. All these have left us. We only saw two sharks, and that in the dusk of evening. We saw not a single dolphin, though the captain says he saw two. We hoped to catch a shark, but in vain. We saw several black fish, and now we have seen two or three whales. We are got amongst the Cape-pigeons, parsons, and shear-waters. The Cape-pigeon is a sea-bird which abounds in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. We have had a dozen or two flying after the ship for the last few days. The shear-water, or shear-wave, is a large tern or sea-swallow. The parsons are a kind of sable gull; but they are not black, but of a dusky brown-black, and about the size of crows. They have an odd undertaker-kind of look; some of them have white heads, which makes them look still odder. The Cape-pigeons are the prettiest; they are about the size of a good large pigeon, and seen close, bear a strong resemblance to that bird, with a wood-pigeon's bill, but with webbed feet. Seen as they fly about over the sea, they resemble a kind of great sea-moth. They are somewhat plump in shape, while the parsons and shear-waters are slender. Their bodies are white and downy, their heads brown, and their wings marked with brown, for all the world like moths or butterflies; and at the same time, they remind one of the white and brown marking on porcupines' quills. These birds circle about in the wake of the ship day and night. They seem never to require any rest, and only settle on the water to pick up food, which consists of all sorts of things that are thrown out of the ship. The people fish for them with bits of meat, but they are most frequently caught by shaking the line as they fly past, so as to entangle their legs and wings, and thus they are drawn on board. As they are of no use, they are merely caught for amusement and let go again. All these birds, however, have an awkward habit, the moment they are brought on board, of throwing up everything in their stomachs on you. I have no doubt it is a defence given them by nature, for people who are not aware of it are taken by surprise, and soon let them go again.

We are now coming into the latitudes of the albatross. As yet, however, we have only seen a small one. It appeared about the size of a goose, but with very narrow wings. The body was white and the under side of the wings, but the upper part of the wings was a finely marked copper-brown. It is wonderful to see how these birds, and, indeed, the smaller

ones that I have described, float and skim about without moving their wings at all for a very long time together. They seem to direct their course by the slightest turning of their bodies, so as to alter the inclination of their wings, which, stretched out straight and firm, bear the bird up or down or many miles off in a few seconds in a surprising manner. They float and skim, but do not fly, according to our ordinary notions. I can imagine angels borne on bright pinions in such a manner, without effort and without thought, launching down through infinite space with the smooth, still speed of lightning. Many of the albatrosses are wholly white, snowy white, others have white bodies and brown wings. But those with brown colour upon them are probably young birds, that, like cygnets, have not arrived at their full white plumage.

Since I wrote the above, Alfred and Mr. C. have been shooting with Alfred's Minié rifle at the albatross. I know you will exclaim at the wanton destruction of these fine birds that are of no use when shot. But remonstrance was in vain. In a ship, where people have little to do, the love of shooting is too strong for them to listen to reason. I have remonstrated and quoted the "Ancient Mariner," and so has an old pawnbroker-poet in the ship, but to no purpose. Alfred and Mr. C. had many shots at the albatross, and at length, at the distance of one hundred and eighty feet, as was supposed, shot him dead. Of course he could not be come at, and almost instantly sunk in the water.

Wednesday Morning.—Another albatross has made his appearance—or, as some wag in the ship will have it, Mr. Albert-Ross, never having come home last night, Mrs. Albert-Ross has come to inquire after him; and as I now write two more are flying about. Cape-pigeons are increased to hundreds. They quiver over the waves numerous as the flocks of flying-fish used to be. The glittering, blinking waves are all alive with them, and ever and anon dense flocks of them settle down, and an albatross comes and settles in the middle of them, looking like a goose surrounded by a large flock of goslings; they give great life and cheerfulness to the scene. We are now going on with a better breeze. We are in south latitude 31° 9′, west longitude 15° 26′ 30″, having gone one hundred and fifty-eight miles in twenty-four hours. As the Cape is only 35° of south latitude, and as we are not to go farther south than latitude 40°, we are now bearing away south-east, and once at the 40th deg., as you may see on the globe, we are in the direct highway for Melbourne.

Living on board ship for a good while, one gets very different ideas of ships at sea to what one has on land. There we see ships in full sail going out, and seem to think that, with sails set and the wind blowing, there is little to do but to steer away: but not so. No one can realise the constant action on board ship, and the constant attention, day and night, that is demanded even on the broad ocean. Imagine that never for a moment, while a ship is out, be it for years, is there absent a man from the helm. There stands every instant during the whole time a being—a thinking being—carefully watching the compass before him, and turning the rudder to keep the ship on her prescribed course. Every two hours the man is changed, and every four hours, day and night, the watch is changed; that is, the number of sailors necessary to work the ship. With these one of the mates comes on duty, who commands in absence of the captain, but cannot alter the course without the captain's orders, and therefore, if it be necessary, goes and speaks to him in his cabin, waking him up if he is asleep. Whenever the mate comes off his watch, he comes to the captain and gives him notice of it, by saying, as I constantly hear, "It is eight bells" (twelve o'clock), or, again, "Eight bells (four o'clock), sir," as it may be. Of course, when the weather is bad, all hands are constantly in action, and the captain up and alert; but even when it is fine weather, there is always something to do. If the wind varies, the sail must be brought round to the same degree of variation. There is a constant cry of "Loose the weather-braces," or the "lee-braces," in order to make the change. If the wind gets up a little too much, the royals and top-gallants must be reefed; if, on the contrary, it falls off, they must be hoisted; and when you are before the wind, that is, on your right course, and the wind aft, the studding-sails, or, as they call them, stun-sails, hung out. Sailors are always in motion, pulling and hauling, and running up and down. Such a thing as perfect rest is rarely known. Thus when we think of all the ships that are sailing all seas at all hours, what an idea of never-ceasing care, close watchfulness, and movement it brings with it! Day and night, when we take our meals, or our amusement, and when we are asleep, there are tens of thousands of people on the ocean on all sides of the globe in perpetual action.

I am now beginning to know the voices of the different sailors who sing out while hauling, as only one does it in each set, except when they are all pulling at the anchor, or one of the main-braces, when they sing in chorus "Cheery man, cheery man, cheery iho!" to the song, whatever it be, that one of them sings. There is here a mulatto sailor who cries "Hay ho! hay!" in such a soft and feeling manner that, if you did not see him, you would think it was somebody in agony. Another whoops as if he were calling up cows; and the Holsteiner, or Dane, as he is called, always sings out amain, "Oh, whip-a-hoy!" No two sailors sing out alike.

I frequently sit after tea and let the captain spin one of his yarns. Sometimes he is on the Hooghly going up to Calcutta. His vessel is now moored along with others. He sees the "bore" coming—that is, a high tide that runs up and meets the descending stream, and sweeps all light craft away like so many matches, sinking them, or dashing them to atoms on the shore. He sees the "bore" coming up, presenting a front of from twelve to twenty feet high, careering as fast as a horse can gallop. Ships are torn from their anchors, or whirled round on their cables, and then let down on their anchors, which drive a hole through their bottoms, and they sink; or they are so strained that they become water-logged and sink. Then, again, he is in the Canada timber-trade; he is loading his ship at Quebec; they cut holes at the prow of the vessel, into which they introduce the long beams of timber between decks, and which are often nearly as long as the ship itself. He tells of vessels that are loaded chock-full of timber out at sea—they cannot sink, for they are all timber; but the timber can get water amongst it, and swell and float upwards and blow up the deck. Such vessels are sometimes found out at sea perfectly water-logged, that is, filled with water and yet floating, the deck blown up, the sailors clinging to the shrouds and starving, for all their clothes and provisions are under water. Many of the vessels that trade thus are badly built, trusting to the floating nature of the cargo. One such a Russian officer found in that condition belonging to Bristol, took off all the sailors and carried them home, when he received an honorarium of £200, and the mate £100, raised by subscription, besides much fêteing and thanks. A Russian ship was thus picked up by one of Green's captains, who received an "order" from the Czar for it, which he occasionally wears. One such ship was built, and loaded as it was building. It was all of deal, and was meant to cheat the Customs by breaking it up when they discharged cargo, and so sell all that duty-free. But the Customs would not allow it, therefore they made another voyage, ran the ship aground on the coast of Belgium, shipped the timber in other vessels to England, and broke up the ship, and sold it for firewood where it was. Imagine what sort of ship it must have been for sailors to expose their lives in across the Atlantic with a chance of stormy weather! So endless are the schemes of traders. Again, he is carrying troops to the East Indies and convicts to Sydney. I was curious to know how they managed to carry out convicts so far, without having attempts at mutiny and their getting the mastery of the ship. He said, the convicts were often in number from two to three hundred, and they had some twenty soldiers, or so, sent to keep guard. The convicts had part of the between-decks, and a strong partition and door was run across the ship before the mainmast, and there a soldier was always on sentry. If necessary the convicts were kept in irons. He, however, mentioned one occasion on which the convicts laid a scheme for mastering the ship. They cut a hole down into the hold, through which they could get at the spirits; then

they cut another through a bulk-head, that is, a partition, so as to come out behind the soldier on sentry. One of them, however, blabbed some ten days before the outbreak was to come off. The captain now ought to have secured the fellows by putting them in irons, but he foolishly waited till the appointed time. There was then heard a tremendous noise in the middle of the night in the convicts' apartment. They had got drunk with the spirits, in order to get their courage up, and by and by their noise defeated their object. The soldiers threw open the windows in the partition, and called out, that if they were not quiet, that they would fire. The fellows were too frantic to take notice, and the soldiers fired and killed seven of them, and wounded others. This settled them, and in the morning all were put in irons, and kept so till they reached Sydney. There the governor, on hearing the case, declared it was one not so much of insurrection, as of murder against the captain and the doctor, who *might*, and who *ought*, to have prevented this mischief. He put the captain and doctor in custody, and sent them home again for trial, with a number of the convicts and soldiers as evidence. The case was tried in London, and the captain and doctor acquitted. The owners of the ship then applied for the payment on their ship's homeward voyage, as they had lost their cargo—that is, the opportunity for one. Government refused; the owners commenced an action for its recovery, and compelled government to pay it, with costs of trial, £14,000.

Again, the captain described one voyage when he was chief mate of the ship, in which they were alarmed by a similar noise in the night; but as the convicts said it was only Dennis Murphy and another Irishman fighting, he went in and fetched them both out in the dark—the soldiers keeping the door. Dennis, it seems, was a determined talker. As he sat, in irons, on the poop, he kept up a continual stream of explanation of the occurrence. The captain bade him hold his tongue, but it was in vain; he only gabbled on the faster. He threatened, if he would not cease, to gag him; but he still kept on talking, if possible, faster than ever. So they brought out an iron bolt and put it between his teeth, and secured it behind his head. Still Dennis kept up a "bub-bub-bub-bub-wub!" till he was fairly tired out. The next morning the captain told him he would take the bolt away if he would promise never to make such a noise and talking again. Dennis nodded assent; and as soon as the bolt was out of his mouth, he said, "Oh, jewel captain, if you will never put that nasty iron in my mouth, I will be as still as a fish!" The captain told him if he would promise to be quiet and well-behaved, he would take his irons off too. "Ah! jewel captain, only do that for me, and I'll bless you till the day I die!" So they took them off, and Dennis kept his word.

The doctor and the chief mate (our captain) set up a school in this ship, and taught the convicts to read and write; and so well-behaved did they become, that they took all their irons off for the remainder of the voyage. When they got to the end of their voyage they had them all up, and the doctor read them a parting address of advice as to their behaviour when on shore—how, by good conduct, to get tickets of leave, and final enfranchisement. He said that there was not a dry eye amongst the convicts; and when the magistrate at Sydney, who receives the convicts from the ships, came on board and put the regular questions as to their trades, and whether they could read and write, he was perfectly astonished to find that all, or nearly all, could do so, most of them saying that they had learned on ship-board. The governor sent a letter of approbation to the captain, doctor, and chief mate, saying that the gratifying fact should be reported home. The convicts gave three cheers at leaving the ship; and the next day, a number of them passing the ship in a cutter, under care of a lieutenant of the navy, on their way to some station up the coast, saw the mate, and began whirling their caps and hurrahing. The lieutenant was so alarmed that he immediately put back, when the convicts explained to the magistrate that they were only cheering because they saw the chief mate on their old ship, where they had been so kindly treated. I was glad to learn from the captain how well the convicts are provided for their long voyage, havin no less than three suits of clothes for it, to change according to the temperature, and everything necessary for them; even needles and thread, put up in little packets and duly delivered to them. Of course, this convict-carrying is now nearly done with for Australia.

Sunday, Aug. 8th.—Latitude, south 36° 20′, west longitude 4° 45′. We have had another fit of stormy weather. For a couple of days the wind was high, and the sea mountainous, and the weather cold. The sea washed over the decks, and even the poop. It struck the ship sometimes till it made it stagger; and it rent up the main top-sail like a bit of paper. The sea had a most winterly look. It appeared like a vast hilly country with winding valleys all covered with slushy snow just melted, and here and there, the top of the waves, the snow yet unmelted. The air was cold as winter, for it blew from the antarctic ice. Charlton and Alfred said they liked it; and as there is no danger with a good ship and sea room, nobody troubled themselves about it. One wave, however, came slap-dash into our cabin. We were sitting at dinner, and a wave struck the ship. The captain, with the quick ear of a seaman, said, "There, that is gone into your cabin!" Alfred jumped up to look, and there, sure enough, it was. Though the glass slide was closed, the scuttle was up, and spite of the glass, it had deluged the whole floor, so that we have been obliged to have the carpet up.

We are now scudding away in the right direction, south-east. Yesterday we made 205 miles, and in a few days shall pass the Cape. On Friday we passed the island D'Acunha, which, with two others, the Inaccessible and the Nightingale, you will see on the globe. We were three hundred miles distant, and Tristan D'Acunha can be seen one hundred miles off, being 10,000 feet high; but at our distance, we, of course, saw nothing of it.

Once past the Cape, and we shall be looking towards Port Philip as our last great object. After all, a voyage of three or four months is no joke, and we shall be heartily glad to have done with it. What a budget of news will burst upon us from letters and newspapers! It is startling almost to think of. One great satisfaction, however, is, that the ship is sailing homeward which has our letters, and that in a month from this time you will probably receive them. You will be glad to know that all our things, shirts, coats, etc., do exceedingly well, and that we shall have clean linen to the end of our voyage. Our beds, also, are extremely comfortable. We have just put on our blankets again, and nothing can be better than our sleeping.

Monday, 9th.—To-day we cross the meridian of Greenwich, so that we are nearly in the same longitude as you in England, and therefore have the satisfaction of knowing that our time agrees about with yours. I assure you this is no trifling or imaginary satisfaction, for we have not been able to know exactly how our time and yours agreed, and to-morrow it will be so again; for we have been scudding about on the face of the great deep, now eastward, outrunning the sun, now westward, falling behind it. We are now going right eastward, so that we meet the sun, and lose an hour a day. We shall advance from 0°, our present longitude, to 145°, that of Port Philip, and every day be rising so much earlier, that at length we shall get about seven hours different from you. But one comfort is, that we are now going steadily twelve knots an hour, or about 250 miles in the twenty-four hours, allowing for variations in speed during that time.

Friday, 13th.—This week we have been running on at about 200 miles per day on an average; some days as much as 220. We have had one day the roughest since we have been out. It is now also cold, as in winter, but fine and healthy.

We are now followed by large flocks of Cape-pigeons, Cape-hens, a bird rather larger and browner on the back than the Cape-pigeons, Molly Mawks or Molly Hawks, undecided which, but generally the former, a large bird, as big as a goose, and like a small albatross. There are numbers of albatrosses, but none so large as I expected, nor are they snowy-white, but olive-brown, with white heads and backs, and white on

their under sides. The sea is all alive with them; and at night the phosphoric lights have assumed a new form. They come up in dense and very luminous oblong masses of perhaps twelve feet long. You see them floating like pieces of red-hot iron all about, having a most singular appearance. They are said to be a kind of jelly containing millions of luminous animalculæ, and that it is this on which the whales chiefly feed.

Previous to the gale we had a good deal of rain, and were then excessively annoyed with bad smells, which came partly from below, and partly from some cabins in which the ship-brokers, among their many sins, committed the unpardonable one of filling four out of the seven cuddy cabins with intermediates, who are least of all remarkable for cleanliness. They will hear a good deal about this. * * *

Tuesday, Aug. 31st.—When I wrote up this letter on Sunday week, I said we were going on bravely, and all were well. Scarcely had I written those words when the doctor announced that a child was ill of scarlet fever, and a poor woman so ill and delirious that he did not expect she would get over it. The poor woman in her delirium was continually demanding of her husband, "Where is the gold that you promised me?" This announcement occasioned no little alarm, for our sanitary regulations are anything but satisfactory. The wind being aft for some days, had brought a terrible stench from below into the cuddy, through the wooden funnel put up before leaving England by the government inspector through the cuddy skylight, till the place was almost intolerable; and below were two hundred passengers huddled together, six, eight, and ten, in a cabin, many of them anything but of cleanly habits, and no single air-vent excepting the door-way, for the port-hole which was open on shore was closed immediately on getting to sea—a matter of absolute necessity, or the water would have dashed in. And this the government commissioner had passed over, as he had done a dozen other things. * * *

The scarlet fever, however, was fortunately a false alarm; and the woman who was delirious is getting better. But scarcely was this alarm over when bad weather set in, and it has been such that I have not been able to write since.

Yesterday we passed the island of St. Paul's, in south latitude 38° 58′, and east longitude 77′ 19°. It was so stormy that we could only see the island for a short time; we were about a dozen miles to the south of it—a long range of high rock soon again lost among the gathering storms. The island is resorted to for seal-fishing, and there are, it is said, many wild cattle and animals upon it which the fishing-ships when short of provisions kill. I believe people live upon it for months together engaged in boiling down seal oil. What a desolate abode! In summer there is some fine weather on it, but for the greater part of the year storms rage around it. The night before last we had the first thunder storm that we have had on the voyage. The lightning was intense, but the thunder could scarcely be heard above the bellowing of the wind in the sails. Inside we have been knocked about tremendously. What they call a *fair* wind—that is, a wind directly aft of the vessel—has been the worst of all, for the ship being badly ballasted, and now the greater part of the water is drunk, and the casks, instead of being refilled with salt-water as they should be, left empty for them to get at the stores, the ship therefore rolled intolerably when the wind came direct from the stern.

When the first squall came we were at tea. In a moment there was a shock, and the table began to rock to and fro like a child's cradle. Everything on it shot to and fro like shuttles in a loom. Bread-baskets of biscuit sent their contents like hail against the opposite wall; jugs of milk and cups of tea sent their contents over the opposite person. The cup and saucer of the gentleman opposite me gave first a run, then a jump, and jumped exactly into mine, which I was holding in my hand.

On deck the confusion was equally great. Everybody was pitched here and there. On the main deck the people were drenched with the waves that came over. The sailors were running about in crowds, hauling down sails and howling out their usual abundance of noise. The passengers on the poop were sent against the coops, and clung to the rigging, like the old Friend in Hood's sketch, saying, "Friend, dost thou call this the Pacific?" The doctor, who seems to have neither ballast nor specific gravity, and almost every day goes flying off his chair or off his feet, to be picked up quite helpless, was sent right across the poop, from side to side, three times before he could stop himself, for before he could clutch hold of a rope the ship lurched the other way, and he was sent back to the other side.

At every few minutes' interval these shocks came through the night, and just as the cuddy lamp was put out, and we had put out our lamp, and were snug in bed, there came a shock beyond all description. There was a stunning blow of a wave right amid-ships, and the vessel went down on one side to the very water's edge, and then as rapidly down on the other, so that down went everything that was moveable in the ship. The noise, the shuddering and quivering of the ship, the fall of heavy boxes, the smash of glass and earthenware, the rattle of all sorts of things, the bawling of the sailors above, and the frantic outcries of people below, are indescribable. Numbers of passengers thought all was over. We could hear people below shouting "Help! help!" and a clamour of voices as if they were fighting and struggling together. One man, the old pawnbroker-poet, who bears the elegant cognomen among the intermediates of "Strike-a-light," came out of his cabin in his shirt, with his hands clasped, and solemnly crying, "It is all over! We have struck on a rock! We are going to the bottom!"

Friday, Sept. 10th.—Latitude 39° 13′, east longitude, 120°. To-day it is exactly three calendar months since we left Plymouth. With favourable wind and weather we may reach Port Philip in a week; if we do that it will be an excellent voyage.

Sunday Morning.—It is dangerous felicitating ourselves at sea. Scarcely had I written the preceding sentence, when there came a fierce squall. The weather changed altogether, and we had a very rough day and still worse night. About midnight there came a terrific squall which seemed as if it would tear away masts and sails and all together. There was in an instant a scampering and bawling of the sailors to haul in the sails.

While we were at breakfast there was a heavy fall, and a whirling and scuffling sound on the poop aft, which made us start up, believing that the rudder-chain had broken. We rushed on deck, and saw the carpenter and another sailor holding, or endeavouring to hold, the wheel with all their might, but unable to prevent it dashing to and fro in a furious manner. On the deck near lay Smidt, the Holsteiner, as if dead, and the captain was running up, crying, "Hold her head! Keep her to it!"

A heavy sea had struck the rudder and sent the wheel round with such force that Smidt, who was steering, was whirled over the wheel, fell under it on the other side, and the hands of the wheel struck his thigh with such violence that two of them were broken clear away, though about two inches thick. Smidt lay for some time like a dead man, but when they attempted to move him he began to groan. It was found that the bone was not broken, though the thigh was awfully crushed, and the shock had nearly stopped his pulse—a little more, and the doctor said he would have been a dead man.

I said to the carpenter at the wheel, "Why are there not two sailors at the wheel in such a sea?" And with that sailor-feeling which will not allow a landsman to know anything of sea affairs, he smiled and said, "Oh, there is no occasion for more than one."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when another sea struck the rudder, and dashed him loose from the wheel, as if he had been a child. Round spun the wheel with mad velocity: the roll of the ship pitched the carpenter back again against the bar of the tiller, and jammed his leg between the rudder beam and the wheel-post. His leg was in danger of being crushed to pieces, but another turn of the wheel released him, and he was flung back against the hen-coops, and the third mate, who was with him at the wheel, against the other. They were both carried off to the forecastle, and what is called

a "reliever-tackle" added to the tiller-chain, to prevent mischief if the chain should break. By degrees the weather cleared up during the day.

We shall now be soon all anxiety and agitation about landing: shall begin to lay ready white shirts, and hang our surtouts in the air to take out the creases, brush up hats, and pack away things ready for a start. I fear a great number below will have nothing to land with. They have drank, and smoked, and gambled all away!

Friday, Sept. 17th.—Longitude 138°. For two days we have been lying with very little wind. Yesterday we only did eighty miles; and to-day I fear we shall do less. We are now just off Adelaide, and a couple of good days' sail would carry us to Port Philip. We calculated on being there on Sunday. We have this morning, for the first time for some weeks, seen a small whale, which has been spouting round the ship for a good part of an hour.

Sunday Evening, Sept. 19th.—Longitude 41° 1′ 30″. For nearly three days we were almost becalmed; yesterday a wind sprung up, and though too much ahead we are going seven knots an hour. We are now only fifty-seven miles from Cape Otway, the cape before we turn into Port Philip Bay. There is a lighthouse on it, and all the ship is in excitement, expecting before midnight to see the light.

To-morrow, if the wind is favourable, I trust we shall cast anchor off Melbourne, making the voyage in 102 days.

To-day, on opening the scuttle in our cabin, I perceived an aromatic odour, as of spicy flowers, blown from the land! People at first could not believe it, but there it was, strong and delicious as Milton describes it, from "the coasts of Mozambique and Araby the blessed." The wind is blowing strong off the shore, and the fragrance continues something like the scent of a hay-field, but more spicy. I expect it is the yellow mimosa, which Richard said we should find in flower covering all the hills.

Half-past Nine.—Hurrah! We see the light on Cape Otway! There it is, and no mistake, a revolving light! There is a great hurrahing at the sight. We now may go to rest contented. The captain, after tea, took a stellar observation, by which he found that the light must be about thirty miles off. The chief mate and Big Sam went aloft, and they cried "Light a-hoy!" There was a stunning shout. The captain said, "Thank God! We have made no mistake then!"

We must give Captain Terry credit for being a very good navigator. He has always hit every point he has aimed at to a tittle; and the Kent, though sent out in very bad order, is a truly excellent sea-boat, and a good sailer.

Monday Morning.—In the morning, about two o'clock, the ship was so still that I was afraid the captain, in his anxiety to be safe, had cast anchor under the land. I got up and looked out; we were in perfectly still water; the land was in sight along our left hand, and Cape Otway light lay a good way behind us. They were hauling in the lead, and were lying-to for that purpose; they found no bottom, and set sail again; and now this morning we are holding along the left-hand shore at some miles' distance, but near enough to see the wooded hills, very much resembling the hills of the Odenwald, as you go from Mannheim to Heidelburg. Through the glass we can see the ravines and hollows, and the tall white stems of the gum-trees. We are now, ten o'clock, within sight of the heads of Port Philip Bay, but I am afraid, as the bay itself is forty miles long, and as we are some distance, we shall hardly be able to get on shore to-night. No matter; here we are, safe and sound, at the Land of Promise! You will rejoice to hear it!

Monday Evening.—We are arrived in port and have cast anchor. Our voyage is accomplished, and we find that instead of sixteen thousand miles it is only thirteen thousand, as I used to suppose. We know, from a daily account kept on board, that it is only that distance. The fine stretch of woody hills on our left hand sunk down as we advanced into flat land, and when we reached the Heads, as they are called, of the bay—that is, the opening into the bay—at about two o'clock, we were amidst perfectly flat scenery. The opening into the bay is, I suppose, half a mile wide, but there is a reef on each side which contracts it still more. At this place a pilot came on board; and it is very necessary, for no less than four wrecks lying outside the reef show that it is a very dangerous spot. There is a lighthouse on the left-hand side, on a piece of somewhat elevated land, containing an inclosure of one or two fields, which looked very neat and home-like after our long voyage at sea. On the opposite side are wild sand-banks covered with something looking vastly like gorse-bushes. Here the pilot came on board, bringing with him a basket of geraniums and stocks in flower. The stocks were white and red, and very beautful and odorous—at once a reply to the assertion that flowers in Australia have no scent. The bay spreads out into a vast width, and you only see the land on the left hand covered with woodlands that seem to grow in the water. The nearer we approach Hobson's Bay, the port of Melbourne, the flatter is the scenery. At about six o'clock we cast anchor close by another ship just arrived from Liverpool full of people. It, and another from Sydney, preceded us up the bay, and two others were following us. There are one hundred vessels lying here at anchor, all of whose sailors have run away, and the vessels are obliged to remain. We see nothing here except the lighthouse and the ships. They call it William's Town, but no town is to be seen. Melbourne is eight miles off by water, as the river winds; by land it is only two miles and a half; to the house of my brother it is four miles. We should have gone on shore here, and walked up, had last evening been fine, and had the medical inspector been on board, which he has not, and till he has done that we cannot leave the ship under a penalty of £500.

Well, the main thing, the existence of gold, is all right. The pilot, who seems a sensible fellow, says that there never was more gold. He says that there are already 100,000 diggers,—at least that number of monthly licences have been granted, and therefore there are many more diggers, no doubt.

The pilot brought a number of Melbourne papers on board, which fully confirm his accounts. So far so good; on the other hand, everything is very dear. They charge five shillings for taking you by steamer to Melbourne, so that it would be 30s. for us to go and return. The price of the conveyance of luggage is equally heavy. Horses which used to be £6 or £7 each—poor hacks, says the pilot—are now £70 each, and draught bullocks which used to be £7 the pair, are now £30 or £35! The charge for the carriage of goods up the country is £70 per ton, or more than £3 per cwt. Imagine what must be the price of provisions at the diggings! One of the worst things, however, that I have heard of, and which any one thinking of coming out here ought to know, is that Bank of England notes are not taken at less than 20 per cent. discount. Thus, any one bringing them instead of sovereigns, and many people do so, is at once robbed of one-fifth of his whole capital. It is a grievous infliction.

Such are some of the particulars we have picked up to-day since our arrival;—we shall hear further to-morrow. But what an excitement is the arrival to the passengers themselves! Of course all are brimful of anxiety to learn something about the gold fields. When the pilot came on board he was surrounded with the passengers as by a swarm of bees. A hundred questions were put to him. "Ask me no questions now," says the grave-looking man of business, "I must attend to the ship."

That is a damper, but by degrees the important news oozes out. First the pilot pulls out a lot of Melbourne newspapers, and crowds seize upon them, rush around them, and you soon see half a dozen hands holding one paper, and a dozen heads peeping one over the other, devouring the all-important columns. Here and there a brilliant paragraph is read out, of the abundance of gold, of new diggings discovered, of the good market price of gold, or amazing instances of luck. That is followed by an hurrah. Then come inquiries about the price of provisions, of freight, of carriage, of horses and bullocks, and all look blank with consternation.

How in the world great numbers are ever to get out of the ship even, I do not know. The system of the sale of spirits on board these emigrant ships produces the worst consequences. Here are a number of young men whose friends have given them orders on banks here, that they might not spend their money in the ship, yet who, nevertheless, have managed to dissipate it all.

Did I say that four or five vessels that set out at the same time, or even after us, are in before us? The Bangalore that walked off so gallantly from us at Plymouth, has been in twenty days. The Black-friar and John Taylor are in; the Deborah from Bristol and a Liverpool ship, with others. One ship from Liverpool came in with a loss of one hundred passengers by sickness out of eight hundred and twenty-one.

Tuesday Morning.—The first news this morning is, that four of the sailors have carried off the captain's gig from just over his head, and are gone clean off.

We are going on shore.

Sept. 23rd, *Melbourne.*—Here we are, and have been two days. We found all well, and heartily glad to see us.

Yesterday Alfred and I went down to the ship to see if we could get our things out of it, but all was confusion there. All the sailors had gone off except three. As we approached the ship, we saw that the boat was also missing from the larboard side, and suspected the cause. On getting on board we learned that seventeen of the sailors had gone off in the night. The boat was chained, and the chain put through the scuttle into the chief mate's cabin and fastened to his bed. But the men had forced one of the links asunder and carried her off. There are about a hundred ships lying in the harbour here, some of them amongst the finest merchant ships of London, and they are deserted almost to a man. Here they are and here they may stay. The sailors from the Kent went off in the night when it was raining hard. They would be wet to the skin, but they got safe off, and left the boat drawn up on the beach, where she lies; the other boat is not yet found. Yesterday the captain of another vessel, lying alongside the Kent, got into the steamer which came alongside his ship to go to Melbourne, when sixteen of his sailors threw their bundles down into it, and followed them themselves, armed with different implements. The captain insisted on the master of the steamer putting them out again, but he replied that they had paid their fares and he had nothing to do with it. Nine of the soldiers sent to keep guard have deserted, and such is the excitement that no man can be depended on.

The charges for everything are monstrous. As there is no quay to the harbour, people and their goods are obliged to take a boat, and the charge is enormous. A boat to take you to the beach charges 3s. each, and then you have to walk two miles and a-half to the town. If you go by steamer, you have to pay 2s. 6d. to get at her, and 5s. fare. As there are but two steamers, they are very independent, and play into the hands of the boatmen, and *vice versa*. With very little extra trouble they might put you down at your vessel, but that they will rarely do. The freight from London hither costs £3 per ton, and from the bay to Melbourne, eight miles by the river, they charge half that sum, and then you have a heavy cartage to any part of the town. The carriage of goods up to Mount Alexander is £70 per ton. It has been as high as £120. Everything is in proportion.

There has been so much rain this winter that the roads to Mount Alexander are almost impassable. The number of people pouring into this country is astounding, and there is the utmost difficulty in getting lodgings at any price. A couple of little empty rooms are let for £2 a week, and the most extravagant prices are asked for decent lodgings. Numbers of people can get none, and are camped out in the outskirts of the town. All articles of life are in proportion. Beef and mutton, which awhile ago were 1½d. per lb., are now, this week, 6d. The quartern loaf, 1s. 6d. Butter, 2s. 6d. per lb. Eggs, 5s. per dozen. Beer, 1s. per bottle. Port and Sherry, 8s. per bottle. Washing, from 3s. to 5s. per dozen; and so on. But then, such is the success of the gold fields that the people, once through the town, do not care for the high prices. The diggers and diggers' wives outspend the gentry. A gentleman told me the other day that he saw a digger's wife buy a diamond ring for £20, and the other day also the governor's wife was looking at a handsome shawl in a draper's shop, for which a very high price was asked. She objected to give so much, when a digger's wife, standing by, said,—"Let me look at it; oh, yes, it will do for me; it will do for my second best!" I saw a digger's wedding yesterday; at least, I saw the party driving about in an open barouche, with a driver in smart livery, with a white favour on his whip-stock, and the two ladies in the most superb dresses with large white veils. It seems, they always drive all about the town to show themselves, and have an extravagant feast at an inn.

Well, I must give you some idea of the place.

We were put on shore at what they call Liardits, where you can walk over the flat country adjoining the Yarra to Melbourne, two miles and a half. It was a low sandy shore where we landed, and where was a shabby sort of inn, looking English but slovenly, with a shabby sort of long waggon meant for an omnibus, which offered to take us the two miles and a half for half a crown; they think of nothing less than half a crown here. But after the thirteen thousand miles of sea confinement, we were too anxious to stretch our legs on terra firma. We marched on amid a wildish scene of sand, ferns, odd sorts of shrubs, and here and there a new wooden hut in process of erection. Around us were plenty of stumps of trees standing, cut off about a yard high, American fashion, and a sprinkling of very old-looking trees, some like battered wind-torn willows, and some like great trees of broom, while others were like dead trees, stuck all over with tufts of mistletoe. These were the white gum trees, and the broom-like trees were the shiack, corrupted to shee-oak. We advanced along the level amid lagoons of water, full of bull-frogs and other frogs, making a most noisy chorus, and amid green meadows, which sometime will, no doubt, be rich ones. Then we came to a green hill, on which was an encampment of tents, belonging to people who were waiting to get to the diggings. Some of the passengers of the Bangalore were there, beginning already their camp-life. These tents looked thin and white, and there were women frying and boiling at fires in front of them. Further on, in the tents, we heard singing and merriment. We went on and crossed the Yarra by a good bridge—Melbourne, a town of some extent of red brick, showing itself on a slope before us.

But now I must relate a little circumstance. Some weeks ago, while yet at sea, I had a dream of being at my brother's in Melbourne, and found his house on a hill at the further end of the town, next to the open forest. His garden sloped a little way down the hill to some brick buildings below, and there were green-houses on the right-hand by the wall as you looked down the hill from the house. As I looked out from the windows, in my dream, I saw a wood of dusky-foliaged trees, having a somewhat segregated appearance in their heads; that is, their heads did not make that dense mass like our woods. "There!" I said, addressing some one in my dream, "I see your native forest of Eucalyptus!" This dream I told to Alfred and Charlton, and to two of our fellow-passengers, at the time. And now, as we walked over the meadows, long before we reached the town, I saw this very wood! "There," I exclaimed, "is the very wood of my dream. We shall see my brother's house there!" And so we did. It stands exactly as I saw it, only looking newer; but there, over the wall of the garden, is the wood, precisely as I saw it, and now see it as I sit at the dining-room window, writing. Is it not extraordinary? When I look on this scene I seem to look into my dream.

Melbourne is a considerable town, well situated, except that it is too far from the bay, on a rising ground. It has a straggling and unfinished appearance, with a considerable number of churches and chapels standing in open waste places, which one is astonished to find where land for building sells so high. As the Chief-Justice says in a pamphlet which he has just left me, "it is a capital that is neither lighted, paved, nor drained." The streets are left tolerably wide at right angles, but are at present very muddy from the rains; and I

understand in summer, as bad from the driving dust. The houses are very low, a considerable number being only of one story, and even when they are two, they have a dwarfish look. That which, perhaps, astonishes one most, is the number of wild backwoods'-men-looking fellows abroad, in broad-brimmed hats, rough coats, and dirty boots, riding about, all on a canter, on very rough-looking horses. Whether the riders, with their long, wild hair and shaggy beards, or the horses look the most unkempt, it is hard to say.

But the country round Melbourne is pleasant. The town stands on a fine eminence, around a good part of which the Yarra winds. At this time of the year the grass is green, and the gum trees scattered over it give it a park-like appearance. All the trees are evergreens. Some of these trees are covered with bunches of small white blossoms, while the shiack, with is broom-like foliage, and the yellow mimosa, now in full blossom, vary in some degree the monotony, but do not present the vivid and tender variety of verdure of an English spring. All the swamps and watery river-flats are filled with mimosa and tea-scrub, green and olive; they are like low woods of cyprus, arbor vitæ, and juniper, with here and there a tall naked stem, with a round head standing up above them.

I have taken some short walks about the neighbourhood. Everywhere there is the same park-like look, the same erection of houses of all kinds, from the gentleman's country-villa,—differing in no respect from the same class of houses in England,—down to the little wooden hut with tents pitched round for accommodation, which the house is too small to afford.

About a mile from the town, in the vale of the Yarra, is a most singular scene. You pass over the hills under those scattered, dusky trees, and a fine valley lies open at your feet; the opposite side of it is covered with wood which conceals the river, and these masses of trees appear mountain ranges. But the scene that demands your attention lies in the valley, under your feet. It is that of little tenements, chiefly of wood, and all of only one story high; these extend as far as the eye can command the vale, which is for about two miles. Here is a population equal to that of Melbourne itself. The place is called Collingwood, and has sprung up from the rapid influx of immigrants, and from the prohibition by the town council of wooden buildings in the city. It is one of the first things which has impressed on me the rapidly running stream of immigration. Here is a new settlement in all its newness! The houses are some of them complete, others are just erecting. Wood and rubbish are lying about—with pigs, hens, geese, and goats, but not a trace of—or even the idea of—a garden amongst the whole of them. These small tenements are set down on the open field, as if they were the abodes of Squatters; but they are all built upon small purchased allotments; but with no trace of outer inclosure or garden. No! this is too busy, too excited a generation to have any time for gardens. Their time is too precious! They are but the resting-places of the families of gold-diggers, while the diggers are at the distant Mount Alexander or Bendigo Creek, and the temporary resort of the diggers themselves during their short pause in the winter.

It is amazing the valne that is set upon land round Melbourne. Allotments are sold at prices which appear fabulous. We think one and two thousand pounds per acre, near London, high, but here it is often sold at from four to five thousand. I see houses frequently pointed out in the outskirts as having been sold for seven or eight thousand pounds, with a garden, and, perhaps, a small paddock, which, in the vicinity of London, would not fetch more than two. Small houses, which, in London, would not let for more than forty pounds a-year, here let for four hundred. These extravagant prices arise not merely from the high price of the land, but from the exorbitant price of labour, and, consequently, of all building materials, as bricks, hewn stone, lime, wrought timber, etc. A slater is paid £1 per day. A young man, an engineer, who came over in the same ship with us, was immediately engaged at the same price. A tailor was immediately engaged at £5 a week, and so on. Commercial clerks are, however, at a discount. There is, already, a glut of them. Let this be known as much as possible, to prevent disappointment.

In the towns you see plenty of people about, both men and women; you would not think there was any want of them, but the moment you get out into the country you perceive the immense scarcity of men. Women are eagerly engaged on landing; and men, who could resist gold, and would be willing to work in agricultural labour and gardening, would be jumped at for 12s. per day. My brother has a gardener just now, and his garden is as well kept as an English one, while the gardens of several other gentlemen are perfect wildernesses; they have, literally, nobody to cultivate them. They are magnificent wildernesses in which arums, such as we cultivate in the house, are now standing, putting up their marble-like spathed flowers, with jonquils, the native indigo, splendid cacti, prickly pears, roses, red and white, stocks, as large and tall as shrubs, yellow jasmine, date trees, tobacco trees, the two species of India-rubber, and a host of strange shrubs and curious flowers, amid a mass of weeds up to your middle. I shall send a list of the flowers and shrubs in my next; and of many of the plants that stand out through the year in the gardens here. At present I can only give you a general idea. It is strange to drive up to a good house with its English look, its English approach, and English fields all around, and on reaching its shrubbery find it looking as if it were deserted. The walks all overgrown, and the most gorgeous flowers and beautiful tropical plants and trees lost in a desert of weeds; while the cockatoo, the parrot, the little love-birds flit about, with their strange voices. The honey-bird, a bird covered with longitudinal black and white streaks, about the size of a sparrow, is busy sucking honey from the splendid orange and scarlet flowers. I hear a bird, too, though I do not know its name, that has a song containing some of the most striking notes of the nightingale; and the piping crow, or rather magpie, is seen about, but does not pipe for some time yet to come.

Saturday.—We have a most difficult job to get our things from the ship. It cost us each 16s. to get to the ship and back. We were yesterday, Alfred and myself, working like griffins, but did not get all our things into the lighter, and must go down again to-day, at another cost of 32s.

The number of people pouring into the colony from all parts is wonderful. I have no doubt but that this year there will be 200,000. The monthly licenses alone, at the diggings at Bierley Creek, are 20,000; yet there appears to be gold enough for all—and gold keeps up its price.

Yesterday, when we went down to the ship, steamers were coming up from the Bay, crammed with diggers from Sydney. The very diggers come thence, though Sydney is full of gold. You should have seen this sight; some hundreds of men, with bad, battered, straw, or cabbage-leaf hats, huge beards, blue shirts and trousers yellow with clay and earth. Almost every man has a gun and a huge dog, half hound, half mastiff, in a chain. Each had his bundle, containing his sacking to sleep on, his blanket, and such change of linen as these men of the diggings require; they had besides, their spades and picks tied together, and thus they march up the country carrying all they want, and lying out under the trees. Every day more are pouring in, and thousands in the same style take the road overland all the way from Adelaide, having drays with them loaded with provisions. These are wonderful times!

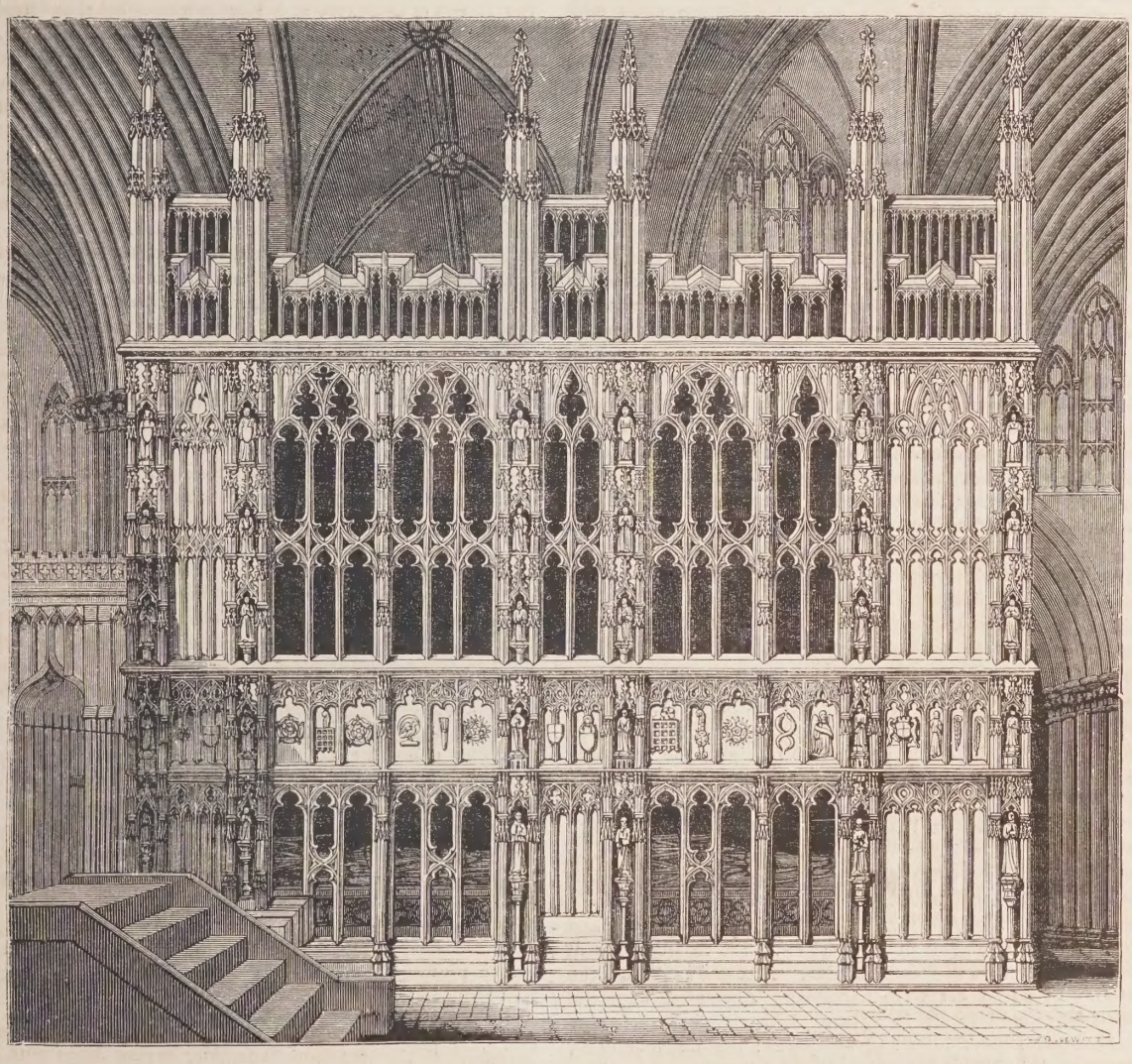
Sunday.—I must conclude, as I must make up the parcel to-day, the Australian sailing to-morrow. I shall put in a few of the wild spring-flowers that I have gathered, and a few twigs of the principal trees. The Eucalypti and the gums are the most common. The red gum has a white bark which peels off like the plane-tree, and the white gum a brown bark. Otherwise they are much unlike. The white gum is just in flower, the red only in bud. There is also a manna tree, much of the same kind. I saw some of the gum to-day hanging from a wound in the tree like sticks of sealing-wax, only light and transparent. The Epacris, which is the heath of Australia, you will recognise as growing in our green-houses.

Now, no more at present, except that we are all well and in excellent spirits.

THE SHRINE OF PRINCE ARTHUR IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

When the cold, crafty, and avaricious Henry the Seventh wished to carry out any scheme of his crooked policy, no consideration was allowed to stand in his way. His love of money and power overbore all other considerations, and sunk all natural feelings. To these projects he sacrificed the happiness of his children. His eldest daughter, Margaret, when little more than thirteen years of age, was married to the King of Scotland; and his eldest son, Arthur, in consideration of a jointure of 200,000 crowns, though scarcely fifteen years of age, was married to the Princess Catherine, the fourth daughter of the King of Spain. This marriage, which took place at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on the 6th of November, 1501, was celebrated with the greatest pomp. The king, on this occasion, seeming to have forgotten his wonted parsimony, spent large sums in feasts, masquerades, pageants, and tournaments, the nobility vieing with each other in splendour and magnificence. Heraldic devices, as tending to strengthen the claims of Henry to the crown, were used in abundance; and as the king claimed, through Owen Tudor, descent from the famous King Arthur, and had named his son after him, this formed the chief ground-work of the allegorical masques which, according to the usage of the time, were performed at the marriage. His descent from so high a source was minutely traced, and predictions made of the long line of descendants which was to spring from this union. No prophecy, however, could more signally have failed; for this boy, on whom, from his amiable disposition and personal beauty, the hopes and affections of the nation had been fixed, died before he had been married five months.

Immediately after all this pageantry was over, the young prince, with his bride, was sent to keep his court as Prince of Wales at the magnificent castle of Ludlow; and this forcing on him of duties far beyond his years no doubt shortened his life, for he died here on the 2nd of April, 1502. The transition from one pageant to another was sudden, the marriage-feast being scarcely ended before the funeral rites began.



DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY JEWITT, OF OXFORD.

His remains were removed to the cathedral of Worcester, where his obsequies were celebrated with as great pomp as his marriage had been a few months before. Bishops and abbots, priors, priests, and choristers, with torches innumerable, received the corpse, and the crowd of nobles and clerg rendered the ceremonial as solemn and imposing as had been that of his nuptials.

Immediately after the death of Prince Arthur, the King of Spain proposed that the young widow, his daughter, should be affianced to her brother-in-law, afterwards Henry VIII.

This union, therefore, in the sequel, led to consequences of the utmost importance, not to this kingdom alone, but to the world at large.

The gorgeous Chantry Chapel was erected in 1504, and a chantry founded for the performance of masses for the repose of the prince's soul. It is similar in its general design to that of William of Wykeham, in Winchester and other cathedrals, but its architecture, though of the style denominated the *Perpendicular*, is of the latest period, and is usually known as the *Tudor* style.

It is situated on the south side of the choir, filling up the space of the last arch next the altar. The engraving will explain the details better than a description. The chapel consists of a small room, the entrance to which is by a door from the choir. It is divided into compartments by rich buttresses, covered with richly canopied niches containing figures. The spaces between the buttresses are filled with panelling, which at the ends is solid, but in the other parts pierced into windows. The whole is surmounted by a rich pierced parapet and pinnacles.

The interior is richly panelled, and the roof groined. The east end, where the altar formerly stood, is a mass of elaborate tabernacle work, containing figures of saints in niches, and divided into four compartments by buttresses similar to those on the exterior, but the figures are much mutilated.

Owing to the elevation of the altar platform, the floor of the choir is much higher than that of the aisles; and the side of the shrine, therefore, next the transept, which is shown in the engraving, is considerably higher than the other, and another small room has consequently been formed under the chantry, and contains two monuments, one of a bishop and the other of a lady, both of the thirteenth century, and said to be those of Bishop Giffard and a Countess of Surrey. These monuments probably occupied their present positions before the shrine was erected. The space between the upper and lower stories is occupied by panelling, filled with a very interesting series of badges of the Tudor family; and as these, or some of them, were in the chapel of Henry VII., in Westminster Abbey, and in most buildings of the period, it may be interesting and useful to give some account of them. They are as follows:—The *Red Rose:* This was borne by Henry VII. as being descended from the House of Lancaster. The *Tudor Rose:* A white rose within a red one—in allusion to the union of the two houses by his marriage with the Princess Elizabeth of York. The *Portcullis and Ostrich Feather:* The portcullis was assumed by the family of Beaufort, who were the children of John of Gaunt, or Ghent, by Catherine Swinford, being intended conventionally to represent the Castle of Beaufort, the place of their birth; and it was borne by Henry to show his descent from that house. The ostrich feather was a badge of John of Gaunt. The *Falcon and open Fetterlock:* This is a badge of the House of York, and was borne by Prince Arthur in right of his mother. The *Sheaf of Arrows.* This was borne by Prince Arthur in compliment to his wife. It belongs to the House of Arragon, and was assumed by them in commemoration of the conquest of Granada, which had been achieved by the superior skill of the Arragonese bowmen. The *Rose en Soleil*, or rose surrounded by the sun's rays: Another Yorkist badge, the origin of which is said to have been as follows:—"On the morning previous to the battle of Mortimer's Cross, there appeared to be in the heavens three suns, which, as the day advanced, became joined in one; and this omen, which preceded a signal victory over the Lancasterian party, induced King Edward (IV.) to assume as a badge this figure, which would perpetuate the memory of both circumstances." The *Fleur de lis* was another badge of the House of Lancaster. The *Royal Arms* also were along with the badges.

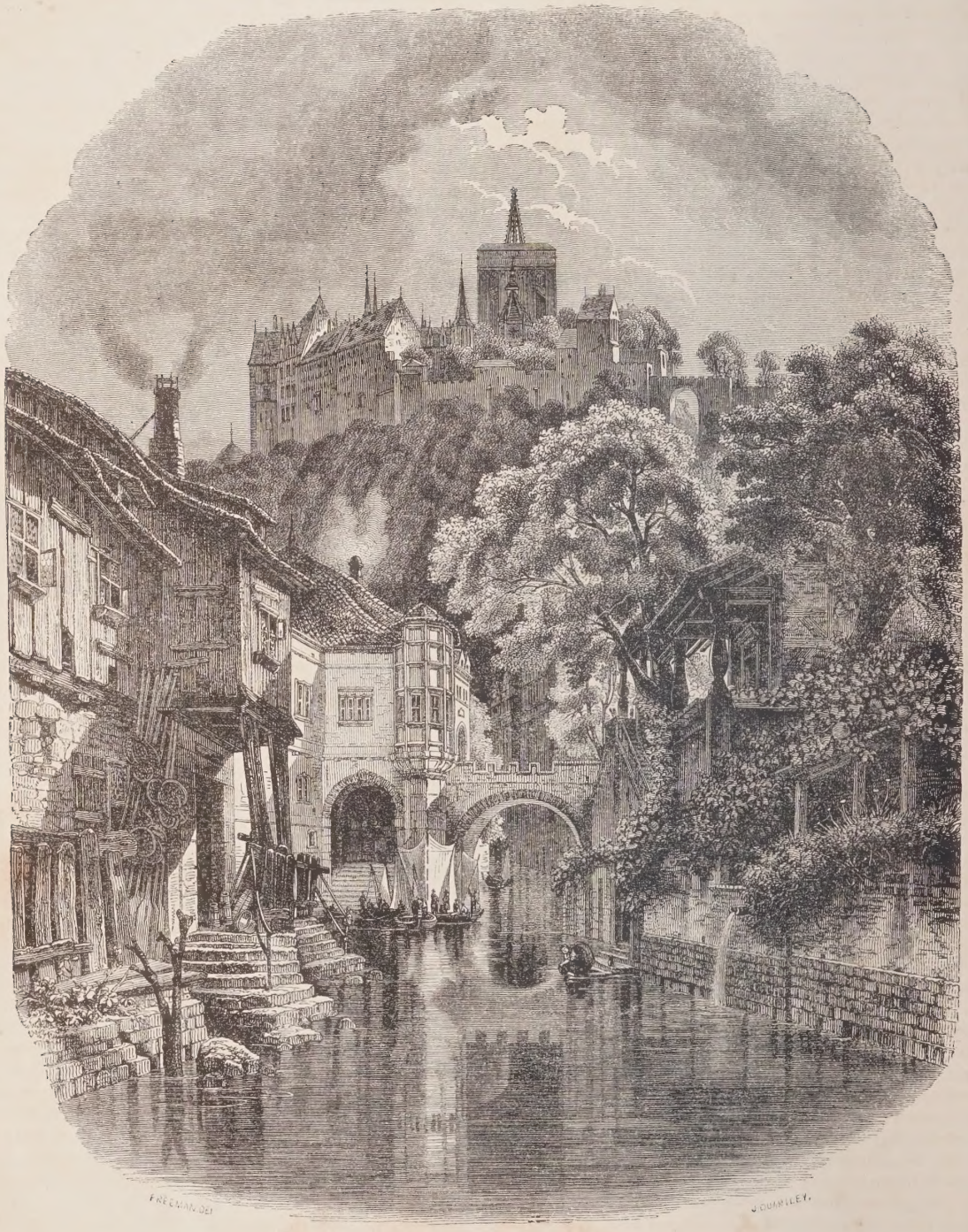
The whole building is well worth examination and study. It is interesting to the heraldic student, as illustrating the various armorial bearings and devices of a period when they had attained their greatest splendour, and were used in the greatest profusion; to the archæologist, as illustrating the sepulchral usages of the middle ages; and to the architect, as exhibiting Gothic architecture in its last stage, before it was debased by a mixture with the revived classic styles.

MEISSEN ON THE ELBE.

Our illustration shows the little river Meise, flowing through the narrow street of a picturesque old town. We are struck by the beauty of the shadowy foliage, the quaintness of the buildings, the old castle on its rocky height, the exquisite tracery of the cathedral spire, and our interest is increased, when we learn that this is Meissen on the Elbe, where, in 1710, the materials and fabrication of porcelain were, after many weary trials, discovered and perfected for the first time in Europe. Never since then has its furnace-fires died out; and the porclain manufactory, peacefully enshrined in the old feudal castle we behold, sends forth to the tables of kings and nobles, and the cabinets of the wealthy, those masterpieces of ceramic art known as Dresden china. It seems as though the centres of fictile art were necessarily associated with the picturesque and lovely in nature. The classic Etruria was embosomed amidst hills and vineyards; the manufacturing cities of Asia-Minor looked out upon blue seas and golden sands; and this little town of Meissen, not a whit less lovely in its way, stands on the green undulating shore of the Elbe, with a noble bridge across the wide and rapid stream, and beyond a road—a ceaseless avenue of trees—that at the end of fourteen miles brings the traveller to the walls of Dresden—not inaptly called the "Florence of Germany." It is indeed an art-city—with its library of 250,000 volumes, its incomparable picture-gallery, in which hang masterpieces of Raphael, Coreggio, Titian, Paul Veronese, Carlo Dolci, Julio Romano, Guido, and Tintoretto, and a collection of home and foreign porcelain, that, containing 60,000 pieces, is barely enshrined in eighteen rooms! Such a place is worthy of possessing, as it does, a modern Veii or Tarquinii, with its chemists, its fabricators, and its artists, amidst the vineyards of its neighbouring hills.

Art, in all its branches, bears so obvious a relation to the character and degrees of civilisation, as to be no other than a relative term. To say that art dies, is in our opinion a minor sort of atheism; to lament that types of it become extinct, as far as creativeness goes, is a fallacy begotten by ignorance. Were its creative and fabricating power ever so masterly, no modern nation would think of exhausting the wonders of ceramic art to form lachrymatories for tears, and urns for the ashes of the dead; for the simple reason, that the sentiment necessary to such a type of art passed away with the barren philosophy and morals of the classic ages. When it rose again in its new birth, its character was wholly changed. Acted upon, though unconsciously, by the dawning spirit of a new and great age, men now sought to make *utility* the foundation of art. This they did coarsely, rudely enough at first, particularly in relation to what was fictile; but at length, as they advanced, as the truth began to dawn upon them, that UTILITY would still be more divinely served through an alliance with BEAUTY, then, like eager children, they sought far and wide to give effect to this first glimpse of a divine idea. Simultaneously, yet without concert, they strove to this end in many countries, through many difficulties and hindrances, by many methods—the honour at length falling upon the little town of Meissen on the Elbe, in Saxony.

From the date of the tenth to the nineteenth century, much had been done in Europe—by the Moors in the Spanish peninsula, by the Italians at Faenza in the States



STREET IN THE CITY OF MEISSEN, ON THE ELBE.

of the Church, and by the Dutch and French, in the improving and glazing of earthenware. But when, in 1518, the Portuguese begun the importation into Europe of the exquisitely fabricated, though ill-shaped, porcelain of China, it was soon seen, as this passed commercially from hand to hand, that much had to be discovered, as well as practised, before the exquisite hardness, glaze, and pellucidity of the Chinese porcelain could be imitated. The spirit of eager inquiry was roused in all directions. In this country it took its usual healthy course, that of individual enterprise: in other countries, less emancipated from feudal influences, royal and governmental patronage stepped in with effects and institutions that continue to this hour.

The great need was to discover a clay like that called by the Chinese "kaolin," for by this time moulding, baking, turning, and other operations of the potter's art were well understood. At length this was effected by an accident, only rivalled by one to which Astbury, the English potter, owed his greatest fictile improvements. Previous to this, in 1701, a youth named Böttger, apprenticed to an apothecary of Berlin, began to be widely known for his reputed skill in alchemy. He pretended, and probably believed, that his researches in the transmutation of metals would lead to the fabrication of gold. These reports reaching the King of Prussia, Frederick William I., he manifested so much interest as to alarm the apothecary's apprentice, who, fearing he might be seized for the purpose of extracting his secret, fled from Berlin into the state of Saxony. He was, however, pursued and arrested at Dresden; but Frederick Augustus I., King of Poland, and elector of Saxony, sharing in some degree the King of Prussia's belief in the virtues of alchemy, refused to surrender Böttger, or the *Maker of Gold*, as he was more popularly called. He was conducted to Wirtemburg, and consigned to what might be considered solitary imprisonment, though supplied with all the means of pursuing his chemical researches, and treated with great kindness and consideration. With an abnegation, or rather an unconsciousness of what constitutes the rights of personal liberty, that reads more like a fact of the twelfth than of the commencement of the eighteenth century, this strict surveillance was continued over Böttger, the elector wishing to secure to himself the prospective *golden* results of his researches. These, as might be expected, were looked for in vain; and ceasing, perhaps, at length to have faith in their probability, the Elector placed Böttger in communication with a person named Tschirnhaus, who had been engaged for some time in experimental researches relating to the fabrication of porcelain. The elector possibly thought, and wisely too, that the skill and chemical knowledge which had failed in solving the secret of the transmutation of metals, might, in a more practical direction, assist in the coveted discovery of the ingredients of which porcelain was composed. Tschirnhaus, who had already succeeded in discovering a clay in the neighbourhood of Dresden of value, though not of the kind sought, for it had neither whiteness, translucency, or fineness, wisely seconded the elector's new opinion, and dissuading Böttger from the further pursuit of experiments so barren of result as his had been, led him, at length, to become his co-operator in researches not only eminently practical, but likely to result both in wealth and fame.

These experiments were carried on with a degree of mystery that reminds one of the old alchemists. The better to secure them from observation, the elector gave up his chateau, or castle, of Albrechtsburg, at Meissen, to the two experimentalists, for whose use a laboratory was fitted up and workmen supplied. Here everything was done to render their life agreeable consistent with the strictest surveillance, especially as regarded Böttger, who was never for a moment permitted to escape the sight of the officer constantly attending him. It was feared he might escape and bestow his secrets elsewhere. In 1706, when Charles XII. entered Saxony, Böttger, Tschirnhaus, and three of their workmen, were conveyed under an escort of cavalry to the fortress of Kœnigstein: hither their laboratory was removed, and here they remained a year closely guarded, the elector fearing their seizure by the King of Sweden as much apparently as he did his crown.

After a year's seclusion at Kœnigstein they were brought to Dresden, and lodged in the Jung Ferbastei, which was fitted up for their use with a laboratory. Here they renewed their labours for the improvement of porcelain, and especially such researches as might vouch the secret of its component parts. Their labours were extraordinary and incessant, approached only in intensity and endurance by those of the admirable Bernard de Palissy. The elector often assisted personally at these long vigils and extraordinary labours; still the results, though in some degree successful, did not reach the discovery of a true porcelain. It was still stoneware, not china.

In 1708 Tschirnhaus died. Soon after, accident revealed to Böttger the secret that experiments had failed to produce. Henceforth his name became associated with the discovery of kaolin, or china clay, and that of Dresden with an exquisite advance in ceramic art. The assistance of accident must not rob Böttger of a particle of his worth as a fine experimentalist and chemist. Had his mind not been directed to this object by previous research and study, the accident would have passed by, as accidents commonly do, without notice, or, at least, without producing effects; but already a master of induction, already aware, in the beautiful sense of one of Bacon's immortal aphorisms, that "nature is only subdued by submission,"* he seized the accident, caused it to become experiment, and produced, therefore, an immense advance in connexion with one of the loveliest arts that moulds and increases civilisation.

Böttger wore a wig and used hair powder as was the custom of his time. Happening one day to take in his hand the packet of powder supplied by his valet, he was struck by its extraordinary weight, and, on inquiry, learnt that it was a new mineral powder lately introduced by an iron-master named Schnorr, in place of the vegetable powder formerly in use. It occurred at once to Böttger that an earthy material of this whiteness might serve the purpose he had so long needed; he made experiments, and the results were perfect. Schnorr was applied to, and from him it was learnt that passing on horseback along a road near Aue, he observed it to be covered with a white and soft clay, from which his horse raised its feet with difficulty. It occurred to him that this mud or clay might, if dried, calcined, and prepared, be converted into a mineral hair powder. He therefore brought home a sample of the clay, was successful in producing from it a fine white powder, which in a short time became an important article of commerce.

The place from which Schnorr drew his supplies was now examined, and it proved to be a vein of fine kaolin, identical in all its properties with that which constituted the material of the porcelain of China. Its exportation was at once prohibited by the elector under severe penalties, and it was transported to the porcelain works of Böttger in sealed barrels. Its use in the fabrication of Dresden china was also concealed with extraordinary precaution. An oath of *secrecy till death* was imposed upon all persons employed in the works, as likewise a solemn declaration monthly from the foremen of the different departments of the manufactory. It was also inscribed upon all the doors of the workshops, that all who betrayed the secret of the place should be imprisoned for life in the fortress of Kœnigstein.

A clay being thus discovered which rivalled that of China and Japan, the elector established a royal manufacture of porcelain at the chateau of Albrechtsburg, at Meissen, to which Böttger was appointed director. This castle or palace had been formerly the common residence of the margraves, burgraves, and bishops of Meissen; but the margraves transferring their residence to Dresden in the thirteenth century, it was afterwards rebuilt in 1471. As it stands in our illustration, crowning the rocky height, it looks exactly the place where a jealous state secret might, with some success, be

* Novum Organum, Lib. i. Aph. 3

guarded. To this end it was, as soon as the porcelain manufacture was established, subjected to the conditions and discipline of a fortress. It was approached by a drawbridge, which was never lowered except at night, and the entrance was interdicted to all except those employed in the manufactory. Even when the elector introduced distinguished strangers to see the works, all the processes of manufacture were carefully concealed from them.

But secrets of this kind, depending on the wants and tastes of men, it is impossible to keep; and Meissen had no escape from the usual law. Through deserters and other means, but principally at the date when Frederick the Great, conquering Saxony, transferred some of the workmen from Meissen to Berlin, porcelain manufactories were established elsewhere: at Vienna, at Nymphenburg, near Munich, at Louisville, near Stuttgard, at Berlin, Copenhagen, Brunswick, and St. Petersburgh. So late as the year 1812, when M. Brogniart, director of the royal manufactory at Sèvres, visited Germany at the command of Napoleon, M. Kahn, director of the works at Meissen, had to be specially released from his oath of exclusion before M. Brogniart was admitted.

Regarded in a commercial sense, these royal manufactories, supported by state subsidies, and encouraged by state patronage, cannot be said to bear more than an artistic relation to the great field of fictile enterprise and competition. As schools of artistic excellence they are invaluable; but as sources for the ceramic needs of civilisation they are useless. It is competition and enterprise that spreads the tables of the world; as our own wonderful exports under the head of "earthenware" prove. Formerly, we imported large quantities of inferior china from France and Holland; now we export to Germany alone upwards of 2,128,471 pieces of earthenware per annum, at a declared value of £25,669. This was in 1844, the date of the last returns; since then, both export and value have largely increased, and prove that a monopoly carried on irrespective of commercial profit, may stimulate exertion to the advance of art, but has limits that fall necessarily far below the needful averages of supply and demand.

Meissen contributed some of the rarest treasures of ceramic art sent to the Great Exhibition. Two vases of light blue, with the portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert, were, as it may be recollected, of exceeding beauty. A girl playing a guitar, with laces; a fluteplayer, an etagere with girandoles in flowers in relief; a picture of the lacemaker, after Slingeslandt, and a figure of Ganymede, after Thorwaldsen, were also amongst the richest productions. But the *chef-d'œuvres* were two collections of paintings on china, after classical pictures by the well-known artists of Dresden, MM. Walther and Bucker. The camelia japonica in porcelain, though wonderful as a work of art, must be reckoned as objectionable in taste: there are provinces of nature it is worse than useless to imitate; and the floral abundance of the seasons is sufficient, without the vain attempt to create a likeness at the potter's wheel.

May the château of Albrechtsburg long overlook the blue and flowing Elbe, its green hills and purple vineyards; and help through artistic ministration to perfect and exalt nature!

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Like many eminent men in the United States, Franklin Pierce is the son of one of the old heroes of the revolutionary war. His father was a certain Benjamin Pierce, of Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, a New England yeoman, who, when eighteen years of age, was ploughing one day when the news arrived that blood had been spilled by the British, at Lexington. He instantly unyoked his team, went home, and took down his rifle from over the fireplace without saying one word, and marched off to the scene of action. From that day until the war was over, a period of seven years, he never returned to his native place. He enlisted as a private soldier, fought at Bunker's Hill, and rose by successive grades to the command of a company. Two years after the close of the contest, he was appointed brigade-major of the militia of Hillsborough County, which office he retained till his death, at which period he was a general, and a member of the Council of the State. He was a brave, stern, inflexible old man, a thorough democrat, and a good soldier. He was married twice—his first wife dying a year after their marriage, leaving him one daughter. In 1789, he married a second, who bore him eight children, of whom Franklin was the sixth. The latter was born on the 23rd of November, 1804, and is now, consequently, in his forty-ninth year. His father had felt throughout his life the want of a regular education, and determined his son should not labour under the same disadvantage. Franklin was therefore sent at an early age to an academy at Hancook, and afterwards to another at Francestown. He was distinguished in these places by his diligent application to his lessons and the uniform kindliness of his disposition; and the women of the neighbourhood still conjure up reminiscences of his blue eyes, curling hair, and the sweet expression of his face.

In 1820, at the age of sixteen, he entered Bowdoin college, at Brunswick, Maine. Here he endeared himself to his fellow-students by his cheerfulness, vivacity, and unfailing good temper. Amongst his most intimate friends and companions was Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, during the thirty years that have elapsed since then, has led a life as remarkable for its unobtrusiveness and retirement as Pierce's has been for its stormy vicissitudes. Singularly enough, the quiet scholar has crowned himself with laurels, which promise to bloom for many a year after the more ambitious labours of the lawyer and soldier have been forgotten. Professor Stowe was also one of his class-mates.

During the first year of his course Pierce was not by any means remarkable for his scholarship, but towards the close he became more diligent, and obtained a very high degree. During his collegiate career, the first spark of the military ardour displayed itself, which in a few years after induced him to abandon a lucrative profession, in which he held a high position, for the toils and dangers of active service in the army. He was an officer in a student's corps, of which Hawthorne was private. Here he was as distinguished for the proudness of his port and his attention to points of discipline, as for his manly and yet gentle demeanour. During one of his winter vacations he taught a country school. So did Webster, and so did many other New England statesmen. It seems as if in America some practice in wielding the birch was necessary for the skilful handling of the wand of office.

In 1826 Franklin returned to his father's house at Hillsborough, and was present at an entertainment given by the aged veteran to eighteen of his old companions in arms who had survived the seven years' war. He chose the law as his profession, and entered the office of Judge Woodbury as a student. He afterwards studied for two years in the law school of Northampton. In 1827 he was called to the bar, and commenced his legal career by making a miserable failure in the first case in which he was engaged. This was by many of his friends regarded as a damning misfortune, but it seems to have had the good effect of revealing to Pierce for the first time the full extent of his own resources. The spirit of resistance to circumstances rose within him, and armed him in proof. "I will try nine hundred and ninety-nine cases," said he, "if clients continue to trust me, and if I fail, just as I have to-day, I will try the thousandth."

He did not, however, at this time persevere in the pursuit of legal distinction. His father was so largely mixed up in the politics of the state, that his attention naturally enough began to be turned to them too. He came out as a thorough-going democrat, and was elected a member of the legislature

by the town of New Hampshire, in 1829. He sat for four years in this body, in the two latter of which he held the office of speaker, to which he had been elected by a majority of 155 over 58. Though he displayed some diffidence at first, he proved himself in the sequel to be admirably adapted for its duties. He was firm and yet courteous, and his great clearness of intellect enabled him to seize the point of a question at a glance, disentangle it from the mazes of a hot debate, and lay it in its simplicity before the house.

In 1833 he was elected a member of Congress. Here his conduct bears a striking analogy to what we are told of Sir Robert Peel, in the first year of his parliamentary life. Few men said less, and few men did more. He was a diligent attendant upon the committees, and went through all the drudgery attendant upon them with sedulous industry. He thus had a far greater share in transacting the real business of the country than many men who occupied a much larger space in the public eye. He seldom spoke, and then shortly and to the purpose; always rising in answer to an unmistakeable call of circumstances, and, what was more remarkable, always stopping when he had delivered his opinion. There was one circumstance, however, attending his career in the House of Representatives which renders it impossible to call him a great man. In all discussions on the slavery question he invariably sided with the south against the abolitionists. "He loved," says Hawthorne, "that great and sacred reality—his whole, his united native country—better than the mistiness of a philanthropic theory." This sounds very well, and looks very pretty on paper, but it has, in reality, as little meaning, and that little of as bad a sort, as the author of the "Scarlet Letter," could possibly put into one sentence. "The misty philanthropic theory" is the famous declaration, "that all men are by nature free and equal," a principle that lies not only at the foundation of the republican constitution, but at the foundation of Christianity itself. All classes of mankind, from the emperor to the beggar, and from the first ages of the world down to the present moment, have at one period or other of their lives borne solemn testimony to its truth, and Christ himself placed on it the seal of his sanction. It is the great bulwark of all political liberty. If there be anything in this world a reality, it is this. Hosts of martyrs have died in its assertion and vindication; multitudes support their misery and oppression by a patient reliance on its verity, and firm faith in its triumph. Assuredly,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Nathaniel Hawthorne ought not to be the man to glorify his friend for not believing in it. And what is the "sacred reality?" Why the bond entered into between the north and the south for upholding a contradiction between the practice of the people and the spirit of the constitution they boast of. The north agrees to wink at the enormities of slavery, and maintain the slaveholder in his wrong-doing, and the south agrees not to break up the union:—an alliance between an honest man and a thief; in which the honest man supports the thief in the enjoyment of his unlawful gains, on condition that the thief help him to maintain his dignity. Grattan once said, in a famous debate in the Irish House of Commons, "If the maintenance of the Irish constitution be incompatible with the existence of the British empire, perish the empire and live the constitution!" With a far nobler purpose, and far better reason, might an American who knew his duty to himself and his country exclaim, "If the individual liberty of men of all races be incompatible with the maintenance of the union, perish the union and live liberty!" The one is a mighty confederation; but the other is a living principle. States may perish, but principles are indestructible.

This was not the language of Franklin Pierce, and herein he showed a narrowness of intellect unworthy of the proud position to which a great people have elevated him. This zealous devotion to a man's country without regard to the right or wrong of its acts and institutions, disguise it how we will, is but a species of enlarged selfishness. The union is in Pierce's eyes—everything. It fills the whole range of his mental vision, and even that vision is distorted. Like Horace's lover, the tumours on the face of his beloved dwindle into moles or warts, that add a charm to the features, and its olfactory unpleasantnesses become odours from "Araby the blessed." A really great man would feel that he was bound by an earlier and more sacred bond than the agreement with the south, and that there were worse evils than a severance of the union, though that would be undoubtedly great—the condemnation of three millions of her people to slavery in the midst of freemen, to darkness in the midst of light.

He continued in the House of Representatives four years. In 1837, when he had barely reached the legal age, he was elected to the Senate of the United States. He found himself the junior member of that august body; and such men as Calhoun, Webster, and Henry Clay, occupying the foremost places, and fighting out the battles of party, with the eyes of the nation fixed upon them. He saw it would not be becoming for him to intrude himself too prominently amidst such combatants in such an arena. He, therefore, devoted himself, as before, to the thorough mastery of great public questions of financial and other importance, and with such diligence that he soon became an authority upon all matters requiring great research. Whenever he spoke, he proved himself a powerful debater, and soon found himself ranged amongst the great guns of the democratic party.

In 1840 Mr. Van Buren was defeated, and the whig party (the conservatives in America) came into power for the first time in twelve years. Consternation spread through the ranks of the democrats, and they set every engine to work to win back the power of which they had been despoiled. But in all their plans and consultations Pierce took a leading part. He distinguished himself in particular in a debate upon a motion made by Mr. Buchanan for a return of all the persons whom the whigs had dismissed from their employment upon their accession to office. It appears they had loudly denounced the practice of changing the subordinates in the government offices upon each change of the administration. And with justice. But this was done in opposition. Men are always virtuous and high-minded in opposition, as we, in England, well know. When they got the reins of power in their hands they changed their tune, and made a regular clearance of all the old democratic *employés*, and justified their conduct by the plea of "state necessity." Pierce's denunciation of necessity as an excuse for anything in itself wrong, was a fine piece of oratory, and he made his arguments doubly telling by citing all the instances in which it had justified atrocious crimes, from Julius Cæsar down to the terrorists of the French Revolution, who murdered innocents in cold blood to save the republic. A few years later he might have added another to the list, in the person of His Majesty the Emperor of the French, who perjures himself, massacres, and even marries, from the necessities of state.

This piece of eloquent invective would have been very fine and very stirring (we regret our space does not permit us to quote it), if it had been uttered by any but an American orator, and before any audience but an American senate. But why does Franklin Pierce support and uphold the system of slavery and kidnapping, not being a slave-holder himself? Why, from state necessity to be sure! Alas! to what base uses do great minds come, through blindness and prejudice!

In 1834 Pierce married Jane Mears, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Appleton, formerly a president of Bowdoin College. Three sons, the first of whom died in infancy, were the offspring of this marriage. Finding a young family growing up about him, he perceived the necessity of making provision for them. In America, perhaps even in a greater degree than in England, politics are not found to "pay," and after his years of state service Pierce still found himself poor. He was obliged to return to his first love, the bar, and in 1842 he bid an affectionate farewell to his colleagues, and returned to Concord, the capital of his native state. Though he had achieved no great legal reputation before his departure for Congress, so great had his political reputation now become, that he rose into practice immediately. His habits of patient investigation immediately came into play. He never undertook a case without giving the whole energies of his mind to the task of understanding it, and having once grasped it in all its details, he thoroughly identified himself with his client's cause, and left no stone unturned to achieve a victory. His speeches were always distinguished for their clearness, and the close rivetting of every chain of his argument. His gentle earnestness always produced a powerful effect upon the jury. In the cross-examination of witnesses, that part of his duty in which so much of an English or American advocate's skill is shown, he displayed consummate tact and great knowledge of human nature. Without bullying, with an air of great confidence and calmness, with unwearying courtesy, sharply on the watch for the ridiculous, he invariably managed to ferret out the truth, no matter how surly, or cunning, or interested the witness might be. He was a great master of pathos, so powerful in its influence upon the crowd, and in his addresses to juries he used it with striking effect. This, combined with his ready generosity in undertaking the causes of the poor and oppressed, rendered him one of the most popular advocates in the state.

In 1846 President Polk wrote to him offering him the Attorney-Generalship of the United States, couching his proposal in terms in the highest degree complimentary. Pierce declined it, partly on account of his wife's health which forbade her return to Washington, and partly because of his own wish to spend the remainder of his life in a private station. He stated that when he returned from Congress he had formed the resolution not to again allow himself to be separated from his family unless it were at the call of his country in time of war. Previous to this he had refused to be nominated a candidate for the governorship of New Hampshire by a democratic convention. In 1844 one of his two children had died at the age of four years, thus centering all his hopes in the remaining boy.

The Mexican war broke out in 1847, and Pierce enlisted as a private soldier in a volunteer company raised in Concord. When a bill was passed for the increase of the army, he received the appointment of colonel of the ninth regiment. In March of the same year he received his commission as brigadier-general in the army and prepared to set out for Mexico. The call had come; and the studious lawyer abandoned his briefs and fees, quiddets, quibbles, and quirks, for the sterner "arbitrement of bloody strokes and mortal staring war." We confess, however, that we look upon the affair as a freak worthier of a hot-brained youth of twenty than a staid father

of a family, who had already reached the grand climacteric. There was no necessity whatever for his setting off on the expedition. *His* post of duty was at home in New Hampshire; and the inordinate craving for military glory which spirited him away to the wars was unbefitting a man of his years and position. There were surely enough wild adventurers, bound by no ties of family, as the event proved, in the United States, to do the work of "flogging" the Mexicans, without tearing men from their wives and children whose only qualifications for military command were great physical courage and romantic enthusiasm.

He sailed from Newport on the 27th of May, 1847, with three companies of the ninth regiment of infantry, and landed at Vera Cruz, after a tedious voyage of a month's duration. After a long and dangerous march through the enemy's country, daily exposed to the attacks and ambuscades of the Mexican guerillas, he joined the main body of the army under the command of General Scott, at Puebla, on the 7th of August; and on the following day they commenced the advance upon the city of Mexico. On the 19th of August, the Mexican army was found drawn up in a strongly-intrenched camp at Contreras, and numbering 7,000 strong. Two divisions of the American army were sent against the enemy's flanks; the third, among which was General Pierce's brigade, was directed to make an onslaught in front. The ground across which they had to pass was bristling with sharp rocks, being the crater of an extinct volcano.

The troops had to move slowly onward, exposed to an incessant shower of shot and shell. Pierce leaped his horse upon a slight eminence, and addressed a few stirring words of exhortation to the officers of each regiment as they defiled past, but when riding on to the head of the column, the animal thrust his foot into a crevice, broke his own leg, and fell heavily, crushing his rider beneath him. When raised, the general was insensible, but it was found he had sustained no serious injury beyond a sprain of the knee, and some severe bruises. His orderly placed him under the shelter of a projecting rock, and the regimental doctor having afforded him what assistance was in his power, he insisted on being again placed on horseback, and going into action. The assault failed, and Pierce, having remained in the saddle till eleven o'clock that night, passed the time till morning lying on the ground, without any protection from the torrent of rain that was falling, and suffering great agony from his knee. At daylight the attack was renewed, and was this time successful, the Americans storming the entrenchments with great slaughter.

In the battle of Churubusco, and the bloodier one of Molino del Rey, Pierce gave equal, if not higher proofs of his courage and fortitude, at one time lying on the field under the enemy's fire, when unable to stand, that he might encourage his troops by his presence. His energy and activity contributed in a considerable degree to the success of the American arms.

In the month of December the war was over, and he returned to the United States. New Hampshire received him with open arms, and presented him with a splendid sword.

He now resumed the practice of the law, and began to take a part in politics, as before. In 1850 he gave his strenuous support to the series of measures known as the "Compromise," amongst others, the Fugitive Slave Law. These acts were passed at the instigation of the slaveholders, to assure to the southern states the peaceable possession of their slave property. His abhorrence of "state necessity" did not cleave to him here. He perceived, as he thought, that if the northern states threw themselves into the arms of the abolitionists the union must be broken up, as the southerns would defend their property at all risks. Considering a "bond of iniquity" better than no bond at all, he determined to sacrifice everything to the maintenance of the confederation. This despised and denounced "state necessity" of the American president keeps between three and four millions of human beings in the condition of chattels — numbered amongst the planter's assets, traded in while he lives, willed by him after his death, forbidden to read or to write, to have any sentiment of religion save such as finds vent in noisy and obstreperous prayer-meetings — something like the devotions of the howling dervishes, lashed for hoping, lashed for fearing, lashed and branded for loving liberty, "not wisely, but too well;" and called happy when fat, and when dead, having the fact recorded in the same list with bad debts, and wear and tear of ox harness. Talk of the Jacobins! Why they slew their enemies on the scaffold and in the battle-field, in the first moments of delirium, on awaking from a fevered sleep of ten centuries of kingcraft and oppression. Even in their mad excesses there was something noble and heroic. Half *their* state necessities were justly chargeable to the misgovernment of the imbeciles whom they outlawed and slaughtered. Talk of Charles X.! Why his outrage on French liberty was prompted by a sense of cruel wrong done him in being deprived of prerogatives which twenty generations of kings had handed down to him. General Pierce was right in execrating the plea which was put forward in defence of the atrocities of 1793, and the perfidy of 1830, but when he did so he was handling a two-edged sword. What is wrong in Jacobins and kings is doubly wrong in Christian Americans, with all their glorious traditions, their noble struggles for civil and religious freedom, and the place they hold amongst the nations of the world! But in Pierce's conduct with regard to the compromise question, and in Nathaniel Hawthorne's defence of it, we see exemplified one of the worst results of slavery. Not only does it brutalise and do cruel wrong to the slaves themselves, but it degrades noble minds by working on their passions and their prejudices, blunting their perception of right and wrong, and ends by enlisting their mighty powers in the defence of shameless guilt and immorality.

General Pierce was nominated as a candidate for the presidency by the Democratic Convention assembled at Baltimore in June, 1852, and in last November he was elected by a majority of 215,000 over the whig candidate, General Scott. The joy attendant on his success was marred by a domestic calamity. In travelling on the railroad with Mrs. Pierce in the month of January, the car went off the rails, and was precipitated down a steep embankment. The general and his wife escaped unhurt, but his only remaining son, a fine boy of eleven years of age, was killed on the spot. He is thus left childless.

General Pierce is, like most of the democratic party, oppose to the policy of protection; in this point of view, therefore, his election furnishes matter for rejoicing to the free-trade party in England.

THE CHIMPANZEE.

A NEW species of chimpanzee has lately been discovered. On the western coast of Africa these animals are remarkable for superior instinct and stronger muscular development than the ordinary orang-outang. They are said to approach the nearest to man of all the monkey tribe in their interior organisation, exterior characteristics, and in sagacity and cunning. The species, for a long time, was but very imperfectly understood. In 1849 a perfect adult specimen was forwarded to the Museum of Natural History at Paris. In the following January, two other specimens were sent, the first, a young animal, the other a full grown adult; both were preserved in alcohol, and immediately upon their arrival were submitted to a careful anatomical investigation. The result of the inquiry was, the unmistakeable establishment of the fact that this animal was the most elevated in the scale of being, approaching in its physical organism the nearest to man. The adult presented a very extraordinary aspect. Its fangs were enormous, and the evidence of its great muscular power was afforded by the whole of its proportions. The height of the animal was above that of a man of middle stature, but the width of the body, the immense size of its lower limbs, altogether surpassed that of the human frame. French naturalists inform us, that some of the species are nearly seven feet in

height, and measure round the chest more than five feet and a half. United to these extraordinary dimensions, the intelligence of the animal is perfectly surprising. But though the brain is formed in the same manner as that of man, although the machinery appears almost as perfect as that of our own,

The British Museum has lately obtained an entire skeleton, but no living specimen has as yet been imported.

In the proceedings of the Zoological Society of London there is a description of this remarkable animal by Professor Owen. The great chimpanzee (*Troglodytes Gorilla*),

GREAT CHIMPANZEE RECENTLY DISCOVERED ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

the creature still wants reason, and it is true with regard to this species, as it was true with regard to the orang-outang, that no disposition of matter will give mind; and that the body, how nicely soever formed, is formed in vain when there is not infused a soul to direct its operations.

differs from any animal of the kind yet brought under the notice of naturalists, in the following principal particulars:—By its greater size; by the existence of large occipital and interparietal crests in the males, and by rudiments of the same in the females; by the form of the nasal orifices, and the

distance between them and the mouth being less than in the chimpanzee and orang; and by the bones of the nose and front head being more narrow and compressed than has been observed in the skulls of the Sumatran variety of chimpanzees in the British Museum and elsewhere. In the skulls of adult males in the College of Surgeons, Dr. Wyman observed such peculiarities as satisfied him that they belonged to a species of animal nearly allied to the chimpanzee of the west coast of Africa, though the identity of the *Troglodytes Gorilla* with the orang of Buffon be considered a matter of extreme doubt. Professor Owen says—speaking generally of the great anthropoid apes, to which family this formidable creature belongs—that the formation of the facial bones gives "a scowling and diabolical physiognomy even to the dry bones" of the skulls in our possession; and few of our readers who look at the picture will feel inclined, we think, to doubt the critical truth of the professor's description. In the nose of the chimpanzee we discover the nearest approach to the prominent nasal bones of man made in any known species of ape; and a close observation of the formation of the facial bones has enabled naturalists to conclude that the large and small chimpanzees do not exactly belong to the same species.

EARLY PNEUMATIC EXPERIMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THERE have been few events in the history of experimental philosophy more interesting than the discovery of the means of producing a complete vacuum—in other words of excluding everything, even air, from some vessel or other hollow body. The ancient philosophers observed, that there was something occupying every part of space. As soon as one body changed its position another instantly occupied its place. If a solid left its place the atmospheric air instantly rushed in and filled it up. They could not account for this upon any known principle, but came to the conclusion that it was owing to a deep seated hatred and dislike to a vacuum on the part of nature; hence one of their dogmas was, "Nature abhorreth a vacuum." They utterly despaired, however, of ever overcoming nature's repugnance, and rested satisfied with the mere statement of the fact. As Dr. Lardner observes, it is probable that their attention was first drawn to the subject by the effect of what is called suction; one end of a tube being placed in a liquid, the other end between the lips, and the air being exhausted by the ordinary process of inhaling, the water instantly rose and filled the tube, being compelled thereto by nature, said they.

Taking advantage of this, they were led to the construction of pumps of various kinds, by creating artificial suction, and thus causing the water to rise into the vacuum. But to create a vacuum, and keep it so, was more than they could accomplish.

The antipathy nature had for an empty space served the purposes of philosophy for some two thousand years, when Torricelli demonstrated, in 1643, by his magnificent suspension of a column of quicksilver in a tube closed at its upper end, while its lower open extremity was plunged in a vessel filled with the same liquid, the possibility of obtaining a complete vacuum. Torricelli had argued, to again use the words of Dr. Lardner, "that whatever be the cause which sustained a column of water in a common pump, the measure and energy of that power must be the weight of the column of water; and consequently, if another liquid be used, heavier or lighter, bulk for bulk, than water, then the same force must sustain a lesser or greater column of such liquid. By using a much heavier liquid, the column sustained would necessarily be much shorter, and the experiment in every way more manageable."

He consequently selected mercury, the heaviest known liquid, for his experiment, and the result was what he had anticipated, though the space in which the barometrical vacuum existed was too limited and too difficult of access to allow of any satisfactory series of experiments being made.

The discovery of Torricelli had made a deep impression on

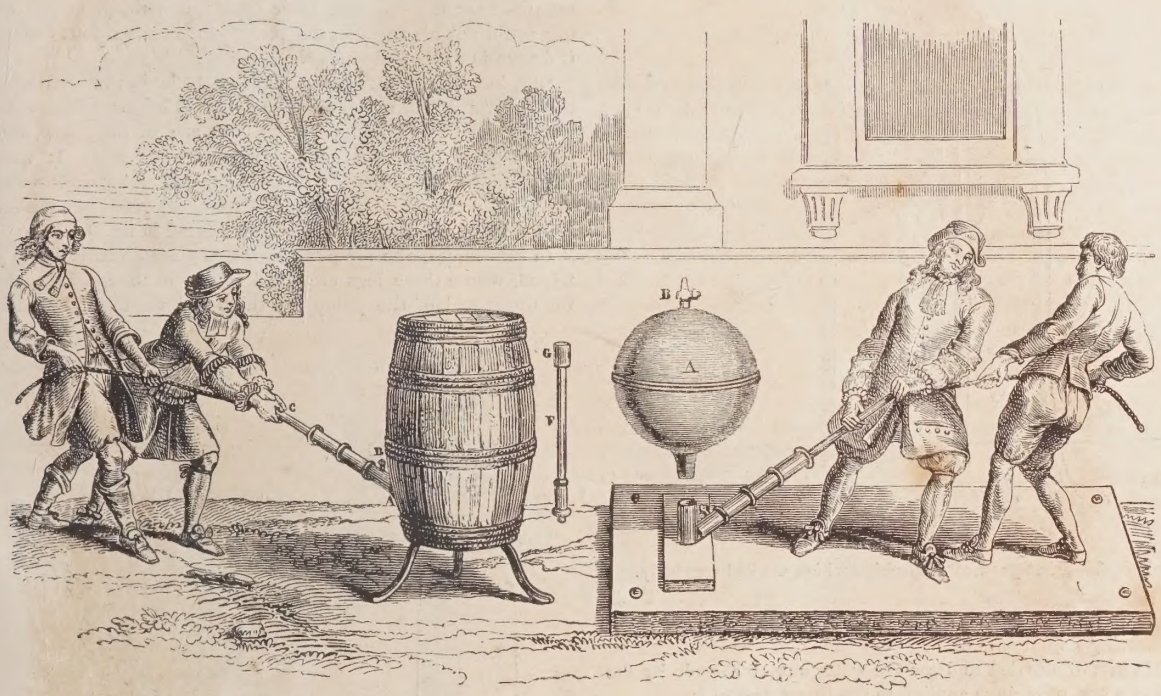


FIG. 1.—Otho Guericke attempting to produce a vacuum in a cask.

FIG. 2.—Second sort of receiver employed by Otho Guericke, to produce a vacuum.

Otho Guericke, a German philosopher. Born, in 1602, at Magdeburg, of which place he was burgomaster, and constantly employed in important political business, this distinguished man devoted all the time spared him by his official duties, to scientific research. He has himself transmitted to us, in a valuable work, an account of the numerous attempts

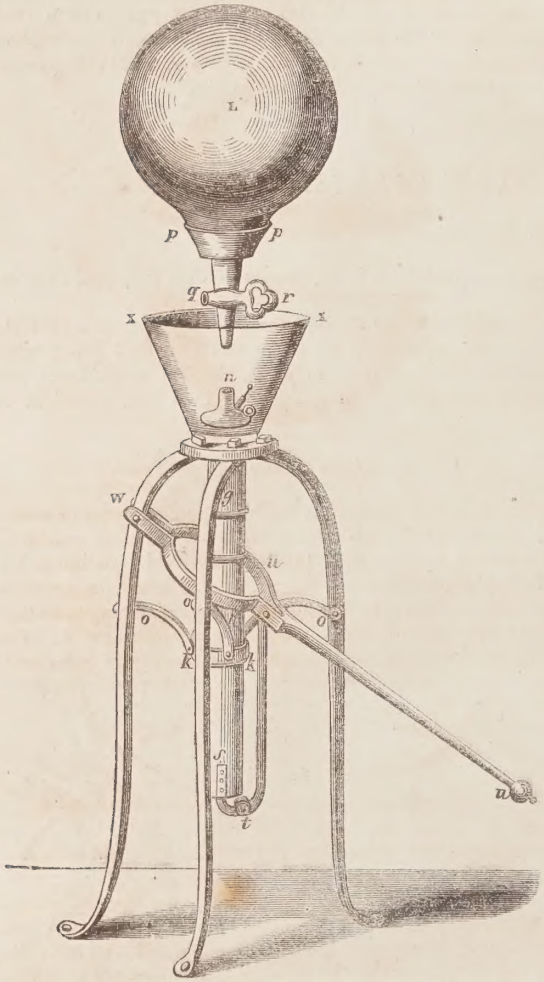


FIG. 3.—First pneumatic machine which worked regularly.

he had made before discovering a somewhat practical means of producing a vacuum.

He first of all tried to draw the water out of a cock by the aid of a sort of syringe applied to the lower part of it.

Fig. 1 illustrates this attempt, with the details of the mechanism employed. A B C represents a metal pump into which the piston C or F G was carefully fitted, and which had two cocks; an interior one, at the orifice of the pump, A, to let in the water; and an external one, B, to procure a passage for the water thrown out. The orifice of the pump was attached, by four screws, to a circular iron plate. This apparatus broke, however, before the water could be drawn off.

Guericke lost none of his courage through this unsuccessful experiment. He employed a stronger apparatus; and, at last, three vigorous working men succeeded, by pulling at the piston of the syringe, in drawing off the water through the valve, B. But the air was immediately heard to rush into the cask through all its cracks, producing, as it did so, a noise similar to that of boiling water. This noise lasted until the cask was completely filled with air. After a few other trials, it was perceived that wood was too permeable to both air and water, and another kind of receiver was, therefore, employed.

The wooden cask was now replaced by a copper globe, *a*, composed of two hemispheres fitting into each other (fig. 2). In the upper part, there was a cock, B, and the orifice of the pump was carefully fitted to the lower part. In was in this vessel, filled first with water, that a vacuum was attempted to be produced, in the same manner as had been employed with the wooden cask.

The piston met, at first, with no obstacle in its motion; but, little by little, it moved much harder, till, at last, two men of middling strength could scarcely draw it back. While they were thus employed in moving the piston backward and forward, and when nearly all the air was drawn off, the metallic globe, to the great terror of all present, suddenly collapsed with an explosion, and presented the appearance of having violently struck against the ground, after falling from a great height. Guericke rightly attributed this phenomenon to some imperfections in the manufacture of the vessel, and which had caused it to yield to the pressure of the air. He, therefore, had a new spherical receiver made, taking care that this time there was not the least irregularity in its form or make, and a vacuum was now produced without any accident whatever. It was then believed that the vacuum was complete when the pump sent no more air out of the receiver. But however that may be, the vacuum now produced gave rise to several remarkable phenomena. On opening the cask, B, the air rushed into the receiver with such impetuosity that those present felt themselves drawn along by the current; and when they placed their mouths near the opening, their breath was taken away: no one could put his hand on the turned-on cock, without feeling it drawn inwards and violently detained.

But, however perfect the vacuum might be in the interior of the receiver, it did not remain so long. The air again penetrated through the joinings of the cock and of the pump, and in two days' time had entirely refilled the vessel. It was, therefore, sought to remedy this defect, and an apparatus was invented, which, after undergoing several successive improvements, assumed at last the form represented in fig. 3.

In this figure, the air-pump, *g h s*, is placed vertically on a tripod, whose three legs are fixed solidly in the ground. At the upper end of the pump is a tubulated vessel, *n*, to which

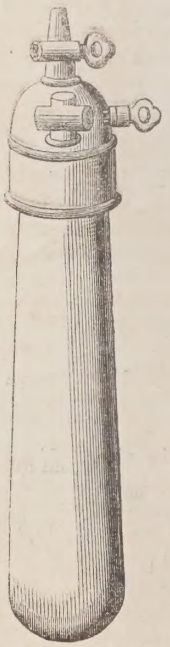


FIG. 4.—Receiver used for the first experiment made with the water-hammer.

FIG. 5.—The water-hammer.

the neck of the recipient, L, which is to be emptied, is fixed. To make the juncture more perfect, leathern rundles were used, while the joints in the tubulated vessel were surrounded by the water contained in a vase, x x. The piston of the pump was worked by a lever in the following manner:—w is a fixed point of rotation placed on one of the legs of the tripod; the

lever, w *u*, is moved alternately up and down; *u t s* is a jointed rod which follows the movements of the lever, and which, consequently, causes the piston, *s k k*, to ascend and descend alternately in the interior of the barrel of the pump. In order to prevent the air from re-entering, the lower joint between the barrel of the pump and the piston is also surrounded by water, contained in the circular basin, *k k*, which is supported by three rods, *o o o*.

This machine was incontestably superior to the apparatus first used. Besides the possibility of obtaining a more perfect vacuum with less trouble, it also afforded the means of easily separating the receiver from the pump employed to produce the vacuum. In order to introduce various objects, such as birds, fish, rats, clocks, bells, lights, &c., when required for experiments, into the receiver, L, a large neck, *p p*, was fixed to it, and to this neck was fitted the cock, *q r*. It was in a glass receiver, thus arranged, that a vacuum was produced for the first time, without its being previously filled with water.

Having succeeded thus far, Otho Guericke was enabled to make a series of very curious experiments, most of which are made, or ought to be made, at present in all schools of natural philosophy.

A vacuum being thus produced in the receiver, L, when the neck of this vessel is plunged in the water and the cock is turned on, the water is seen to rush with impetuosity, and in a high state of commotion, into the interior of the vessel, which, little by little, it fills entirely, with the exception perhaps of a small space of the size of a nut.

An oblong vase (fig. 4) having been, first of all, entirely filled with water, and then half-emptied by means of the air-pump, Otho Guericke was much surprised to see, on turning the vase sharply round, that the water struck against the ends of it with a noise similar to that which would have been produced by a blow from a hammer; and if the glass had not been very thick, the vase would have most certainly been broken. This experiment is at present made with an instrument called a *water-hammer*, which is made, without the assistance of the air-pump, in the following manner: —

Take a strong glass tube, closed and rounded at one of its extremities; then half-fill it with water, which must be boiled in it. When the water has been boiling for some time, and the temperature has attained a high degree of heat, the upper extremity of the tube must be sealed by the means of an enameller's lamp.

By thus heating the water, all the air contained in it is expelled, while the steam drives out the air that fills the empty part of the tube. So, we have, at last, a tube, hermetically closed at both ends, entirely cleared of air, and half-filled with water. By now simply turning this tube up and down, the water will strike against its ends with a noise and shock similar to those produced by a blow from a hammer; and by taking away the air-cushion, which generally divides any liquid when falling, the mass of water falls all together, and strikes against the glass as a solid body would do.

A light being placed in the glass receiver, L, in fig. 3, the flame will turn blue, increase in length, and go out entirely after a few strokes of the piston of the pump employed to produce a vacuum.

The sound of a clock-bell, which rang for half an hour, diminished gradually in loudness as the vacuum was being produced, and, in a few instants, ceased entirely.

Various small animals, such as rats, birds, &c., appeared to breathe with greater difficulty in proportion as the vacuum advanced towards completion; and, at last, sinking down, expired for want of air. The fish that were placed in the water were not long before they met with the same fate; and their air-bladders generally dilated in a remarkable manner.

A succession of phenomena arose out of these experiments; and it was not long before Otho Guericke saw the princes of Germany take great interest in his scientific labours. He had invented his first machine with a metallic receiver in 1654 (fig. 2). The diet of the empire was then assembled at Ratisbon, and Otho Guericke, who was sent to it on some diplomatic business, found an opportunity to show his machine to the Emperor and some princes of the empire, among whom was the Archbishop of Mentz. This prelate was so delighted with the invention of the instrument, and with the curious experiments which were made by it in his presence, that he immediately expressed the wish to possess one similar to it, in order that he might repeat alone the experiments he had witnessed;

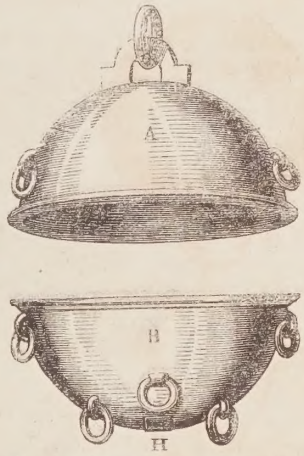


FIG. 6.—Hollow hemispheres separated.

but the short stay he made at Ratisbon, and the want of workmen, prevented his wish from being immediately gratified. He, however, invited Otho Guericke to come to see him in his palace, at Wurtzburg, and begged him to bring his machine with him. It was there that Father Schott, who taught mathematics, and several other learned men, first saw it. The archbishop took pleasure in explaining the use of it himself,

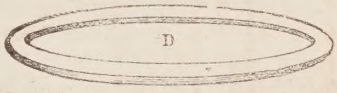


FIG. 7.—Rundle interposed between the two hemispheres.

and in making the same experiments which he had seen performed by the inventor at Ratisbon.

The report of these first experiments soon spread through the whole of the learned world of Europe. Father Schott himself gave great publicity to them by publishing, in 1657, his book called "Mechanica Hydraulico-Pneumatica," to which he added, in an appendix, a detailed account of the *Experiments*

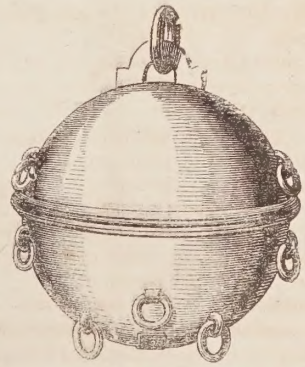


FIG. 8.—The two hemispheres united for the formation of a vacuum.

of Magdeburg (it was thus that they were called). Fresh discoveries, if not more interesting, at least more important, were now daily made by the ingenious burgomaster, who, since his visit to Ratisbon and Wurtzburg, had kept up a scientific connexion with the Archbishop of Mentz, through Father Schott. The latter, who corresponded regularly with a large number of

learned men, lost no time in communicating to them the discoveries of the laborious philosopher. Among the new experiments which were made from 1656 to 1664, during which time

FIG. 9.—Celebrated experiment with the Magdeburg hemispheres.

Father Schott's "Technica Curiosa" appeared, must be mentioned, first of all, that of the *Hemispheres of Magdeburg*. It was

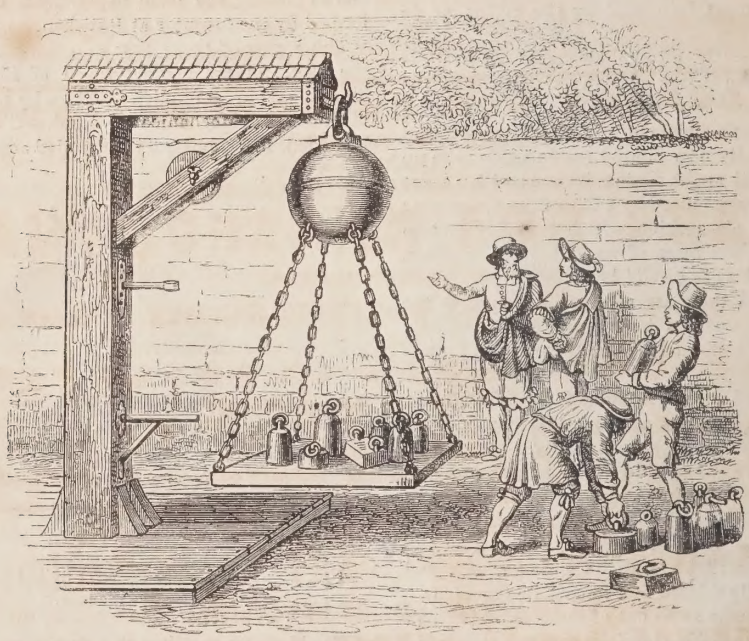


FIG. 10.—Another experiment with the Magdeburg hemispheres.

performed in the following manner: two hollow copper hemispheres, A and B (fig. 6), were made to fit exactly on one another by means of a disk placed round the circle of each hemisphere. A well greased leathern rundle, D (fig. 7), was interposed between the two disks, so as to join the two hemispheres hermetically, as represented by fig. 8. One of the hemispheres, B, is furnished in its lower part with a cock, through which a vacuum can be produced, and which, when once turned off, did not allow any air to re-enter when the receiver was separated from the air-pump. Both hemispheres were supplied with rings firmly fitted in.

EARLY PNEUMATIC EXPERIMENTS.

CHAPTER II.

With the instrument thus arranged, and as the vacuum is being formed in a more perfect manner in the spherical receiver composed of two hemispheres simply placed one on the other, it becomes, every instant, more difficult to separate them; this difficulty augments, also, in proportion as the diameter of the sphere is increased.

During his first experiments, in 1656, Otho Guericke asserted that six able-bodied men could not separate the two hemispheres; and, by increasing the diameter and forming a more perfect vacuum, he was able successively to harness to the sphere, twelve, sixteen, twenty, and twenty-four horses, which, though urged on by the whip and by cries, could not, with all their combined force, succeed in effecting a disjunction. Fig. 9 represents this celebrated experiment, after the engraving which Father Schott inserted in his "Technica Curiosa."

It is easy to account for this result, which may at first appear quite impossible. By supposing the existence of a perfect vacuum, the pressure of the atmosphere, which keeps the hemispheres one against the other, acts like two columns of quicksilver about 2 feet 6 inches high, pressing, in opposite directions, against two circular disks placed in juxta-position, and whose diameter is equal to that of the spheres. Let us suppose a diameter of 1 foot 7½ inches; the superficies of each disk will be about 6½ square feet. Now, a column of quicksilver 2 feet 6 inches high exercises on every square inch a pressure of about 56 pounds. Thus, reasoning on the hypothesis of a perfect vacuum, it would be necessary to use a force of traction of full 4,800 pounds in order to separate the two hemispheres. Now, horses, when harnessed, are not capable, on an average, of exercising a greater force of traction than 560 pounds, and even then for only a very short time. It would thus be necessary to harness eight horses to each hemisphere in order to effect a separation. It is true that the vacuum cannot be perfect in the interior of the sphere; but then, by only augmenting the diameter by a little more than half an inch, the power of resistance is doubled, the vacuum being supposed the same in the interior.

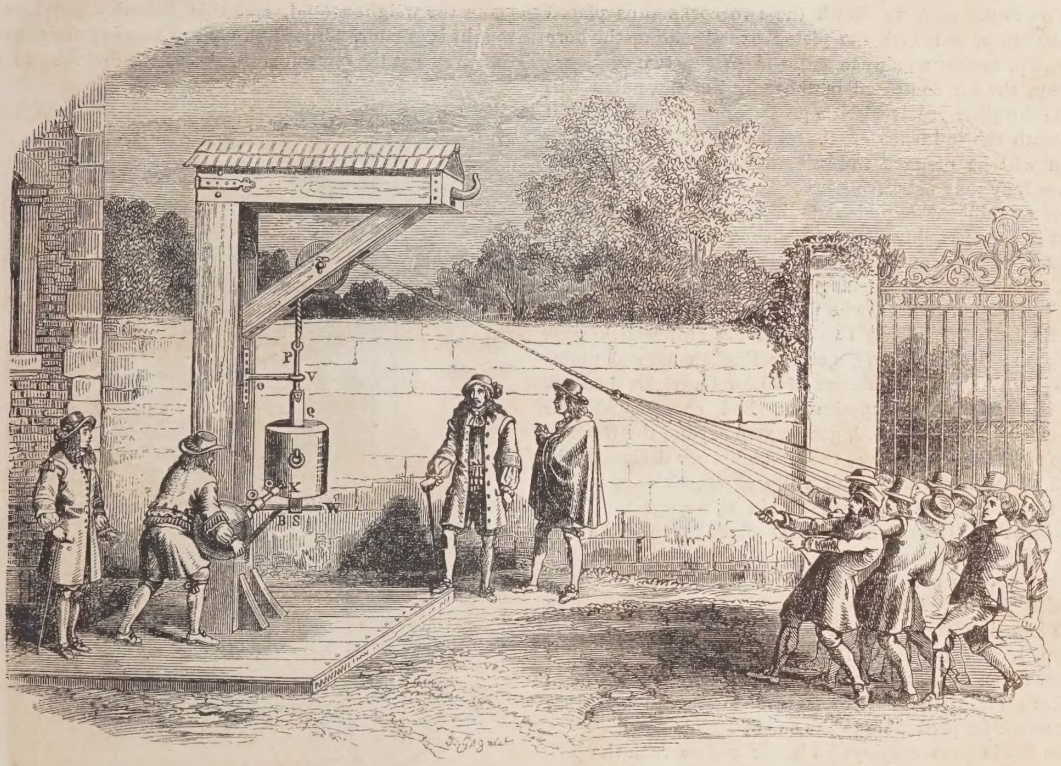


Fig. 11.—Experiments with the glass cylinder drawing a troop of men towards it.

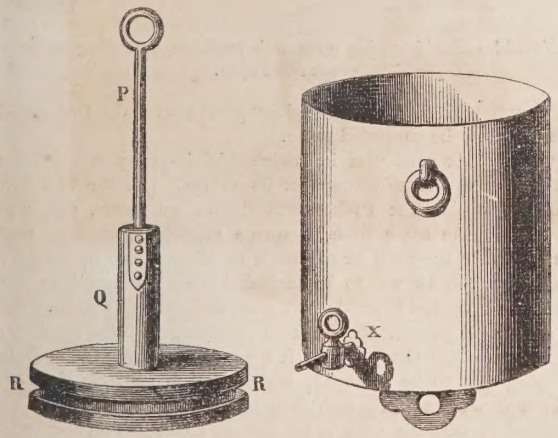


Fig. 12.—Details of the glass cylinder and its piston.

The clever experimentalist had easily discovered the cause of the phenomenon, and had varied its effects in order to render it still more astonishing. By letting a succession of small quantities of air into the globe, by turning on the cock and turning it off again immediately, the power of resistance of the two disks was rapidly diminished, and at last entirely destroyed. If the receiver were hung by its upper ring to a strong hook, it required, in order to separate the two hemispheres, a weight little less than that which it had been calculated was necessary in the hypothesis of a perfect vacuum.

When the separation took place, the sudden admission of the air produced an explosion similar to that of a piece of artillery. Fig. 10 (Ch. I.) represents the apparatus employed.

Figs. 11 and 12 clearly explain another experiment, to which the discoverer himself tersely gives the name of "a glass vase, which possesses the force of drawing to it 20, 30, 40, 50, or even a greater number of able-bodied men." The cylindrical barrel of a pump, furnished with a cock, x, rests its lower part on a support, w n. In this barrel works a piston, r r, represented separately in fig. 7, and on the handle of which, q r, a number of men are exercising as much force of traction as they can by means of a pulley. The stay, o o, prevents the piston from rising high enough to slip out of the band. Everything being thus arranged, the cock of a glass spherical receiver of some size, and in which a vacuum has been formed, is fitted on to the cock x. With the two cocks thus placed one in the other, and with the piston exactly filling the bore of the pump, so that no air can enter when the two cocks are turned on, the air contained in the barrel of the pump will rush into the glass receiver with great force, the piston will fall beneath the influence of the atmospheric pressure, and the men will be dragged towards the pump, in spite of any resistance they may make.

These magnificent experiments have been related by the inventor in a remarkable work, published at Amsterdam, in 1670. An account of them had already appeared, under the title of "Wonders of Magdeburg," in the "Technica Curiosa" of Father Schott, who published as well the "Wonders of England," according to the naïvely enthusiastic style of the epoch. Robert Boyle, a clever English natural philosopher, profiting by the labours of Otho Guericke, had repeated and varied his experiments, had constructed new machines, and had, in a word, gone a step beyond the German philosopher. For a long time the air-pump was designated in England by the name of *Boyle's pump* or *Boyle's vacuum*, but Robert Boyle never claimed priority in this respect. There exists a letter of his written two years after the publication of Father Schott's first work, and in this letter he explicitly states that he was preceded in his scientific labours by the distinguished Otho Guericke. He adds, however, that, in order to remedy certain inconveniences existing in the latter's air-pump, he begged Messrs. Hook and Gratorix to invent some new machines which would be more easy to work, and that, after several useless attempts, Hook succeeded in making an instrument far preferable to the one of Magdeburg.

Robert Boyle soon employed a better engine than the preceding one, but, like that, only furnished with one barrel; and, at last, in order to perform a series of new experiments with a vacuum, he employed a machine different from both of these, and which was the production of the celebrated and unfortunate Frenchman, Denis Papin. In order that no doubt may exist with respect to this subject, we will here give a passage from the celebrated geometrician and philosopher Cotes, of whom Newton himself said, that, "if Mr. Cotes had lived, we should know something." The following is the passage, extracted from the lectures given at Cambridge by Cotes on experimental physics.

This machine "was the contrivance of Mr. Papin, whose assistance Mr. Boyle did also make use of in the trials themselves. This third air-pump was much more convenient than the former, and the advantage lay chiefly in these two particulars. First, whereas the former engines had only one single barrel and one sucker or embolus, this was furnished with two barrels and two suckers, and these two suckers being alternately raised and depressed, caused the evacuation to be continual; which effect could not be obtained by a single sucker, it being necessary that the evacuation should cease during the time in which the sucker is forced in towards the bottom of the barrel. But, besides this advantage of performing the operation in half the time it could be done with a single sucker, the labour also in doing it was greatly lessened. The chief difficulty complained of in single-barrelled pumps is the very great resistance which the external air makes against the sucker as it is drawn outwards; and this resistance increases as the receiver is more and more exhausted, the counterbalance of the internal against the external air being thereby more and more diminished, so that if the barrel be of a considerable wideness, it may be impossible for the strength of any one man to work the engine any longer. Now this resistance of the external air is entirely taken off by making use of two suckers instead of one. They are so connected together by the fabric of the instrument, that as the one descends, so the other must of necessity ascend at the same time; and, consequently, the resistance of the external air, hindering the ascent of the one as much as it promotes the descent of the other, by contrary effects loses its force upon both. I cannot illustrate this better than by comparing it with a balance. If a single weight be placed at one of its extremities, we perceive a difficulty in moving the beam to make the weight ascend, and this difficulty increases as the weight is greater. But if you place another weight equal to the former at the opposite extremity, the difficulty in moving

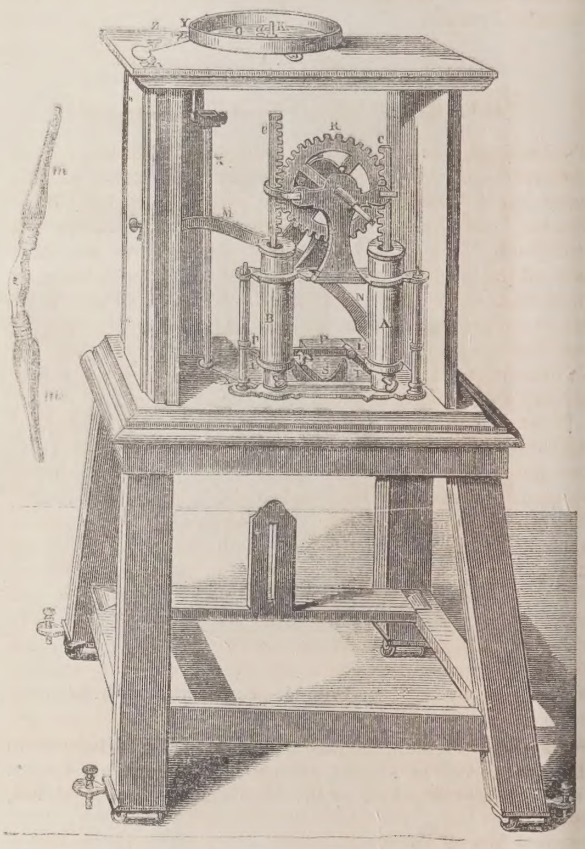


FIG. 13.—Double-acting pneumatic machine, according to the system of Papin.

the beam will entirely cease, how great soever the two equal weights may be supposed to be.

"The other particular in which this air-pump excelled the former, was the advantage of its valves. In the two first engines, whilst the sucker was drawn outwards, you was obliged at the same time to turn a stop-cock, to make way for the air in the receiver to pass from thence into the barrel; and when this air was to be excluded from the barrel, as the sucker was moved inwards, you were obliged again to turn the stop-cock, to prevent the air from reverting into the receiver; and at the same time, to give it a passage outwards, a stopple or plug was to be removed, which closed the hole through which it was to pass, and then again this hole was to be stopped up and the cock to be turned again as more air was drawn from the receiver, and this labour to be repeated perpetually, so long as you continued to work the pump. Now the valves which, in the third air-pump, supplied the place of the plug and stop-cock, were undoubtedly much more

convenient, in that of themselves they opened to give the air a passage forwards, and shut to prevent its return back again."

Fig. 13 represents an apparatus arranged according to this system, of which the following is a summary description :— A and B are two cylinders, in each of which is a piston. The rods, C, of the pistons are furnished with teeth, and they are worked by means of a wheel, R, which in its alternate movement describes about the third of a circle. On the plate, G, are placed the vessels from which it is required to expel the air, and which communicate by pipes, x x x, with the cylinders. Each of these pumps is furnished with a cock placed a little below their ends. The handles of these cocks are indicated by L L, and they are connected one with the other by the brass rod P P, so that both cocks are always moved together. To the axle-tree of the wheel, R, is joined, from behind, a sort of iron cross, N M, which turns the cocks. This ingenious piece of mechanism is rather more complicated than that of the simple valves; but its principle is the same, while it, perhaps, affords the means of closing any vessel in a more hermetical manner.

THE FAIRIES IN NEW ROSS.

There lived, some thirty years since, in the eastern part of the suburbs of New Ross, in the county of Wexford, denominated the "Maudlins," a hedge carpenter named Davy Hanlan, better known to his neighbours by the sobriquet of "Milleadh Maide," or "Speilstick." Davy plied his trade with all the assiduity of an industrious man, "and laboured in all kinds of weather" to maintain his little family; and as his art consisted principally in manufacturing carts, ploughs, and harrows (iron ploughs not being then in use), for the surrounding farmers, and doctoring their old ones, the sphere of Davy's avocations was confined to no mean limits.

It was a dry, sharp night, in the month of November, and darkness had set in long before Davy left Mount Hanover, two miles distant from his home. At length he started forward, and had already reached the bridge of the Maudlins, when he stopped to rest; for besides his tools he carried a bundle of wheaten straw, which he intended for a more than usually comfortable "shake-down" for his dear rib Winny. The moon had by this time ascended above the horizon, and by its silvery radiance depicted in delicate outline the hills rising in the distance, while the tender rays mixing with, and faintly illumining the gloom of, the intermediate valleys, formed a mass of light and shade so exquisitely blended as to appear the work of enchantment. As Davy leaned on the parapet of the bridge, a thrill of alarm involuntarily disturbed his feelings: he was about to depart when he heard a clamorous sound, as of voices, proceeding from that part of the valley on which he still gazed. Curiosity now tempted him to listen still longer, when suddenly he saw a group of dwarfish beings emerging from the gloom, and coming rapidly towards him, along the green marsh that borders the Maudlin stream. Poor Davy was terror-stricken at this unusual sight; in vain he attempted to escape: he was, as it were, spell-bound. Instantly the whole company gained the road beside him, and after a moment's consultation they simultaneously cried out, "Where is my horse? give me my horse!" &c. In the twinkling of an eye they were all mounted. Davy's feelings may be more easily imagined than described, and in a fit of unconsciousness his tongue, as it were mechanically, articulated "Where is my horse?" Immediately he found himself astride on a rude piece of timber, somewhat in shape of a plough beam, by which he was raised aloft in the air. Away he went, as he himself related, at the rate of nine knots an hour, gliding smoothly through the liquid air. No aeronaut ever performed his expedition with more intrepidity; and after about two hours' journeying the whole cavalcade alighted in the midst of a large city, just as

"The iron tongue of midnight had told twelve."

One of the party, who appeared to be a leader, conducted them from door to door, Davy following in the rear; and at the first door he passed them the word, "We cannot enter, the dust of the floor lies not behind the door." Other impediments prevented their ingress to the next two or three doors.

At length, having come to a door which was not guarded by any of these insuperable sentinels which defy the force of fairy assault, he joyfully cried out, "We can enter here;" and immediately, as if by enchantment, the door flew open, the party entered, and Davy, much astonished, found himself within the walls of a spacious wine-store. Instantly the heads of wine vessels were broken, bungs flew out, the carousing commenced, each boon companion pledged his friend as he bedewed his whiskers in the sparkling beverage, and the wassail sounds float round the walls and hollow roof. Davy, not yet recovered from his surprise, stood looking on, but could not contrive to come at a drop; at length he asked a rather agreeable fairy who was close to him to help him to some. "When I shall have done," said the fairy, "I will give you this goblet, and you can drink." Very soon after he handed the goblet to Davy, who was about to drink, when the leader gave the word of command;

"Away, away, my good fairies, away!
Let's revel in moonlight, and shun the dull day."

The horses were ready, the party mounted, and Davy was carried back to the Maudlin bridge, bearing in his hand the silver goblet, as witness of his exploit. Half dead he made his way home to Winny, who anxiously awaited him; 'got to bed about four in the morning, to which he was confined by illness for months afterwards. And as Davy "lived from hand to mouth," his means were soon exhausted. Winny took the goblet and pledged it with Mr. Alexander Whitney, the watchmaker, for five shillings. In a few days after a gentleman who lived not twenty miles from Creywell Cremony came in to Mr. Whitney's, saw the goblet, and recognised it as being once in his possession, and marked with the initials "M.R.," and on examining it found it to be the identical one which he had bestowed, some years before, on a Spanish merchant. Davy, when able to get out, deposed on oath before the Mayor of Ross (who is still living) to the facts narrated above. The Spanish gentleman was written to, and in reply corroborated Davy's statement, saying that on a certain night his wine-store was broken open, vessels much injured, and his wine spilled and drunk, and the silver goblet stolen. Davy was exonerated from any imputation of guilt in the affair, and was careful, during his life, never again to rest at night on the Maudlin bridge.—*Notes and Queries.*

HOPE.

The ancients raised temples to Hope. Some Roman medals represent her under the figure of a young girl, holding a flower in her hand. In bas-reliefs, also, she is sometimes seen leaning with her right hand upon a column, and the other bearing poppies and ears of corn. Sometimes she is winged.

Niecamp affirms, that in the Tamoul language there is no word which expresses the idea of hope; but this is a statement which we can hardly believe. He cannot have searched enough, or he would have found one. There is no nation that does not live on hope and desire. There is no existence so miserable that it does not conceal in some obscure corner the small bright light which shines under the heavy weight of all the evils at the bottom of Pandora's box.

This allegory of Pandora is one of the most beautiful with which Hope inspired the old poets. Hesiod borrowed it from one of the most ancient traditions of Asia. Hope, always young, is, like Love, as old as the world.

Another poetical idea of the ancients, was making Hope the sister of Sleep, who eases our pains, and of Death, who ends them. This has been beautifully embodied by Voltaire in the *Henriade*. The sentiment of hope is one of the most delicate

and most ideal in our inner life, so that there is hardly any poet who has not celebrated it. Spenser, in the "Fairy Queen," represents her as a young girl, pleasing to look upon, clothed in a light garment, her beautiful hair confined by a network of gold, and wet with dew, which she sprinkles upon those who follow her. Cowper speaks of her as flying on mighty wings to the garden of Paradise, where she plucks never-fading flowers, scatters them in the path of weary

Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!—

FROM A PAINTING BY ANNIBAL CARRACCI.

mortals in garlands like those that bind the brows of the glorified spirits in heaven. Campbell sings her praise in grander strains than any,—

"And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by;
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer."

* * * * *

"Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!"

Our engraving is taken from a painting by Annibal Carracci, in the Louvre.

JOHN PYM.

THE growth of English liberty has been progressive and certain. During all time there has existed among us an order of men opposed to freedom of speech and writing, and willing to risk all in the endeavour to abridge popular privileges. On the other hand, there has ever been a large and powerful party who hated injustice, tyranny, and oppression, and who were devoted to the cause of law, order and right. Men who, while they "feared God and honoured the king," have been foremost in declaring that all should have liberty to worship God after their own fashion, and that kings holding the reins of power with too tight a hand, should be peacefully restrained and lawfully made to acknowledge that royal perogative was no warrant for tyranny, and there was no divine right to do wrong.

It is well, perhaps, for Englishmen, that such a state of things should have existed. The obstinacy and cruelty of the few has ever been met by the fearless out-spoken resistance of the many; by the mouths and hands of their representatives; and thus has British liberty been enable to withstand the shocks of revolution and rebellion, and to establish itself upon a pedestal which shall never be overturned.

The most interesting period of English history is that which commences with the accession of the Stuarts, and ends with the proclamation of William Prince of Orange. This period is known as that of the English revolution. During the years which passed between these two epochs—1603, 1688—some of the most important events in our annals were transacted, and some of the greatest of England's sons appeared upon the stage of life. Among the latter—contemporary with such men as Hampden and Clarendon, Bacon and Coke, Cromwell and Blake—lived the patriot, John Pym. The times, if not the precise years in which he lived, were eventful ones. The age was what is called a "transition period," and during it England passed unharmed through revolution and civil war, the elements of which had been gathering strength for many

JOHN PYM.

preceding years, only to burst at last, and overturn completely and for ever the irresponsible power of princes and potentates. A new intellectual reign was proclaimed in those days, and a new political life was called into existence through the indomitable energies and unpurchaseable integrity of the men of the revolution. The seeds of liberty were scattered broad-cast over the land, and we who live in these peaceful and happy times, are daily reaping their abundant harvest.

John Pym—the history of whose life is indeed the history of the eventful times in which he lived—was born in Somersetshire, in the year 1584. His family is described by Clarendon as having been of "private quality and condition of life;" but, says John Forster—from whose excellent work* the facts that follow are mainly derived—there is reason to believe that it was of "rich and very old descent." As a boy, John Pym is said to have been remarkable for quick natural talents and an unwearied pursuit of every study he took in hand. We learn, too, that he was blessed with a good and pious mother, and that to her teaching he was indebted for much of that quiet and unobtrusive piety, that real and active principle, and that uncompromising fidelity to the cause of right and justice, which so eminently distinguished him in all relations of life.

As soon as the ordinary school education was over, young Pym was sent to Oxford, where he took a degree; and coming to London, entered himself a student at one of the inns of court, with the view to the bar as a profession. He never did practise at the bar, however, but from his thorough knowledge of English law it is evident that he was a persevering and indefatigable student.

About this time he attracted the attention of Lord Bedford, one of the leaders of the Whig party, and by his influence was appointed to a responsible office in the Exchequer. This early connexion with the government naturally led to his entrance into parliament, and thus in the returns for 1614 we find the name of John Pym, as member for the borough of Calne, he being then only in his thirtieth year. The dissolution of this, the "addle parliament," after a session of only two months, was followed by the arrest and imprisonment of several of its members. Among those who suffered from the arbitary conduct of the first James, on this occasion, Mr. Forster supposes Pym to have been one. "Such an accession" says he, "to the popular party would be not unlikely to have been rewarded by a warrant from the council-table;" and this is the more probable as there were ten "refractory" members committed to prison, and among them a young gentleman fresh from the schools, who, having gathered together divers Latin sentences against kings, bound them up in a long speech.

His imprisonment was not, however, of any very long duration, for about this time he married Anne Hooker, the daughter of a landed squire in Somersetshire. For the next six years his name is not to be found in connexion with public affairs. But it is not difficult to follow him in imagination to his quiet home in Somersetshire; where, amid the calm of domestic life, he was probably strengthening himself for the long and arduous struggle with tyranny, which this first taste of imprisonment had determined him to combat. It is easy to think that during these six years he was familiarising his mind with the idea of resistance, and preparing for the absolute devotion of his great faculties and deep affections to that old cause which was now again, and not dimly, dawning upon the world.

After eight years of domestic happiness, the wife of John Pym's youth was taken from him; and once again he put on the armour of battle and entered the arena of political strife as an advocate of popular rights and privileges. On the assembling of parliament, he again took his seat as member for Calne, and quickly raised his voice in opposition to the king's oppressive demands. In this parliament John Hampden made his maiden speech, and these two men from this period set themselves boldly to work, in common with other men of learning and action, to resist the encroachments of kingly prerogative, and secure for the people of England those rights and privileges which the meanest among us at present enjoy.

James, desiring more money to prosecute his designs against the popular party, sent a letter to the House, in which he demanded that certain "fiery, popular, and turbulent spirits," —among whom, we may be sure, were Pym and Hampden,— should be forbidden to inquire into the mysteries of state. This message was violently resisted by the members; and from the day of its delivery—December 3rd, 1621—may be dated the kind of open warfare of antagonistic principles which ended in the destruction of the Stuart race. Even the philosophic House declared that it was "rash and indiscreet" in the king thus to risk the "tearing off of that sacred veil which had hitherto covered the English constitution, and which threw an obscurity upon it so advantageous to royal prerogative." From this time "every man began to indulge himself in political reasonings and inquiries; and the same factions which commenced in parliament were propagated through the nation. In answer to the demands of James, the Commons made an assertion which the boldest adherent to monarchical prerogative would not in this day dare to deny, that the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdictions of parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England. This declaration was carried to the king at Newmarket by John Pym and eleven other members deputed by the House. "Chairs!" cried the king, "chairs! here be twelve kings coming."

The king refused to receive the address; and as Roger Coke expresses it, "furled all his sails and resolved to ride out this storm with the Commons." The issue is well enough known. The king dissolved the parliament by proclamation, and summoned those "evil-tempered spirits" before the council-table, in the persons of Pym, Coke, Phillips, and Mallony, who were forthwith committed to separate prisons.

James's last parliament was summoned in the next year, and Pym was once more free. What he did in that parliament was consistent with the character he had hitherto borne; he resisted the monopolies and patents granted by the king, was employed in exposing the delinquencies of the lord-treasurer Middlesex, and was universally regarded as the mouth-piece of the popular party.

On the 27th of March, 1625, James the First died, after an inglorious reign; and his son Charles, then in the twenty-fifth year of his age, was made king in his stead.

The first parliament under the new king, consisting of four hundred members, met at Westminster "for the despatch of business," on the 18th of June following. The youthful king and his beautiful queen, Henrietta, were well received by the nation; but men's minds were more than ever made up to resist the encroachments of royalty and to secure the integrity of the Protestant religion. Charles's first step, therefore, was distasteful to the parliament and the people, for it was one which threatened the liberties of Protestants. This first parliament, however, passed over without anything more serious than a protest against the interference of Montague, the king's Roman Catholic chaplain, and the second parliament of Charles assembled.

Grave work was to be done in this second parliament, which assembled at Oxford. Energy and intellect were necessary to carry out the designs of its leaders; and John Pym found himself appointed one of the secret managers of the article of impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham. It is necessary to go into the particulars of this charge, as the impeachment never was fully determined; though there is no doubt that the duke was really guilty of many of the acts of extortion imputed to him. The war with France followed, and the ratification of the petition of rights, the second magna charta, was the price which Charles paid for the subsidies voted him by the Commons.

In the preparation of this famous document, Pym was fully and incessantly employed, and the great measure only obtained the king's signature after repeated addresses and consultations.

But great as were his exertions on this momentous occasion, he appears to have in no way neglected his duty as chairman

* Lives of Eminent British Statesmen, Vol. III, by John Forster.

of the various religious committees which sat during this famous parliament. "But," says Foster, "Pym was never at any period of his life a nonconformist; he died as he had lived, in the discipline, no less than in the faith, of the pure English church—a faithful son of the Protestant religion."

We must be brief in our recapitulation of the remaining acts of John Pym's career. The crisis of affairs which had now arrived, aroused the spirit and engaged the attention of every man in England. The king and the parliament disagreed; for the king was faithless and the parliament unbending. Charles aimed at despotism, and all England was in commotion. In the midst of the confusion (1628), Pym brought a charge against Dr. Mainwaring, of endeavouring to destroy the constitution by the publication of doctrines subversive of civil and religious liberty. The doctor was tried by the peers, and sentenced to pay a fine of a thousand pounds, to be suspended from all office, to be imprisoned during the king's pleasure, and that the book in which he had asserted the offensive doctrines, should be publicly burnt.

When the session of parliament was ended, the king released and pardoned the ecclesiastic and rewarded him with a rich benefice.

The conduct of the king tending more and more to enslave the people, the parliament interfered for their protection, and further breaches were made in the truce between Charles and his government. Taxes of all kinds were rigorously enforced. The Star Chamber was in full operation, and the dislike of the people to their sovereign was daily growing greater and greater. In this extremity it was that Pym stood up in the Commons and endeavoured, with a degree of eloquence never before heard there, to heal the wound that festered in the public mind. Though he could not excuse the tyranny of his sovereign, or uphold the illegal patents and proclamations of the court; though he dared not sanction the publication of acts of state which were made to supply the place of laws, or overlook the many and grievous wrongs to which the protestant people of England were forced to submit at the hands of their more favoured catholic fellow-subjects, he yet endeavoured to avert the evil day, the dawn of which he dreaded and deplored—when king and people should be set one against the other in open conflict. But it was of no avail; the king would not be persuaded into right. We all know the story of the trial of Hampden, and his endeavour, with Pym and Cromwell, to escape from the tyranny of Charles by crossing the Atlantic, and burying his talents in American backwoods; how "on the 1st of May, 1638, eight ships bound for New England, and filled with puritan families, were arrested on the Thames by an order in council;" how for eleven years no parliaments were holden in England; how thousands of oppressed protestants sought refuge in the new world from Star Chamber prosecutions, from sufferings, dangers, and tyrannies, willing to leave the home of their youth, and brave all for conscience' sake; how time and fate were pressing hardly upon the government of Charles; how the right of petitioning parliament came to be now first recognised through the interference and influence of Pym and others; how, in the famous Long Parliament, "Master Pym, a grave and religious gentleman, in a long speech of almost two hours, recited a catalogue of the grievances which at that time lay heavy on the commonwealth, of which many abbreviated copies were, with great greediness, taken by gentlemen and others throughout the kingdom, for it was then the fashion to print speeches in parliament;" how Pym laboured long, and earnestly, and eloquently, to regain the rights of the people, and petitioned Charles on the subject many times; how the haughty and ill-advised sovereign replied that "Kings were not bound to give an account of their regal actions and of their manner of government to their subjects assembled in parliament;" how a dissolution followed this extraordinary declaration; how the disastrous war with Scotland was dragging the king daily, as Pym had foretold, to the feet of his subjects; how Pym and Hampden, as chiefs and advisers of the people, rode through England and exhorted the electors to do their duty in the coming election for another parliament; how, on the 3rd of November, 1640, the Long Parliament assembled, and the impeachment of Strafford and Laud were immediately proceeded with; how Pym made the celebrated declaration that "Parliaments without parliamentary liberties are but a fair and plausible way unto bondage;" how Pym and his party grew daily more popular with the people, and more to be suspected by the court; how, on the king's departure for Scotland, spies were set upon Pym, who misrepresented his conduct and blackened his character; how the "incident" which now engaged Charles' attention on the meeting of parliament, and about which contemporary history is so mysteriously silent, was no less than the removal, by "assassination or impeachment," of the leader of the popular party; how the Irish rebellion, with all its horrors, followed; how a final remonstrance was made to the nation, by a petition to the house, through Pym, on behalf of liberty against despotism; how the year 1641, the most eventful, perhaps, in English history, closed with the national remonstrance, and the stormy debate which followed its presentation; how Pym, Hampden, Mr. Hollis, Sir Arthur Hazelregge, and Mr. Strode, were accused by the king of high treason; how John Pym answered the king; how Charles himself entered the house to seize the members named, amidst the confusion and astonishment of the assembly; how the gentlemen accused took refuge in the city; how Charles and his soldiers followed after in search of them, and raised the city in arms in their defence; and how at last Pym and the others openly defied the king, and again took his accustomed seat in the house;—all these circumstances are matters of history.

It is unnecessary, too, to tell of the disastrous issue of this conflict between Charles and his parliament—for we all know how it ended. But in that end John Pym was destined to take no part. It is true that to him was given the care and conduct of the committee of safety; and that in the civil war that followed he took active interest, and indeed saved the commonwealth, in spite of the opposition of the court and the Oxford divines—but Hampden died upon the field, and Pym was destined soon to follow his old friend and compatriot to the land of rest. The spirit of the patriot was unconquerable, but the body of the man was wearing away with toil and illness. The hand of death was upon him ere the triumph of his friends was complete. On the eighth of December, 1643, he died. The news of their great enemy's death was good news for the royalists. "From London," writes Trevor, in a letter to the Marquis of Ormonde, "we hear that Pym is crawling to his grave as fast as he can;" next day the patriot died.

He was attended during his last hours by Dr. Marshall, who thus speaks of him:—"To the last he maintained the same evenness of spirit which he had in health, professing that it was to him a most indifferent thing to live or die. If he lived, he would do what service he could; and if he died, he should go to that God whom he had served and who would carry on his work by some others . . . . A little before his end, having *recovered* out of *a swound*, seeing weeping around him, he cheerfully told them he had looked death in the face, and feared not the work it could do; assuring them that his heart was filled with more comfort and joy, which he felt from God, than his tongue was able to utter." After reading this calm and affecting account of the last moments of this immortal advocate of civil and religious freedom, "no one," says Foster, "will feel disposed to deny the justness of that prophecy, which Baxter, in his 'Saints' Everlasting Rest,' has indulged in translating Pym to heaven:—'Surely Pym is now a member of a more knowing, unerring, well-ordered, right aiming, self-denying, unanimous, honourable, triumphant senate, than that from which he was taken.'"

His body was by order of the house of commons, interred in Westminster Abbey, on the 15th of December; and the whole house attended the ceremony "with," says, Clarendon, "wonderful pomp and magnificence." Dr. Marshall preached the funeral sermon, from which we have made the foregoing quotation, from a text taken from the 7th chapter of Micah, "Woe is me, for the good man hath perished out of the earth."

SCENES IN A SWISS VILLAGE.

A SLIGHT circumstance is sufficient to create a sensation in an Alpine village—or, indeed, in any village, for the matter of that; and the incident which the artist has chosen is one common to almost every town and hamlet in Europe. The monkey, like a finished gentleman, has made the "grand tour," and, like the old woman in the nursery tale, has "music wherever he goes." No sooner does he make his appearance in the outskirts of the village, than out troop the neighbours

THE MONKEY. FROM A SKETCH BY KARL GIRARDET.

—for in primitive places all men are neighbours—to bid him welcome. In the instance before us, M. Girardet has chosen naturally enough, to sketch what he has certainly himself seen; but the incidents of the picture are so life-like and natural, that, but for one or two little peculiarities of architecture and costume, it might be taken for a representation of one of our own English village scenes, painted by Webster or Frith.

How admirable the various "parts" that go to make a "whole" of the picture are brought together: the sun-browned Italian boy grinds out the tunes from his hurdy-gurdy with the same thoughtful, gentle, melancholy face in the bye-places of merrie England as before the snow-cold doorways of rude Russian boors; the quiet, almost classic, features of the little lad whose office it is to be at once the monkey's teacher and bearer, are as well known all over France, and Germany, and central Europe, as in the mountain hamlet near the lake of Como where he was born—perhaps a great deal better; and then as to Jocko, the principal actor, and certainly the best fed and cared-for of the travelling group, who does not recognise in him the type of the whole performing tribe of monkeys "who have seen the world?" Is there not the very same dusky red jacket, buttoned behind to prevent its wearer from tearing it open on wrong occasions? the same old look of cunning which is a libel and a satire on the "human face divine?" the same jumping, starting, frightening, thievish,

mischievous monkeyism, which seems inseparable from the character of the educated animal?

These, the principal figures in the picture, are, of course, the sole attraction in the village scene the picture represents.

THE MAN OF SNOW. FROM A SKETCH BY KARL GIRARDET.

But in this design, as in many others, the adjuncts interest the spectator more nearly and entirely than the prominent actors. What can be more natural and home-like than that father and that young mother with the little child, who is tremblingly handing a nut to Monsieur Jocko? or what more life-like than the thoughtful expression of the coatless rustic in the porch? or the half-laughing, half-wondering look of the old woman peering over his shoulder, as if but that instant interrupted from her domestic duties? In the background are seen the villagers—young men and maidens—eager to catch a glimpse of the interesting stranger; and their curiosity and excitement is well contrasted with the fright of the child in

front, who, though his back is towards us, is, we may be certain, bawling lustily to be taken home by his too good-natured grandmother,—and yet this little fellow, who is so scared at sight of a shabby-looking monkey, will drive a dozen cows to the pasture with the most perfect self-possession, and grow up into a sturdy tiller of the soil; or, haply, become another William Tell or Winkelried.

Dogs bark, and little children crowd forward to greet monsieur the monkey who has seen the world; and in the midst the poor mendicants stand unconcerned, and ring out their tinkling bird-like music to the intense delight of the assemblage. It is no uncommon thing to meet with lads in the great highways of Europe—London, and Paris, and Berlin, and Brussels—who accompany the notes of their barrel organs with notes of their own, and follow every involution of the air with the unerring fidelity of a well-taught bullfinch; and this, too, not with a coarse loud whistle, but with a sweetly modulated piping which accords so well with the instrument as to please rather than offend the ear. It is calculated that there are at the present moment not fewer than four thousand lads employed in carrying about and playing various descriptions of hand organs. The most of them come from the villages in Italian Switzerland—poor, simple children of the mountains—whence they are carried by their masters to the various cities of Europe. Every summer England is invaded by an army of swarthy, innocent-looking foreigners, who, after gathering their harvest of copper—money given for the most part as a free-will offering of pity, rather than as payment for their music—betake themselves home again to their quiet little cottages, rich in the possession of something more than a labourer's monthly wage. Poor fellows!

To return for an instant to the picture. As a whole it cannot but be considered as a striking and vivid representation of a village incident common to almost every country in Europe. The flower-covered chalet in the foreground, the picturesque houses and the modest church-steeple behind, and the grand old hills which rise above all, give to it an air at once homely, artistic, and human.

The scene changes: winter has come—dark, cold, cheerless winter; but not so dark and cheerless as we may at first suppose. The snow will soon be here, and the sharp, brisk frost, bringing with them new pleasures and delights.

Here it comes in thick leadeny clouds, making the earth seem dark; here it comes in large white flakes, like feathers, feathers plucked from aerial geese by an aerial old woman. Softly falling on the hard ground—thicker, faster—faster, thicker—till all the ground is covered, and the roofs and gables, and the naked branches of the trees, and every outside window-ledge, and every wall-top, and every spot whereon the flakes can lodge, is white, as white as snow can make it. Still falling faster, faster, thicker, thicker, all night long, and out we look upon the gloomy scene—so black above, so white below,—the earth wrapped in a winding sheet, and not a footprint on the snow.

And then the morning comes, so sharp, so cold, and yet so pleasant, and busy people stamp their feet upon the ground to keep them warm, and boys begin to slide upon the frozen ground, or are off and away to the streamlet or the pond, to see whether it be possible as yet to skate. Then hey for snow-balls! Boys are not afraid of cold, and cough, and aching limbs to-morrow; they set to work with a will, and make such wondrous balls, that by rolling them over and over and over again, they become perfectly gigantic, and when cast upward, or forward, or backward, fall in a very shower of spray. And still the snow flakes fall, and still the cold sharp frost continues. What, if we make a man of snow, a man of snow flakes; cold to be sure, but not perhaps colder, on the whole, than living men about us in their heart of hearts. So we set to work. Upward, upward, with the snow flakes, higher and higher with the snow-balls, and by-and-bye a huge gigantic figure, all of snow, is rising upward, with a wonderful head, with a basket for a hat, and a broom for an arm. Surely, it is worth the trouble,—a wintry Colossus, a Brobdignagian snow mountain; the finishing touch is given, and a shout—a shout such as merry light-hearted boys can alone raise—is echoed far and wide.

M. Girardet has sketched such a scene. The thick white snow is resting upon all things, soft and white as down. Notice the busy happy group at play. Here a schoolboy is half concealed by the snow; his books lie on the ground, for what to him are books when men of snow are making? By him stands another, hiding his chilly hands within his own warm pockets; his head is carefully bandaged, and seems to tell us that he should be somewhere else, somewhere by the blazing fire, rather than in the open air on such a sharp cold day as this. But what are all the tooth-aches in the world to him when a frolic is afoot among the snow? Here, at the front, another lad is rolling onward a ponderous snow-ball; there one without a cap, and with a careless air, that seems to bid defiance to the weather, is asking some question about the sport. Here a sturdy boy is supporting another on his shoulder, that the other with a broken branch may artistically finish the optics of the man of snow. And here's another lifting up his hands in admiration; and here another taking a full view of the performance, forming a calm impartial judgment of the whole; and there behind a very host of boys, whooping and hallooing with delight.

The chalet is covered with snow, and very cold and chilly does it look: a mother and a little child or two look forth upon the scene; and there the sturdy mountaineer stops to glance for a moment on the man of snow, and lives again his boyish life in the joy and pleasure of the young ones.

Who among us, at some time or another, has not joined in such sport? not in Alpine villages, but in a town or village somewhere? We can recall those boyish days, and forget the past in the present—forget the stern, hard struggle of life, the journey that knows no halting place, the wearisome school time that knows no holiday, the battle that never ceases, the siege that knows no truce—and for the time live again, as we once lived twenty, thirty, forty years agone. The sketch wakes up old memories deep and tender,—we have made snow men in our time: we have piled up ball upon ball, and flake upon flake, and mound upon mound, and fashioned out a cold pattern of humanity. It was a pleasant thing to wander in that shady lane when blackberries and filberts ripen, pleasant to frolic in the green fields when lazy kine were blinking in the sunshine, and when the strip of gossamer sauntered about in the golden air; but not so pleasant as the frost, the cold, sharp frost, the cheerful, healthful frost—a benizon be on it! We remember how the old churchyard, covered o'er with snow, appeared more still and solemn than at any other time; how icicles, in wondrous forms, depending from every eave and gable; how bleak and bare were the trees, and how the boisterous bellowing wind played its own wild music. Thinking of these things, we see again old faces, hear again old voices—faces that have long departed, voices that have long been hushed.

Well, all of those merry, light-hearted boys that live to be men, will play the same game over again in the activities of their world-life. Depend upon it they will work away at speculation and wise schemes that shall have no more durability than the man of snow, that after all shall fade away and vanish as their childish work. But what of it, when the thaw comes and melts their mountain, they will fall asleep and forget it, and wake to greet new pleasures in another season; and he is happy who can carry with him into the world the same cheerful and contented spirit,—who is never crushed and beaten down by the strife, and trials, and failures of life.

In both Girardet's sketches there is so much of truth, so much of reality, so much of life, that they show us the artist has thrown his whole soul into the designs. Here Jocko, in his dusty red jacket, attracts around him a throng of admirers—Jocko, who has seen the world; here old winter is reigning, and the Alpine village is noisy with the boyish sport, as busy hands pile high the mighty man of snow. The sketches are life-like and worthy of the artist.

SCENE IN THE "DEAD BRIDAL."

ZENO AND COUNT POLANI IN THE ROOM IN THE FORT.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER II.

" Questi palazzi e queste logge, or colte
D'ostri e di marmi e di figure elette,
Fur poche e basse case insieme accolte,
Deserti lidi e povere isolette
Ma gente ardite d'ogni vizio sciolte,
Permeano il mar con picciole barchette,
Che qui non per domar provincie molte,
Ma fuggir servitù, s'eran ristrette.
Non era ambizion ne' petti loro ;
Il mentir abborrian piu che la morte ;
Ne vi regnava ingordo fame d'oro
Se'l ciel v'ha dato piu beata sorte,
Non sien quelle virtù che tanto onoro
Dalle nove ricchezze oppresse e morte."

FRANCESCO COPPETTA.

THE period in which the opening of our story, detailed in the preceding chapter, is laid, forms a portion of one of the most eventful eras of the history of Venice. This wonderful group of islands which formed within themselves the republic of Venice, had, previously to the 13th century, attained a high position among the states of Europe,—presenting to the world a spectacle worthy of admiration and astonishment. A small state in point of population as well as of territory, Venice, from at first disputing for the very liberty of existence with the enemies who pressed upon her on every side, had, by the force of her indomitable industry, patriotism, hardihood, and valour, established her power and made herself formidable; achieving her greatness as it were by the force of some internal mysterious energy, when nature herself seemed to have forbidden her the means of rising. But the prosperity of the Venetian republic attracted to her, as by a necessity, the jealousy, and the hatred, and the assaults of the states with whose greatness and power she interfered. The fate of nations, in this respect differs but little from that of individuals. He who would rise above his fellows, must expect to meet with envy and opposition in every step of his upward path. The state that would elevate herself above her neighbours must purchase that elevation by a constant struggle with those whose interest she obstructs or whose power she seeks to master.

Of all the states of Italy, none was more hostile to the rising greatness of Venice, than Genoa. It is true they were separated the one from the other by the breadth of the country; still they seemed by nature destined to be rivals. They were both great maritime powers, and as such, each was pursuing the same object,—the sovereignty of the sea. Genoa, though placed on the extreme west of the Italian peninsula, had pushed her conquests and extended her commerce to the Levant, and even to the shores of the Black Sea. With that commerce the Venetians interfered. The consequence was, that the two republics were continually embroiled, and when hostilities ceased, it was the result of mutual exhaustion, not of any settlement of their disputes. When the Genoese subdued the Cypriots, the Venetians gave their aid to the vanquished. At the battle of Antium in 1378, the fleets of the two republics engaged during the fury of a violent storm, and the issue of the battle was favourable to the Venetians. Smarting under this and other defeats, the Genoese republic made preparations to act vigorously on the offensive, and determined, if possible, to carry the war into the very lagunes within which her ancient enemy was seated. Accordingly a large armament was fitted out, and the Genoese admiral, Luciano Doria, entered the Adriatic in the month of May, 1379, and fell in with and engaged the Venetian fleet off the shore of Dalmatia, near Pola, then much injured by a storm, and weakened by the ravages of sickness. Vittorio Pisani, one of the bravest and greatest men that Venice ever produced, commanded the Venetian flotilla, and after a terrible fight of some hours' duration and immense slaughter, the Genoese were finally victorious, though their admiral was slain in the engagement.

This victory was fraught with the most serious consequences to Venice, and left her almost unprotected. Now, indeed, her position was suddenly and terribly reversed. From having been for a long time the formidable assailant, she was now left almost without an available fleet in her own seas to repel the invaders; for at this very period the principal armament of the Republic was far away upon an expedition in the Mediterranean; and while the navy of Venice was spreading terror in the west, at home her very existence seemed to be trembling in the balance. The Genoese fleet, amounting to forty-eight well equipped galleys, with numerous light vessels and transports, coasted along the western sea-line of the Venetian territory, chasing the merchant vessels of Venice, and insulting her flag. Growing bolder by his success, the Genoese admiral, Pietro Doria, threw his troops on shore, burned a village at Palestrina, and gained the possession of the suburbs of Chioggia, the principal western port of the Republic. The most active preparations were now made by the Venetian government to fortify the approaches to their capital, which was thus menaced with nothing less than a sack. As yet, however, Doria did not dare to steer his flotilla within sight of St. Mark's, for though his government as well as himself panted to execute a terrible vengeance on their rival, the City of the Sea was yet too strongly protected to warrant the admiral to yield to the enthusiasm of his followers, and respond to the cry, " *To Venice! To Venice! Viva San Giorgio!*"

But it was not written in the book of fate that the flag of St. George should ever flout the Lion of St. Mark in the squares of the city of the Lagunes. The western key of the city was first to be won, and to that the Genoese commander now directed his energies. Francesco di Carrara, Prince of Padua, the old enemy of the Republic, and now leagued with Genoa, descended the Brenta with his fleet and troops, and overcoming the obstacles thrown up by the Venetians, his war barges effected a junction with the flotilla of Doria, while the Paduan prince took up his own position upon the " *terra firma.*"

At length by the beginning of the month of August, 1379, the port of Chioggia was invested both by sea and land. Many were the noble sallies and valiant feats of single combat which, if we believe ancient chroniclers, took place between the contending armies during the continuance of the blockade, till upon the 16th of the month the assailants determined to concentrate all their energies in a powerful assault upon the bridge which connected the Island of Brondolo with Chioggia. The attack was made both by the land and sea forces of the allies with great fury, and was repelled with equal vigour by

the Venetians. For a time the issue of the contest seemed doubtful; then the Genoese wavered, and the prince of Padua, it is said, meditated abandoning the assault,—when a cloud of flame burst up into the sky close to the piers of the bridge for which the combatants were so hotly contending. Carrara saw that the fortune of the day was now turned in his favour. The flames he knew were those of the fire-ship which had been sent adrift by the Genoese, and had now struck against the piers and exploded. The Venetians upon this fled, supposing that the bridge had been blown up; and the enemy pressing closely upon them entered the town, and after a scene of most appalling carnage Chioggia remained in the possession of the allied forces ere the sun had set upon it, and was formally transferred to the Prince of Padua.

Profound beyond description was the consternation which seized upon Venice on the night of the 16th of August. In the dead of the night, some few who had escaped the slaughter at Chioggia entered Venice, and announced the melancholy tidings. Then might be heard the tocsin of Saint Mark's pealing to arms. Men, stricken with terror and full of perplexity, hurried forth into the squares and public places, and there awaited the dawn of the day, uncertain that the coming light would not show to their terrified gaze the galleys of the victorious Genoese bearing down upon the city; and the wail of women and children added to the horror of the scene. In this desperate emergency the most unconditional propositions of submission were offered to the lord of Padua; and had they been accepted,—as we have good reason to believe it was his wish that they should,—the sovereignty of Venice would in all likelihood have been at an end for ever. Happily, however, for her, the hatred of her rival Genoa was destined to prove the means of her preservation. The ancient feud and jealousy between the two sea-queens could not be appeased by anything less than the utter extermination of her who now lay prostrate before the power of the Genoese admiral. He sternly refused all overtures for peace; and his memorable reply to the Venetian envoys is familiar to all who are acquainted with Italian history.

"By the faith of God, ye signors of Venice, no peace shall ye have either from the lord of Padua or from our republic of Genoa, till we ourselves have put bridles upon those unbitted-horses of yours that are over St. Mark's portico. When we shall have got the reins once in our hands, we shall know how to keep them quiet for the future."

And well was it for Venice that the haughty and stern Doria, with the memory of his father's death and of his country's shame, both inflicted by the same power, thus drove her to rely for her preservation upon her own energies alone. The hour of her desperation was the dawn of her deliverance. It is not the nature of great energies, be they those of individuals or of nations, to sink beneath the pressure of adverse circumstances. There may be, and there often is, in the case of each a period during which the moral sense reels before the stupor of the sudden stroke, but it is sure to rally, and then to retire into itself, as it were, for a season; to review its position; to look around it; to measure its own vital power; to gather up all its resources, and to go forth, in the hopeful sense, that there is indeed no despair for brave hearts and a righteous cause.

And so did Venice. Her first act was one of justice—to wipe away the stain of ingratitude towards her greatest citizen—a crime which might well have been supposed to have averted from her the favour of heaven. From the deep dungeons of the state-prison, where he had been cast after the disastrous engagement off Pola, Vittorio Pisani was now led forth to take his seat at the great council board, and to deliberate upon the salvation of that republic which had rewarded life-long services with imprisonment, and almost with death. The ancient chroniclers of Venice are eloquent in the praise of the greatness of soul which the illustrious warrior displayed upon this occasion, as indeed upon all others, of his most mutable and eventful career—that true magnanimity which can forget wrongs in the hour of triumph. And yet if there be any vengeance which a great soul can desire, any refreshing draught which can satiate its longings and appease its thirst, any balm which can heal the bleeding wounds of honour, assuredly it is that which such a soul receives when the prince and the people alike acknowledge the worthiness of him whom they have persecuted. We know scarce any words that contain at once a finer reproof, or express a nobler modesty, than those of Pisani to the tumultuous shouts of "Viva Pisani" with which the populace saluted him.

"Stop," said he; "the cry of a true Venetian is 'Viva San Marco!'"

We shall not dwell upon the details, however interesting, of the vigorous exertions now made by the Venetians. Every true Venetian felt that he belonged to the republic,—now, indeed, reduced in its limits to little more than the city itself. The cry of "Viva San Marco" animated every bosom. The lines of the Lido were strengthened, fosses were dug, towers were built, and new works were thrown up around the arsenal. The noblest sacrifices of person and property, which, perhaps, have ever been recorded, were willingly made by the people, from the highest to the lowest, from the venerable Doge Contarini to the humblest mechanic.

Amongst the nobles who, during this terrible strait, tendered their services and their fortunes, none was more forward than the Count Polani, to whom we have already introduced our readers. Not only did he devote a large portion of his revenues to the public treasury, but he raised money to equip a galley. Daily might he be seen with his new-raised marines, consisting principally of his own retainers, together with many of the humbler artisans of the city, in his galley upon the Canale di Spinalonga, taking his part in the naval exercises and manœuvres which were carried on under the management of Pisani, and superintended and encouraged by the Doge himself. At length the little flotilla felt strong enough to pass beyond the fortifications of the city, and, acting on the defensive, captured a few boats of the Genoese that were hovering about. And so, by degrees, they gained ground in many desultory engagements with vessels detached from the enemy's main fleet; and, constantly increasing in discipline and numbers, the Venetian navy gradually forced their enemy to fall back from the neighbourhood of the city and content themselves with cruising within the shelter of the fortifications of Chioggia.

The 23rd of December, 1379, was a day long remembered by the people of Venice, and more particularly by all those worthy folks, amongst whom we especially include the fair sex, who love everything in the nature of a public pageant. High mass was performed at Saint Mark's with unusual solemnity. Old Andrea Contarini, now past seventy years of age, proceeded in pomp from the church, attended by the senators and principal nobles, the gonfaloniere bearing before him the standard of the republic, which, as it spread out its folds upon the air, displayed the lion of Saint Mark with outspread wings emblazoned upon it. The troops followed their national standard, full of hope and fervour, moving to the animating sounds of the trumpets, and other martial music, while the prayers of the priests and women, and the shouts of men cheered them on their way down the Piazzetta di San Marco, and thence passing between the two columns of their tutelary saints, the Doge himself taking the gonfalon in his hands, embarked in the admiral's galley. Then the troops went on board their respective galleys, and as the setting sun was projecting the long shadows of the Zecca across towards the palace of the Doge, the whole fleet, now well equipped and numerous, bore away for Chioggia, with the brave determination of blockading the enemy.

But we may not loiter over these things. The operations of the succeeding five weeks are in the recollection of the readers of Italian history. Who does not remember the oath of the gallant old Doge, sworn upon the knightly cross upon his sword-hilt, never to return to the city till he had triumphed over the enemy? And how sorely would that vow have perplexed him but for the opportune arrival of Carlo Zeno, and his long prayed-for fleet from the Levant. Then for the first time were heard and seen the roar and the blaze of the

newly invented artillery, the two immense "*bombardi*" which daily hurled from the battery at Fossone their enormous balls of stone, weighing, as we are told, over 100 pounds, one of which shattered the fortifications of Brondolo and buried the Genoese admiral beneath its ruins. In February an attack was made on the Island of Brondolo by the Venetians, and after a terrible carnage recovered from the Genoese and Paduans, of whom over 6000 were slain, the remnant flying into Chioggia, now the sole hold of the enemies of Venice. Such was the state of the memorable "war of the Chioggia" at the time when our story opened.

Whoever has been at Venice will remember the long low shoaly strand known as the Lido. The littorale or shore of the Island of Malamocco stretches southward along the Adriatic, whose waters it separates from the lagunes that lie westward of it. Arid and desolate, it was, at the time we speak of, the principal burying-ground of the Jews of Venice, whose tombs may still be seen there. Beyond this island, and still further south, lay the Island of Palestrina, upon which a few villages had been built, inhabited by fishermen. The extremity of this island farthest from Venice formed the northern entrance of the Porto di Chioggia, and upon its point the Venetians had raised a strong fortification, which with the opposite fort on the Island of Brondolo now again in their possession, enabled them to block up the Genoese fleet. At the mouth of the 'Porto' lay the flotilla of the Venetians while their troops occupied the two forts on the islands we have alluded to.

It was a fine afternoon, in the month of March, in the year 1380. The sun was already descending towards the horizon, and lit up with a ruddy glow the tranquil lagunes and the rippling waters of the Adriatic, save where the dark massive fortifications of Palestrina flung their shadows upon the sea. Groups of soldiers might be seen straggling along the low shore, or lounging about the ramparts of the fort, while upon the summit of the fortifications, archers and men-at-arms were keeping watch. It was a picturesque sight to see the various dresses and accoutrements of the soldiers. At the time we speak of, numerous bands of foreign mercenaries, or Condottieri, swarmed through Italy ready to give their services to the state which hired them. Catalonians had been brought under Fra Rugieri in the early part of the century, and subsequently a band of German adventurers were raised by Werner, or Duke Guarnieri, as he was called; these again were succeeded by the company of Fra Moreale, and a company of English was assembled at a later period by the Marquis of Montferrat; and others, principally of the same nation, were led by the celebrated Sir John Hawkwood. The Venetians did not fail to secure, like the other states of Italy, the services of the Condottieri, one band of which, consisting of a hundred lancers and four hundred infantry, were commanded by Roberto Recanati, and another, chiefly English, by an English knight of the name of Cheke. Groups of these soldiers were now to be seen from every quarter of Europe; English archers, with their long bows; Germans, with their ponderous and unwieldy arblasts and bolts tipped with heads of square steel; and with them were men with the huge shield called the pavison, which was held before the archer to protect him while he discharged his missile; there, too, were the men-at-arms, with the lance and the sword, clothed partially in plate armour, which was just then superseding the chain mail. Most of these were whiling away the tediousness of this period of inaction by playing at dice and moro, and various other games, or chatting over the adventures of the wars in which they had been engaged, with all the gay nonchalance of men whose trade is arms and whose country is the land that for the time hires their services. More retired, might be seen soldiers of the republic canvassing the prospects of the siege, with the earnestness of men who love their country with unbought affection, while before the gates of the fortification the sentinels paced to and fro with a measured, monotonous tread. Wandering eastward, the eye traversed the expanse of waters almost to the shores of Dalmatia, resting in its passage on the Venetian fleet in the foreground, their pondrous galleys towering high above the waters.

"Der Teufel!" said a big German man-at-arms, flinging down the dice, "I'll play no more; there goes my last zecchin, and I am now as poor as Lazarus till my month's pay comes round. By the saints! one can scarce contrive to live on fifteen florins a month. If St. Mark does not open his coffers somewhat more freely to our company, we shall have a stir in the camp about it ere long."

"Per Bacco!" replied his antagonist, an Italian mercenary, "you say true, and so thinks our brave captain Recanati. Well," continued he, "they say that the great English captain hath failed in his promise to the republic. By my faith! men rumour that he did not act over honourably in the matter."

"Who will say as much in my hearing?" cried an English archer, resenting the insinuation against the honour of his countryman.

"In faith, not I indeed," replied the Italian. "He is a gallant soldier, as all the world knows; and I for one count it no dishonour in a brave knight to serve under the banner that is best gilt. Nevertheless it is reported that Sir John was too far engaged with St. Mark to hold back at the last."

"They say not truly who aver any such slander," retorted the Englishman; "and that will I maintain against any man, be he serf or lord. I served under Sir John Hawkwood in the war of the Milanese in the time of Pope Urban. A right valiant knight he was, and liberal withal, as free to draw his sword as to open his purse."

"Cospetto! good Englisher," said the Italian, "I doubt it not, so let us not quarrel about the matter. I hold him in no disrespect, and have known in my day many swashing fellows of his free companions, Gascons, and Bretons, and Germans. Well, it may be after all that he will join the republic yet, or perhaps he and *Les Tard Venus*, as the French call his company, will pass over to the lord of Padua or to the King of Hungary."

"Marry, it may be so," said the German; "or perhaps he will join the Visconti, who they say is likely to make a stir in the world ere long. But what thinkest thou of our noble generalissimo here? I' faith, till lately, we have had plenty of hard knocks and little pay withal. 'Twas a sorry warfare when one might have broken his head twice in the day for once that he could break his fast."

"Well," said the Italian, "thou art now likely to have time enough to mend thy head, at all events, comrade, though thou shouldst not succeed in mending thy fortunes. The noble Zeno seems now as shy of approaching the Genoese, as though he had not driven them before him like sheep over the bridge of Brondolo."

"By St. George!" said the English archer, "one gets rusty of this sort of life—looking every day at the Genoese within range of a good bow with a cloth-yard shaft; and yet if a man but pass yon redoubt beyond the intrenchments, why, look you, the Venetian general swears he will hand him over to the provost-marshal to take off one of his feet."

"The most serene republic," observed the Italian, "seems as little pleased as ourselves with all this shilly-shally. I can tell you they protest loudly against the plans of Zeno. There, you see, is the fine old Doge, cooped up half his time in the admiral's galley; and the luxurious senators, too, would rather lie in their palazzi than in close hammocks every night. Then, they say, the troops are losing their spirits, and the republic is losing her revenues, so that it is a chance that ere long both will be exhausted. Cospetto! comrades, I say that the general should have followed up his success when the troops were flushed with the victory at Brondolo."

"Ay, that should he," responded the Englishman. "We would have taken Chioggia as easily as we took Brondolo, burned the Genoese galleys, and sent the enemy scampering away to Padua."

"Faith," responded the German, "one would think his excellency is waiting till Genoa sends out a fleet to relieve Chioggia."

"There are rumours of as much," said the Italian. "They say that the Genoese admiral, Muraffo, is equipping a fleet. Cospetto, if he reach the Adriatic in good time, he may teach

Zeno here as stern a lesson as he taught Justiniani at Manfredonia; but we shall see, my masters, we shall soon see what will come of all this!"

From discourses such as this which we have just narrated, one might readily collect the feelings with which the troops regarded the conduct of Zeno in blockading Chioggia. The dissatisfaction was daily increasing, and pervaded every class. The desire for active measures was growing more general as the tedium and privations of the blockade were felt, while the discontent of the mercenaries was expressed loudly, as they threatened to withdraw from the war unless their pay was increased. One man alone of those in command stood firm. He had formed his plans, and he was determined to carry them out despite every opposition. To remonstrance and reproaches Zeno replied by declaring his confidence in his own arrangements, and to the idle insinuations against his courage or his honour, he deigned not to reply. His life was the best refutation.

CHAPTER III.

"No treachery; but want of men and money:
Among the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatched and fought,
You are disputing of your generals;
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words, peace may be obtained."

Henry VI., Part i., *A.* i., *Sc.* 2.

While the soldiers of the republic were occupied upon the shore of Palestrina in the manner we have described, two men sat within a small room in one of the towers that flanked the fort. One of those we are already acquainted with—Andrea Polani, a noble of Venice and a count of the Terra-firma—for the Venetians, like the people of all republics, were not insensible to the charms of titles; and many of the nobles, for such a class was not only recognised, but at the time of our tale zealously protected, acquired possessions in the territories of the Republic beyond the lagunes, and assumed in virtue thereof territorial distinctions.

The other personage was one of whom we must say a few words. He was a man of middle age, and might be about five-and-forty, robust in frame, with a face bronzed with continual exposure to the weather, and marked with more than one deep cicatrix, that showed white on the dark flesh around it. He was seated on a wooden bench beside a table on which lay maps and plans with other papers. Beside him lay a portion of his armour which he had taken off; his basinet or chapel-de-fer was removed, leaving his head still covered with the camail or hood of mail made of fine rings of steel; upon his body was a hauberk or shirt of mail, beneath which he wore a gambeson or loose garment which reached down to his knees; it was quilted and stuffed with wool: upon a seat near him was flung a surcoat of Alexandrian velvet, embroidered with his armorial bearings: he had removed his pauldrons, brassarts, and vambraces, but still wore his cuissarts and sollerets upon his feet, and upon the whole appeared like one who had but recently been abroad in his full panoply. To look upon this man one would be at once impressed with the conviction that he was no ordinary person. There was in his features an expression of high daring; his eye was bold, his brow open and frank, his compressed lips betokened firmness and determination, yet was there tempering that expression of almost reckless hardihood, a calmness and thoughtful power that showed he could deliberate as well as act. Indeed, at this moment he appeared to be absorbed in deep consideration of some matters of weighty importance. This man was Carlo Zeno, one of the most remarkable men of his own times, and the saviour of the Venetian republic. Sprung from a noble family of Venice and allied with others, he had passed up to the present a life of adventure and vicissitude that savoured more of romance than of reality. He had been early in his youth left an orphan, and designed for the church by his patron, Pope Clement the Sixth, who actually bestowed upon him a benefice at Patras. But such a life was ill-suited to the young man, and destiny seemed from the commencement of his life to have shaped out a far different career for him. At the university of Padua, whither he had been sent to study after the death of his father, he fell into a thousand indiscretions; at one time he was the victim of robbers, who plundered him and left him for dead; then he frequented gaming tables, and became the prey of sharpers, and was beggared; he sold everything available that he possessed even to his books, and fled from the university, and sought one of those bands of free companions which just at this period were so numerous throughout Italy, and enrolling himself amongst them, led for several years a wandering and adventurous life. When all trace of him had been lost, he suddenly appeared at Patras, where he distinguished himself in assisting that city against the Turkish army, that was then besieging it, and to his skill and bravery were mainly owing the repulse of the Turks and the raising of the siege. Engaging in the service of the King of Cyprus, his talents and courage soon raised him to a high position. Thence he passed successively into France, Germany, and England, and afterwards returning to Venice was entrusted with the chief command of the expedition against Tenedos, where, in two attacks, he repulsed the Greeks, and became master of the island. Subsequently he was despatched to the Mediterranean with a considerable fleet, and returned at the very critical moment to assist the Doge and Pisani, and to share with them the honours and the dangers of the war, and to bear his part in the recapture of Brondolo. Such was the man who, in conjunction with Vittorio Pisani, had now the chief command of the Venetian armament.

Zeno sat for some time silent, absorbed in the contemplation of a chart, which he was attentively examining; at length he addressed his companion,

"Hast thou seen Recanati, Count Polani?"

"I have seen him, my lord. He says that the mercenaries are ill-contented, and demand that their pay should be increased."

A smile of scorn passed over the face of the general.

"Base traitor!" he exclaimed. "If they are discontented, it is he that has made them so. Well, I shall yet be more than a match for his plots. But I am more embarrassed still by those whom the jealousy of the Signory have placed over me to thwart and countervail my purposes. Look you, amico mio, I have counted and studied all the casualties of our warfare. I have blocked up every approach to the enemy, so that no succour can reach them. In a short time the Genoese will be starved out, and the Chioggia shall be in our hands, if I can only control the plots that are counterworking me. Thou knowest how the Senators would precipitate a battle when our best policy points out that we should avoid it."

Polani bowed his assent. Zeno continued,

"Meantime our most serene Republic aids me but ill. Supplies of money come but grudgingly from the treasury. My own resources have been freely drawn upon to aid their niggard assistance, and without money my best arrangements may be rendered abortive."

"I even fear as much," replied the Count. "The army are becoming weary and impatient of inaction, and the Genoese mock us from their entrenchments."

"By heavens!" exclaimed Zeno, "were not the fortunes of Venice at stake upon the issue, I would be well content to indulge them in their ardour. But no. I shall play out my game to the last, ay, and win it, too, for all the fools' talk of those who cannot understand that prudence is compatible with a brave spirit. But as thou sayest, there is much discontent abroad, and we may not neglect such means of allaying it as are within our reach. Supplies of money we need and must have, but how to procure it is the question. What is thy advice, Count Polani?"

"I would counsel, noble signor, your speedy return to Venice. Appeal to the senate, lay the matter at large before them. They cannot—they will not refuse to give you the means of carrying out your operations."

"Thou knowest not the Senate as I know them, Polani. In that quarter my hopes are but small; besides, I shall not quit the camp, even for a day. If the Contarini has sworn never to return but in triumph, or on his bier, think you that Carlo Zeno, who has never shunned danger or difficulty, shall absent himself from his post? Hast thou nothing else to advise?"

The count was silent. He had nothing to suggest.

"A few short months, and the flag of the Genoese shall be lowered from the walls of the Chioggia," said Zeno, musingly. Then he became silent, engrossed in his own reflections.

"There is one," said he, "I bethink me, who can assist me if he will; he owes me somewhat for past favours rendered to him, if he will but remember them in the time of my need. Thou knowest Pietro Molo, the banker of the Corso degli Orifici?"

"Ay, faith; but too well," said the count. "What of him?"

"Why, this," replied the general. "He hath already aided me to convert some of my treasures into ducats for the army. It may be that I can get him to advance me a further loan."

"That will depend, so please you, very much on the security you have to offer him."

"I know not that, altogether, my good friend. I have found him, though a very merchant in the way of a bargain, yet of no mean or sordid spirit when the state is concerned. Besides, I have somewhat yet left that I may call my own to offer to the merchant, and much to promise from the favour of the state on the fortunate termination of the war, and he is not the man to undervalue these things."

"What, then, is your present purpose, may I ask?" inquired Polani.

"Why this: I would procure some safe and trusty friend who would speed to Venice without delay, and bear a letter from me to the banker. If I succeed, as I have good hope I shall, then I shall be somewhat more free in my actions. Knowest thou any one who would do me this service?"

"That do I, noble Zeno," said the count. "Most willingly shall I be your messenger in this matter. I shall set out for the city whenever it is your pleasure. Command me."

"Thanks, dear count," said Zeno; "I knew well I could reckon on thee. Well, then, the journey must be made promptly and secretly. When wilt thou be ready to leave the camp?"

"This moment."

"Nay, an hour hence will suffice. Meantime I will furnish thee with a writing to Molo, while thou art equipping for the journey. Meet me here within an hour, and all shall be ready. And so farewell for the present."

The count arose and passed through the fort and out upon the shore of Palestrina. As he traversed the outposts the shadows of evening were falling on the quiet waters, and he fell into meditation on the sudden mission with which he was now about to be intrusted. The subject of the necessities of the general, not unnaturally suggested to his mind those under which he laboured himself, and he determined, if possible, to induce the wealthy goldsmith to contribute to his own wants as well as to those of Zeno. As he passed to the shore, in order to reach his galley, the sounds of merriment and debauch from amongst the bands of the free companions fell upon his ear. Threading his way rapidly, he reached the shore, and entering a boat was soon rowed to the vessel, where he busied himself in making such preparation as he deemed necessary for his journey.

When the Count Polani had left the general's apartment, Zeno rang a small hand-bell that lay upon the table: instantly a youth entered from an inner apartment; he wore a white kirtle which descended to his knees, over which was an embroidered jacket of black velvet; his lower limbs were covered with hose of red silk, which fitted tightly, and on his feet he wore pointed shoes of morocco leather. It was plain from his attire that he was a Greek. He was an orphan whom Zeno had rescued from captivity at Constantinople, and the child had attached himself to his protector with his whole heart. He was constantly about the person of Zeno, less as a menial than as a favourite page, and as he grew up, his ready wit and sagacity united to his thorough fidelity to his master, raised him to the rank of a confidential friend. The boy now stood before the general, silently awaiting his pleasure.

"My good Alexis," said Zeno, "hast thou done as I directed?"

"I have, my lord—the knight desired me to assure your lordship that he will not fail to attend upon you at the time you have indicated."

"'Tis well," said Zeno. "Now assist me, I pray you, to doff this armour; I have had somewhat of a busy day, and am as weary as if I had been fighting. Ay, and so I have been, though not with the sword or the lance; fighting with enemies, though not in the field. Well, well; there be victories more hard to achieve than those on the battle-field, albeit they be bloodless."

Alexis proceeded to aid his master in the cumbrous work of taking off his armour; Zeno, during the time, asking questions as to the state of the camp, and receiving ready answers from the young Greek. First the hood of chain-mail that enveloped the head and neck was removed, then the shirt of mail and the cuissarts and other pieces were unbuckled and laid aside, till Zeno stood in his gambazon and hose. He had previously placed his sword on the bench beside him, but he still retained the dagger, or misericorde as it was called, stuck in his belt. When these operations were completed, the Venetian general drew on the long robe which the commander of the armies of the Republic wore, and which we may still see in the pictures of Titian. Then he seated himself at the table and wrote a few lines on a paper, which he folded up and tied with silk, directing it to 'Ser. Pietro Molo il Banchieri ed Orifico.' Within the prescribed time Polani again made his appearance.

"Ben Venuto!" said the general, "thou art punctual to thy time, Count Polani. I too am ready for you."

Zeno handed to Polani the despatch which he had just finished.

"Thou wilt use all due diligence, my dear friend, to present this to the goldsmith, and if necessary, you will enforce my request with what arguments you find to your hand."

"You may rely on my diligence at all events; and such eloquence as I possess I will assuredly bring to bear right on the heart of old Molo, if he have any heart except in his money bags."

"And if they hold his heart, heaven endow you with heart-stirring eloquence," answered Zeno, with a smile. "When may I count on your return?"

"By morning, with the blessing of St. Mark, unless the old usurer's gold weighs us down to the water edge."

"Nay, nay, Polani; do not refuse the freight however heavy it may be."

"By the mass, that will I not," said the count, laughing. "Neither shall I throw it overboard, I promise you, even though the gunwhale should be under water."

"It is a brave resolve," said Zeno, "and now, buon viaggio! the evening is wearing away."

Polani placed the letter in his pouch, and in a few moments was on board the galley which was to convey him to Venice. As he sped along swiftly, the shadows of evening were stretching far out into the waters; fainter and fewer came the sounds of animation from the camp, and save the heavy tread of the sentinel, or his deep challenge to the passer-by, there was little to break the tranquillity of that hour when evening is deepening down into night.

The result of the count's visit to the banker we have already detailed in the preceding chapter.

The Venetian noble had not long left the presence of the general, when a low knock on the outer door announced the arrival of a visitor. Alexis proceeded to the door, and opening it, admitted to the chamber a man wrapped in a large military mantle. The man advanced, and at a signal from Alexis, he took the seat which a short time since had been occupied by Polani, and throwing off his cloak, disclosed the figure of a strong built muscular man; taking his bonnet from his head, he thrust aside from his brow a mass of thick rich brown hair that left visible a high broad open brow full of an honest frankness, with which the lustre of his large playful blue eye was in thorough keeping. Upon a sign from his master, the page retired.

"You are right welcome, Signor Checco," said Zeno, with a cordial inclination of his head to the newly arrived. "I am desirous to take counsel with you, touching some matters that touch nearly our state of Venice, as well as the prospects of this war; to that intent it was that I entreated the favour of your attendance here this evening."

"I am here in obedience to your excellency's summons," said the soldier, "and am ready to render you my best services, both of my head and my hand. For the former, I cannot say much, except that it is used to hard knocks; and for the latter, why I think it will not be backward to deal a stout blow for Venice whenever occasion shall require it."

"Of that I am well certified," said Zeno. "I have not forgotten the valour with which you charged with your merry men of England at Brondolo, nor the shout of your archers at the tête-du-pont. By my faith, we owe in no small degree the success of that day to you and your brave companions."

Zeno spoke but the truth in bearing this testimony to the valour of Sir William Cheke. The historians of the period relate of this English knight that he was a man of distinguished bravery and true fidelity to those under whom he served. And it is recorded, that in the attack upon Brondolo, Zeno had himself addressed the knight in the presence of the troops, as a soldier whom he knew to be amongst the foremost in personal daring, as well as in every honourable quality that became a true knight.

"So please your excellency," replied the Englishman, "I did but my duty: more than that no soldier can; less than it no true-born English gentleman may do."

"I would," said the general, "that all who serve our state were as thou art in these things. But now to the matter in hand. Thy band has received their stipulated pay. Is it not so?"

"It is so, assuredly," replied the knight.

"And are contented therewith?" inquired Zeno.

"They are English yeomen, my lord Zeno," Sir William answered in a tone of natural pride; "and as such they are content with that for which they have contracted."

"True;" said the general, "I doubted not their honour, Sir Checco. I have been myself in your green land, and know somewhat of the sons of merry England. On them I am sure I may count."

"Is there any, so please you," asked Checco, "who say that you may not?"

"Nay, indeed, there are not, my brave friend. But thou knowest there be others in the camp who care not to express their discontent."

The knight was silent.

"Is it not so?" asked the general.

"My lord, I bear no tales from the camp to any ear. What may be said at the board, or in friendly converse, passes not my lips."

"Your pardon, sir," said Zeno, "you misunderstand me. I sought not to interrogate you of ought that was secret. I did but allude to what every one knows. Listen now. I will trust to thy ear, as I feel I may with all safety, that which has come to my knowledge. It is, as I said, notorious, that some of the mercenaries in the employment of the state but little affect this our plan of blockade, and speak even of withdrawing from the service of the state. I have good intelligence of all that takes place, and believe that there is a deeper cause for the discontent that is manifesting itself than the refusal of the republic to comply with the exorbitant demands which more than one of the captains have made for an increase of pay. In fine, I have good reason to suspect that there is treachery as well as avarice in the camp."

The English knight looked at Zeno with unfeigned surprise.

"Treachery, my lord! who may be the traitor?"

"I will not trust you by halves, my friend. I have sure proof that Roberto di Recanati is in secret communication with the enemy. How that communication is carried on know not as yet, but certain it is that letters have passed between him and the Genoese admiral. By what means this correspondence is effected I would now discover. Will you aid me?"

The English captain did not immediately answer the question thus put to him by Zeno. On the one hand, his fidelity to his general, to whom he felt all the attachment which one brave soldier is so likely to feel for another with whom he serves, and whose glory is in part his own, that attachment urged him to accede to the request; in addition to this, his fidelity to the commander and to the state, while he received their pay and served under them, prompted him to the same course: on the other hand, nothing could be more distasteful to the high and ingenuous spirit of the Englishman than to engage in any secret proceedings or counterplots, in which he much feared a compliance with Zeno's wish would involve him. While he thus deliberated in much perplexity, he looked up, and his eyes met those of the Venetian generalissimo. The expression of the latter was so full of frankness, honour, and truth, that he made up his mind without further hesitation. Accordingly he answered,

"I will aid your excellency in that which you require of me, so far as my duty to you and the Republic of Venice demands, and as the honour of a knight and a gentleman will permit; but no farther."

"With that promise I am well content, good friend," said Zeno. "Thou dost me much wrong in thinking that I would propose to thee to go farther. Whose company keeps guard to-night at the western redoubt—that nearest to Chioggia; know you?"

"It so happens that I can answer your lordship's question. I know that Roberto di Recanati's band keeps the watch from midnight till morning. It was my turn to take it, but he proposed to change with me if I would keep his guard to-day, alleging that he had some affairs of moment which would occupy him a part of the morning."

Zeno smiled bitterly. "Ay, it is even so. Nevertheless good Checco, thou shalt keep thy watch to-night, as had been assigned thee; I shall find other work in the meantime for Recanati. Be vigilant and observant, the moon will not rise to-night, therefore thou must watch all the keener, that nothing happens unawares. In the morning I shall expect to see thee, and receive thy report of the night. And now farewell."

The Venetian general rung the small hand-bell as before, and Alexis entered. The English knight arose, took up his bonnet, wrapped his cloak close around him, and saluting Zeno, withdrew.

The Venetian arose from his seat and paced to and fro in the apartment, but his step was measured and slow, as that of one who deliberates calmly and self-possessed. At times a smile as of scorn passed over his features, and then would give place to an expression of sternness and anger.

"So far," said he, musing aloud, "so far all goes as well as I could have hoped, I know the faith of his nation, and can trust this brave English knight as I would a brother. It will go hard with me if I probe not this treason to the bottom, and then—woe to the traitor. Truly, I have myself spent too much of my life amongst those Condottieri not to know them to the heart—brave and bold, reckless but often unscrupulous. Yet shall I not swerve from my prescribed course for all the indiscretion of friends or the treachery of foes. And now must I care for other matters that press."

So saying, Carlo Zeno passed into the inner apartment.

RETURN OF THE HERDS.

THE RETURN OF THE HERDS.

Art has frequently displayed its genius, as well as taste, to the astonishment and delight of those attentively regarding its efforts, when its powers have been zealously tasked in the portraiture of cattle. The huge and rugged head, the prominent and fierce eye, and the dormant might so manifest in the entire structure of the father of the herd, tethered to a stake, or standing in his stall; the subdued countenance, yet vigorous form of the ox, as he turns to look at you while crossing the meadow in which he grazes, still chewing deliberately his mouthful of grass; and the more delicate figure of the cow, with an expression so surpassingly bland and gentle,—have all been depicted again and again with the most admirable reality and force.

In the highest rank of artists who have obtained great and deserved celebrity from such portraitures, is Paul Potter,—the gifted son of a far less gifted sire. Even at the early age of fifteen, he painted exquisite landscapes of sheep and goats, and particularly cattle; and was regarded at that period as a master eminently skilled in his profession. His outline was exceedingly correct; his colouring soft, transparent, and pleasing; his touch as spirited as it was delicate; and every one of his pictures was elaborately finished. His lamented death, before he was thirty years of age, prevented that multiplication of his paintings which was greatly to be desired; and so rare and valuable did they become, that a small work of Paul Potter's was purchased by the late Earl Grosvenor for nine hundred guineas.

Our British painter, Ward, not to mention Sydney Cooper, and others of distinguished merit, appears to have caught Potter's falling mantle; and many a picture has been produced on his easel, alike startling in its truthfulnes, and high in its finish, of which not only himself but his country might well be proud.

The engraving annexed to this article exhibits a Swiss scene, one of many adapted to kindle the enthusiasm of such painters. The poorer class in that country are chiefly supported by their goats; while the cows supply the cheese from which the richer class obtain their limited wealth. The cattle of the upland pastures strike the traveller as being particularly clean, neat, and healthy-looking, with much more of the slim make and breed of wild animals than our own cattle. They are, however, far from wild in reality, allowing the passer-by to come near, and even touch them, more readily than the cows in an English meadow. They are usually small, and, from their size as well as their general appearance, remind the English visitors of the "black cattle" of the north, though they are certainly of a finer breed than the Scotch. The cows are very active, fond of gambols, and full of spirit. Often do they follow strangers from rock to rock, merely to observe them; while the bulls, though their looks are fierce, do not make any attack. It is a beautiful sight to see the herd itself, consisting often of more than a hundred cows, thickly dotted over the open green slopes at the base of some high cliff above, or appearing here and there, amidst the woody glades of some valley, far, far beneath.

Almost every cow in Switzerland has a large bell suspended round her neck; and in passing along the valleys or wooded slopes of the mountains, it is very pleasing to hear the continuous tinklings of these bells from a large herd, more especially when approaching, as they often do, from a considerable distance. They serve to recall, to those who are familiar with the south of England, the sounds of musical bells worn by the cattle, and also others which they have heard on the driving of an ox-team. Each one is attended by a man and a boy; the latter chanting that which, though it cannot be called a distinct tune, is a very pleasing succession of sounds, and has been compared to the counter-tenor in a cathedral service. He sings away with unwearied lungs, as he trudges along almost from morning till night, while, every now and then, the ploughman, as he directs the movement of the team, puts in his lower notes, but only in perfect concord. When the traveller stops in one of the Devonshire valleys, and listens to this simple music on either side of the hill-slope, he experiences a rural pleasure which the operation of ploughing could scarcely be expected to yield. This chanting is said to animate the cattle; certainly, the oxen move along with unusual agility, and the team may be watched for a long time, without seeing one lash of the whip, or hearing a single harsh word from the driver.

In the Alps, the finest cattle are the special pride of the keepers, who adorn the herd with a harmonious set of bells, chiming in accordance with the celebrated "Ranz des Vaches." This is commonly supposed to be a single air, but it stands, in fact, for a class of melodies. The literal meaning of the phrase is *cow-rows*, and the airs are derived from the manner in which the cows walk home along the Alpine paths at milking time. The herdsman goes before them, keeping every straggler in due line of march by the tones of his horn, while the whole herd wind along in obedience to them.

Though to an ordinary ear there is nothing striking in any of these compositions, the "Ranz des Vaches" so powerfully excites the associations of the Swiss, and impresses them when abroad with so violent a desire to return to their own country, that it was forbidden to be played in the Swiss regiments engaged in the French service on pain of death. Nor is such an effect a solitary case, for there is also a Scotch tune which has the same influence on some of our North Britons. In one of our battles in Calabria, a bagpiper of the 78th Highland regiment, when the light infantry charged the French, posted himself on the right, and remained in his solitary situation during the whole of the battle, animating the men with a famous Highland charging tune; and actually, upon the retreat and complete route of the French, changed it to another, equally celebrated in Scotland, upon the retreat of, and victory over, an enemy. His next-hand neighbour guarded him so well, that he escaped unhurt. A similar story is told of a Highland piper at the battle of Waterloo.

To return to the Swiss cattle: the finest black cow is adorned with the largest bells, and the two next in appearance wear smaller ones. Early in the spring, when a herd is removed to the Alps, or some change takes place in the pastures, the herdsman dresses himself in all his finery, and singing the "Ranz des Vaches," is followed by three or four fine goats; next comes the choicest cow, adorned with the great bell; then come the next two in estimation with the smaller bells; and these are succeeded by the rest of the herd, walking one after another, and having in their rear the bull, with a one legged milking-stool on its horns; the procession being closed by a sledge bearing the various implements of the dairy.

It is surprising to see the pride and pleasure with which the cows stalk forth when ornamented with their bells; and though it might hardly be expected that such animals should be sensible of their rank, and affected by vanity and jealousy, yet such appears to be actually the fact. If the leading cow is deprived of her honours, she indicates her sense of her disgrace by lowing incessantly, abstaining from food, and losing condition. On the other hand, the happy rival on whom the badge of superiority has devolved, becomes the object of her vengeance, and is butted, wounded, and persecuted by her in a furious manner, until she regains her bell, or is entirely removed from the herd.

The Swiss peasant feels a strong attachment to his cow, and to pass the winter without having one of these animals to care for, would be to him extremely irksome. A large extent of land is therefore appropriated entirely to cattle, the Alpine pastures being estimated by the number of cows they will maintain—in the lower Alps about three acres, and in the upper from ten to fifteen acres, being the usual average allotted to each. In several of the western cantons these pastures are generally private property; in the east, they commonly belong to the cantons, being apportioned among the different parishes, each

having for its cows its *alp* or common pasture. Of this each inhabitant is entitled to a share from June to October.

The Alpine pasturages are elevated in heights of two or or three, or more ranges, according to the season; the herdsmen ascending with their cows and goats, and frequently their sheep, as the heat increases from early spring to the high temperature of July and August. These persons are commonly hired to take charge of the cows of others, as few have such a number as would repay the labour of personally attending them; indeed, they are rarely able to maintain above five or six cows in winter, and usually not more than half that number. The pastures, however, form the principal source of subsistence and wealth to the inhabitants of the greater part of Switzerland, as well as of Savoy, the Voralberg, and the Tyrol.

Each pasture elevation has its own chalets for the herdsmen. These are rude hog-houses: the roof, composed of clumsy shingles, giving vent to the smoke in the absence of a chimney, and projecting eight or ten feet, forms a kind of piazza. M. Simond, who visited one of these dwellings, says:—"Here a fire was already blazing in a sort of pit or trench, dug around by way of a seat, and a huge kettle hung over for the purpose of cheese-making. We had plenty of cream furnished to us, in which the spoon literally stood on end, a kettle to make coffee, and wooden ladles instead of cups All the utensils were made of maple, of linden, and of a sort of odorous pine, by the shepherds themselves, who bestow much time on this manufacture. We noticed the portable seat, with a single leg, oddly strapped to the back of those who milk the cows; the milkpails, the milk-hod fastened to their shoulders, the measures, the ladles made in the shape of shells, the milk-strainer (a tripod funnel full of pine-leaves), the vase in which rennet (used to coagulate milk) is preserved, the press, the form, and many other implements of their trade, all elegantly shaped and very clean." A wooden gallery, close to the projecting roof, is the place of rest, and is reached by a ladder. The ground around the rude dwelling is so broken and defiled by the cattle, that stepping-stones are required in order to reach the door. When the weather is tempestuous, the herdsmen remain up all night, calling to the cattle, as without this precaution they would take fright, run into dangers, and be lost.

It is a curious fact, but one most amply confirmed, that the whole of the butter produced in any one of the Alpine pastures is preserved sweet, or at least perfectly fit for use, through the whole season, without any admixture of salt. The process adopted is, however, better fitted in its details for a work on domestic economy, than for the purpose contemplated in this article, and hence, with the bare announcement of the circumstance, we must now be content.

The owners of the cows in the Alpine pastures get credit daily for the quantity of milk furnished by these animals; and the produce of the sale of cheese at the end of the season, the expenses being deducted, is divided amongst them in proportion to the total quantity of milk furnished by each. Six or eight goats, or about four calves, sheep, or hogs, are deemed, as to feeding, equivalent to a cow; but a horse is reckoned equal to five or six cows, because he roots up the grass. In some parts of Switzerland, with forty cows, a cheese of forty-five pounds may be made daily; and in the vicinity of Althorf, they make, in the course of a hundred days, from the 20th of June, two cheeses daily, of twenty-five pounds each, from the milk of eighteen cows.

Cheese appears to have been an important article of export from Switzerland from a remote period. The canton of Glarus is the peculiar seat of the Schabzieger, or green cheese. This article is made of cow's, and not of goat's milk, as its name might seem to imply. The peasants, who feed their cattle in the mountains, bring down the curd in sacks, each containing about 200lbs., for which they get about thirty shillings. The cheese owes its peculiar appearance, smell, and flavour, to the blue pansy. This plant grows in small inclosures beside most of the cottages; it is dried, ground to powder, and in that state thrown into the mill along with the curd, in the proportion of three pounds of the plant to a hundred pounds of the curd. After being turned for about two hours and a half, the mixture is ready to be put into the shapes, when it dries sufficiently to be ready for use. When sold wholesale, it fetches about three-pence halfpenny per pound. This is considered a very lucrative trade; and the richest people in the canton are cheese-manufacturers. A considerable quantity of Schabzieger cheese is exported to America.

The district around Gruyere, in the canton of Frieburg, is also famous for its cheese, of which it produces about 25,000 cwt. a-year. It is made on a chain of mountains about ten leagues in length, and four in breadth: all the cheese, though made in the same manner, is not of the same quality; the lower pastures not being so highly esteemed as those in the more elevated situations. The very finest qualities are too delicate for exportation; and Mr. Inglis states, that he tasted cheese in Switzerland far superior to any that can be purchased either in London or Paris. Throughout the commune of Gruyere the inhabitants are above poverty.

THE KING'S-CROSS TERMINUS.

The completion of a great trunk-line, connecting the metropolis by a direct route with the Midland and Northern districts of England, opening up railway communication with vast and unoccupied districts, and giving increased facilities and a shorter course from London to the most important manufacturing and agricultural counties, is an event of national importance. And when it is further remembered, that the undertaking has been accomplished by the combined energies of enterprise and skill, and has been completed in its minutest details, by the aid of all the experience which has been accumulated during the formation of some five or six thousand miles of railway in Great Britain alone, it will be seen that there are some features of interest attaching to the Great Northern Railway which will not be found elsewhere. To the traveller or the tourist who may avail himself of the facilities which this line affords, it will be no small satisfaction to know that in its construction, whether in its more important characteristics, or in its least significant peculiarities, there has been manifested a vigour of conception, and an energy of execution, which promises, if the affairs of the line be properly and efficiently administered, to satisfy, and even surpass every reasonable claim. We have only to hope that there will be as much of ability shown in the arrangements of the working of this system of railway, as there has been exhibited in its formation.

The metropolitan terminus of the Great Northern Railway, is, in every respect worthy of the gigantic undertaking of which it forms so conspicuous a feature; and to a description of some of its arrangements we have now to invite the attention of the reader. The structures are already rapidly approaching completion in their minutest details, and when all are finished, will form one of the most interesting spots in the metropolis.

The station is situated in the parish of St. Pancras, on the northern and southern sides of the Regent's canal, by which it is severed into two distinct portions, one of which is appropriated to the passenger, the other to the goods' department. It is built close to the junction of five of the principal highways of London, which, favoured by its central position, afford singular facilities for reaching and leaving it. The total area occupied by the station, including the additional land, which has been secured in order to admit of enlargement as the

exigencies of the traffic require, amounts to no less than from seventy to eighty acres.

The grand entrance to the terminus has a north-western frontage, and is a large and elegant building, built of brick, and faced with stone, abutting on the Old St. Pancras-road, and with much the same aspect as the rears of the old Smallpox and London Fever Hospitals, which it has supplanted. This building, including the parcels'-office, at the extreme northern end, is 805 feet in length, and upwards of seventy feet in height. Its centre compartment contains the pay-office, and the avenues leading to the departure platform of the railway. The length of the room designed as the pay-offices is a hundred feet, it is forty feet in width, and forty-five in height, occupying rather more than two stories in the height of the building north and south of it, and communicating by a stone gallery running through the hall, supported upon thirty-four large and very elegant brackets, and having a light and unique Gothic railing. It has a rich panelled ceiling, somewhat in the style of that of the large waiting-hall of the terminus of the London and North-Western Railway at Euston-square. The arrangements of the pay-offices are completed in the best manner.

Adjoining the pay-offices are the various waiting-rooms for the passengers, and other offices connected with the carrying department of the railway. The first-class waiting-room is very elegantly and commodiously fitted up, and the first impulse of the visitor is to exclaim, that it would be scarcely a hardship to have to spend an hour by that cheerful fire, while he rested on the inviting cushions of the surrounding couches. The second and third-class waiting-room is also a handsome and well finished apartment, the fine grain of the beautiful material of the tables and of the wood work being exquisitely brought out. The board-room, which is fifty feet long by thirty in width, is situated at the extreme southern end of the main building, the basement of which is made to afford large warehousing room.

Leaving the main building by the eastern side of the pay office, the passenger finds himself at the departure platform. Here a striking spectacle presents itself to his view, which has been represented in the accompanying engraving by our artist. The appearance of the mighty arch of the glass roof, which extends itself over the platform and the seven pairs of rails which separate it from the other wall, is very majestic, strongly reminding the observer of the transept of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. The sweep of the arches of wood, strengthened with iron, which support the glass of the roof, is 105 feet, and the framings in which the glass is contained, weigh, we believe, not less than seven tons. No other sheds of the kind can be compared with these in magnificence. There is another, exactly like the one delineated in the engraving, running parallel with it, for the arrival trains, both being 805 feet long, and 110 in width. The lower part of the roof of each building on either side is panelled, and is sustained upon eighty laminated ribs with hips, their bases resting on large cast-iron stancheons, firmly embedded in the brickwork and walls of the main building. The glass is of patent manufacture, and the extreme height of the arrival and departure sheds from the level of the rails to the centre is eighty feet.

The two sheds, though mainly separated by a wall about four feet in thickness, are connected at intervals by large open archways, at which points the turntables of the line are fixed, so that carriages can be passed from one to the other with the greatest facility. On the eastern side of the terminus, running parallel with the arrival department, is the arrival platform, and on the extreme east, abutting on Maiden-lane, is the road-way for the cab-stand, all being enclosed within the walls of the building, which saves the neighbourhood from the annoyance incident to the vicinity of a cab-stand. This roadway is the same length as the platform, extending nearly from the extreme southern point at King's-cross to Battle-bridge; and as the cabs can enter only at the upper end, and make their egress at the southern front, confusion is avoided, and the greatest regularity is secured. It would have been well had the directors of the North-Western lines adopted a similar arrangement. The wood block paving is laid on a sub-stratum of concrete, by which the station is freed from the noise of the vehicles and horses.

The south façade of the terminus is constructed in such a style, and with so bold an arrangement of its parts as to be usually regarded as the principal front; a conviction which is confirmed by its being surmounted in the centre by the clock tower. It occupies a frontage of more than 250 feet, and including the width of the grand entrance on the north-western side, makes a gross frontage, abutting on the St. Pancras-road, of more than 300 feet. This building, like the general entrance, is constructed of brickwork with stone facings. At the basement of the stupendous arches forming this façade of the arrival and departure sheds or terminus of the line, are six openings and pairs of gates, through which the mail and all carriages which are to travel by the line, enter; all others being excluded: there is also an avenue running towards the eastern end to enable the vehicles to leave by the arrival platform roadway.

In the centre of the south façade stands the clock tower, the height of which is 112 feet from the level of the rails. It is twenty-two feet in width at the base, and sixteen feet across above the level of the roof from which it springs. It is a square in form, and is covered by a slanting leaden roof, ornamented with rolls of lead tapering from the edge upwards, and surmounted by a large and handsome gilt vase. The clock tower is fitted internally with rooms and staircases, leading to the clock room and other compartments. The grand feature of the tower is the clock itself, the four faces of which are composed of slate. The clock is the one of Dent's which stood in the centre of the British avenue of the late Great Exhibition, and excited so much attention. There are three bells, the large, deep-toned one, from an Irish foundry, and weighing 29 cwt. for striking the hour, the sonorous peal of which was so frequently heard at the Crystal Palace; whilst two other bells of lesser calibre and compass strike the quarters. The faces of the clock are to be lighted up at night by the aid of electricity, and the appearance of the whole will, doubtless, be very effective.

Passing out of the arrival and departure sheds on the northern side, the first object which strikes the attention is the rather handsome bridge which crosses the line at the entrance to the Imperial gas works, and through which the mouth of the tunnel under the Regent's canal is fully developed, although it can be seen through the arch of the bridge even whilst standing on the platform of the terminus. The entrance to the tunnel, which is but a very few yards on the southern side of the canal, is a neat stone structure, of a character in keeping with the bridge and the surrounding objects. That portion of it which passes under the canal is an iron aqueduct, the top of which is about five feet below the bed of the canal, and the depth of the tunnel, from its roof to the level of the rails, about nineteen or twenty feet. This tunnel, after passing under the canal, and completely under the temporary passenger station of the company, which is in the goods department, emerges immediately against, and on the eastern side of Maiden-lane bridge, which spans the railway, and in close proximity with the bridge which fell down so many times, crossing the Great Northern line in continuation of the Birmingham and Blackwall Junction Railway. The length of this tunnel is about 600 yards.

At the extreme south-western corner of the main building, abutting on the St. Pancras-road and passenger entrance to the station, the foundations have been excavated for the erection of a magnificent hotel, and the workmen are proceeding with it with great rapidity. The size of the structure may be inferred from the fact, that the hotel is to have five stories, and is to be 190 feet long, and 54 feet wide, exclusive of vaults and other out-buildings.

Extending over the district which lies to the north of the Regent's-canal, are the goods, corn, coal, and locomotive departments of the company, occupying an area of some forty-five acres. The eastern side of this station is bounded by the

cutting which leads to the tunnel communicating with the passenger department; while the various systems of rails, connecting the different parts of the station with the main line, unite near the entrance to the tunnel which is on the northern end, for the protection of the traffic on which, there is the requisite signalling and telegraphing apparatus. The western side of the terminus is at present unoccupied, except by a huge embankment of earth, the product of the excavations made at the passenger terminus, and which was conveyed thither along a temporary wooden viaduct, by the aid of steam power; these latter having been recently cleared away. The centre of the station is devoted to the locomotive, and goods departments, and the arrangements are very complete. In the locomotive stables some five-and-twenty engines have accommodation provided for them; but should the gleaming metal with a handful of oily rags, or inserts long-handled oil cans, with still longer spouts, in various parts of the machinery. Another is engaged in cleaning the tubes of an engine by means of a long and flexible iron rod; and, perhaps, a 'coadjutor,' to employ modern phraseology, is standing upon the boiler, and rubbing down the funnel."

Separated from the locomotive sheds by a considerable area of ground at present unappropriated, is the coal department. Here a great number of trains may stand and have their contents discharged into receivers below, beneath which the coal-waggons of the agents are placed to bear them away. This part of the work is most effectively and easily accomplished; for by a simple provision the entire contents of one of the coal-trucks is discharged at the bottom in two or three minutes into capacious receivers; and as these are above the level of

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY TERMINUS, KING'S CROSS.—INTERIOR OF THE DEPARTURE SHED.

the spot be visited it will be found that many of them are out at work; others are getting up the steam in order to take out their trains, while two or three are probably in *dishabille* and not in a state to receive visitors, inasmuch as they are partially dismantled for the purposes of repair; while the glowing smiths' forges in the shops close at hand tell that active arrangements are going on in order to get the cripples ready for work.

Here many interesting processes may be observed. "The water is, perhaps, being discharged from 'the biler' of a locomotive, as the 'fitter' calls it, and it gushes forth from the side-cocks with great impetuosity; or the furnace of an engine is just about to be lighted up, an operation which is commenced by depositing a few huge shovels-full of red-hot coals from a fire kept for the purpose, while a 'fitter,' in a dress of soiled fustian, clambers around, and listlessly rubs the road, they are made to let down their cargoes into the sacks of the retailers at pleasure, with as little labour to the men and breakage to the coals as is possible. There are four large groups of coal stores, of fifty bays each, capable of containing seventy tons, or a grand total of 14,000 tons.

Adjoining the coal sheds are the goods departments, in connexion with which the vast mercantile arrangements of the company are transacted. Here, too, is the granary for corn, a noble pile of buildings, consisting of five grand floors, calculated to hold altogether no less than 300,000 bushels of grain. Factors or farmers who reside in the great corn-growing districts with which the Great Northern line is connected, are thus enabled to send their produce into warehousing in London, where it remains, at a certain rate of charge, till it is sold. The methods by which immense quantities of sacks, or loose corn, may be moved from one floor to another, or in

or out of the building, must be witnessed to be understood, but they at once fill the observer with admiration of their effectiveness, and of the readiness with which immense weights and bulks may be handled. The goods shed is 600 feet long, and 350 feet wide, terminating with a row of warehouses. We may add that a splendid view of the station and the neighbourhood, extending over an area of many miles, may be obtained from the elevated roof of the granary.

In each of the loading and unloading sheds of the goods department there are eighteen cranes for the purpose of assisting the movement of the goods to or from the waggons. A set of traps in the platform, also afford facilities for loading or unloading the barges from the canal which is closely adjacent. Here is a large basin formed for the reception of the vessels employed in this part of the traffic, leading by a short cut to the main route of the Regent's-canal.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned, that one characteristic may be traced throughout all the building arrangements of this company, whether at this terminus, or over their lines in general; and it is the determination manifested of availing themselves of all the experience which their predecessors have had, at heavy sacrifice, to purchase; and to erect every thing in a plain but handsome way. Without anything of elaboration, there is uniform effectiveness of appearance, with comparative economy of expenditure.

The entire arrangement of this enormous establishment has been conducted under the superintendence of Mr. Lewis Cubitt, the architect, the practical development of his plans being carried out by Mr. John Jay, the contractor, and Mr. William Jay his brother. A thousand men were employed upon the works at the same time for a considerable period; and it is computed by those who ought to know, though no actual sum has been named, that the cost of the station will not amount to much less than £300,000.

EPISODE IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

THE BAGGAGE GUARD IN THE STORM.

It was in the month of January, 1809. Spain, which was invaded by the French, and defended by the English, had become the scene of a struggle that was growing more deadly in its character every succeeding day. After having beaten the Spaniards on all points, Marshal Soult had just attacked Sir John Moore, and forced him to retire upon Corunna. Several detachments commanded by the English general had been separated from each other during the precipitate retreat, and the baggage guards, cut off by the incessant attacks of the French, detached in small parties along the highroads, were endeavouring to rejoin the main body of the army.

At the period we refer to, one of these parties, consisting of four or five waggons and a number of wounded, was winding its way along a toilsome and unknown road. It was under the command of an Irish sergeant named Patrick Maguire.

It was beginning to grow dark, and the heavens, which were covered with dull heavy clouds, announced the approach of a storm. The country through which it was advancing was bleak and desolate, without a single village or the slightest sign of cultivation to enliven the sombre scene around. The only objects which showed that human beings had ever inhabited the dreary waste, were here and there a deserted house, whose doors and shutters had been burnt for the fire of some bivouac, a few horses who had sunk down dead from fatigue, a few corpses, and the various other traces which an army in the field leaves on its passage.

After carefully examining these indications, Maguire was convinced that the troops who had preceded him on the road formed part of the French army; this caused him to fear that it would only be with the utmost difficulty that he should succeed in rejoining Sir John Moore. His companions, most of whom were wounded, could hardly drag themselves along, and the state of discouragement into which they had fallen was aggravated still more by their impatience. As is always the case in difficulties of this distressing kind, every one selected some responsible person on whom to discharge his discontent. Some accused the general, who had not taken

the measures necessary for such a retreat; others inveighed against the Spaniards, from whom they had every right to expect efficient support, but who had disappeared on seeing the disasters that had befallen their allies; but all joined in cursing the good fortune of the enemy, and promising themselves full and speedy revenge.

It was in this state of mind that they reached an open space, where the remains of extinguished fires, and some baggage which had been abandoned, proved that troops had recently bivouacked there.

The narrow piece of table-land, on which the French had been encamped, was bordered on one side by a tolerably deep ravine, at the bottom of which flowed a small stream. The murmuring of the water attracted several of the wounded soldiers, who were parched with thirst, and who expressed a desire to descend the ravine in order to drink. Maguire halted for the purpose of assisting his wounded comrades, but, on approaching the edge of the bank, he perceived, in the bed of the stream, a dead mule still harnessed to a cart, from under the canvas of which he thought he heard a human voice. He slided down to the bottom of the ravine, and, pushing aside the hoops which supported the covering of the cart, perceived a woman, who begged for assistance in Spanish.

The sergeant understood the language slightly, and inquired of her how she came there. The unhappy creature informed him that she had fallen asleep from sheer fatigue, and trusted to the instinct of her mule, who, in all probability, having gone too near the edge of the precipice to graze, had fallen down the ravine and dragged the cart with him. She had awoke at the instant of the fall, which she was unable to prevent, and had remained in her perilous position for some time, completely unconscious from the effects of the injuries she had received. On recovering her senses, all her efforts to disengage herself had been in vain, and it was entirely owing to the sergeant that she had been rescued.

While listening to this explanation, Maguire, assisted by his comrades, had succeeded in raising the woman, whose limbs had become completely numbed with pain; and, in drawing her out from the shattered fragments of the cart, by the last remaining rays of daylight he recognised her by her costume for a vivandière of the French army.

At this discovery, the good feeling of Maguire's comrades was suddenly changed to a sentiment of rage, and exclamations of a menacing kind were heard on all sides.

Having been summoned to defend Spain against the French, the soldiers of Sir John Moore were accustomed to look upon every native of that country who joined the invaders as a traitor. They were especially incensed against those women, who, sacrificing their patriotism to their personal affection, had united their lot to that of the French, and had resolved to follow Marshal Soult's army, and share with it all the privations and chances of war. This was exactly the case of the Vivandière Dolores, who had married a grenadier of the first division.

The small band of fugitives expressed, in very energetic terms, their regret at having extricated a vivandière of the enemy's troops from her dangerous position, and some of them were on the point of proceeding, from mere invective, to personal violence, when Sergeant Maguire interposed his authority.

"Come, come, we have had talkin' enough," he said, in a resolute voice, placing himself before Dolores. "Ye're not come to make war on women are ye'? Don't yez think that this poor crathur is punished enough by the choice she has made? Git along wid yez, thin, and let every one be continted with looking afthur himself alone, if he wants to git out o' this safe and sound."

This piece of advice was followed by the command for the waggons to set out once again on the journey, and those who were most incensed against Dolores left her to obey the order.

Maguire waited until they had set off at the head of the party, and then, when there was no one with him, save some women and some soldiers of his own company, he turned towards the vivandière, who had seated herself, in a weak and suffering state, near her broken cart.

"What will become o' ye at the bottom of this hole?" he asked, in a voice whose rough tones were tempered with pity.

"Heaven alone knows!" answered Dolores.

"Do you feel yer'self strong enough to walk?" he continued.

"I think I do," answered Dolores; "but where can I go alone, and at this hour? The roads are thronged with your troops, and I have just seen what treatment I have to expect at their hands."

The sergeant seemed to hesitate for a moment; then, taking a sudden resolution, he replied:—

"Come, get up, and folly us; as long as I carry a musket on my shouldher, sorra a hair o' yer head 'ill be touched."

Dolores thanked the sergeant with heartfelt gratitude, and exerting all the little strength she had remaining, followed, in the extreme rear, the waggons.

At first she did not appear to know in what direction the party was proceeding; but, at the expiration of a short time, she approached Maguire, and in a low voice, filled with surprise, said to him:—

"Sergeant, do you know where you are going?"

"Of coorse I do," replied the soldier, "we are goin' to the English encampment."

"The English encampment!" repeated the vivandière, looking at him with astonishment.

"And I hope," continued the sergeant, "that we'll be able to come up to it before the battle comes off."

"What!" exclaimed Dolores, seizing him by the arm, "do you not know that the battle has already been fought, and—lost on the sixteenth?"

"By Sir John Moore?" said the sergeant.

"Yes;" replied Dolores," by Sir John Moore, who was killed. His troops have now reached the coast with the view of shortly embarking."

Maguire stood suddenly still.

"On your life, woman, I charge ye to say whether ye're desavin' me!"

"On my life and on my soul, I am telling you the truth," continued Dolores, with such an accent of sincerity that doubt was impossible. "Several detachments, which, like yourselves, were marching as they imagined to rejoin the English army, have fallen into the hands of the French posts; if you proceed in your present line of march, in a few hours you will all be prisoners."

Dolores added several particulars, so minute and precise, concerning the plan of the action, and the various localities occupied by Marshal Soult's troops, that Maguire saw clearly the whole danger of his position. Luckily his conversation with the vivandière had been carried on in Spanish, so that his comrades had not understood it. Knowing that the intelligence of such a reverse would give the finishing blow to their state of discouragement, he charged Dolores not to let them suspect anything, and then ordered a trooper to gallop on to the first waggon and order the driver to turn sharply to the right in order to reach the sea by the shortest possible route.

Although this new line of march seemed to take them farther away from the main body of the English army, yet, as it brought the fugitives nearer to Corunna, where they might expect everything of which they stood in need, as well as a safe place of refuge, most of the party obeyed the order without raising any very great objection. The vivandière alone stood still. Besides the fact of this new line of march placing a still greater distance between her and the French camp, her strength was completely exhausted, so that, after saying that she could go no further, she sat down on the roadside in a fainting state. Maguire looked embarrassed.

"Confound it!" said he, making the butt-end of his musket ring upon the ground, "we might as well have left you in the lurch then. What will you do when we're gone?"

"I do not know," replied Dolores, whose thoughts began to wander, and who could hardly speak.

"But if you remain here," continued Maguire, with a rough but kindly voice, "you will die like a wounded wolf."

"And if I do—after my death, Heaven will avenge me," she stammered out, falling back on the ground.

Maguire raised her up again, and called to the corporal.

"Holloa! Williams!" he exclaimed, "look sharp! stop the waggon and make room for one in it!"

"What! for that daughter of Satan?" said the corporal.

"For a Christian woman at the point of death," answered the sergeant. "Haven't ye anny pity in your heart?"

"Never, when I am exposed to danger," replied the corporal. "In my opinion, when you have conquered an enemy, the best thing you can do is to kill him."

"No mathur what *your* opinion is, do what I have ordhered you!" answered Maguire, sternly.

The corporal obeyed with a very bad grace, and helped to place the vivandière in the waggon. She met with anything but a hospitable welcome from the women and the wounded soldiers already there.

"How long have the baggage-waggons of the King of England been used to transport traitors that aid the French?" asked several voices.

"Throw her under the wheels!" "Down with the false-hearted quean!" cried several others.

Maguire made no reply, but placed Dolores, who had by this time completely fainted, in a sort of recess formed by the baggage, whence she could not be thrown by the jolting of the waggon. Having done this, and having no time to lose, he gave the command for them once again to set out, and delivered himself up to the guidance of Heaven.

The party was traversing a very wild country, intersected with rocky eminences, where, as was the case in nearly all Spain, no regular road had ever been marked out, and the only way-marks to guide the traveller were the ruts and the tracks left by the feet of cattle. The sun had completely disappeared. The darkness, increased still more by the sombre clouds that covered the sky, was so dense that it was scarcely possible to distinguish the outlines of the cumbersome waggons, whose wheels were sunk deep at every moment into the barren, dry ground. In an hour's time, however, the lightning began to illumine the road, and the storm, which had long been threatening, broke forth in all its force. The rolling of the thunder, which was at first relieved by solemn pauses, soon became incessant; torrents of rain, through which the forked-lightnings flashed, fell like one large water-spout, inundating the heights, submerging the low ground, and changing the dry, powdery soil into one large ocean of mud. The horses, frightened by the lightning and the unusual noise, reared up under their drivers' whips; the jaded soldiers in vain sought refuge behind the waggons; their position was becoming more critical every moment. At last it stopped at the top of a very rapid descent, and the sergeant looked with inquietude around.

The veil of rain which covered the heavens was so thick that it did not allow even the lightnings to illuminate the road; their brilliancy, dimmed by the thick mist, showed only a number of confused forms and uncertain outlines, which inspired every one with a vague idea of danger without giving him an opportunity of knowing in what it really consisted. After having in vain examined the horizon, and reconnoitred the descent before him, the sergeant was about to give the word of command for the convoy to proceed, when a scream, that issued from the last waggon, caused him to start with horror.

Dolores had been revived by the rain, and had raised herself up on the baggage. When the sergeant turned round, she was leaning forward, with her head advanced and her arms extended, pointing with affright to the descent, at the top of which the party had stopped.

"In the name of Heaven!" she cried to Maguire, "do not advance another step, unless you are tired of life!"

"Why, where does the road lade to?" asked the sergeant.

"To the *Devil's Gulf!*" replied Dolores.

Are you quite sure?" said the sergeant.

"Listen!" replied Dolores.

Maguire waited for one of those momentary pauses, in which the fury of the storm was lulled, and then, listening attentively, heard the hoarse noise made by the water collected on the hills dashing down into the abyss. He rushed, terror-scricken, to the heads of the horses, whom he compelled to fall back. His comrades, who had heard the rushing of the waters as well as himself, regained precipitately the table-land.

The storm continued to rage with the same awful violence, and despair was rapidly obtaining possession of the whole party. The sergeant himself, whose commands were no longer respected, did not know what plan to pursue. Some of the drivers took out the horses, in order to get on their backs, and fly, at hazard, through the night. At length Dolores stood up in the waggon, and pointing to an opening in the hills on the right hand, exclaimed:—

"There lies your road. Follow the side of the hill, until you come to the next open space; you will then see Corunna at your feet, and in two hours you will be in safety."

Her words, translated by Maguire, put an end to the general disorder and somewhat revived the drooping courage of the fugitives. The waggon in which Dolores rode took the head of the procession, while she herself directed the march, telling the drivers how to avoid the ravines and turn the rocks. At length the storm abated; the clouds, swept away by the wind from the sea, disappeared in the distance, and the sky, spangled with stars, was once more visible.

The party now reached the open space mentioned by Dolores, and a little further on they perceived the town and the roads, with the men-of-war bearing the English colours at their mast-heads.

Every one forgot his sufferings to greet the well-loved flag with a joyous hurrah!

"We have had a hard time of it, sergeant," said the corporal, approaching Maguire, "but we have escaped at last!"

"Thanks to that poor woman," said the Irishman, pointing to the vivandière; "ye'see, corporal, that pity is not so bad an adviser afthur all, and that it is often wiser to save than to kill an inimy."

DECEIVED.

I WAS a stranger, and ye took me in:—
Not to your fair home only, but, with vows
Whose echoes thrill the chords of feeling yet
With exquisite pain of gratitude betrayed,—
To heart-warm sympathies, to kindly tones,
Sweet smiles, unquestioned trust, and all that makes
The soul of home, and all whose welcome breathes
The soul of hospitality.

Like flowers
When Northern April smiles,—like sweet wells found,
Unsought, amid the desert,—like the gloom
A great rock shadows o'er a weary land,
The charity of Nature,—most, O God!
Like thy dear love, that waiteth to be kind,
And blesses ere we ask it,—falls the dew
Of gentle greeting from a stranger's lips
On hearts that faint in exile.

Swift my soul
The pleasant lie believed;—nor now in scorn,
But with such tears as human grief might shed
O'er the proved treason of her guardian saint,—
Puts by the dear delusion.

Bless ye yet
For the sweet vision faded! Should your feet
On the wild path that wends away from Home—
Earth's yet unforfeit Eden—wandering fail,
Yet still, O God! I pray thee, speed them safe
Towards the one goal, towards the true Fatherland!
Heaven send your loneliness such ministers
As ye have been to mine!

And may the lips
That bid ye hail be true! and may the kiss
That seals your sweet adoption, not betray!

THE FARMER'S RETURN.

It is evening. The red sun is sinking in the west, gilding the coming night with its departing glory. The labour of the day is over, and once again the farmer is at home. At his appearance chubby youngsters rush out to meet him with a wild hallo, and clasp their father's hand, and lead him on toward the cottage-door as if in triumph. Prattling as they go, they tell him all that has occurred since early morning time. The baby crows and laughs in its mother's arms, as the young wife greets her husband with a cheerful smile; the grandfather is stepping forward, leaning like Jacob on his staff, and with one hand resting on the shoulder of his grandson, a curly-headed, happy-looking boy, the eldest of the family; the dog is bounding forward with joy; and the whole scene is one of domestic happiness, abundance, and peace.

It is a home scene, and awakens our attention and arrests our sympathy. Home is a word full of happiness, bringing back old thoughts, and old associations, and old affections, which the world has almost hustled out of memory. It may be such a scene as that which is before us now was once familiar to us; that to babble of green fields is to recall the tenderest emotions; but whether in open country parts, surrounded by the ever-changeful, ever-beautiful, face of nature; whether by the wild and rocky sea-coast, where the waves broke on the shore in showers of spray; or whether in pent-up city streets, no matter—if it was our home, and there we learned the first great heart lessons of domestic affection, we remember the spot as holy ground.

The ancients had their household gods, and of all idolatry that worship was the most pure and simple. They fancied—and it was a beautiful fancy—that the spirits of the dead kept watch over the living, and still hallowed by their presence the home they once loved. Memories are the penates of the present, and in the secret penetralia of every human heart there is an altar erected for their worship.

In all ages art has reproduced, under one form or another, the rural longings of the poets. The eclogue has no other origin than this. Whether written with the pencil, the pen, the graver, or the chisel, it has always represented a supposition only or a desire, and has never been able to place before itself a real image. The villagers of Greuze are the brothers of the shepherds of Gessner and of Florina; the peasants of Fontenelle are those of Duifé and of Allan Ramsay; the pastures of Virgil are those of Theocritus. The idyl reproduces the image which our fancy, charmed by the simple and easy life of the country, conjures up. It should be read as a romance, not as a history.

But this is not saying that everything in it must necessarily be false, for men's dreams are but revelations of nature; they betray, if not its habits, at least its instincts. Every one of us paints his character in his plans and schemes and projects as well as in his acts. The latter take their rise in most instances in external circumstances—often in the will of others rather than our own—but our day dreams are the independent expression of wishes and inclination. We plan as we would wish; we act as we can.

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY PETER PAUL BENASECH. DRAWN BY FREEMAN.

Our illustration is taken from an engraving by Peter Paul Benasech, an engraver, who is said to have been born in London in the year 1744. He was a pupil of Vivares. For some time he worked in Paris, but afterwards returned to England. His principal works are:—"Peasants Playing at Bowls," after Ostade; "Fishermen," after Vernet; "Return from Fishing," after the same; "A Calm at Sea," after the same; "Morning," after the same; four large landscapes, after Dietricy, engraved in 1770 and 1771. These are his finest prints.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS, K.B.

In a brief memoir of this distinguished naturalist, published some years since, we find the following compendious paragraph:—"Posterity is likely to do scanty justice to the merits of Banks, when the grateful recollections of his contemporaries shall have passed away. His name is connected with no great discovery, no striking improvement; and he has left no literary works from which the extent of his industry, or the amount of his knowledge, can be estimated. Yet he did much for the cause of science,—much by his personal exertions, more by a judicious and liberal use of the advantages of fortune. For more than half a century a zealous and successful student of natural history in general, and particularly of botany, the history of his scientific life is to be found on the records of science during that long and active period." We have, however, gleaned a few particulars which may prove interesting to our readers.

Sir Joseph was descended from a family tracing its pedigree back to the reign of Edward III. The date of his birth has been variously stated; but, according to his baptismal register, he was born January 4, 1743, in Argyle-street, St. James's, Westminster. Sir Everard Home, in the Hunterian Oration, delivered in the theatre of the College of Surgeons in 1822, furnished some interesting particulars respecting the early life of Sir Joseph. After receiving rudimentary instruction from a private tutor, he was sent to Harrow School when nine years of age, and at thirteen he was removed to Eton. A tutor described him as so immoderately fond of play, that his attention could not be fixed to study. At fourteen, however, he began to devote his leisure hours to reading; the reason for this change he afterwards explained thus: One fine summer evening he had bathed in the river as usual, but having stayed a long time in the water, he found, when he

SIR JOSEPH BANKS, K.B.

came to dress, that all his companions were gone. He was walking leisurely along a lane, the sides of which were richly enamelled with flowers; he stopped, and looking round, involuntarily exclaimed, "How beautiful!" After some reflection, he said to himself, "it is surely more natural that I should be taught to know all these productions of nature, in preference to Greek and Latin; but the latter is my father's command, and it is my duty to obey him: I will, however, make myself acquainted with all these different plants for my own pleasure and gratification." In how many instances has what is usually termed accident fixed the character and pursuits of a man for life. So it was here: Joseph began immediately to teach himself botany. For want of more able tutors at that time, he submitted to be instructed by some women who collected herbs and flowers for the druggists and apothecaries, and paid them sixpence for every material piece of information. While at home for the ensuing holidays, he obtained an old copy of *Gerard's Herbal*, in which he was delighted to find a description of all the plants he had met with, with the addition of representations by engravings: this book he carried with him to school.

When he was in his eighteenth year, Joseph was entered a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, Oxford; this was in 1760. Here his love of botany increased, and he added to it the study of the other branches of natural history. He succeeded in forming a class of students in natural history, under the tuition of Mr. Israel Lyons, a botanist and astronomer. Mr. Banks soon distinguished himself by his superior knowledge in what had now become his favourite study. On some occasions, when parties of students were discussing the merits of some Greek author, they would exclaim, "Here comes Banks, but he knows nothing of Greek," he made no reply, but said to himself, "I will very soon excel you in another kind of knowledge, which I deem of greater importance;" and not long after, when any of them wanted to clear up a point of natural history, they said, "We must go to Banks."

In 1763, he took an honorary degree and left Oxford. In 1764, he came of age, and, his father having died, took possession of his paternal fortune. In 1766 he was chosen into the Royal Society. In the summer of that year he went to Newfoundland with his friend Lieutenant Phipps, for the purpose of collecting plants; and returned to England the following winter by way of Lisbon. About this time he formed an intimacy with Dr. Solander, a Swedish gentlemen, the pupil of Linnæus, who had been recently appointed an assistant librarian of the British Museum. For three or four years he was assiduously employed in the objects of his established pursuit. The commencement of a new reign, the peace of 1763, and the administration of Lord Bute, a lover of science, was marked in England by public efforts to explore those parts of the ocean which were either wholly unknown or only partially discovered. The South Sea had been visited by Captain Wallace, and the position and general character of the island of Otaheite being ascertained, and the English astronomers considered that spot peculiarly favourable for observing the transit of the planet Venus over the disc of the sun. This subject was brought before the government by the Royal Society, and the plan of a general voyage of discovery, embracing particularly the object of the visit to Otaheite, was arranged, and the lords of the admiralty commissioned the Endeavour, under the command of Captain Cook, for the projected service. Banks, in conjunction with Dr. Solander, was appointed naturalist to the expedition, and, attended by two draughtsmen and four servants, he sailed from Plymouth Sound, August 26, 1768.

On arriving at Terra del Fuego they obtained a splendid variety of botanic specimens; and afterwards at Otaheite, during a space of four months, acquired an intimate knowledge of the natural history of the interior, as well as of the shores and waters of the island. The commanding appearance of Mr. Banks, together with his frank and open manners, and sound judgment, speedily obtained for him the regard and deference of the natives. The expedition, after traversing the seas surrounding New Zealand and New South Wales, came homeward by way of Batavia, and reached the Downs in June, 1771. Mr. Banks was received with the highest marks of respect, and was honoured with a private interview with His Majesty (George III.), who conceived a liking for the young traveller, which continued unimpaired to the close of his public life.

Notwithstanding the privations and dangers of his first voyage, he was induced to offer his services a second time to the government. The offer was accepted; but in consequence of difficulties placed in his way by the comptroller of the navy, he relinquished the voyage. He, however, exerted himself in every way to promote its objects, and he afterwards purchased the drawings made by Mr. Forster, who had accepted the appointment, and placed them in his own library.

In 1772, Mr. Banks, in company with his friend Dr. Solander, made a voyage to Iceland, during which they were induced to examine the Hebrides. Mr. Banks furnished a very interesting account of the columnar stratification of the rocks surrounding the caves of Staffa; and added to his collection a great number of new botanical specimens, and a large quantity of Icelandic books and manuscripts, which he afterwards presented to the British Museum.

Sir John Pringle having retired from the presidency of the Royal Society in 1777, Mr. Banks was unanimously elected to the vacant chair; and in 1778, in which year also he was created baronet, he entered upon the duties of his office with the utmost zeal. He soon succeeded in obtaining important communications, and the accession of many persons of rank and talent as members. From this time he gave up all idea of leaving his country, and began to prepare for publication the rich store of botanical materials he had collected. In this work he had reckoned on the assistance of his friend and fellow-labourer, Dr. Solander, but that gentleman having died suddenly, in 1782, Sir Joseph abandoned his intention, and wrote nothing farther than a few short memoirs and papers, published chiefly as communications to the transactions of societies.

In 1784 some serious misunderstandings took place in the Royal Society, which for some time interrupted the tranquillity of the president. The discontent, founded as it should seem, upon misunderstanding and prejudice, at length broke out, and on the evening of January 8, a resolution "That this Society do approve of Sir Joseph Banks for their President, and will support him," was moved in a very full meeting of the society by Sir Joseph's friends. It was strenuously opposed by several members, and among the rest by Dr. Horsley, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, who, having been interrupted in his speech, and irritated by a suggestion from Lord Mulgrave, intimated a threat of seceding, and forming a rival society. "Sir," said Dr. Horsley, in conclusion, "when the hour of secession does come, the president will be left with his train of feeble amateurs, and that toy—pointing to the mace on the table—the ghost of that society in which philosophy once reigned, and Newton presided as her minister." The motion made in favour of Sir Joseph was, however, carried by a large majority, and the dissension soon after subsiding, the society returned to its labours with new zeal and unanimity.

Sir Joseph Banks was invested with the Order of the Bath in July, 1795, and in March, 1797, was sworn of his majesty's privy council. In 1802, he was chosen a member of the National Institute of France. Towards the close of his life, he was grievously afflicted by gout, which deprived him, to a considerable extent, of the use of his lower extremities. He endured his pains with much patience and cheerfulness, and died at his seat in Spring-grove, Middlesex, June 19, 1820, in the 77th year of his age.

In addition to his labours for the Royal Society, of which he was president for upwards of forty years, he took a leading part in the management of the Royal Gardens at Kew. He was a distinguished promoter also of the interests of the Horticultural Society, founded in 1804. In addition to this, he was indefatigable as an official trustee in the management of the British Museum; to which institution, after innumerable gifts, he made a contingent bequest of his scientific library,

together with his foreign correspondence, where both are now deposited. Most of the voyages of discovery, which were made under the auspices of government for the last thirty years of Sir Joseph Bank's life, had been either suggested by him, or had received his approbation and support. The African Association owed its origin to him; and Ledyard, Lucas, Houghton, and Mungo Park, all partook of the care which he extended to enterprising travellers.

The published writings of Sir Joseph Banks are not numerous. They consist of papers in the "Philosophical Transactions;" "The Archæologia;" the "Transactions of the Horticultural Society;" and other periodical works, and two single tracts, one on the causes of disease in corn, the other on the breed of Merino sheep. He possessed a noble library of works on "Natural History," of which an admirable catalogue, in five volumes octavo, was compiled by his librarian, Mr. Dryander. A beautiful marble statue, by Chantry, was executed by subscription, and presented to the British Museum: it is placed in the hall of that institution.

THE BEAUTY OF GOLD.

So they tell us we are surrounded by far-spread fields of gold: that Australia bids fair to fulfil the ancient myth of London being actually paved with the precious metal; and then, what man gathers for stooping, and tramples in walking, becoming common, will go out of fashion: that poets will discard it from simile, and it will cease to symbolise magnificence: that silver will become the ore of poetry, and its graceful chasing the filigree of fancy. Or, perchance, since discovery has begun to reverse things, by proving the rarest ore most common, we may at length enthrone as precious the lead and iron of present abundance; as this age of usefulness matures, signifying our spirit by our ores, casting our monarch's crowns in iron, to token the unbending rule of science, and our current coins in lead, to token the density of our intellects.

Here is a field for dreaming opened in England, while the sinews of Australia open a field for work. Yet, even at the dawn of this new idea, unparalleled, and, therefore, not to be judged by precedent, one serious question arises: Can the long-echoed verdict of time, and the deeply founded faith of man, be reversed so lightly? nay, can they be reversed at all? Can gold, the veritable precious ore of nature, the brightest mosaic in the floors of earth and heaven, ever sink to vulgarity or insignificance? or is the fact of diffusion equivalent to vulgarity? What so common as the far-spread water; yet what *fount* of poetry more full and pure! There go the bards, to drink the life of nature, and the "flow of soul;" the waters of spirit, and the rills of fancy; the ocean of existence, and the dew of love. Then the common air, the wild-flowers, and diffusive light, these are the poet's treasures, replete with richest stores, for in truth, through God's bounty, the worthiest things are common, and that which underlies, and overarches, and encircles, is most precious and divine. The precious powers of air are universal, and electricity, pervading all, is the precious ore of creation. So gold, to the perceiving eye, was never scarce, but scattered in broad effects: the golden altars of creation, unbuilt with hands, as when the golden sunset steeps the sea, or the golden autumn dyes the fields and forests; and in finer touches—the rich enamelling of nature—in the golden stars of heaven, and on earth, the buttercups, and primroses, and golden flowers of Lent; the golden sparkles on the waters, and drops of golden light between the summer boughs; the golden fruit of ripeness, and the golden ears, richer in abundance. Winter's melting drops are golden in the sun, and with the glow of day the hoar turns golden on the pane; the spring fields are yellow with the fragrant hay, and summer's with the fervour of her bloom. Autumn is the golden season, the glory of the year in wealth, and majesty, and gorgeous skies, the tapestries of earth, suspended from the sun, and broidered with shadows of cloud, and hill, and tree, and the glorious mingling of precious hues on a warp of waving gold.

Wherever earth is rich, it clothes itself in gold; wherever heaven is cloudless, gold is its drapery of light. The Heavenly Decorator knew the value of gold, when he made it the dower of the sun, to pattern forth, with shining lines, the many-hued vestment of the sod. Hence, the gold of beauty is not scarce, but being well distributed, its effect is rich and chaste;—for gold is the hue of concentration;—with the primary blue and red, less than one-fifth of yellow forms harmony—for, as blue absorbs, yellow emits the rays of light, and advances on the dazzled eye.

The Eastern decorators knew the worth of the intense and yellow gold, and used it not sparingly, but with generous taste; offending its presence with no baser hue, but edging it round with purity.

In every clime has gold been precious, and used for the highest purposes of adornment, its effectiveness in ornament depending on laws independent of its current value. In the East, where it abounded, its beauty was most highly prized, and its use most lavish and tasteful. Solomon's Temple is described as "like a mountain of snow, covered with gold," which in its profusion was deemed the noblest offering to deck the house of God, for the golden spikes on the roof of the "holy of holies" were pointed heavenward, that not even a bird should settle near that place of purities, the very dwelling-place of Divinity; and, like the golden altar within, no tool of baser metal had ever touched it. In Mexico, Cortez found the gold mines overflowing; yet gold was there the richest adornment of royalty—and the oriental dreams of majesty and heaven, the most luxuriant of mortal fancy, were glorified with gold.

From history, then, from experience, from the truth of nature, and the laws of art, we learn that gold is the ore of majesty and fulness, of wealth and beauty. The laws of nature's symbolism are as changeless as those of harmony or life; so God gave gold for grandeur, and silver for grace, and iron for strength, and copper for ductility; and, however their relative proportions may vary, these qualities are eternal. Gold is the king of splendour, whose queen is silver: he, massive and intractable, she, beautiful and readily impressed; he, majestic as the godlike sun, she, spiritual as the mild and mercy-loving moon. Gold is the ore of genius, full, rich, self-glorified, concentrative; silver, the fairy ore of fancy, flowing into shapes of beauty for the daily services of our homes.

Had gold possessed no deeper value, and man no higher appreciation, than the estimate of the Kilmanseggs, the fields of Australia might lie in the future like stony deserts. But nature is significant of her own redundance; for above the gold fields of California lay those rich treasures which Douglass died to confer on botanic science; and the giant-spread of the Californian pine mocks the oak of England in regal majesty, and the richness of its golden green. What the future of Australia may evince, the discovery of its gold is perhaps the most significant prognostic.

We have heard that the outer world is ever "showing forth" omens of the inner, and in symbolic discovery "coming events cast their shadows before;"—if so, it may be that the veritable age of gold is near; that genius, self-reliant, indestructible by fire or tarnish, the gold of mind defining earth's progress in lines of light, shall henceforth underlie all things, making society like an Indian robe, rich and lovely by its arranged profusion; that beauty, the gold of appreciation, shall spread round cottage doors, enriching the spirit from even the sod of poverty; that love, the gold of heaven, shall abound among us, making our world of man, like the sun-steeped soil of summer, peaceful in its golden light. Oh! these will not be vulgar nor valueless in being common. We believe that they underlie the soil of humanity, will be unearthed by time, and will become the golden pavement of the new country that future labour will discover. Yes, the coming era is the truest golden age, and Jehovah's home in the hearts of men shall be a throne of gold, set with the gems of truth.

THE FAMILIES OF PLANTS.

ERICINEÆ.—THE HEATH TRIBE.

The divisions of the calyx so detached from each other, that they may be called leaves rather than segments. These are four in number. Corolla four-cleft. Filaments, originating from the receptacle or base of the flower, and not from the corolla. Anthers with an opening at the top, and a pair of appendages at the base. Seed-vessels, with four cells or compartments.

Fig. 10.—Erica Fulgens.

Fig. 11.—Rhododendron Ponticum.

The heath tribe is dispersed over the entire surface of the globe, but in some parts they especially abound. Some species cover immense tracts of land in central and northern Europe, where their presence indicates a soil unfriendly to the cereals or corn-plants. They are most numerous in the region of the Mediterranean.

Many plants of this order are old acquaintances of every one who has taken an excursion on any of our heaths, commons, and other open grounds, and even slightly looked at the plants which grow there. Often, therefore, may we say with a poet of humble rank in life :—

Fig. 12.—Kalmia Latifolia.

Fig. 13.—Maclenea Cordata.

"Sweet flower! from Nature's indulgence thou'rt cast,
Thy home's on the cold heath, thy nurse is the blast.
No shrub spreads its branches to shelter thy form,
Thou'rt shook by the winds, and thou'rt bent by the storm;
But the bird of the moor, on thy substance is fed,
And thou giv'st to the hare of the mountain a bed."

Fig. 14.—Jasminum.

In one species the leaves, instead of being in pairs, are collected into warps, or fours; whence the specific name *tetralix*, which implies a whorl of four leaves, or a coil of four turns. It is generally known, on the same account, as the cross-leaved heath. This is the most delicate of the English

Fig. 15—Plantago.

heaths, though not the most abundant; it is, however, pretty frequent, along with the other kinds, on moors and commons.

It may be easily distinguished from others, by the passer by. Its roots are long, its stems rough, its leaves dark coloured, with hairs around their edges, and growing four together. The anthers of the stamens have two curious awns, or horns, at the lower part of them. The flowers are oval, ending in a little cross, in the centre of which the style is seen; they droop elegantly, and are collected in little beads at the end of the branches. And then most delicate is their colour: for—

Fig. 16.—Statice.

"The erica here,
That o'er the Caledonian hills sublime
Spreads its dark mantle (where the bees delight
To seek their purest honey), flourishes,
Sometimes with bells like amethyst, and then
Paler, and shaded like a maiden's cheek,
With gradual blushes: other while as white
As rime that hangs upon the frozen spray."

Fig. 17.—Passiflora.

The fine-leaved heath is very common, beautiful and lasting. Its leaves are in leashes, or threes, smooth, and with their edges entire. As the young branches grow among them, it often appears as if there were many leaves together. The flowers are in umbels, like the last species. If the calyx be

closely examined, the edges of the segments will be seen to be finely serrated, or sawed. The flowers are mostly pink-coloured, smaller than those of the last, having a larger style, and being more open at the end.

The common heath, or ling, with its double calyx, its leaves opposite, in pairs, and shaped like an arrow-head at their base, should also be noticed. Its beautiful little appendages are distinguished by an appropriate name, *aures;* if examined through a glass, they will also be found to have their edges finely toothed.

It is this plant which Mrs. Grant has thus poetically addressed:—

"Flower of the waste! The heath fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood;
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes,
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

"Flower of the desert, though thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee, thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

"Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lovely moor;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure;
Both valour's crest, and beauty's bower,
Oft hast thou deck'd, a favourite flower.

"Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

"Flower of his heart! the fragrance mild,
Of peace and freedom seems to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

"Flower of his dear-lov'd, native land!
Alas! when distant, far more dear!
When he, from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more!"

The ling is used for a variety of economical purposes, but chiefly for making brooms. This hardy mountaineer is the badge of the clan Macdonell; the cross-leaved heath, of the Macdonalds; and another species, *erica cinerea*, the fine-leaved heath, is that of the Macallisters. The yew, the holly, the pine, the cranberry, and other plants, are also used as floral badges, by the different highland clans. They were generally chosen from evergreens, that they might be permanent, and not affected by the change of seasons. Such was the practice of all, except the Stuarts, who wore the oak, which, from having a deciduous leaf, many regarded as ominous of the decay of that family and name. It is also worthy of notice, that the particular disposition of the various colours of the tartan, worn by the highlanders, indicated to what clan or district they specially belonged. We give a splendid example of the heaths, the *erica fulgens* (fig. 10).

But to the heaths this family is not restricted; to it belong the *rhododendrons* (fig. 11), the *kalmias* (fig. 12), and the *azaleas*. The same essential characters appear in them all: stamens being hypogynous, and the anthers opening by pores. The rhododendrons and the azaleas, however, differ from the rest of the group in the irregularity of the corolla, which has unequal divisions and spreads open at the mouth; the stamens, too, are bent towards one side. The kalmia is remarkable for the manner in which the stamens are held down by the corolla, until the pollen is ready to be shed. The filaments are curved outwards, away from the pistil; and the anthers are lodged, as it were, in little niches in the corolla, by which they are held until the complete expansion of the flower, when any cause—such indeed as the contact of insects—which gives the filaments a slight movement, sets them free, and they rise up with a spring, scattering the pollen on the stigma.

It is in "the merry month of May" that the rhododendrons come into blossom with us, and deck both garden and shrubbery with their splendid flowers and hard evergreen leaves. During this and the following month, indeed, numerous kinds blossom, but by far the greater number are variations of the common species, *rhododendron particum* (fig. 13), which is found wild on the coasts of the Black Sea, from the range of Caucasus, through Armenia and Georgia, to the western parts of Persia. This species grows in moist woods, but not on high mountains, and is said to be that which, by the nectar of its flowers, poisoned the honey of Asia Minor.

JASMINACEÆ.—THE JASMIN TRIBE.

Flower bi-sexual. Calyx divided, or toothed, persistent. Stamens two. Ovarium free, two-celled. Seeds solitary. Embryo straight.

A group of elegant and fragrant trailing shrubs constitutes the jessamine tribe. These plants are most abundant, and attain their sweetest perfume in tropical climes. The species which is cultivated in this country, is not a native of Britain, but has been imported. The common jasmin, *jasminum officinale* (fig. 14), the ornament of many a cottager's garden, still retains its Persian and Arabic name, indicating from whence it was brought to us.

In this family we find other plants well entitled to attention. Here stands the sambac, *magorium sambac*. The flowers of this highly scented jasmine are strung and worn by females in India, as chaplets, in the same way as the blossoms of the *gardenia* are in the islands of the Pacific.

Here are also the two species of ash. One is the stately and favourite tree of the painter, *fraxinus excelsior;* the bark of which, before the introduction of Peruvian bark, was used for its bitterness and astringency. The other is the manna ash (*F. ornus*), common in the south of Europe, and especially in Calabria, which yields the manna of the shops. In ancient times the wood of this tree was famous for yielding the material of which the javelins of warriors were made.

Nor must the lilac, *syringa vulgaris*, be omitted. This most charming shrub is a native of Persia, and still preserves its Persian name. It was introduced into Europe in the sixteenth century, and since then it has spread over all its gardens. The generic name indicates a tube, for the stem is hollow, and is, therefore, applied by the Turks to form tubes for their tobacco-pipes.

PLANTAGINEÆ.

Corolla tubular. Stamens four. Ovarium free, two, seldom four, and very rarely one-celled; ovules solitary, in pairs, or indefinite. Seeds sessile, peltate or erect. Embryo in the axis of a fleshy albumen. Radicle inferior.

This is a small natural order of plants, belonging to the monopetalous exogenous series. Of it, the common rib-grass, or *plantago lanceolata* (fig. 15), may be taken as the type. The herbage is slightly bitter and astringent, and the seeds are covered with mucus, which is occasionally used in the stiffening of linen by the manufacturers. The leaves of the greater plantain and hoary plantain (*P. major and media*), are frequently applied to fresh wounds by people in humble life.

PLUMBAGINEÆ.

Corolla regular, with five distinct petals. Stamens five. Ovarium free, one-celled; ovule solitary, pendulous. Seed pendulous. Embryo straight, in the axis of a farinaceous albumen. Radicle inferior.

Some of these plants are tonic and astringent, and others are, in the highest degree, acrid and caustic. *Plumbago europea* (fig. 16), has been frequently employed by beggars, to raise

ulcers on their bodies, to excite pity. The root yields the substance called *plumbagino*, and also contains a peculiar fat, which gives to the skin a lead grey colour, whence the plant has been called *lead*-wort, *P. scandens* is remarkably acrid, and on this account is called *herbe du diable* in St. Domingo.

In the same family the *statices* (fig. 16) are ranked. One of these is well known.

"'Tis this, which rustic neatness leads
Round the trim gardens, walks and beds,
Whose globe-like tufts of blossoms throw,
O'er the green marsh a rosy glow,
Nor less, when alpine regions lift
Their misty tops,—the hardy thrift."

Its round-headed flowers, partly enclosed in a scaly calyx, that ends below in a dry sheath, running some way down the flower-stalk, are often called "pincushions" by children.

The muddy shores about almost all parts of our coasts, and the salt-marshes also, abound with the larger and more showy kind, which flowers in July, and grows eight or ten inches high. It is known at once from the former, by the very different appearance of its leaves, and the colours, which are here of a fine blue. This is

"The sea-lavender, which lacks perfume."

The flowers and flower-stalks, however, retain almost all their colour and beauty when dried, and are often gathered for winter nosegays.

PASSIFLORACEÆ.—THE PASSION-FLOWER TRIBE.

Petals five, arising from the throat of the calyx. Stamens five. Ovarium seated on a long stalk, one-celled. Embryo straight, in the midst of a fleshy thin albumen. Herbaceous plants or shrubs.

The passion-flower tribe consists of plants having creeping stems, supporting themselves by tendrils, and bearing large juicy fruit (fig. 17). It is principally to be met with in America; but various species are now naturalised in this country, and are beautiful ornaments to the fronts of houses, garden-walls, or trellis work, over which they may be trained.

On the name of the passion-flower, originally derived from Spain, our poet, Bernard Barton, thus conveys sentiments with which those of many will fully accord:—

"If superstition's baneful art
First gave thy mystic name,
Reason, I trust, would steel my heart
Against its groundless claim.

"But if, in fancy's pensive hour,
By grateful feelings stirr'd,
Her fond imaginative power
That name at first conferr'd.

"Though lightly Truth her flights may prize,
By wild vagary driven,
For once their blameless exercise
May surely be forgiven.

"We roam the seas, give new-found isles
Some king, or conqueror's name;
We rear on earth triumphal piles,
As meeds of earthly fame.

"We soar to heaven—and to outlive
Our life's contracted span,
Unto the glorious stars we give
The names of mortal man.

"Then may not *one* poor flow'ret's bloom
The holier memory share,
Of Him who, to avert our doom,
Vouchsaf'd our sins to bear?

"God dwelleth not in temples rear'd
By work of human hands;
Yet shrines august, by men rever'd,
Are found in Christian lands.

"And may not e'en a simple flower
Proclaim His glorious praise,
Whose *fiat only* had the power
Its form from earth to raise?

"Then freely let thy bosom ope
Its beauties to recall
A scene, which bids the humble hope
In Him who died for all!"

THE CHINESE EMPEROR, MIEN-NING.

The Chinese are forbidden under severe penalties to possess portraits of their emperors. This prohibition gives rise, as might be expected, to an illicit and fraudulent traffic, from which large profits are obtained. Fancy sketches in imperial robes are offered to strangers in an underhand and mysterious manner, purporting to be portraits of his celestial majesty. From ten to twenty-five shillings are in this way often obtained for a water-colour drawing not worth more than half-a-crown. Our engraving, however, is not taken from one of these, but is a faithful portrait of Mien-ning, the predecessor of the reigning emperor. The original portrait, about ten inches in diameter, belonged to Pann-se-chin, one of the imperial commissioners joined with Ki-ing in the negotiations between the Chinese and the French government. It was taken in the palace at Pekin during a religious ceremony by one of Pann-se-chinn's friends, a high officer of the court. Pann was on intimate terms with the interpreter of the embassy, to whom he presented the drawing, which, to use his own expression, was eight-tenths of a perfect likeness. Mien-ning gave his reign the name of *taou kouang* (the light of reason). He was the 241st emperor of China, and the sixth of the Maudchue race, and of the Ta-tsing dynasty. He was born in 1780, and was the grandson of Kaou-tsoung, who became emperor in 1796, and reigned under the name of Kia-king till 1820. Mien-ning distinguished himself before his accession to the throne by an act of great intrepidity. Sin-tsing, the first eunuch of the palace, had become the favourite of Kia-king, and had acquired such influence over his master, that he took upon himself most of the affairs of the administration. This exercise of power excited his ambition, and inspired him with the design of seizing on the throne, and putting the emperor and his sons to death. While Kia-king and the princes were out hunting, he surrounded the palace with troops, and as soon as the emperor had returned he gave the signal of revolt. But in the meantime, without the knowledge of the rebels, Mien-ning had remained concealed in the palace, and perceived at a glance the object the eunuch had in view in concentrating the soldiers upon the palace. As soon, therefore, as he saw him entering at their head, he rammed down one of the round copper buttons of his coat into a musket, and covering the traitor with a steady aim, shot him dead. His followers instantly took to flight upon seeing their leader fall.

Kia-King died in 1820; his eldest son had preceded him to the tomb, and Mien-ning therefore, was proclaimed emperor on the 28th of August, 1820. He died at Pekin, in February, 1850, on the 14th day of the first moon of the thirtieth year of his reign. It was marked by some of the most important events in Chinese history. Twelve years after the suppression of Tchankoe's rebellion in the provinces of Ili, China had for the first time to contend against a European nation, and, being vanquished, to submit to harsh conditions of peace. It was caused, as all our readers know, by the unjustifiable attempts of the British to force opium into the country against the wish of the Chinese authorities. The war commenced in November, 1839, and was closed in August, 1842, by the treaty of Nan-King. The unfortunate Chinese were compelled to pay the expenses of the war, cede to England the island of

Hong-Kong, to open to foreign commerce the ports of Canton, Changhai, Ningpo, Foutchou, and E-moui, and to consent to a new custom-house tariff.

The following are the principal events of the war :—

1841.—February 26th: The forts of Bogue taken. March 25th—31st: Battle at Canton; the town pays a ransom of £10,000. August 27th: Emoui taken. September 4th: Battle of Chei-pou. October 1st: Ting-haï taken; occupation of the island of Tchou-san. October 10th: Chin-hai taken. October 13th: Occupation of Ning-po.

1842.—March 10th: Battle of Ning-po. March 13th: Tse-ki taken. April 10th: Tcha-pou taken. June 13th: Entry of the river Yang-tse-kiang. June 16th: Wousoug taken. June 19th: Chang-hai taken. July 12th: Entry into Kiang Yin. July 15th: Entry into Chouin-chan. July 21st: Chin-kiang taken. August 14th: Arrival before Nan-king. August 20th and 26th: Conferences between the English and Chinese plenipotentiaries. August 29th: Treaty of Nan-king.

1843.—October 8th: Treaty of Hou-moun-chai.

It appears that, during the whole course of the war, the emperor was kept in ignorance of the defeat of his armies, and of the sacrifices he was compelled to make.

MIEN-NING, LATE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

JOHN BUNYAN.

BUNYAN'S CHAPEL, ZOAR-STREET, SOUTHWARK—ELSTOW CHURCH, NEAR BEDFORD—BUNYAN'S TOMB, BUNHILL FIELDS.

JOHN BUNYAN.

John Bunyan was a tinker, and the son of a tinker. He associated with the lowest of the people, in an age of rude manners, brutalising customs, and gross popular ignorance. He never entered a college, and received no classical education. He had no kind patron among the upper classes; no opportunities for self-culture beyond what were common to the peasants of Elstow, among whom he was born and brought up. He became a preacher in a sect everywhere spoken against; a sect which then thought lightly of human genius and human learning, and which was considered to have narrow views when the energies of all sects ran violently in exclusive channels. Yet this man has produced the most universally popular work of genius ever written. The most fastidious and most highly cultivated critics of modern times exhaust the language of eulogy in praise of the "Pilgrim's Progress." The most obstinate bigotry has melted under its fascination; and the proudest high churchman has been compelled to do homage to the genius of the poor, persecuted, baptist tinker, and to acknowledge him, among allegorists, *facile princeps*.

The "Pilgrim's Progress," which charms childhood, which is to wondering boys and girls a gallery of portraits, and a book of chivalry wherein the hero overcomes appalling difficulties, performs incredible works, dissolves powerful enchantments, conquers giants, and puts demons to flight; which to the pious Christian is a glorious transparency of spiritual life, a faithful and thrilling narrative of Christian experience, "a spiritual Odyssey;" and to the theologian, a perfect body of divinity, cast in the mould of the Bible, and free from every sectarian distortion,—this glorious prison dream no less delights the man of taste as a creation of genius and a work of art. Lord Kaimes admires it for its proper admixture of the dramatic and the narrative. Grainger, the high-church historian, pronounces it one of the most ingenious as well as one of the most popular works in the English language. Dr. Johnson, whose atrabilious temperament made him look with a discolouring eye on all dissenting merit, highly praised the "Pilgrim's Progress," as "a work of original genius, and one of the very few books, which every reader wishes had been longer." Among these very few books no other allegorical work is found. "The Fairy Queen," with all its gorgeous imagery and sweet flow of melody, wearies every reader before he comes to the end; and the same may be said of all the best works of the same class.

The secret of Bunyan's charm is the strong human interest which he gives to his characters. Dr. Franklin remarks that, "Honest John Bunyan is the first who has mingled narrative and dialogue together,—a mode of writing very engaging to the reader, who, in the most interesting passages, finds himself admitted, as it were, into the company, and present at the conversation."

"The happy idea," says James Montgomery, "of representing his story under the similitude of a dream, enabled him to portray with all the liveliness of reality the scenes which passed before him. It makes the reader himself, like the author, a spectator of all that occurs; thus giving him a personal interest in the events, an individual sympathy for the actors and sufferers."

Robert Southey, the poet-laureate,—the high-church advocate, the apologist of persecution,—did not think it beneath him to write a life of the gifted tinker, though an incurable schismatic and a preacher in vulgar conventicles. He describes the "Pilgrim's Progress" as "a book which makes its way through the fancy to the understanding and the heart. The child peruses it with wonder and delight; in youth we discover the genius it displays; its worth is apprehended as we advance in years; and we perceive its merits feelingly in declining age."

The estimate of Coleridge is remarkable: he says,—"This wonderful work is one of the very few books which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with a new and different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian; and let me assure you that there is great theological acumen in the work;—once with devotional feelings;—and once as a poet: I could not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colours. I know of no book, the Bible excepted, as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth, according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It is, in my conviction, incomparably the best *summa theologiæ evangelicæ* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired. . . . I hold John Bunyan to be a man of incomparably greater genius than any of them (the Divines), and to have given a far truer and more edifying picture of Christianity. His 'Pilgrim's Progress' seems to be a complete reflection of Scripture, with none of the rubbish of theologians mixed up with it. . . . I have been always struck by its piety; I am now, having read it through again, after a long interval, struck equally, or even more, by its profound wisdom."

Macaulay, to whose strong, just mind and brilliant genius the world owes much for dispelling the thick clouds of prejudices which rested on the memory of the great nonconformists of the seventeenth century, places the shrine of Bunyan next to that of Milton, in his hero worship.

In his review of "Southey's Life of Bunyan," he says: "The characteristic peculiarity of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. It is not so with the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. In the wildest parts of Scotland it is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is a greater favourite than 'Jack the Giant Killer.' Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows the road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius,—that things which are not should be as though they were,—that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another,—and this miracle the tinker has wrought. . . . . The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable, as a study, to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. . . . . For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. . . . . Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds: one of those minds produced the 'Paradise Lost,' the other the 'Pilgrim's Progress!'" This early estimate by the great essayist has been confirmed by his more mature judgment in the "History of England," where he concludes his remarks on the life and genius of Bunyan by saying: "Bunyan indeed is as decidedly the first of allegorists as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakspeare the first of dramatists. . . . . Other allegorists have shown great ingenuity, but no other allegorist has ever been able to touch the heart, and to make abstractions objects of terror, of pity, and of love."

We close these notices by an extract from Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chief-Justices." Referring to the imprisonment of Bunyan, his lordship says: "Being cut off from the external world, he communed with his own soul, and, inspired by Him who touched Elijah's hallowed lips with fire, he composed the noblest of allegories, the merit of which was first discovered by the lowly, but which is now lauded by the most refined critics; and which has done more to awaken piety, and to enforce the precepts of Christian morality, *than all the sermons which have been published by all the prelates of the Anglican church*."

Bunyan's genius, at last, has taken its true place in the temple of Fame. The verdict of the people has prevailed. The *vox populi* has been confirmed by the solemn judgment of ermined criticism. Some fifty or sixty years ago, Cowper, an intense admirer of the

> "Ingenious dreamer, in whose well told tale
> Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail,"

thought it prudent to suppress the name of the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress!"

> "I name thee not, lest *so despised a name*
> Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame!"

Can any fact more strikingly exhibit the wonderful progress of the public mind in knowledge and candour since the commencement of the nineteenth century?

However, it is not enough to give vent to our admiration in contemplating the achievements of Bunyan's genius. We should also analyse it, and see of what elements it was composed, and by what discipline it was perfected. Every great work of genius which commands the admiration of posterity, is also a great work of art. Bunyan's genius did not break forth suddenly like a sunrise in the tropics. It had its long twilight and its clouded morning. His mind was not, indeed, trained academically; nor did he ascend the steps of Parnassus, led by a learned professor. Nevertheless, he had been long in a course of preparation for his work,—unconsciously accumulating materials for the ever-during structure which he has left to commemorate his name. We shall see what this training was by glancing at the events of his life. He was born at the village of Elstow, near Bedford, in the year 1628. His father was a tinker and a brazier, and he worked himself at the same trade. His temperament was ardent, as may be inferred from his *physique*. His person was tall, strong-boned, but not corpulent. His complexion was ruddy, his hair reddish, his eye grey, quick, and sparkling. The nose was well-set, the forehead high, the mouth rather large. He was frank, cordial, affable, and unassuming in his manners. With a warm temperament and strong passions, nature had bestowed upon him a sound judgment, a vigorous imagination,—ideality and veneration in the largest measure, all combined with a consciousness morbidly sensitive.

His natural energy enabled him to take the lead among his companions, and his excitable passions carried him into excess of rioting, which his remorse led him afterwards to exaggerate into greater guilt than really attached to it, judging by the moral standard of the time. He was a wild youth, but not wilder or worse than youths in general were in the same rank of life. With all his follies, he solemnly protested, that "no woman in heaven, earth, or hell, could lay anything to his charge." He was addicted to swearing, it is true, as we fear too many of the working classes are still; but when rebuked by a woman of bad character, he abandoned the practice. He married at the age of nineteen, a young girl whose parents were godly, and who brought him, as her only dowry, a few religious books, which set him thinking seriously, and made him seek reform in the path of self-righteousness and superstition; and he became a soldier in the army of the parliament. Soon after his conversion he joined the baptist church at Bedford, whose minister, himself a miracle of grace, had been a major in the republican army. Afterwards Bunyan became a preacher, and was the first victim of the persecuting laws enacted at the Restoration. As such he was cast into Bedford gaol, where, with some brief intervals of freedom, he was confined for twelve or fourteen years. The gaol was a small old building upon the bridge, whose dungeons were damp, dismal, and unwholesome. They were frequently crowded with the victims of persecutions, selected from all classes of non-conformists. He was arraigned before brutal judges, and treated with contumely and insult. At length he was released, when the king, convinced not of the injustice but of the impolicy of persecution, granted a general amnesty to the Quakers who crowded the prisons.

It will be seen, then, that Bunyan's *experience* qualified him admirably for writing the "Pilgrim's Progress." It was substantially his own autobiography idealised; the "Grace Abounding" expanded and cast into an allegorical and dramatic form. He knew the world's wickedness,—all that appertained to the Valley of Destruction,—not as a spectator merely, but as an actor. He felt the wild working of youthful passion. He had abandoned himself to shocking profanity—thus outraging his natural feeling of veneration and his sensitive conscience. Through his quick imagination, sudden gleams of conviction, flashes from the eternal world, shot into his soul, and convulsed him with the agonies of remorse, while a fierce tempest agitated his whole nature. He had made a desperate effort at self-reformation, unconscious yet of his innate weakness before God, and of his need of divine grace. His mission as the minister of a proscribed sect brought him into collision with secular wickedness in high places, whose sayings and doings were vividly impressed upon his mind.

All these impressions, however, might have gradually faded away, had he married a rich wife and led a life of tranquillity. But a protracted imprisonment intensified them all, and they were brightened in his mind by the prospective light of martyrdom. In gaol, too, he became intimately acquainted with a great variety of religious characters. He was daily accustomed to theological discussions and collisions of opinion. He had taken the side of open communion in the controversy among his Baptist brethren, and this, with other influences, gave him the tolerant and catholic tone so remarkable in the "Pilgrim."

In prison he was to a large extent weaned from the world; left much to his solitary meditations, and his active mind—borne on the wings of a powerful imagination—nourished only by the Bible and Fox's "Book of Martyrs," which it had thoroughly digested, and made almost a part of itself, expatiated freely in the regions of the spiritual and the supernatural—till truths, errors, principles, and passions, with facility embodied themselves in human shapes, and fancy gave to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name." His mind soared among the stars, and penetrated the dark abyss of woe, till devils and demons became his familiar companions. Had he been doomed to solitary confinement, the issue might have been fanaticism or insanity.

> "Thoughts shut up want air,
> And spoil like bales unopened to the sun,"

or become sickly like plants in perpetual shade. In such case his dreams would have been

> "Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realised."

The freedom of Bunyan's soul found vent in such words as the following:—

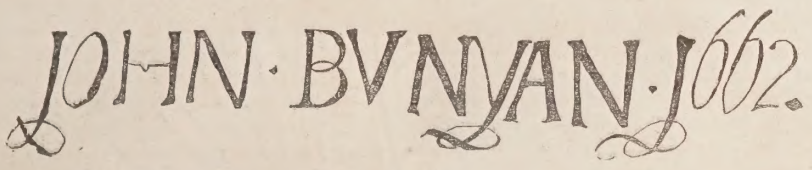
> "For though men keep my outward man,
> Within their locks and bars,
> Yet by the faith of Christ I can
> Mount higher than the stars."

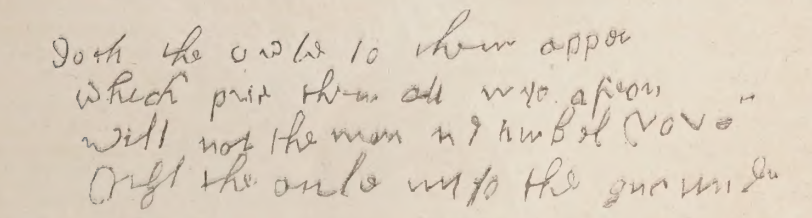
We question, however, if Bunyan's mind would have retained its perfect equilibrium, and its genuine, unsoured human sympathy, during so long an imprisonment, or that he ever would, or could, have written the "Pilgrim's Progress," without the steady and sanitary influence of his domestic ties—without the healing and hallowing influences of wife and children. Having lost his first wife he married a second,—a woman of strong and noble mind, as well as of warm and devoted affection, who pleaded for him heroically before the judges of the land. She and her children often gathered round the confessor in his dungeon, which was lightened by their presence. For their support he worked daily at the making of tagged thread-lace; and on them he often invoked the Divine blessing and protection. There was one child especially—a little blind girl—who often sat by his knee, and whose helpless condition especially drew forth his sympathy. With such objects before his mind, with such human cords ever pulling at his heart, the present life retained for him all its freshness and reality in spite of the floods of splendour that poured upon his mind from the heavenly world, and saved him from the fanatical egotism which has often been the disease

of such a mind as his, preying upon itself for want of the outlets of kindred sympathising hearts.

Bunyan had on one occasion a very remarkable dream, which made a great impression on him, and which was probably the germ of his glorious allegory. Besides, the idea of a *pilgrimage* as a picture of human life, is frequently presented in Scripture, and it is one on which Bunyan's circumstances would often induce him to dwell.

Bunyan had for some time an indulgent gaoler, who let him out occasionally to see his friends, and even to visit London. After his release he laboured, with great acceptance, in the ministry, as pastor of the church at Bedford, and occasionally in other places. In the metropolis his visits were hailed with great delight. Multitudes crowded, even at a very early hour in the morning, to hear the eloquent tinker, and among them were some of the most learned divines of the day, who envied the power with which a man, whose vocabulary was only English, could subdue the hearts of the people. He was indefatigable in his labours both as a preacher and writer, cheerfully doing his divine Master's work. He died in London in the house of a friend in Snow-hill, on the 12th of August, 1688, in the 61st year of his age, and was buried in Bunhill-fields—leaving behind him an imperishable name, which the princes of literature delight to honour, and which is borne by vessels which navigate the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The people of England may well be proud of John Bunyan—the noble plebeian—the author whose invincible merit has vindicated the popular judgment—who has held against the world the glorious position assigned him by the universal suffrage of the working classes.





The above name was written by Bunyan on a tattered copy of an early edition of "Fox's Martyrology;" and on a page of that book, under the engraving of an owl appearing at a council held by Pope John at Rome, he had written the four lines above:—

"Doth the owle to them apper
Which put them all into a fear
Will not the man in treble crown
Fright the owle unto the ground."

THE HAJA AND COBRA DI CAPELLO.

On a morning in October last, one of the keepers at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's-park, named Gurling, returned to his duties in a state very nearly approaching drunkenness, after having spent the night, in a carousal at a tavern, with some emigrants who were about to set out for Australia. Upon entering the garden, he opened one of the glass cages, with an iron grating, in which the venomous serpents are enclosed, and taking out one of them which had recently arrived from Morocco, he shook it above his head, in imitation of the Indian serpent charmers, some of whom he had seen in London during the Great Exhibition. The serpent wound itself, it appears, around Gurling's neck, but without doing him any harm; one of the other keepers, who chanced to be passing at the moment, implored him to desist, but he replied in an excited manner, "I'm inspired!" He then replaced the serpent, and exclaiming, "Now for the Cobra!" and sliding back the glass door of its cage, found the animal slightly torpid by the cold of the preceding night. He took it out, and revived it by holding it against his breast inside his waistcoat. He then held it in his two hands, and began to wave it to and fro, as he had done with the other serpent, but it suddenly dashed forward its head and struck him like lightning between the eyes, inflicting two wounds, one at each side of his nose, somewhat resembling punctures made by a needle. The blood began to flow freely, and Gurling, as if suddenly brought back to a sense of the danger of his position, and of the folly of which he had been guilty, called loudly for assistance, and replaced the cobra in its cage. A keeper, who was close at hand, ran to the spot, and found him sitting on a chair, silent and motionless. He was placed in a cab in a state of stupor, and conveyed to the hospital. The only words he uttered were that he was sure he would not live. On his arrival at the hospital, he was found to be utterly paralysed, so that he could not hold up his head even; his face was livid, and his breathing short. He pointed to his throat with his finger, at the same time groaning heavily. He first lost his voice, then his sight, and last of all his hearing. His pulse gradually became feeble, and his extremities cold and insensible to the touch. An attempt was made to restore the respiration by artificial means; galvanism was also tried, but in vain; and he expired without convulsion in one hour and a half after receiving the wound. The coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts of the case.

The newspapers for some time after teemed with comments upon the occurrence, and antidotes from all quarters were laid before the public. No detailed and accurate account of the cobra, however, has yet been published, and we think some of the principal details concerning it may not be unacceptable to our readers.

The two animals represented in our engravings belong to two species which are distinguished from others of their order by several striking characteristics. Their conformation is singular, and their attitude still more singular, so that they have been celebrated, the one in Egypt, in Morocco, and many parts of Africa, as the *haja;* the other in Persia, India, and the Indian Archipelago, as the *cobra di capello*, and called by the French the "spectacled serpent," from the curious mark in the form of spectacles which appear on the back part of the neck. These two species have been for a long time separated from the other venomous serpents by naturalists, and placed in a distinct genus, *naia*, characterised by a peculiar disposition of the first ribs, which enable it to raise itself

upright and to carry itself forward, hence the neck becomes dilated at the animal's pleasure into a circle more or less large. But the naias have another peculiarity, and one still more remarkable.

The leading characteristic, as all our readers know, of a serpent, is that it creeps. The Latin words *serpere* and *repere* are equivalent in meaning, and when we speak of a serpent, we mean literally a *creeping animal*. No appellation in the whole nomenclature of natural history has been so well applied as this. Not only, in the words of the original curse, "does it go upon its belly, and eat dust," but whether on land or water, swimming, climbing, or advancing horizontally, it is still a *reptile*. In ascending a tree it makes its way little by little, by the help of the folds of its body which it has wrapped around the trunk or branches; in passing through the water, it makes use of an undulating motion very similar to that by which it progresses upon the dry ground, and which must be familiar to every one who has seen a worm crawling. Even in securing its prey, also, it creeps upon its victim, smothers him in the folds of its body, and swallows it by the same sort of motion as when changing its place.

The haja and cobra di capello possess these properties in common with all other serpents, except when under the influence of some excitement. In that case, their whole appearance is changed; they increase in size, they raise their neck almost perpendicularly, and assume the attitude in which we have represented them. They may be seen, at one time, remaining motionless for whole hours, following with their eyes what passes around them, then agitating their bodies in a sort of dance, a habit which the jugglers work upon to amuse the spectators. Sometimes, also, the cobra, by unrolling gradually the folds which serve it as a base, is able to move slowly forward in a majestic manner, with its head erect. Ovid tells us that the famous serpent, Epidaurus,

THE HAJA.

moved with head erect, and cast from its fiery eyes disdainful glances upon the crowd around. Is it not likely that he derived the idea conveyed in his description from some accounts of the cobra which had reached him from India or the East?

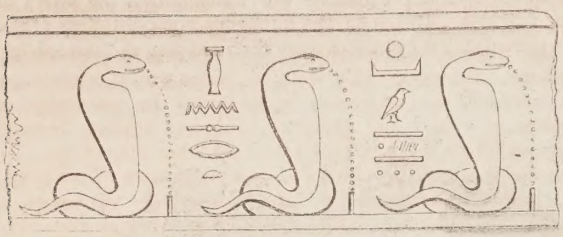
closely observing what was passing around it, was considered by the ancient Egyptians as the guardian of their fields, and as the emblem of the goddess who watched over the safety of the universe. Hence in the numerous representations of the serpent which may be seen upon their temples and sarcophagi,

COBRA DI CAPELLO.

By an examination of many of the monuments of ancient Egypt, we may learn how wonderful this erect posture must have appeared in ancient times to those even to whom it was a familiar spectacle. The haja, with neck elevated, head erect, and eyes directed towards the horizon, as if it were

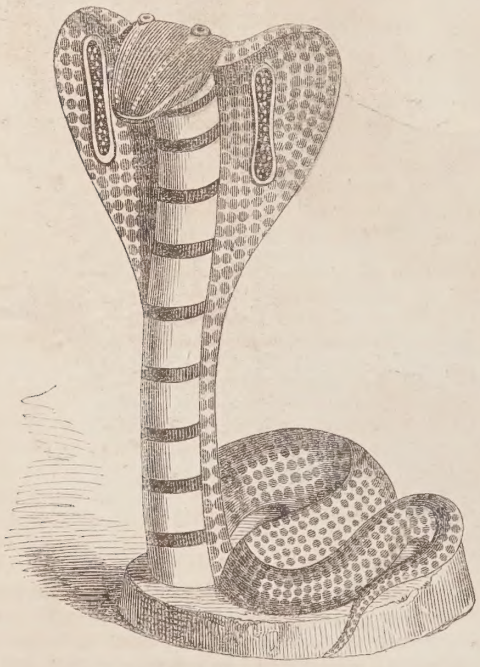
it is always in its characteristic attitude, as in our engraving, which is taken from one of the sculptured friezes of the temple of Denderah. In other parts of the same building the haja is represented with a lion's head, but always in the same posture.

The cobra di capello is often represented in the same attitude at the present day in Asia. In India, statuettes, some of



REPRESENTATIONS OF THE HAJA, ON THE FRIEZES OF THE TEMPLE OF DENDERAH.

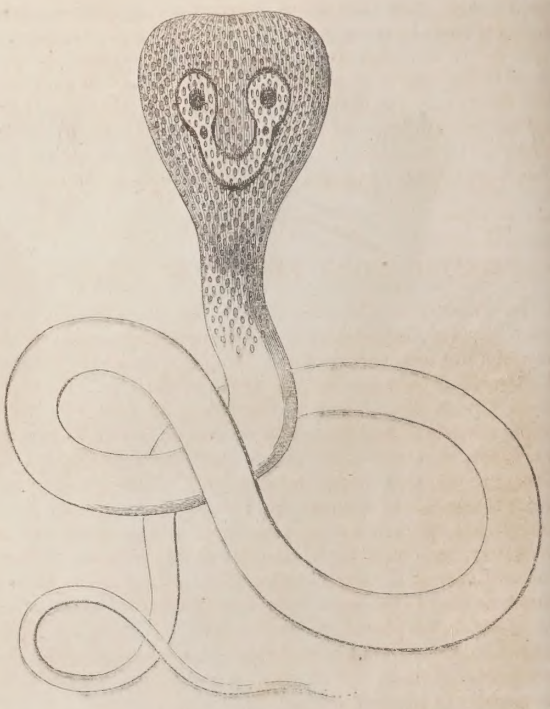
very rude workmanship, others displaying more care, may often be seen, which convey a very good notion of the characteristics of the genus *naia*. That which is reproduced in our engraving was surmounted by a human figure, seated on the head of the serpent, with the arms crossed. In some of the larger towns it is almost as common a thing to see the cobra itself as its image. Terrible as it is, the jugglers frequently exhibit it at the fairs and festivals, and handle it while still in possession of its venomous fangs with perfect impunity, making it go through, in its upright posture, a sort of motion which seems to keep time to the sound of a flute. This is called the Cobra Capello's Dance, and has been explained in various ways. To render their fangs harmless, it is said, that, previous to the performance, the serpents are made to bite pieces of red cloth, until all the venomous saliva is exhausted; but in order to train it to dance, it is said the charmers cover the hand in a jug, and then irritate the animal with a small stick. When it attempts to bite, the hard substance by which the finger is surrounded is presented to it; it strikes it violently, and hurts its muzzle severely. When it has been thus wounded several times, it begins to fear the hand and gestures of the juggler. The cobra is sometimes seen for whole hours following with its head and eye every movement of its master, always ready to strike, but always restrained by the recollection of past pain and disappointment. It thus



INDIAN STATUETTE OF THE COBRA.

watches closely, and imitates as it can, the motions of the charmer, until the astonished spectators begin to believe that it has been trained to dance in correct time. When the animal begins to be fatigued, the flute ceases to play, and the conjurors commence the sale of the roots which they allege to possess the power of curing the bite of the snakes.

The correctness of this account is rendered somewhat doubtful by the fact that the performances which the serpents are



COBRA DI CAPELLO, FROM NATURE.

taught to execute differ widely in different parts of the country.

Similar scenes often meet the traveller's eye in Egypt. The charmers there are no less dexterous than those of India, and they have this advantage over them—that they believe themselves, in part at least, what they tell others. They are, without doubt, the successors, if not the descendants, of Pliny's *psylli*. They boast that they possess the hereditary power over the serpent, and it is an undoubted fact that they execute feats which have astonished the ablest European naturalists. They can, as they say, change the haja into a stick, that is render it stiff, immoveable, and insensible. To produce this phenomenon, they spit in the serpent's throat, make it lie down upon the ground, and then, as if to give it a final order, press it slightly upon the head. The celebrated French naturalist, Geoffrey St. Hilaire, who witnessed this experiment, thought that pressing the head alone would have been sufficient to produce the desired effect, and requested the charmer to confine himself to that part of the performance. His proposal was rejected with horror, as absolute sacrilege and profanation. He then pressed the serpent's head himself, and it instantly assumed the lifeless and petrified appearance which the juggler had produced by a more extended course of manipulation, upon seeing which the latter instantly fled in affright.

The *naias* surpass most serpents in the virulence of the poison contained in their fangs. In some experiments recently made, the minutest quantity introduced into the skin of a pigeon caused its death in a quarter of an hour.

For a long time various preparations made from different parts of the bodies of venomous serpents were believed to be infallible remedies for a host of maladies, and in particular for the bite of the serpents themselves. In the seventeenth century few people doubted that the viper was an antidote against its own bite.

Many of these popular errors were formerly shared by physicians, but they have been abandoned one by one before

the onward march of science, so that it is now a piece of vain erudition to be acquainted even with their names.

If venomous serpents ever regain the place in medical science which they have lost, it is their poison alone that will restore them. A substance so powerful in its effects upon the animal frame might be, in the hands of science, an agent no less valuable than morphine, strychnine, or prussic acid. Many chemists have recently given much of their attention to experiments intended to ascertain the active principle contained in the venom of serpents; and we are led to hope that their efforts may yet place new resources within the reach of the medical practitioner, and perhaps even discover in the deadly poison of the *naias* and the rattlesnake, an antidote against the, to us, more terrible virus inoculated by the tooth of the mad dog.

OXFORDSHIRE LEGEND IN STONE.

A few miles from Chipping-Norton, by the side of a road which divides Oxfordshire from Warwickshire, and on the brow of a hill overlooking Long Compton, stand the remains of a Druidical temple. Leland speaks of them as "Rollright stones," from their being in the parish of Rollright. The temple consists of a single circle of stones, from fifty to sixty in number, of various sizes and in different positions, but all of them rough, time-worn, and mutilated. The peasantry say that it is impossible to count these stones, and certainly it is a difficult task, though not because there is any witchcraft in the matter, but owing to the peculiar position of some of them. You will hear of a certain baker who resolved not to be outwitted, so hied to the spot with a basketful of small loaves, one of which he placed on every stone. In vain he tried; either his loaves were not sufficiently numerous, or some sorcery displaced them, and he gave up in dispair. Of course no one expects to succeed now.

In a field adjoining are the remains of a cromlech, the altar where, at a distance from the people, the priests performed their mystic rites. The superimposed stone has slipped off, and rests against the others. These are the "Whispering Knights," and this their history:—In days of yore, when rival princes debated their claims to England's crown by dint of arms, the hostile forces were encamped hard by. Certain traitor-knights went forth to parley with others from the foe. While thus plotting, a great magician, whose power they unaccountably overlooked, transformed them all into stone, and there they stand to this day.

Not far from the temple, but on the opposite side of the road, is a solitary stone, probably the last of two rows which flanked the approach to the sacred circle. This stone was once a prince who claimed the British throne. On this spot he inquired of the magician above named what would be his destiny:

> "If Long Compton you can see,
> King of England you shall be,"

answered the wise man. But he could not see it, and at once shared the fate of the "Whispering Knights." This is called the "King's stone," and so stands that, while you cannot see Long Compton from it, you can if you go forward a very little way. On some future day an armed warrior will issue from this very stone, to conquer and govern our land!

It is said that a farmer who wished to bridge over a small stream at the foot of a hill, resolved to press the "Whispering Knights" into the service; but it was almost too much for all the horse power at his command to bring them down. At length they were placed, but all they could do was not sufficient to keep them in their place. It was therefore resolved to restore them to their original post, when, lo! they who required so much to bring them down, and defied all attempts to keep them quiet, were taken back almost without an effort by a single horse! So there they stand, till they and the rest (for I believe the large circle was once composed of living men) shall return to their proper manhood.—*Notes and Queries.*

MONA LISA.

Leonardi da Vinci was one of the most accomplished men of the age in which he lived. He was numbered amongst the greatest painters of Italy, one of his pictures alone, the "Last Supper," being sufficient to secure him an immortality of fame. He was an able architect, had a perfect knowledge of anatomy, was extremely well skilled in mechanics, a master of optics and geometry, and had applied himself thoroughly to the study of nature and her operations. To arts and literature he added the accomplishments of the body. His person was vigorous and finely formed; he was a poet, a skilful musician, and a master of all the favourite exercises. He understood the management of the horse, and was very dexterous in the use of arms. The possession of such extraordinary qualities soon spread his reputation over all Italy. And yet on one occasion his skill and genius failed him. He is said to have been four years employed upon the portrait of Mona Lisa, a fair Florentine, without being able, after all, to come up to the idea of her beauty.

Artist! lay the brush aside,
Twilight gathers chill and gray;
Turn the picture to the wall—
Thou hast wrought in vain to-day.

Thrice twelve months have hastened by
Since thy canvas first grew bright
With that brow's bewitching beauty,
And that dark eye's melting light.

Yet the early sunbeam shineth
On thy tireless labors yet,
And the portrait stands before thee,
Till the evening sun has set.

Faultless is the robe that falleth
Round that form of matchless grace;
Faultless is the softened outline
Of the fair and oval face.

Thou hast caught the wondrous beauty
Of the round cheek's roseate hue;
And the full red lips are smiling,
As this morn they smiled on you

To that lady thou hast given
Immortality below,
Wherefore, then, with moody glances
Dost thou from thy labour go?

From the living face of beauty
Beams the soul's expressive ray,
And, with all thy god-like genius,
This thou *never* canst portray!

Of the countless throng around me,
Each hath labours like to thine;
Each, methinks, some Mona Lisa
In his spirit's inmost shrine.

Visions haunt us from our childhood
Of a love so pure, so true,
Seraphs unawares might envy
As their white wings fan the Blue;

Visions that elude for ever,
As the silent years depart,
Some unhappy ones and weary—
Mona Lisas of the heart!

Dreams of a divine completeness
That we struggle to attain,
'Mid the doubts and toils harassing
Of our earthly life in vain.

Poet fancies we endeavour
To imprint upon the scroll,
Yet for worded utterance failing—
Mona Lisas of the soul!

ENGRAVING AND PRINTING ON COPPER.

ARTICLE I.

From the earliest ages of the world the representation of natural objects by means of pictures, has been one means by which ideas have been communicated from mind to mind. The transition from pictures, which must necessarily be single objects, to engravings, by which the pictures might be multiplied extensively, seems natural enough—just, indeed, as printing from wooden or metal letters seems the regular and natural advance upon manuscript transcriptions. Thus, engraving may be considered as only another kind of printing—the design, executed on plates of copper, steel, or other substances, standing in the same relation to the picture as the metal types of the printer do to the caligraphy of the writer.

HISTORY OF COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING.

By the word engraving, we understand the art of executing designs upon copper or any other material, from which impressions or "prints" may be taken. It is usual to speak of its discovery as contemporaneous with that of printing, but in some sense the art was certainly known to the ancients; and our only wonder is, that so many years should have elapsed before its applicability to printing should have suggested itself. It is not, however, necessary to speak of the art of engraving as it was known to the ancients,—though we might refer, properly enough, to the writings of Moses for proof that engravings on seals and signets were known to the Egyptians; we might also speak of the numerous relics we possess in the British Museum of Etruscan, Grecian, and Roman art; and enter into a long description of the art of engraving on gems and metals, as it was known in India, China, and on the continent of Europe before the Christian era. But as our proper business is with the mechanical process of engraving on copper for the purposes of printing, we refrain from entering into these interesting particulars.

The invention of engraving, like that of printing, seems to have been the result of a kind of accident. Tradition attributes it to the Florentine goldsmiths of the fifteenth century. It is supposed that these artisans, or rather artists, while taking impressions of the subjects they had engraved, either on metal plates for the purpose of ornamenting furniture, or on gold and silver plate emblazoned by their hands, perceived that as the black, which remained at the bottom of the lines, was readily taken off by clay or wax impressions, it might also be easily taken off upon paper. This first step was soon followed by a second, which was again quickly followed by others, and thus it was that the beautiful art was invented.

FIG. 1.—ENGRAVERS' WORKSHOP.

The invention of printing naturally gave engraving a new direction; and the engraver, hitherto a mere chaser and ornamenter of metals for domestic uses, rose at once into the rank of teacher. The first prints were obtained from wood blocks engraved in relief. The earliest specimen of wood engraving known is one dated 1423, representing St. Christopher; but no impression from an engraved metal plate has been found of a date anterior to 1461. So that the art so common now has not yet celebrated its four hundredth birthday.

Tommaso Fineguerra, a Florentine goldsmith, is said to have first practised the art of engraving on metal plates, for the purposes of printing, about the year 1460; but the credit of the invention has been of course claimed by others; the Germans—anxious sticklers for everything likely to advance

the fame of their "faderland"—put in their claim, but it is generally considered that the art was first practised in Italy, and had its origin in the workshops of the goldsmiths. Many of these goldsmiths were *niellatori*, or workers in *niello*—a

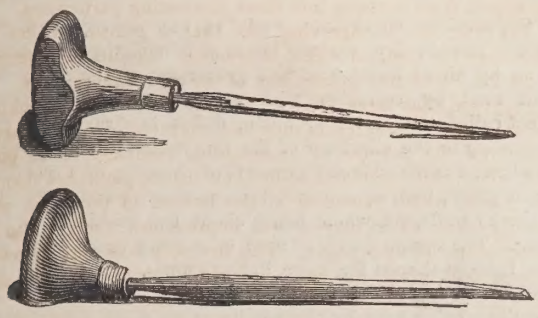


FIG. 2.—GRAVERS, OR BURINS.

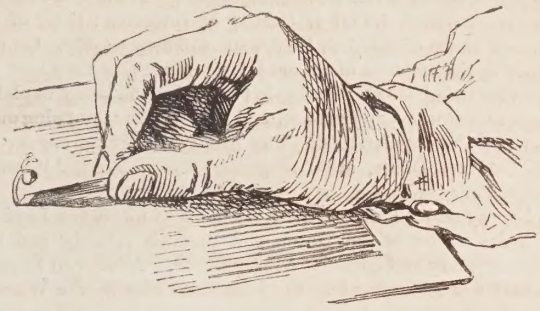


FIG. 3.—WAY IN WHICH A LINE IS TRACED BY THE GRAVER.

mode of ornamental engraving usually performed on silver plates—the design engraved on which was afterwards filled in with a black composition.

This practice of his art naturally suggested to Fineguerra the possibility of taking an impression from the engraved design with ink on moistened paper. When once established, the new art was eagerly taken up by Baldini, Botticelli, Pollajuoli, and Mantegna; and in Germany by Martin Schoen, Israel van Mecheln, Leydenwurf, and Wolgemut. The first *book* printed at *Rome* (an edition of Ptolemæus's Geography) was illustrated by the first *plate engravings*, twenty-seven in number, which were maps, and were executed there by two Germans, Sweynheym and Buckink. This work is dated 1478, but was commenced in 1472. Another early work was an edition of Dante's "Inferno," published at Florence in 1481, and embellished with engravings by Baccio Baldini, after the designs of Botticelli.

One of the best engravers in Italy in the early part of the 16th century was Raimondi, who studied under Francia and Raffaelle. His great merit lay in the correctness and beauty of his outline. He engraved many of Raffaelle's pictures, which he copied with great truth, although defective in respect to light and shade. He was succeeded in Italy by Agostino de Musis, Marc de Ravenna, Caraglio, Giulio Bonasoni, and Enea Vico, all pupils of Raimondi; Georgi Ghisi of Mantua, and his relatives Diana and Adam Ghisi, Cornelius Cort, &c. The principal painters who have practised engraving in Italy are Agostino Carracci, Stefano della Bella, Spagnoletto, Guercino, Salvator Rosa, Claude Lorraine, Swaneveldt, Canaletto, Piranesi, &c.

FIG. 4.—FAC-SIMILE OF A LINE ENGRAVING.

In Germany engraving made more rapid strides towards excellence, in the mechanical parts of it; and at the com-

mencement of the 16th century appeared Albert Dürer, a man whose universality of talent extended the boundaries of every department of art, and carried all to a degree of perfection previously unknown in that country. He had great command of the graver, and carried his plates to a much higher degree of finish than his Italian contemporaries. He is also believed to have invented the art of etching by corrosion: three of his specimens are dated 1515, 1516, and 1518 respectively. On examining the etchings of Albert Dürer, we see that they have all been corroded at one "biting-in;" which sufficiently explains their monotonous appearance, and proves that "stopping out" was not then understood. The principal German engravers, after Albert Dürer, are Aldegraver, the Behams, Altdorfer, Bink, Penz, Solis, &c.

Lucas Jacobs, best known by the name of Lucas van Leyden, was the father of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and the contemporary and friend of Albert Dürer. After Van Leyden the art was maintained in the Low Countries by the Wierinxes, the Sadelers, whose works are multifarious, and embrace every class of subject; the elder and younger Jode, Cornelius, Theodore and Philip Galle, Abraham and Cornelius Bloemart, Goltzius, Sprangher, Müller, Lucas Killian, Matham, Saenredam, and the two brothers Bolswert. Many of these introduced improvements in the art. To mention the artists of this school from whose hands we have etchings, would be to name nearly all the most eminent painters belonging to it: Rembrandt, Berghem, Cuyp, Karel du Jardin, Paul Potter, Ruysdael, Ostade, Waterloo, Adrien Vandervelde, with many others.

In France engraving has been practised with pre-eminent success in the departments of history and portraiture. The celebrity of the school dates from the time of Louis XIV. The family of the Audrans produced six eminent engravers; but of those the most distinguished was Gerard Audran, who was the first engraver who successfully united, to any extent, the use of the graver and the etching point. Gerard Edelinck, although born at Antwerp, may be fairly considered of the French School, and was an engraver of the highest order. In portrait Nanteuil is no less celebrated than his contemporaries. The Drevets, John Louis Roulet, Le Clerc, Simoneau, Chereau, Cochin, Dupuis, Beauvais, Balechou, Le Bas, John George Wille, are among the best of the French engravers.

The English school of engraving dates only from about the middle of the eighteenth century, previous to which those who practised the art in England were chiefly foreigners.

Hogarth engraved many of his own designs. Francis Vivares introduced the favourite art of landscape etching; he, Woollet, and Browne, produced some of the finest landscape engravings extant. Sir Robert Strange excelled in portrait engraving. Mezzo-tinto engraving, although not strictly born among us, has been in no other country practised with a degree of success at all approaching that attained by M'Ardell, Earlom, Smith, Valentine Green, and others. Bartolozzi, Ryland, Sharpe, Paul Sandby, Middiman, Milton, Fitler, and Raimbach, are among the most eminent of deceased engravers.*

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries saw this art attain great perfection; this is incontestably proved by the *chefs-d'œuvre* left by the old engravers; and the present and two preceding centuries have merely modified some of the old processes; though, doubtless, we have among us at the present day some of the best and most artistic engravers the world has yet produced. It would be invidious to distinguish any by name; and our space would not allow us to give anything like a list of them and their works.

PLATES FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES.

We may now proceed to enlighten the reader as to the *modus operandi* invariably pursued in copperplate engraving:

Copper, steel, zinc, or pewter plates, about the twelfth of an inch thick, are indifferently used for engraving upon. Steel is at present the metal most generally used, as the number of impressions which can be taken from it is very considerable. Copper is preferred for subjects of which fewer copies are required, zinc for plans or maps of very large dimensions, and pewter is the metal generally employed for music plates.

THE TOOLS EMPLOYED IN COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING.

Copperplate engravings, such as are usually employed in the present day, are the result of two distinct processes; first, by direct incision of the graver, or of the dry point, and next by corrosion with aqua-fortis. The instrument called the graver or burin, differs in size, shape, &c., according to the character of the line which it is intended to produce, but the ordinary graver is of the form of a quadrangular prism, both square and lozenge-shaped, and fitted into a short handle, the whole being about five inches and a half long. The square graver is used in cutting broad lines, and the lozenge-shaped for more delicate ones. In making the incision it is pushed forward in the direction of the line required, being held by the handle at an angle very slightly inclined to the plane of the copper. It is requisite that the graver be well tempered, and great address is necessary in whetting it for use. The angle at the meeting of the two lower sides of the graver forms what is called its belly, and the breadth of the end is called its face. The two sides which form the belly are to be laid flat upon the oil-stone, and rubbed firmly until the belly slightly rises, so that if it were laid flat upon the copper the light could be seen underneath the point; otherwise it would be impossible to use it with freedom, as it would dig unequally deep into the copper. The face is next to be whetted, which is done merely by laying the face of the graver flat upon the stone, with the belly upward, and rubbing it steadily upon a moderate slope until it acquires a very sharp point, taking care that the stone be properly supplied with oil all the while. The gravers sold in the shops are commonly too hard for use, which is known by the frequent breaking of their points; when this is the case they should be tempered by holding them on a red-hot poker, at a distance of half an inch from the point, until they acquire a faint straw colour; they should then be put into oil to cool; or they may be tempered with a candle, and cooled in the tallow. But it is best not to be hasty in tempering; for if the graver is only a little too hard, whetting alone will frequently bring it into good condition. An instrument called a *scraper* is required to scrape off the barb or burr which is formed by the action of the graver and dry point. The *burnisher* is used to polish the plate and to erase any scratches which it may accidentally receive, and also to make lighter any part of the work which may have been made too dark. An *oil-stone* is requisite for sharpening the instruments upon. *Etching-points* or *needles* are nearly similar in appearance to sewing-needles, but fixed into handles four or five inches long; some are made of an oval form, to produce broader lines with. *Dry point* is, in fact, nothing more than the common etching-needle brought to a very fine point. It is used to cut or scratch the more delicate lines with, such as skies, &c. &c. It does not, like the graver, cut the copper clean out, but throws it up on each side of the line produced by its progress through the metal: this is called the burr, which is removed by a scraper. This burr was left on by Rembrandt, until it wore away in the progress of printing, which it soon does; but by his management it added greatly to the effect of the etching, and impressions from his works with the burr on are much valued. A *cushion* is a bag of leather filled with sand; its use is to support the plate so that it may be freely turned in any required direction; but it is not now much used by artists, being chiefly confined to engravers of writing. A *rubber* is a roll of cloth tied up tight, one end being kept in olive oil. It is useful to polish off more completely the burr, and also to show the appearance of the work as it proceeds.

THE COMPLETION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Having thus explained the nature and uses of the tools employed in copperplate engraving, we shall soon briefly attempt to show how the engraving is brought to a state

* Knight's "Cyclopædia of the Industry of all Nations."

of completion. The outlines of the subject to be represented, with the form and place of the lines which are to shade the engraving, are lightly traced on a steel or copperplate. Then a graver, corresponding in size and form to the lines required to be traced, is pushed forward, like a gouge, to cut the plate, by which means little strips of metal are scooped out. The strokes or lines, which are gradually increased in number near to one another, produce according to their position, their relative approximation, and their thickness, tints more or less varied, and the *ensemble* of the most perfect engraving is nothing but the *ensemble* of these strokes.

This process, which appears at first so extremely simple, is, however, excessively difficult to perform, and no one becomes master of it until he has served a long apprenticeship, and minutely studied all the mysterious difficulties of his profession. With respect to what is purely artistic, the acquirements necessary for one are also necessary for all kinds of engraving. The successful engraver must be an artist. There are some engravings which have only been terminated by the most assiduous labour of ten, twenty, or even thirty years. We even hear of a few plates which have each occupied nearly the entire life of an engraver.

Copperplate engraving is thus seen to be an assemblage of hollow strokes, forming a number of little furrows destined to receive the ink which is to be conveyed on to the paper, in order to produce an impression. Now, whether a plate has been engraved with the burin, or finished by corrosion with aqua-fortis, or by means of any other process, its surface always contains hollows for the reception of the ink which is to be conveyed, by means of the press, on to a sheet of paper —in this respect differing altogether from wood engraving, in which all that is cut away from the surface of the block appears white in the impression.

In the illustrations we have—first, the workshop of the engravers (fig. 1.) which gives a pretty good idea of the general appearance of such an apartment, and shows how the various operations are carried forward; the artist himself working on the plate by means of reflected light and a powerful eye-glass, and his assistants engaged in the operation of "biting in" with aqua-fortis or other corrosive acid, an operation common to nearly all modern engravings;—secondly, a representation of a pair of gravers (fig. 2), which differ from those used in wood engraving only in being rather smaller, and of harder metal;—thirdly, the method of using the graver or burin (fig. 3);—and fourthly, a *fac-simile* of an engraving produced entirely by the burin without corrosion (fig. 4). In this last illustration we have an excellent example of engraving on wood,—the cross lines, shading, and general effect of a work on copper being admirably rendered. Indeed, so extremely difficult is it to produce this kind of work in wood, that not more than half-a-dozen artists in London would undertake to produce a duplicate of our little picture, any one of which half-dozen would require to be paid about £5 for the task.

COPPERPLATE PRINTING.

We now come to the next stage of the operation—the printing from the copper or steel plates thus engraved on. The design being "proved," that is, impressions being taken from it to show that it is sufficiently well engraved to "go to press," the plate is inked over, and then passed between the cylinders of the press, by which means all the ink upon the plate is transferred to the wetted paper laid upon it.

The mechanism of a press is very simple, and yet few persons have a true idea of it. It consists simply of two cylinders or rollers, supported in a strong wooden frame. The cylinders are moveable on their axes, one being placed just above, and the other just below, the level of the table on which the plate to be printed is laid. The upper cylinder is turned round by the arms of a cross fixed to its axis; though in some of the more modern copperplate presses, a lever of greater power is employed. Our engraving will give a good idea of the form of this very simple kind of press; but it must be stated that the rollers may be brought closer or otherwise to each other according to the amount of impression; or rather, the depth of blackness required in the engraving. In the illustration (fig. 7), A, represents the board or table on which the engraved plate is laid; B, the sheet of paper about to receive the impression from the plate beneath; C, the upper cylinder with the blankets attached, and D D, the axes of both rollers. The means taken to move the cylinders higher or lower are very simple, being nothing more than the insertion of pieces of card-board into the longitudinal slits in the framing of the press, which cards act as a kind of slight spring during the action of the cylinders upon the plate between them.

The plate, then, has first to be inked. The printer to whom it is confided places it on a sort of box, the top of which consists of a plate of sheet-iron, and in which is placed a pan filled with lighted charcoal dust (fig. 5). When the plate has attained a certain degree of gentle heat, the printer removes it from the charcoal box, and covers it as equally as possible, by means of a dauber, with a light layer of brayed black, or copperplate ink (fig. 6).

Inking the plate is an operation requiring great care and no small degree of skill, as, if too much or too little ink be employed, the impression is greatly injured, if not entirely destroyed. Among copperplate-printers this kind of ink is technically called "black." It is composed of very thick boiled oil, mixed with a proper quantity of Frankfort charcoal, produced from vine twigs. Of course, there are many varieties of copperplate ink, many printers preferring to prepare their own.

This "black," being slightly liquified by heat, enters the most superficial cuts on the plate. A piece of coarse muslin is then taken by the printer, and, by rubbing it onthe engraving, the black is made to enter all the lines, while the superfluous colour is, at the same time, removed from the surface of the copper, which is polished bright by similar means. The printer, lastly, uses the palm of his hand to wipe off whatever black remains on the surface of the plate. This is a very delicate, though not a very clean, operation; a clever workman leaving all the lines of the engraving filled with ink, while the plain parts, which are intended to appear white in the impression, are made bright and smooth by the manipulation of his hand, assisted by a little whiting.

The engraving is now placed on a large walnut-tree board, (A fig. 7), where it is covered with a sheet of damped paper, B, and four or five pieces of blanket, the texture of which is something between flannel and cloth, C, are placed on the sheet of paper. These blankets are of course fixed to the upper cylinder of the press.

The plate, paper, and blankets are then passed between the rollers of the press. The workman, taking one of the arms of the cross in his hands, fixes his foot against the frame of the press, and by dint of sheer bodily exertion forces the whole through the cylinders, and thus produces the impression required.

The rollers, or cylinders, are composed of walnut wood, lignum vitæ, or steel; and as they are very close together, the leverage exercises enormous pressure. Indeed the philosophy of the process is simply that the pressure employed acts upon the elasticity of the cloth, and forces the moist paper to enter the lines in the plate and to take up all the black ink from it.

The proof is then removed from the plate; and this quick and wonderful operation, which can be repeated as often as required, presents us with the innumerable impressions which ornament our books, our houses, and some few of our public galleries.

We have most of us heard of "artists' proofs," "proofs before letters," "India paper proofs," and "early copies" of engravings, many of which are sold for large sums of money; but not many non-professional readers quite understand the meaning of the several terms. We will enlighten them. "Artists' proofs," then, are some few, taken with peculiar care,—under the immediate inspection of the artist himself,—upon India paper; they are the first impressions of the completed engraving, and are sold with the autograph of the painter or engraver attached, as a guarantee of their value.

"Proofs before letters" are impressions carefully taken on India paper, immediately after the artists' proofs, at the ordinary press, and before the plate has had the inscription attached to it by the writing engraver. "India paper proofs" are simply copies printed on India, instead of the usual unsized cartridge, paper; and "early copies" are what their name imports—though all these terms are liable to great abuse. The India paper is accurately laid on the wetted sheet of cartridge, and both together being passed through the press, the

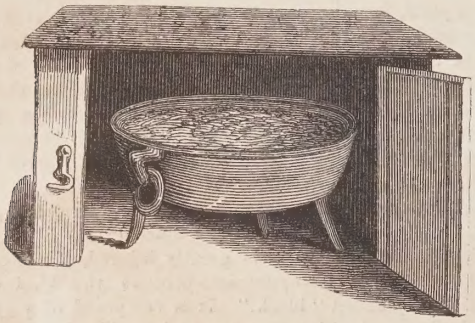


FIG. 5.—CHARCOAL PAN.

pressure exerted is sufficient to attach them inseparably together, the dampness of the cartridge slightly softening the size-finish of the India paper. As a proof that nothing should be wasted, it may be mentioned that the fine tissue-like paper so much valued, is made from old ships' ropes and tarred cordage!

BRIEF NOTICE OF THE ETCHING PROCESS.

As we shall have to speak more fully on another occasion of the aqua-fortis process, we conclude our notice with a brief account of the manner in which what is called etching is performed. As most persons know, and as we have before stated, etching is the super-addition of the "chemical process to drawing, when performed on a plate of copper over which a

FIG. 6.—INKING THE PLATE.

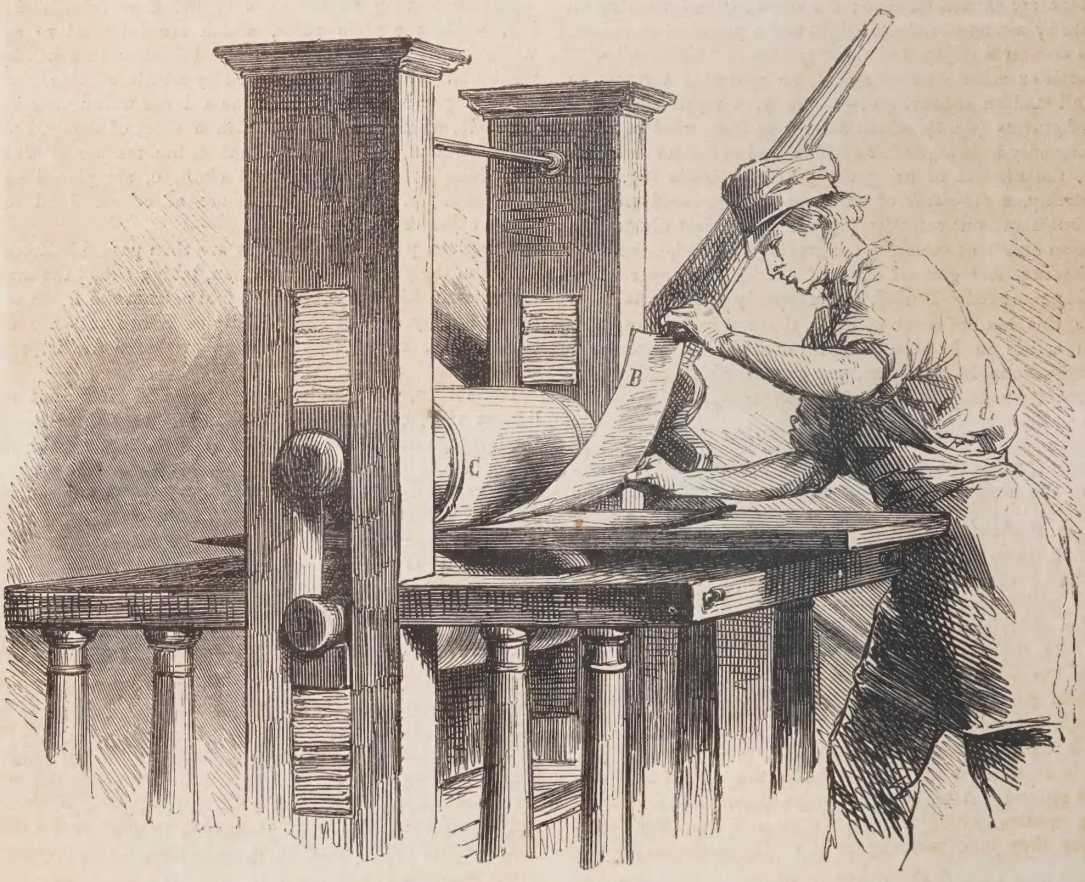


FIG. 7.—COPPERPLATE PRESS.

substance called the 'etching-ground' is laid."* This etching-ground is composed of wax, asphaltum, gum mastic, resin, &c., incorporated by melting over a fire, and capable of resisting the action of aqua-fortis. The *laying of the ground*, as it is called, is thus effected:—The plate must be heated over a charcoal fire, so that it may not be smoked. For this purpose a hand-vice is fixed to the most convenient part of the plate, by which it may be held in the hand. A piece of the etching-ground, rolled into the form of a ball, and tied up in a little silk bag, is then rubbed over the surface of the plate, the heat of which causes the ground to melt and come through the silk on to the copper. In order to effect a more equal distribution of the wax, a small dabber made of cotton wool, tied up in a piece of taffety, is quickly dabbed all over the face of the plate while yet warm, so as to leave the wax or etching-ground of uniform thickness; the ground is then rendered black by being held over the smoke of a wax candle, or, if necessary, two or three wax candles tied together, care being taken to move the plate about, so that it be equally smoked all over; and this operation of smoking must be commenced before the plate has had time to cool. The whole operation of laying the ground requires address and dexterity. When cold, the plate is now ready to receive the design. To transfer the design to the copper, an outline is made with a black-lead pencil on a piece of thinnish and even paper, and laid with the face downwards on the etching-ground; the whole is then passed through a rolling-press, the effect of which is to transfer an impression of the outline on to the smoked ground. After this the design is completed with the etching needles, which remove the ground from the copper wherever they pass, and expose it to the action of the acid during the process of biting in, which is thus performed:—A substance called *banking wax*, which when cold is quite hard, but which on immersion in warm water becomes soft, and may be moulded into any form, is first rendered soft by being so immersed in warm water, and then banked up all round the margin of the plate, so as to form a trough capable of preventing the escape of the acid, a gutter only being formed at one corner for the purpose of pouring it off when requisite. This being done, the nitrous acid, reduced with water to the proper strength, is poured on, and its action on the copper becomes visible by the rising of innumerable bubbles. The aqua-fortis must be allowed to continue on the plate until the fainter parts are supposed to be corroded sufficiently deep; after which it is to be poured off, the plate washed with water, and left to dry. The parts which are bitten-in enough are now to be covered with what is called *stopping-ground*, which is a mixture of lamp-black and Venice turpentine; this is applied with a camel-hair pencil, and allowed to dry. After this the acid is again poured on, and this process of *stopping-out* and *biting-in* is repeated until even the darkest parts are sufficiently corroded. After this the plate is again warmed, when the border of wax may be readily taken off. It is then made warm enough to melt the ground, which is removed by being wiped with a rag and a few drops of olive oil. The work is now complete, unless it is intended to finish it still further with the graver. We might here offer rules for the strength of the acid, and state the length of time it ought to remain on the plate, but we are convinced of the inefficacy of such instructions. Nothing but experience joined to some chemical knowledge of the effect of the acid will avail the artist on this point, which requires the greatest nicety and attention.

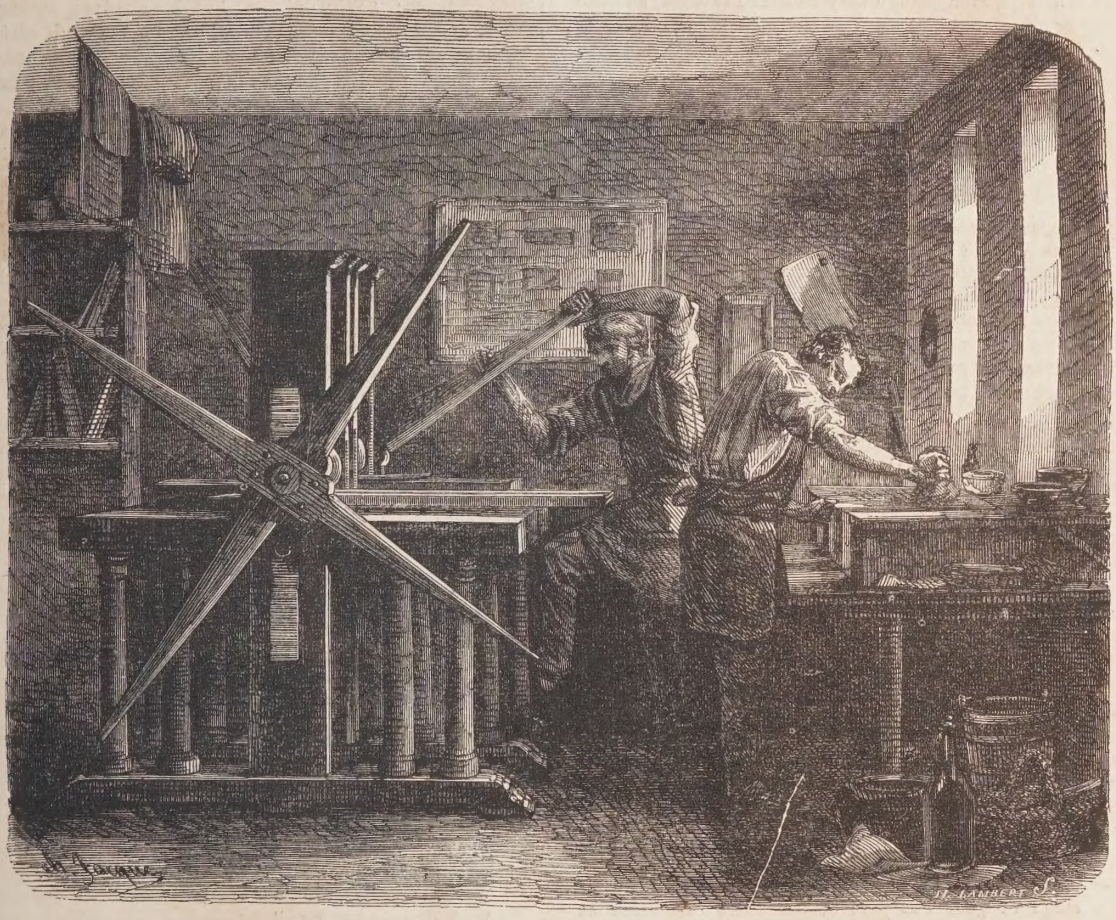


FIG. 8.—THE PRESS-ROOM.

* Penny Cyclopædia.

NECKLACES, CHAINS, AND AMULETS.

The antiquity of most articles of personal adornment is indisputable. From the pyramids of Egypt, the tombs of Pompeii, and the resuscitated dwellings of Nineveh, we recover, every now and then, a little gold ornament, or part of a bronze, or a jewel curiously set,—and straightway we have evidence of luxury and refinement which existed in the world whole centuries ago. It is not difficult to imagine that the use of metallic ornaments, and other adornments of the person, not immediately coming under the designation of clothing, was in use from a very early period indeed, because vanity and the love of admiration are human failings, and because—as it is no great heresy to believe—beauty has never been above borrowing a grace from art, however homely. All our experiences of human nature evidence the same fact. Whenever the navigator plants his foot upon a hitherto-unvisited shore, he finds the natives, even though they be naked savages, adorned in some or other way indicative of their rank, or power, or age, or sex; and coloured beads, bits of bright metal, and even feathers do the first offices of commerce.

It will not, however, be necessary to pursue this train of reflection, our proper business, just now, being with necklaces, chains, and amulets, concerning the past and present of which articles of luxury we mean—either with or without the reader's kind permission—to indulge in a little gossip.

To begin at the beginning. If we would know who were the first makers and wearers of chains and necklaces, we must go back to old Egypt—the mother of the arts. From whatever part of the world the ancients obtained their gold, it is certain that they possessed it,—and in good quantities, too, if the thick plating of the precious metal on the inner coffins of the embalmed Egyptians, and the great variety of rings, necklaces, brooches, and other articles of jewellery, be any evidence. It is astonishing, too, to find that our most modern and fashionable shapes and patterns for such articles are but adaptations of the forms in use among the fair ladies of Egypt three thousand years ago! From the Egyptians, the Hebrews are by many supposed to have obtained their knowledge of jewellery; but it would appear that certain such articles were in use before they had any intercourse with the Egyptians. When Eliezer, the steward of Abraham's household, was sent into Mesopotamia, to bring home a wife for Isaac, he was furnished with suitable presents; and we read that when he met Rachael, and had been kindly furnished by her with water for himself and his camels, that he "took a golden ear-ring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight of gold," and presented them to her. Nor was the use of rings and bracelets confined to females, for in Gen. xxxviii. 18, we find that a signet and bracelets were worn by Judah, one of the sons of Jacob. It appears that chains of gold were the insignia of power and authority among the Jews, just as it is with our mayors, high bailiffs, and other corporate officers in the present day. We learn from the Scriptures, that a chain of gold was part of the dress of honour at Babylon; and that chains or necklaces were worn by both men and women appears from a passage in Proverbs—"an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck;" and another in Ezekiel,—"I put bracelets upon thy hands and a chain on thy neck; and I put a jewel on thy forehead, and ear-rings in thine ears, &c.,"—as well as from various other texts. But the earliest mention of gold chains is that in Gen. xli. 42, where we learn that Pharaoh, to show his respect for Joseph, when he invested him with power in Egypt, took a ring from his finger, and a gold chain from his neck, and put them upon the hand and person of the Israelite. Dr. Kitto tells us that chains of gold, to which were attached jewelled figures of Shemei, or Truth, were worn by the judges of Egypt; and that women also wore ornaments of the same character, as we have mentioned above. The doctor does not, however, suppose that the Hebrews necessarily obtained their knowledge of this form of jewellery from the Egyptians, because chains of gold were found among the spoils taken from the Midianites, a people whose condition of life more nearly resembled that of the Israelites before they obtained possession of Canaan. However the fact may be, it appears tolerably certain that the Greeks and Romans were, directly or indirectly, indebted to Egypt for their knowledge of ornamental jewellery—and so, of course, of chains and necklaces, —which are now worn as marks of distinction by the people of various nations, the Persians, Chinese, &c.

Of course, the word chain (in French, *chainè;* in Italian, *catena;* and in Spanish *cadena;*) has another and less pleasant meaning; though whether chains were first used to bind the bodies of prisoners, or adorn the persons of the great and noble, we cannot certainly say. As, however, revenge and abuse of power are even stronger motives than vanity and self-love, the probability is that the iron chain was used before the gold one. A curious instance either of the carelessness of translators or printers occurs in the Bible of 1551, in which the word chain is spelt in three different ways in a single sentence: "Whych [man] had his abydyng among ye graues, and no man could bynde him; no not with *cheines;* yt whe he was bound wt fetters and *cheynes*, he plucked the *chaines* asunder and broke the fetters in peces." The passage is taken from the fifth chapter of St. Mark.

Among the ancient Greeks and Romans, the use of chains, necklaces, amulets, bracelets, rings, and other such articles of luxury, was as common as with us. Homer mentions the golden ornaments of Helen; and the jewels belonging to Aspasia and Cleopatra are said to have been of the most costly description—"the ransom of kings!" Our readers are of course acquainted with numerous passages telling how Xerxes brought with him to Europe from Persia chains of iron to bind the captive Greeks, and chains of gold wherewith to deck the victors; how the Gothic and barbaric tribes of Germany delighted in arraying themselves in golden chains and necklaces of precious stones, the spoils of war; how the ancient Gauls made the gold chain the symbol of power among them; and how even the rudest and simplest natives of Britain were found by Cæsar with pictures of animals painted on their bodies, and chains of twisted fibres round their necks!

That gold chains and necklaces have ever since then been popular among us, we have the evidence of the poets—the best historians after all. Chaucer says, in the "Monk's Tale," verse 14,362:—

> "Beform his triumphe walketh she [Zenobia]
> With gilt chaines on hire necke hangeth;
> Crouned she was, as after hire degree," &c.;

and Ben Jonson, in one of his comedies—we forget which, —thus describes the dress of a fine gentleman:—

> "I would put on
> The Savoy chain about my neck, the ruff,
> The cuffs of Flanders; then the Naples hat
> With the Rome hat-band, and the Florentine agate,
> The Milan sword, the cloak of Geneva set
> With Brabant buttons;"

no fewer than eight countries contributing to the beau's attire. And so we might go on, but that we do not see exactly where we should stop. We must, therefore, curb our rapid pen and fancy at the same moment; and, remembering that we have placed the word amulets at the head of the paper, proceed to say a word or two about them.

But first, a few sentences about modern chains and necklaces. The invention of the curious piece of ornamental work which we call a gold chain is probably English; and even now articles of this description are called English chains on the continent, though they are made in great numbers in Paris of gold, silver, and inferior metals. Everybody knows *how* they are made,—by rolling, stamping, wire-drawing, hammering, filing, soldering, burnishing, polishing, and so on,—with sometimes as many as four or five thousand separate pieces in a single necklace! Ornaments of this kind are generally made in fine gold—that is to say, gold with a sufficient degree of alloy to give it hardness. A very curious set of terms are

used in designating the quality of gold coin and jewellery. Absolutely pure gold would be much too soft to bear the rough usage to which coins are exposed, and so a small portion of alloy is added to give it tenacity. The legal English standard for coin is expressed by the fractions $\frac{1}{12}$ or $\frac{22}{24}$, or more usually by the term twenty-two carats fine—that is to say, that two carats out of the pound troy are alloy. The standard value of gold, as purchased by the Bank of England, is £3 17s. 9d. per ounce, and it is issued again from that establishment at £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce of twenty-two carats fine—actually pure, unalloyed gold being worth about £4 per ounce. The alloy used is either of silver or copper, the former giving the gold a lighter and the latter a redder colour. For almost all manufacturing purposes a considerable quantity of alloy is employed—in what is called jeweller's fine gold as much as one-third part, or sixteen carats fine, is the usual proportion. But the gold of which jewellery is composed may, and does, consist of nearly all degrees of fineness from eighteen carats, or one-fourth alloy, to an almost indefinite quantity, according to the price of article required, its cheapness, &c.

There has been lately some little excitement on the question of the degree of alloy in articles of jewellery, especially chains and necklaces; and we may as well digress for a few minutes to consider the case as it came before the public. It will be recollected that, some short time since, a gentleman went into the shop of Messrs. Benson in Cornhill, and purchased what he conceived to be a gold Albert chain for £3 15s. He took it away with him, had it tested, and finding it was not pure gold, had the shopman who served him taken before a magistrate, by whom he was committed for trial. It is quite unnecessary to follow the course of this singular case further than to state that on the trial, Mr. Baron Alderson, the presiding judge, declared that there was no case for the jury, as the selling of an article for gold which contained a certain quantity of alloy, was not an indictable offence.

But a very serious imputation appears to have been cast on the character of Messrs. Benson through this transaction; for though their servant was the person put upon his trial, they were the real parties to the suit. And a special injustice seems to have been done them, in the fact that, though the counsel for the prosecutor had, in opening the case, described it as one approaching very nearly to fraud, the dismissal of the charge by the judge gave them no opportunity of proving, as they might have done, that they were entirely guiltless of any intention of doing wrong. The facts lie in a nutshell; and it must strike any unprejudiced reader that the prosecutor was rather too hasty in bringing so serious a charge against such respectable citizen tradesmen. As we understand the case reported in the newspapers, the gentleman went into the shop of Messrs. Benson, and asking to see a gold chain, was shown a couple of trays containing chains of different qualities; that he took up a very small chain, and was told that its price was £3 15s. and that it was of the finest quality now made. In spite, however, of this recommendation, the gentleman appears to have chosen a chain of nearly three times the thickness and weight of the first one, and to have purchased it *at the same price*, though he was expressly told that it was of a common description.

Now it does appear a remarkable circumstance that a gentleman,—who may be presumed to know something of the value of manufactured gold,—should have chosen the heavier and greatly inferior article, and then have endeavoured to punish the poor shopman for not selling him a pure gold chain. Nor does the injustice stop here; for, by the dismissal of the case by the judge, Messrs. Benson were unable to rebut the charge brought against them by the prosecutor's counsel, or to produce evidence which would have entirely exonerated them from all kinds of blame in the transaction. The truth is, that not one jeweller in London —or in England, we might declare—ever did, or does sell articles in pure gold. They could not be manufactured, and if they could, the public would not pay the price for them. We do not for an instant attempt to excuse a tradesman for representing a thing to be what it is not, but we cannot understand the justice or the policy of selecting one firm for exposure, while the whole trade—a trade in which upwards of 5,000 persons are employed in London alone, and in which more than 25,000 lbs. troy of pure gold are annually consumed, at a cost of considerably more than two millions of money—notoriously practise a system of alloy for which there is no legal check or punishment. If alloy is necessary—as we have shown it to be, even in the manufacture of the coin of the realm; and if the per centage of alloy to pure gold is a matter left entirely to the discretion of the manufacturers and refiners — as Mr. Baron Alderson declared it to be—then we cannot help thinking that the Messrs. Benson have been most unjustly dealt with, and that the sooner some fixed standard for a minimum fineness of gold used for ornamental purposes be adopted, the better both for the buyers and the sellers.

Apologising for this rather long digression, we return to our subject. "Jewellers' gold," of which nearly all chains, necklaces, and such-like ornaments are manufactured, varies from about £2 to £3 5s. per ounce. Trinkets are very frequently made of inferior metal plated over with gold, either by the old method or by the electro process. Of the various and numerous ornamental purposes for which gold is used, only a jeweller, or a lady's-maid, or perhaps a *very* fine gentleman, could give anything like a complete catalogue. And when we try to remember a few of the names of these little articles—rings, and chains, and charms, and bracelets, and brooches, and seals, and eye-glasses, and combs, and armlets, and pins, and buttons, and shirt-studs, and pencil-cases, to say nothing of plate, watches, and the larger kinds of presentation vases in silver-gilt;—when we consider the cost, trouble, and anxiety of bringing all this precious metal from its home in the quartz rocks in Russia, California, and Australia, to its sometimes brilliant resting-place on the neck or arm of beauty, or its no less honourable employment in enclosing a ticking monitor of wasted or well-spent hours —we cannot help regarding the "yellow dross" as one of the most powerful and potent of metals, all that is said to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Dig for the gold!
Prosper the arm that doth urge its might
To win repose when youth is o'er;
Turn up the earth for the metal bright
For sire and dame on a far-off shore.
Dig for the gold!"

Our space will allow us to say but very few words of charms and amulets. In the earliest times, superstitious folk have been fond of arming themselves with certain protections against "spells, witchcrafts, distempers, and the powers of the evil eye." Sometimes the amulet or charm has consisted of a little metal trinket, worn round the neck or wrist; sometimes it has been used for the religious purposes, and has consisted of texts from the law written on plates of metal and affixed to the doors of houses and places of worship; again it has been a curious sentence, like the abracadabra, which was written on a piece of vellum and worn about the person; at another time it was a string of beads made of the briony root, christened by the name of the anodyne necklace, and said to assist children in teething; and, even in the present age of refinement and knowledge, it is still preserved in the child's caul which sailors take to sea with them, and cherished by fond mothers in the row of coral beads which, when worn round the neck of some darling child, predicts its coming illness by losing colour and polish! The most innocent "charms," however, are those little golden ornaments which romantic young ladies present to romantic young gentlemen to wear on their watch-guards and place underneath their pillows at nights! We might, had we space, enlarge upon another kind of token given by gentlemen to ladies, both young and old—the wedding ring. This, as our readers know, is invariably of standard gold, and marked with the imprimatum of the Goldsmiths' Company—a distinctive warrant of value not necessary for ordinary jewellery.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ITALIAN PROVERBS.

Proverbs are the expression of ideas which strike a whole people as undeniable truths, and either for their point, or tact, or universal applicability, become "familiar in their mouths as household words." It is not the least curious circumstance in connexion with proverbial philosophy, that there is scarcely one "old saying" in any nation which is not known to most others under a different form, the change being made to suit some peculiarity in manners, customs, or even the productions of the country. We point to "carrying coals to Newcastle" as extreme of useless labour; the Jews placed it in the conveyance of "oil to a city of palms." "A constant drop wears a stone," turns up in France in the guise of "A force de forger, on devient un forgeron,"—by dint of forging one becomes a blacksmith. We might fill a volume with instances such as these. The Italians are remarkable for throwing their proverbs into personified forms, if we may so speak, which of course renders the idea the fitter for illustration. We have selected a few of them for that purpose, which do not bear so deep a stamp of nationality about them as render them uninteresting or unintelligible to the English reader. Few of the people of modern Europe have so large a collection as the Italians, as a long and almost uninterrupted flow of civilisation, and eminence in the arts and literature, have enabled them to lay up a more than ordinary store of popular wisdom, the common sense of every-day life. Pity it does not produce better fruit in their acts.

It is rather singular that "wise saws" are nearly always most numerous amongst people who do least. Shortcomings in acting are made up for by a multiplicity of sage apophthegms. Few men ever uttered so many, containing so much sound truth and wisdom, as Lord Bacon, and probably few men ever failed so deplorably in carrying out the simplest and plainest axiom of morality. Proverbs are plentiful amongst most lazy, unenergetic nations; and we suppose the want of consistency in their character may be ascribed to the same human weakness which caused the fall of the great philosopher. We cannot conclude without stating that the proverbial sayings of most countries fall far short of embodying the highest principles of Christian morality. A vein of coarse, worldly selfishness runs through most of them, not excepting those of that far-famed individual, "Poor Richard," so that, if acted upon, they might make a man wealthy and "respectable," but not always noble or disinterested.

1. *Io niente faccio, ed il cervel mi becco.*

I am doing nothing, and devouring my brain.

2. *Che porta dietro il torchio ha par costume,*
A se far ombra, ed a chi 'l segue lume.

He who carries the torch behind him gives himself the shade, and to him who follows, the light.

3. *Mi lambico il cervello tutto lieto.*

I puzzle my brain with a great deal of pleasure.

SECTION OF THE SOIL UNDER A STREET IN PARIS.

PARIS UNDERGROUND.

Beneath visible Paris, where light shines both night and day, and where 1,200,000 persons live and bustle about so noisily, is another Paris, invisible, dark, silent, and immense. From north to south, from east to west, the ground, upon which these 1,200,000 persons tread, is excavated, ploughed up, and perforated in all directions; and it may be said, that nearly all the streets through which the public pass correspond with subterranean ones, on which depend, in a manner, the health and lives of all who live in Paris. Were it not for these streets, which are shut out from every eye, those which are above them would soon be filled with a thousand dangers. Subterranean canals, conduits, and sewers, pervade the whole extent of the great city, and are necessary to its very existence.

The oldest of these excavations were made for the purpose of constructing the city itself. Paris has literally sprung out of the bowels of the earth; and it would never have attained the gigantic size which now renders it one of the first cities of the world, had it not been for the rich quarries that were discovered, some eighteen hundred years ago, on the banks of the Seine.

During the domination of Rome, towards the end of the third century, at which time Lutetia did not extend much further than the island of the Cité, large beds of lime-stone were discovered on the left side of the Seine, where the faubourgs St. Marceau and St. Germain now stand. All the surrounding places, Montsouris, Gentilly, Montrouge, &c., were therefore excavated in succession. Some of these quarries, which it might be thought fourteen centuries would have exhausted, still supply materials for the construction of Parisian houses.

In course of time, however, the city had so increased in size that it was found necessary not to continue the excavations any further beneath the ground it stood upon. Edifices of enormous weight, such as Val-de-Grâce, the Observatoire, and the Panthéon, were actually standing on deep abysses. It was, therefore, necessary to strengthen, as speedily as possible, the foundation of one-half of Paris. The work was begun immediately; and as it was impossible for the crypts to be completely filled up, it was deemed expedient to turn them to some use.

The dead were still interred within the walls of the city in 1780. The principal cemetry was that of the *Innocents*, which occupied the site where the present market-place now stands. Most serious accidents constantly occurred in the neighbourhood, and all the cellars of the surrounding houses were infected. Lenoir, the Lieutenant-General of Police, resolved, on being petitioned by the inhabitants, to do away with this cemetry, and to have the bones it contained carried into the quarries which required strengthening. A house, called *Tombe-Issoire*, having, therefore, been purchased in the plain of Montsouris, on the old Orleans road, a staircase, consisting of seventy-seven steps, was constructed, by which to descend into the excavations to a depth of about fifty-five feet; and a well walled with bones was also constructed.

A great number of workmen were, at the same time, employed in arranging the bones in compact rows and masses, and in making communications between the various passages, so that these bones soon formed a number of streets, of places, and, so to speak, of monuments. These immense works were finished in 1786. After their transformation, the quarries took the name of *catacombs;* they had received, first of all, the bones from the cemetry of the Innocents, and then those from several others which were suppressed in 1792, 1804, 1808, 1809, and in 1811. They are said to contain more than forty generations, and their population is accounted eight times more numerous than that which is above them.

The catacombs contain two different collections, the first being composed of samples of the various kinds of earth and stone which form their foundation; while the second is a pathological collection, in which are methodically classed all the different sorts of bones deformed by disease.

From north to south, they extend from the Rues de l'Ecole-de-Médecine, Jacob, &c., to the Barrière Vaugirard, and from west to east, they extend from the same barrier to the Jardin des Plantes. The whole of the left side of Paris is, therefore, excavated. These subterranean places are supplied with walls of circumvallation like Paris itself, they follow nearly the same curve, and are constructed for the same purpose as the upper walls; that is, in order to foil the audacity of the defrauders of the custom-house, who, not hesitating to profit by the badly-guarded roads of the catacombs, entered them through the openings at Montrouge or Vaugirard, and issued from them in the interior of Paris, through other openings communicating with secret cellars.

The quarries on the right side of the Seine are far from ever having been worked on so extensive a scale as those on the left side. Montmartre and Belleville, &c., are rather deeply excavated; but, properly speaking, these places do not form a part of Paris. Subterranean Paris on the right side of the Seine is a perfect labyrinth of arched sewers, and channels containing water and gas-pipes: these conduits also envelop the left side in their net-work.

The pipes for supplying the city with clean water, and the drains for carrying off the dirty water, have nearly the same origin, and were laid down at nearly the same time.

Till the ninth century, the city was supplied with water by the aqueduct of Arcueil, which was constructed in 360, under the Emperor Julian. The Normans destroyed this aqueduct in the ninth century, and the city was left without any water-pipes whatever. The aqueduct was not reconstructed before 1543; afterwards the aqueducts of the Près St. Gervais and St. Martin were built, and henceforth, the streets of Paris continued to be filled with channels, more or less deep, in order to allow the water-pipes, of which the number increased every year, to be laid down. Under Henri IV., the pumps of the Samaritaine were constructed on the Pont Neuf; afterwards, were established the hydraulic machines of the Pont Notre Dame, which also caused several other subterranean passages to be bored beneath the public ways. The pump of Chaillot dates from 1782, and that of the Gros-Caillou from 1785. Under the empire, the Canal de l'Ourcq was constructed, and the water-pipes of the capital were, in consequence, greatly increased. Most of the water of Paris is supplied by the Canal de l'Ourcq, the principa. place whence the water is drawn being at the lower end of the basin of La Villette. This open kind of reservoir is arched over before it enters the city, and forms a vault, which, under the name of *aqueduc de ceinture*, runs from east to west, under all the northern part of Paris, from the Villette to Monceau, its length being nearly two miles and a half. The *aqueduc de ceinture* communicates with the canal at the Villette by means of sluices furnished with valves. From this aqueduct branch off several smaller ones which, in their turn, communicate with a multitude of pipes that carry the water into the very heart of Paris, and supply about fifty large public fountains. The branch water-pipes increased to an unlimited extent under the government of Louis Philippe. From 1838 to 1845, five large reservoirs, capable of containing about six million and a half gallons of water, were constructed; from 1845 to 1848, the well of Grenelle was bored, and the pump of Austerlitz constructed. The number of public fountains, which did not amount under the empire to more than forty, amounts at present to ninety-four, there being sixty-five on the right side, and twenty-nine on the left side of the Seine. The total number of apparatuses for the distribution of water throughout the entire city amounts to two thousand and thirty-three, and yet this is not sufficient to satisfy all its wants. At Paris there is only water enough to allow each person fifteen gallons a day; at London, each person can be supplied with twenty-four gallons; and at Philadelphia, with seventy-three gallons.

The first works undertaken for carrying off the foul water of Paris were executed slowly, and in a defective manner.

Formerly, the shores of the Seine, in consequence of their being raised by the successive layers of alluvium left there by the rising of the river, and by the heaps of rubbish shot on them, formed behind them a sort of hollow, at the foot of the hills of Ménilmontant, Belleville, Montmartre, and Du Roule. This hollow served as a drain, and was a kind of natural sewer, into which ran all the rain water of the north of Paris, from Ménilmontant to the bottom of the heights of Chaillot, where it emptied itself into the Seine; it was, therefore, called the great or main sewer. One of the conduits which ran into it from Montmartre, having been enclosed in the fourteenth century, in the *enceinte* formed by Charles V., Hugues Aubriot, who was then provost of the merchants, had it arched over, and thus constructed the first real sewer. A number of conduits, similar to the one which had been covered over, ran through the city in all directions. The principal ones were those of Du Pouceau, of St. Antoine, of the Filles-du-Calvaire, of the Temple, &c.; properly speaking, however, they were nothing but infectious receptacles for filth. Some of them were arched over in the fourteenth century. The sewer of the Rue St. Antoine was covered over before 1412; it emptied itself into the ditches of the Bastille, and was known by the name of *Pont Perrin*. But the kings of France, who then inhabited the Hôtel St. Paul, disliking to have such a thing so near them, changed its course, and had it turned through La Culture St. Cathérine, towards the enclosure of the Temple. It was again arched over in several places along its new course. Things remained pretty nearly in the same state till 1605. At this epoch, François Mirou, provost of Paris, with the aid of the municipal and his own resources, began fresh constructions of considerable importance. He had the sewer Du Pouceau arched over at his own expense, from the Rue Saint Denis to the Rue Saint Martin. His successors, however, were not actuated with the same zeal for public salubrity. A description, however, of the sewers of Paris, drawn up in 1663, and in which they are divided into open and covered sewers, tells us that the former extended to a length of four miles four furlongs twelve chains and a half, and the latter to a length of one mile three furlongs one chain and a half. This was at all events a beginning; and the subterranean works, which are so useful to the inhabitants of Paris, were continued from generation to generation up to the present time. The finest sewer of the city is the one constructed by Napoleon in the Rue de Rivoli; and it corresponds in magnificence with the monumental structures which rise above it. The next sewer which is looked on in the light of a *chef-d'œuvre* is the one of the Rues Saint Denis and Du Pouceau, which extends to the Marché des Innocents. This sewer serves two purposes; it conveys through its channel both foul and clean water, the latter being contained in pipes supported by two rows of brackets, while the former runs along the bottom of the sewer. This was the first sewer which was used for a double purpose; but since its construction, several others have been made in the same manner. Some of the more recent ones have even been used for three different purposes, being also made to convey gas by means of large tubes placed parallel with the water pipes.

It is only since the last twenty years that the municipality of Paris has seriously thought of directing these useful works in a methodical manner. First of all, the levels of the sewers already constructed and of those about to be so were taken; then the making of the trenches and the execution of the masonry work were considered. From 1835, above six miles length of sewerage has been constructed yearly. The underground of all the streets of Paris is, with few exceptions, pierced through and through in all directions. If the reader adds to these sewers the innumerable channels made for conveying clean water to all parts of Paris, and the gas-pipes which have been lately laid down all over the capital, he will have some idea of the labyrinth of conduits of all sorts and sizes which exist in every direction beneath the streets of Paris.

All these sewers have two sorts of apertures opening on the public way, one to allow the water to pass through, and the other to admit of their being entered when they require to be cleaned, repaired, or inspected. When the apertures, through which the water passes, called in this country shoots or gulley-holes, are in the road, they are covered with a grating, which rests on a wooden frame, supported by stone work; the openings beneath the foot pavement have granite coverings when the pavement is raised high enough to permit it, but otherwise the coverings are made of cast-iron. The openings through which the sewers are entered, called man-holes, are covered with cast-iron slabs of a circular form.

In order to let out the confined air, and to keep the sewers free from infection, vent-holes, supplied with vertical pipes, having valves at their lower extremity, are made at short distances from one another, or else this pipe is made to communicate with the pipes that run down the neighbouring houses.

The inclination of the sewers of Paris is at the rate of at least ·03937 of an inch for every three feet three inches.

It has in general been remarked that the walls of the sewers, which come most in contact with the water, become at length covered with a substance that is much harder than stone, and which cannot be broken into by a pick-axe without bringing away bits of the wall. This singular substance very much resembles that found in old lead and cast-iron pipes which have long been employed for household uses. The sewers are filled with various odours, faint, ammoniacal, sulphuretted, &c., and those who clean them do not always escape accidents. The operation of cleansing is very easy. The cleaner pushes the filth before him by means of a piece of board fastened to a long handle. First of all, however, he generally places a strong plank across the sewer to stop the water. The water accumulates in consequence, and when the plank is taken away, it rushes forward with sufficient rapidity to carry the greater part of the mud and filth along with it.

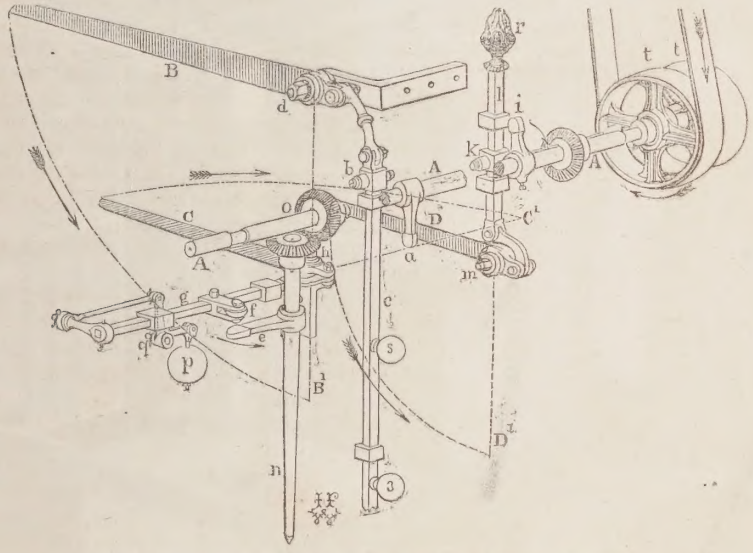
BLACK'S PATENT FOLDING MACHINE.

THERE is scarcely an object of familiar life about which an interesting history might not be written. Take a book, for instance. Every part of the world has contributed to its production. The cotton and flax of which the paper is made were grown, it may be, the one in America, and the other in Ireland; the oily part of the ink may be Russian tallow; the metals of which the types are made—lead, and zinc, and antimony—have been dug, perhaps, from dark mines in one country, and smelted, and refined, and brought into marketable condition in another; the paste which holds it together may be made from wheat from Poland and glue from the Pampas; the box-wood on which the illustrations are engraved grew, perhaps, on some stream side in merrie England; while the iron in the graver's tool, so cunningly and so delicately handled, might have lain in the dark earth from the creation of the world, but from the necessity which a book created for its use. And all this time we have taken no heed of the manufacturing processes necessary to the completion of the volume—the paper-makers, the type-founders, the ink-manufacturers, the iron-founders and machinists, the carpenters, &c., employed to produce the materials merely, and the workmen to bring those materials into profitable use—some thousand individuals in all. To merely mention all the processes necessary to the making of a book, from the author who writes it—frequently the worst paid and least considered workman of them all—to the little maiden who folds the printed sheets, and the binder who puts them together, would occupy rather too much space; our present purpose being to speak of a remarkably ingenious machine by which the important operation of folding the sheets of printed paper is very readily performed.

Hitherto there has been no necessity for such a machine as

this, because the supply of the bookfolders' labour has more than equalled the demand. The immense impetus given of late, however, to the printing business by the production of cheap and sterling literature,—and more especially, perhaps, by the astonishing sale of Mrs. Stowe's admirable tale,—has rendered it a matter of difficulty for the bookbinders to keep pace with the public demand. Books could be *printed* fast enough—for the compositor could call in the aid of the stereotyper and so duplicate his labours; and the steam machine could be driven night and day, at a couple of thousand impressions an hour, or so; but when the sheets were printed, and the publishers were looking forward with some little hope to the possibility of supplying the public, it was generally found that the ultimate completion of the book was delayed at the binders', whose invariable excuse for want of punctuality was "shortness of hands!" One would think that there would be no difficulty whatever in finding a sufficient number of respectable young women in so large a place as London, but the fact that so apparently simple an operation as that of bookfolding requires considerable practice will readily explain the fact. Good bookfolders—all of them females, by the way—are not to be made at a day's notice, as the binders discovered to their cost.

In this strait it was that the patent folding machine of Mr. James Black was brought under the notice of the proprietor of this work. It was shown at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and obtained a prize medal, though the jurors do not appear to have quite understood its meaning and importance,—at least if their report be any evidence. Perhaps it did not perform its functions with perfect accuracy at that time. However that may be, the machine is now an accomplished fact, and by it all kinds of sheets may be folded which are multiples of four—as 8vo, 12mo, 24mo, &c. In appearance the folding machine is a mere box with a few wheels, and so on, in front, the uses of which we shall presently show; but the philosophy of the principle consists in the adoption of certain vertical and horizontal knives, or folders, with serrated edges. It will be seen that the sheet is placed on the top of the exterior case,—in the engraving, the attendant is placing the sheet,—when the first vertical knife takes it and carries it into the interior of the box, whence it issues from the rollers in front a perfectly folded and partly pressed sheet of paper. We shall show how this operation is performed, by reference to the working diagram, merely premising that the proper "register," or accuracy of fold, is secured by means of certain points and gauges placed on the upper table, which points and gauges are, of course, removable, so as to allow sheets of different sizes to be folded by the same machine. In the ordinary hand process, the folding girl seizes the sheet of paper at its left hand upper corner, and bringing it over the folding-stick or paper knife in her left hand, creases it down so that the opposite corners of the printing come pretty nearly straight with each other, and so on with the other folds of the sheet. The "register" is thus liable to derangement according to the care of the folder. In the machine, on the contrary, the utmost exactness of "register" is obtained by simply placing the sheet on the table with the end-most letter of the page beneath the pointer: the letter-press rather than the paper being folded to correspond page with page. The importance of accurate "register," will be easily understood, when it is stated that the binder seldom, perhaps never, refolds the sheets of a book, and that upon the care and attention bestowed upon the original folding depends much of the elegance of the bound volume. And now, if the reader glance from time to time to the diagram, he will be enabled to comprehend the *modus operandi* of this ingenious machine;—A A is the main shaft, driven by a strap round the riggers *t t*, the strap communicating with the steam-engine or other motive power below. One man, however, is able to drive four or five machines, if fitted with a large fly-wheel, with the most perfect ease. Attached to the main shaft are the two cams, or wipers, *a* and *i*, whose office is to lift



MECHANICAL PLAN OF BLACK'S PATENT FOLDING MACHINE.

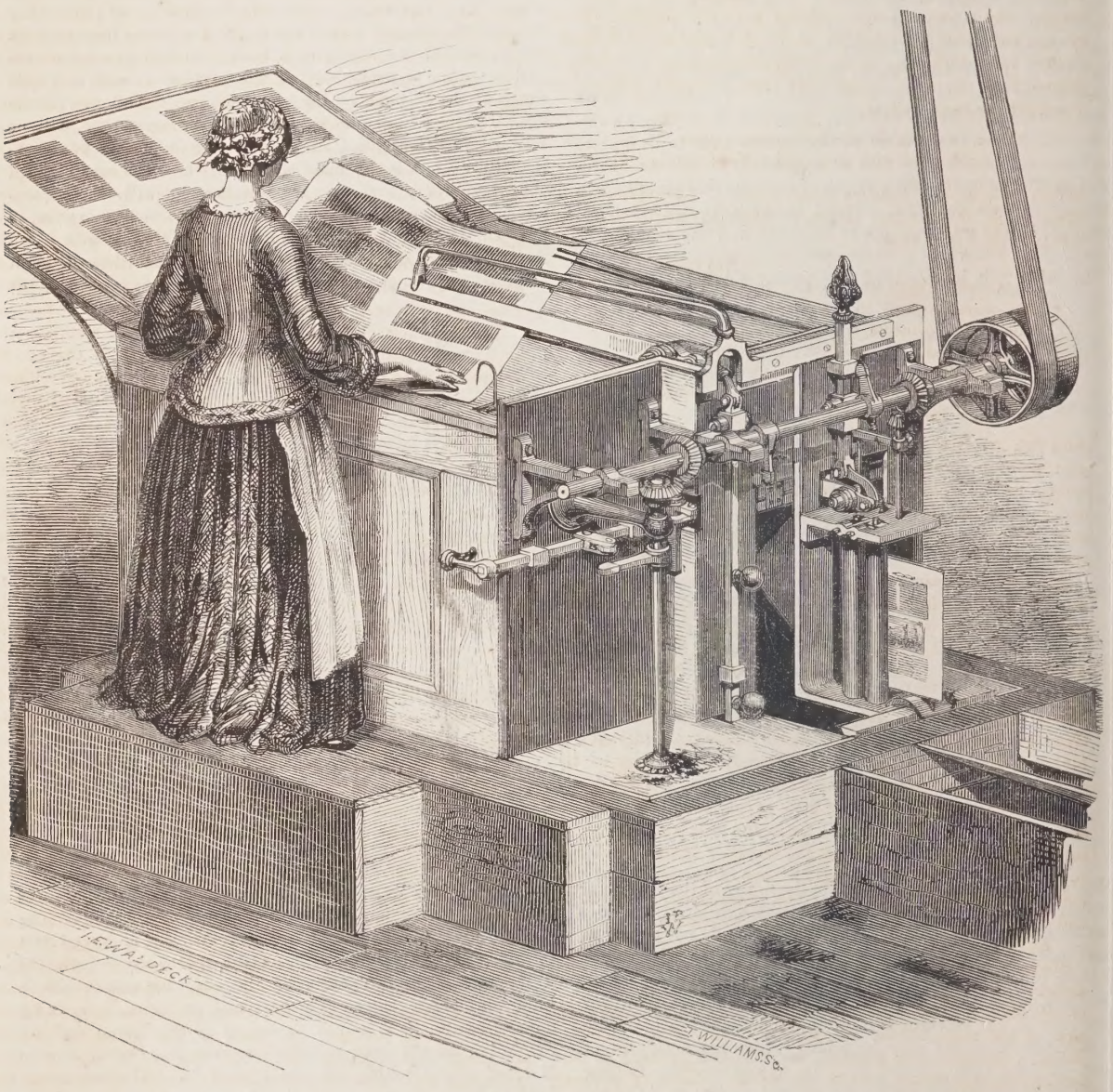
up the vertical knives or folders. The vertical shaft, *n*, moves the cam *e*, by which the horizontal knife is brought into action, and is driven by the bevel wheels, *o*, keyed fast to either shaft. We have thus the means by which the knives are made to operate on the sheet of paper. Each knife works on a centre. The first knife or folder, B, working on the centre, *d*, is moved down, as before stated, by the revolution of the cam *a*, and describes the dotted line to B 1, of course taking the sheet with it. The horizontal knife or folder, C, then seizes the sheet at right angles, carries it forward, and produces another fold of the paper—dotted line to C 1. The octavo sheet has now received two folds, when the last vertical knife, D, takes it, and, describing the dotted line to D 1, delivers it, a perfectly folded sheet, from the rollers in front, as seen in the large engraving. The rollers are driven by a vertical shaft connected with the main shaft by bevelled wheels, and pinions not necessarily shown in the diagram. Each knife, after having performed its particular office, is brought back to its former position by means of balance weights,—the first knife by the weight, *s s*, attached to the vertical slide bar, *c*; the second knife by the weight, *p*, attached to the bell crank, *q*, communicating with the sliding bar, *g*; and the third knife by the ornamental weight, *r*, on slide, *l*. The letters *k*, *b*, and *f*, attached to the balance slides,

are three small wheels or pulleys, which are struck by the cams in order to describe the motion of each knife.

In the large engraving will be seen a bar projecting over the first knife, with a toothed aperture at its end. This is a spring stop or buffer, which serves to counteract the jar which would otherwise be produced by the return of the folder when released from the sheet of paper. Each folder is provided with a similar apparatus. The interior of the box or chamber is fitted with baize-covered iron plates—not shown—between which the sheet of paper is carried, till it finally leaves the rollers in front. By these means, the folded sheet is more perfectly pressed than by the ordinary hand method. Each knife or folder is serrated at the edge like a fine saw, the better to prevent the sheet from slipping from beneath it, and destroying the register.

Of the usefulness of an instrument of this description there can be no question, for its adoption economises space, time, and money. It may be driven at a rate sufficient to fold two thousand sheets in an hour, at a cost ridiculously small, and the same machine can be made to fold the largest and the smallest sheet, by simply altering the registering points. Any child ten years old can attend Black's patent folding machine, and any sheet that can be folded without cutting may be folded by it.

In the large engraving, a sheet of paper is seen in the act of leaving the rollers, whence it falls into the box in front, and is gathered up eventually, with many of its fellows, to be packed in thousands, or otherwise disposed of. This box may be made to count, as well as receive, the work, if necessary; or the sheets may travel through it into a wooden shaft, and be at once carried to the warehouse or binders' room. We understand that Mr. Black is now about to perfect machines of smaller dimensions and more delicate apparatus for the folding of all kinds of note and letter paper.



BLACK'S PATENT MACHINE FOR FOLDING SHEETS OF PAPER INTO OCTAVOS, DUODECIMOS, ETC.

The book the reader holds in his hand was folded by a machine such as we have described. There is little doubt but that, in a short time, nearly all the book-folding in London—the metropolis of literature as well as of England,—will be performed by an instrument of this kind; and there is no reason why the principle—which is amply secured by patent—could not be applied to a great variety of purposes. Newspapers might be folded as they leave the printing-machine, and much of the expense of hand-folding be thereby saved, besides avoiding the disagreeable look of a badly-folded paper.

MOSSES AND THEIR ALLIES.

CHAPTER I.

Is there a pastoral poem extant which does not in some part or other sing the praise of "mossy banks" or "moss-grown fountains?" Is there, or has there ever been, a landscape-painter who has not longed to give some idea of the exquisite tinting which he sees bestowed on rocks and ruins, trees and banks, by the growth of those insignificant portions of the vegetable kingdom, the mosses and lichens?—or a lover of nature, albeit by profession neither poet nor painter, whose eye has not dwelt with delight on the rich verdure of a moss-clothed vale or hillock, or the brilliant colouring of a lichen-painted rock or ruin? Virgil bids that a "quiet station" be found for the bees, saying,—

> "Near a living spring their mansion place,
> Edged round with moss, and tufts of matted grass."

Milton tells us of "Echoe's mossy couch;" Shakspeare, too, often extols this verdant carpet, as when Arviragus promises that the fair Fidele shall

> "Not lack
> That flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
> The azure harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
> The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
> Outsweetened not thy breath; the ruddock would—
> With charitable bill—bring thee all these,
> Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are not,
> To winter-ground thy corse."

And yet, lovely as is the whole of the moss tribe, and dear to poet, painter, and the lover of scenery, how comparatively few among us are there who have any knowledge of the curious and interesting structure of these little plants, whose every stem, leaf, and capsule, displays such exquisite delicacy of construction!

There is no season of the year in which we may not find interest and employment amid the mosses and lichens—no soil nor situation where some or other, of one or both families, may not be found. Scarcely any part of the known world is destitute of them. On the coasts of the Icy Sea, where the soil never thaws for more than the depth of a few inches, plants of these kinds are said by travellers to be the only forms of vegetation. In Spitzbergen, Greenland, and even in higher latitudes, they are to be found, as well as on the morasses and volcanic tracks of Iceland; and on the frozen deserts of Siberia, there these little cryptogamous plants may still be seen. Nor only there; for in the arid wastes of burning Africa, it is told us that the traveller Mungo Park was revived and rejoiced by the sight of one of the species of this lovely tribe. Worn out, exhausted, plundered, his strength and courage had well nigh failed, when, to use his own words, —"At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss irresistibly caught my eye, and though the whole plant was not larger than the tip of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of the root, leaves, &c., without admiration. Can that Being, I thought, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this desert part of the world, a thing of so small importance, look with unconcern on creatures formed after his own image? Surely not! Reflections such as these would not allow me to despair. I started up, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, assured that relief was at hand, and I was not disappointed." This species is supposed to have been the small fern-leaved fork moss *(fissidens bryoides)*, an exquisite little plant, diffusely spread over shady banks and wall-tops.

The muscology of Britain, which contains about four hundred species, most nearly resembles that of North America, and is also closely allied to that of the northern and central parts of the continent of Europe. It is within less than a century that this interesting and widely-extended class of plants has been made the subject of much study or research. The Germans seem to have taken the lead in this branch of botany, but they have been vigorously followed by many illustrious students of nature among our own countrymen, and new discoveries are daily being made in this department of the vegetable kingdom.

The structure of mosses is of the simplest kind, fungi and lichens alone being below them in the scale of vegetation. With mosses commence the rudimental characters of root, branches, and leaves, with which parts every plant of this tribe is furnished, and in the place of a flower they have little vessels usually supported on a stalk, and containing the seed. The stems vary from the twelfth part of an inch to a foot in height; few of them, however, exceeding four inches, and most being much less. The leaves differ in form, some being egg-shaped, others lance-shaped, and very many linear. If examined under a microscope, these will often be found beautifully veined and reticulated; they have generally a bright green hue, which proves the activity of their breathing apparatus; yet there are species brown, purple, and even nearly black, as well as of the palest whitish green. The edges of the leaves are often toothed, or notched like a saw. Mosses are said to be in fruit when the little seed vessel of which we have spoken is formed.

The fructification of this tribe of plants is very peculiar, and by it, more frequently than by any other part, is the species determined. At certain seasons of the year, we may observe a forest of thin stems crowned with these little seed vessels rising above the general level of the clump of moss on which they grow; these stalks are called setæ, or fruit stalks, and the vessels capsules. Let us take that species of moss which grows so commonly on almost every wall we see, the *tortula muralis*, or wall screw-moss (fig. 1, *a*), as our example, and examine it carefully. The theca (fig. 1, *b*), or fruit of this, has a little cap, like that of a Norman peasant, with a high peak and long lappet (fig. 1, *d*); this is the calyptra, or veil, and forms a sort of hood which, when the fruit is young, is rolled round the theca, so as completely to cover it. As the fruit-stalks lengthen this veil is torn from its support and carried up on the top of the seed vessel, much as the calyx of the *escholtzia* is borne up on the summit of the petals before they open. Now if we place this seed vessel under the microscope, we shall find that beneath the veil is a lid or covering, which closes the mouth of the capsule; this, when the spores or seeds are ripe and fit to be dispersed, is thrown off, and then new and wonderful objects are disclosed; underneath this lid (which is called the operculum), lies a kind of tuft of twisted hairs (fig. 1, *c*), which arise from within the rim of the theca, and are called the teeth of the fringe, or peristome. These do not exist in all species of moss, and when they are found, differ in number; but it is an unvarying rule that wherever they are seen at all, their number consists of *four*, or of some multiple of four, amounting occasionally to as many as sixty-four. Sometimes the fringe consists of two rows of teeth, differing in size, number, or arrangement; and this fringe acts in the most beautiful hygrometrical manner. A theca of this same *tortula* will illustrate my meaning, and show this to be one of those beautiful and delicate arrangements which the wisdom and goodness of God provides for the protection of the young seed. Take a capsule which has been dried when the teeth were closed, and place it in water, or in a damp place, and you will see its teeth unclose with a graceful and steady motion which is beautiful to behold; or if you breathe on a capsule when its fringe is expanded in the sunshine, the slight moisture of your breath will make the little teeth instantly close over the mouth of the vessel wherein the seeds lie. In dry and sunny weather these teeth open, and the seeds, when ripe, are scattered by the wind, and wafted to situations where it is suitable for them to fix. The capsule being elevated on its footstalk, is freely exposed to the effects of sun and wind; thus the seed is first ripened, and then disseminated over the masses of recumbent moss below them, so keeping up and extending an active fresh vegetation, whilst the decaying plants form fresh soil whereon

the new ones may grow The capsule of the tortula is oblong, the lid conical, the leaves expanded, and of a very long oblong; their margins bent back, and the nerve protruded beyond the

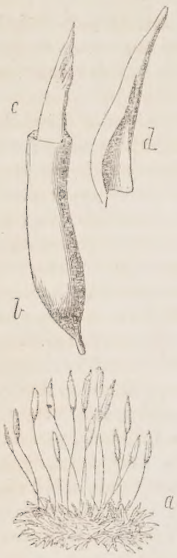


FIG. 1.

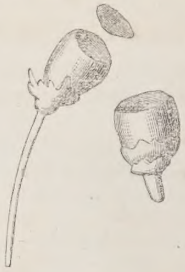
FIG. 2.

leaf into a white hair-like point. The seeds lie inside the theca, and are contained in a thin bag, open at the upper end, and surrounding a central column called the columella. Such

FIG. 3.

is the usual conformation of mosses, the organs of which I have spoken—root, stem, leaves, and capsule—being present in all, though they vary in form, arrangement, and other particulars according to the different genera of which they are members. In some the root is longer and more creeping than in others; the stems differ in length and in other points, some being branched, others simple; some feathered with leaves from base to apex, others bare at the base. The shape and veining of the leaves also varies in different kinds as do the fruit-stalks, some being curved, as in fig. 2, others erect, as in fig. 3. Some proceeding from the centre of the plant, as fig. 2, whilst others are borne on lateral branches, as fig. 5, and some kinds are devoid of them altogether, the capsule being sessile, and buried among the foliage.

The grand distinguishing features which mark the genera are chiefly found in the form and position of the theca, and



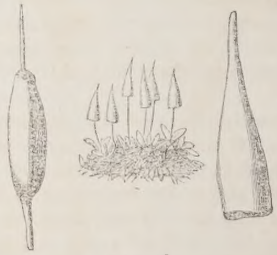


FIG. 6.

FIG. 4.

the structure of the calyptra, or veil. Space will only allow of our slightly touching on a few of these variations, and those who are disposed to study the subject of mosses to a greater length, are referred to the "Muscologia Brittanica" of Drs. Hooker and Taylor, and other works which bear directly on the topic; but we may adduce a few instances of the distinctions to be found in some of the commonest genera.

In the *sphagnum* (fig. 4), those pale whitish mosses which carpet the ground in bogs, the theca is sessile, that which looks like a fruit-stalk being in fact a continuation of the receptacle, and its form is that of a little cup, the mouth of which is uncovered. In the *Bartramia*, the theca is sub-globose, and seated on a terminal fruit-stalk—this has a double fringe, the outer of sixteen teeth; the inner, a membrane divided into sixteen segments, each of which is cleft into two parts, and the calyptra is divided in half. The *polytrichum*, or hair-moss

(fig. 5), has a double peristome, or fringe, the outer of thirty-two, or sixty-four incurved teeth, placed at equal distances; the inner a thick membrane connected with the outer teeth. The veil of this is also divided in half. The *encalypta*, or extinguisher-moss (fig. 6), has a terminal fruit-stalk, and its calyptra is so large, as wholly to cover and conceal the theca, looking like an extinguisher placed over a candle. This species grows on wall tops, and appears with the wall tortula, and the pretty cushion-moss, *Grimmia pulvinata*, very early in the season. This latter is called by children, "*pincushion*-moss," because, when covered with its fruit, it looks not unlike a cushion stuck with small pins. It has an ovate theca, the fruit stalk is rather short and curved, the lid conical, and the calyptra in the form of a mitre. The capsule of *andrea* is provided with valves, and opens with longitudinal clefts, whilst *phascum*, and others, have persistent lids. In some of the genera, the veil is irregularly rent, in others it is perfect; in some it has the form of a mitre, whilst others

FIG. 7.

are beautifully plaited at the base. The difference in the leaves, growth, &c., of the various kinds are innumerable, yet though the parts differ from each other, the general characteristics which distinguish mosses from plants of every other tribe are so marked and peculiar, that no one need be at a loss to know a moss from any other individual of the vegetable kingdom.

Mosses select very various, in some cases singular, habitats; one species is found only on the highest Scotch mountains; another only in a bog near Cork. One very remarkable one grows on the perpendicular face of the white chalk cliffs in Kent and Sussex; others are confined to calcareous rocks, whilst some, as *cinclidotus fontinaloides* (fig. 7) will only live beneath the water, or where the spray and dash of the waterfall keeps them continually moistened. There is one kind almost sure to spring up where anything has been burnt on the ground, especially where charcoal has been made, whence its French name, *La Charbonière*. Hooker tells us that most species of *splachnum* are found only on the dung of animals, particularly of that of oxen or foxes. "One of these, *splachnum angustatum*," he says, "which is commonly met with on dung, we once saw growing vigorously on the foot of an old stocking near the summit of Ingleborough, Yorkshire; the same was also found by a friend of ours covering the half-decayed hat of a traveller who had perished on Mount Saint Bernard; and the same was, if we mistake not, found by Captain Parry in Melville Island, vegetating on the bleached skull of a musk ox." This is no doubt that which old Gerard calls "muscus ex craneo humano." "This kind of moss," says he, "is found upon the sculls or bare scalps of men and women lying long in charnel-houses, or other places, where the bones of men and women are kept together; it groweth very thicke, white, like unto the short moss on the trunkes of old oakes; it is thought to be a singular remedy against the falling evil, and the chin cough in children, if it be powdered and given in sweet wine for certain daies together." Mrs. Somerville, in her "Physical Geography," gives some curious facts, regarding mosses and lichens, on those antarctic lands which are scattered at immense distances from each other round the south pole. She says, "As the latitude increases the vegetation decreases, till at last utter destitution prevails, not a lichen clothes the rocks, nor a sea-weed lives beneath the gelid waves. On the arctic regions, on the contrary, no land has yet been discovered wholly destitute of vegetable life. The difference seems to arise more from the want of warmth in summer, than from the greater degree of cold in winter." She also states that, "in Terra del Fuego, there is a greater number of plants identical with those in Great Britain, or representatives of them, than is to be found in any other land in the southern hemisphere, and among them forty-eight of the same mosses." Lovely as is this tribe of plants, we cannot give a good report of them as ministering directly to the life of any part of the animal creation. They do not furnish nectar for the moth or butterfly, nor honey for the bee; nor does any grub or worm find its sustenance from them; and if they are eaten by cattle, or by hares, and other small animals, it is rather by accident than choice. They, however, tend much to the extension and preservation of vegetable life, both by the soil which their decay supplies, and by their power of absorbing moisture and retaining it, which makes them a valuable shelter to the roots of trees and plants. The power which they possess of, as it were, imbibing new life from water after they have long been dry and apparently dead, renders mosses very useful in the green-house.

Very beautiful baskets for holding flowers may be made of the longer and more feathery kinds. We have made them often; and never do flowers, whether wild or garden, look more lovely than when clustered within a verdant barrier of that most delicate and beautiful material, which by proper management may be made to preserve its freshness and brilliancy for many months. With a receipt for their manufacture we will close this paper.

A light frame of any shape you like should be made with wire and covered with common pasteboard, or calico, and the moss, which should first be well picked over and cleansed from any bits of dirt, or dead leaves that may be hanging about it, gathered into little tufts, and sewed with a coarse needle and thread to the covering, so as to clothe it thickly with a close and compact coating, taking care that the points of the moss are all outwards. A long handle made in the same manner should be attached to the basket, and a tin or other vessel, filled with either wet sand or water, placed within to hold the flowers. By dipping the whole fabric into water once in three or four days, its verdure and elasticity will be fully preserved, and a block of wood about an inch thick, and stained black or green, if placed under the basket, will prevent all risk of damage to the table from the moisture. To make such baskets affords much pleasant social amusement for children, and to young people in the early spring, gathering the moss will be an inducement to a ramble among the sweet lanes and wood-walks where they so richly abound; —then the younger children, both boys and girls, can clean and arrange the moss in little tufts, whilst the elder girls sew the verdant covering to the pasteboard; and the boys, acting as wire-drawers and carpenters, make the frames, and cut and

stain the blocks of wood; and when their joint pleasure in making these things is over, it will be found that few prettier presents can be provided to greet a parent, or sister, or young friend, on a birthday, or other festal occasion, than one of these baskets, lightly and tastefully draped with flowers, affords. There will also be a constantly renewing pleasure in varying its appearance. One week, snow-drops and crocuses will cluster among the mossy edges; then will come groups of "dancing daffodils" and hazel cat-kins, which mixed with ivy leaves makes almost the prettiest dressing that can be found for it. In another week or two, anemones, hyacinths, and narcissi will crave admittance into the place of honour; and long before the basket is decayed, roses, lilies, jasmine, and even carnations, will have sprung into beauty, and had their day in the favourite moss basket; and all this pleasure will have been obtained at the cost of two pennyworth of wire and cardboard! How much enjoyment may be wrought out of simple materials, when taste and skill combine with unity, good humour, and simplicity of mind!—enjoyments far more full and varied, and more satisfactory than one oftentimes obtained from much more costly and elaborate means, where these qualifications do not preside.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.—ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHORESS.

CHAPTER I.

How could those money-bags see east or west?—*John Keats.*

Oh, take heed, mother,
Heaven hath a spacious ear, and power to punish
Your too much love with my eternal absence.—*James Shirley.*

The clock-work routine of Michael Stamboyse, the great German hosier and laceman of Nottingham, was disturbed on the morning of the 15th of December, 1830. It was past eleven o'clock, and still no Michael Stamboyse had entered the dusky counting-house. The foreman, the clerks, the very "hands," as they are technically termed, bringing in their work to the ware-rooms, were seized with amaze, as the surprising fact of the old merchant's absence was whispered about. As soon might the name of the respectable house of Stamboyse and Stamboyse be seen in the *Gazette*, as that Michael Stamboyse should be found absent from his post in that dingy counting-house. Such an occurrence had not been known for the last fifteen years. Was the merchant dead?—ill?—Apparently no such explanation could be given for his absence. No extraordinary bustle had been observed in his quiet mansion adjoining the extensive warehouses; no doctor had been seen entering that large old door which opened so rarely to any one but Michael Stamboyse himself. The old housekeeper had been seen to issue forth to market by the back gate at her usual hour; the servant boy in his canary-coloured jacket had been seen quietly cleaning the windows; the barber from Peck-lane, who had regularly shaved the old merchant for ten years' past, every morning, winter and summer, at half-past seven o'clock, had been seen quietly to arrive and depart again in five-and-twenty minutes. Could it be that either of the other two inmates of the quiet mansion were ill or dead?—that would never have prevented the punctual Michael Stamboyse from occupying his old arm-chair before his ink-stained, ledger-crowned desk. Four years before this eventful 15th of December, Leonard Mordaunt, his sister's son, one of these two inmates of his house, had been sick to death; still Michael's regular heavy tread had each morning as the Exchange clock, and the clock of St. Mary's tolled nine, been heard entering his counting-house.

But in an outer room stood another unoccupied desk—could this be significant of the merchant's absence? So at least thought Andrew Gaywood, the confidential clerk, as sadly he glanced towards it through the glass door—and quietly the little thin, grey-haired, deformed man, sighed to himself, shaking his head mournfully. In his hand he held a thick packet of letters—they were letters arrived that morning from the Continent, from India, and from China—for the house of Stamboyse and Stamboyse was a great house, and had its branches all over the world. Andrew Gaywood had known that place vacant before—and to him a tall horsehair-bottomed office-stool standing unoccupied upon a week-day, near noon, was always an unpleasant sight. But to see this especial office-stool standing stupidly useless, was not only unpleasant but painful; so painful, that a half-whispered remark from the outer room reaching him, he grasped the packet of letters convulsively in his bony hand, and struck it violently on the ink-stained desk of Michael Stamboyse, stamping his foot with nervous irritation, and exclaiming bitterly through his clenched teeth—

"I'd rather a thousand times have given my fifty pounds, that I would, than that dear young lad should have gone and done it. If he had but the application of Mr. Ellis Stamboyse,—that is a young lad indeed;—but—my God—"

Andrew Gaywood stood suddenly petrified; his thin old face grew white as ashes, and his knees began to tremble under him; he heard a stern voice thunder through the outer room—

"Remove that desk—that young fool will never more darken these doors. Remove it, do you hear?" And a silence as of death fell upon the ware-rooms, through which came suddenly and painfully the dull roll of carriages from the distant street, and the clock in the counting-house ticked with an unnatural loudness. Michael Stamboyse opened the glass door, and stood before his trembling clerk. But the vision of the methodical, orderly old merchant, attired in a morning-gown instead of wearing his ordinary dapper array of blue coat, buff waist-coat, and snowy shirt-frill, was no vision calculated to re-assure the anxious, nervous little old man.

We have said that Michael Stamboyse had been shaved as usual at half-past seven o'clock that morning by the barber from Peck-lane. As usual he descended as the clock upon his mantle-piece chimed eight, wrapped in his morning-gown to breakfast. But not as usual that morning had a slender, melancholy, restless lady, his sister Ursula Mordant, been awaiting him at the breakfast-table, her fingers upon the coffee-pot handle the instant that he opened the door. No ceremonious, "Good morning brother Michael," had greeted him. Michael Stamboyse had looked round the room somewhat astonished and displeased at the absence of Mrs. Mordant. He rang the bell violently—the sound pealed through the silent house, but no one came. Again he rang, and this time more violently. A piercing shriek resounded through the house as the reply; down the stairs reeled wild foot-steps; there was a fumbling upon the handle of the door, and before the somewhat heavy merchant could turn round from the fire upon which he had been moodily gazing, Mrs. Mordant had flung widely open the door and stood before him. Wrapped in a loose morning-gown, her long grey hair falling from beneath a lace handkerchief tied over her head, and her

face on fire with excitement, Michael's instantaneous idea was, that his sister had suddenly become insane.

MRS. MORDANT AND MICHAEL STAMBOYSE.

"Michael!" cried she, "he is gone! You—you, it is who have driven him away—who will have destroyed him! His blood be upon your head! My God! my God! my boy! my boy! You've been cruel as sin to him! you have been a very Nero!—my noble, my beautiful boy!—I will pray for vengeance—night and day, each hour, each moment will I

invoke heaven! Every saint shall listen and aid me! The Madonna will listen to a mother's pleadings!—Michael, you are a man without one atom of human love in your soul—the only son of your only sister!—Think!—think, and you have turned the mother against the son—the fiery sin be yours!—My handsome, handsome boy; my Leonard, Leonard." And bursting into violent, passionate weeping Mrs. Mordant sank upon the floor before her brother, her whole frame shivering, tears streaming through her long white fingers, the veins swelling like azure cords upon her temples and hands.

Michael Stamboyse stood unmoved as a rock, except that a darker sternness gathered over his brow and severely chiselled mouth. He did not speak, but looked coldly, almost contemptuously upon the weeping woman.

"Michael!" cried she, suddenly springing to her feet, "to your dying day will I hate you—upon your death-bed will I only remember my boy, my Leonard, and ——"

"Ursula; you are crazed!" interposed Stamboyse, coldly, grasping his sister's hands with an iron strength. He held her at arms' length, fixing his clear, deeply-set, grey eyes upon her excited countenance. She fell upon his arm, broken, and weeping again.

"Michael, my brother; my dear, dear brother!" moaned she, "you cannot, oh, you cannot be so hard upon him, and upon me—he was *my* Leonard! he is just the age that you were when you were ill at Limburg, and when our mother wept herself blind over you! He is so like you when you were ill! I've often thought so. And I love him as I loved you then; as our mother loved you. I've never, never liked to goad, to drive him to his work. God help me! I've been *made* to make him hate me! Oh, you are so very cruel. Michael, my curses be upon you—you've killed him! killed him!"—and she writhed upon his arm.

Michael Stamboyse, still holding her in his iron grasp, forced her down upon a chair; and still holding her, spoke slowly, with a deep quivering of anger running through his voice. As if an electric shock had passed through Mrs. Mordant she sat like one transfixed, her lips apart, and her large shining eyes motionless as mirrors, gazing upon her brother.

"Ursula," spoke he, "that he is YOUR son I forget, and will ever forget; but I will not forget that he is the son of a certain Augustus Mordant; a POET, *you* called him—a trumpery, beggarly spendthrift and scamp, I call him—this I shall *not* forget. Neither shall I forget that this poet, this fiddler, this painter, this beggar, led you a life worse than the life of a dog—a dog? worse than the life of a galley-slave! This I will NEVER forget! Neither will I forget, that, because my sister loved the son of this scamp, I took him, for her sake, to bring him up like a man, and to teach him to earn his mother's bread and his own bread honestly—to put an end to the curse which you have drawn wilfully upon yourself, Ursula. But the mad blood of that poet, that trumpery beggar, runs in his veins. When I've seen him, seated at his desk, pull out behind my back his puling plays, have seen him scribbling rubbish over honest invoices, have seen him bringing with him into my house his rubbishing weeds and trash, his paint, his music, I could have many a time felled him to the earth—and I should have done it, but for you. You've been a brave woman, Ursula, and have done what you could do to bend him to my will;—but now let him go—go to the gallows an' he will! He'll bring only misery upon you, upon himself. Never more speak to me of him, Ursula, never more bring him here—or you quit my house."

Michael Stamboyse gazed fixedly and silently upon his sister, then ungrasped her shoulder, and leaving her still transfixed upon her chair, like one in a trance, he moved sternly and coldly towards the breakfast-table. He began imperturbably to pour himself out coffee—his lips more firmly compressed than ever, his whole countenance looking as if cast in bronze.

But Ursula could not have continued long seated thus impassive—her pleadings, her upbraidings must have been vehemently renewed—and her brother must have been wrought up to a surprising state of anger, both with his sister and her son—as nearly four hours later, we still find him so far oblivious to ordinary routine, as to enter his counting-house as we have already described.

At that moment, following Ursula, we find her rapidly talking aloud to herself, and pacing up and down that chamber which for five long years, until this morning, had been her son's. It was an attic in the roof—a dormer window looked down into a smoke-dried town garden; before the window stood a table upon which lay a few books, a heap of lichens, and a number of sheets of coarse cartridge-paper, covered with rough, but spirited sketches. Two figures of singular character were sketched in charcoal upon the whitewashed wall. One, a large winged angel with hair blown backwards from his solemn brows, with upraised hands, inciting to action a sluggish human being bowed at his feet, and yet throned upon a sphere: around, in wide sweep, stretched a band of stars, wending in rapid speed along their rejoicing courses. Beneath was written, "Arise! Join thy kindred stars."

The narrow bed, covered with its white Marseilles quilt, stood across the room undisturbed by a sleeper during the night. A drawer, emptied of its contents, stood open in the chest of drawers; a small book-case hanging against the wall seemed also to have been rifled.

Ursula, blinded with her tears, wrung her hands violently, and flung herself convulsively upon the bed, pressing the pillow to her lips, to her heart,—then starting up, she hurried to the table searching wildly for some lines traced by the beloved hand, some last words of consolation,—but there were none; gazing around the room in mute dispair, her eyes rested upon a nail above his pillow,—there had hung a sketch of her, made a few weeks ago by Leonard,—it was gone. The unhappy mother flung herself upon her knees, and with a calmer grief in her sad face than we have yet seen there, ejaculated, "Holy Mother of God, I bless, I glorify thee; my Leonard has forgiven my horrible words of last night; he has forgiven, he loves me!"

Leonard Mordant was seated up high on the gypsum cliffs at Clifton-grove, a lonely wood over-hanging the river Trent, some five miles from Nottingham. It was a wild, yet nevertheless a cheerful scene that December morning. The river, which in summer glides so peacefully along beneath the bowery trees, was now partially frozen; large masses of ice were borne along by the wintry current; the trees of the grove were glittering with hoar-frost as were the tangles of creeping plants which festooned portions of the precipitous cliff, along the bare riven face of which gleamed, amid the red earth, snowy sparkling strata of gypsum. It had always been an especially favourite haunt of Leonard Mordant, this bold cliff, with its legend of the "Fair Maid of Clifton," and the memories attaching to it of the young poet, Kirke White, and of various other local writers both of prose and poetry. The sun gleamed out joyously, and from amid the frosted branches birds flew to and fro, scattering around them the silvery rime, and uttering sharp, clear winter notes.

Leonard had started with earliest dawn from the old attic in the house of his uncle, with bitterest anger boiling within his soul both against his uncle and his mother. "Why must any human being, forsooth, yield up his soul, his life, to a career which was abhorrent to his nature? What were the mere ties of nature, of blood, in comparison to the yearning love which had impelled him again and again to seek out for himself an abode among forms of beauty, of strength, of gentleness? There *was* a world, he knew, where what he aspired to do and to become was a thing worshipped, applauded, crowned with bay and with myrtle; and oh, ungoaded, untaunted, to yield himself up, body and soul, to the service of a divine art—what bliss! His spirit would clear itself of all bitterness, all contempt and anger, all would be harmonious, easy; he could then believe in a God of love; his soul must involuntarily sing each day deepest hymns and praises to the God who had created such wonders of loveliness—might he but steep his heart in this beauty, this calm. His

poets all sang the praises of this divine something in the world; he had seen at times forms of marble and of clay, or forms traced upon canvas or upon paper, which had thrilled him like the sound of organs and of trumpets; his hand quivered to create some tangible expression of what burnt within him, and to electrify other human beings who groaned like himself under slavish bonds. Oh! to be up and doing that which would be to him *life*—full, true life. God scatters his wondrous poetry upon every bough, every blade of grass, every feather of a bird, every scale of a fish, every leaf of a flower; yet if he sought to love this God as he alone could love him,—as the awful Poet, the awful Painter—he was upbraided in cruelest terms, he was subjected to punishments which would be indignities to a child. Was he a child? No; a man's heart he felt beat warmly, indignantly, in his breast; a man's determination curved his youthful lips into a sternness scarcely less severe than that which now sate upon Michael Stamboyse's mouth. What were lace, and stockings, and ledgers, and invoices, and money to him? To sell his whole youth, his manhood, his age to them—better a thousand fold, he thought, be dead, be dust such as he trampled beneath his feet! And to be upbraided by his own mother, month after month, year after year,—by his *mother* who did know something of that world to which he was akin; to have his every impulse thwarted, turned into miserable reproof; to hear a certain Ellis Stamboyse, the cold-hearted, the prosaic Ellis, held up over him as the pattern, the ideal upon which he must mould himself; to eternally hear his father's memory reviled, his every action held up as deadly warning! Oh, that was worse, bitterer than aught else! The crisis of his fate had come;—he would be—he was free!"

With such thoughts fermenting within him, this youth of sixteen set forth to seek his fortune. A few clothes, his palette, paint-box, an old flute, and three favourite books—an odd volume of a diamond edition of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," an odd volume of "Percy's Relics," and "Schiller's Ballads,"—books purchased and read by stealth—together with the sketch of his mother, Leonard had packed up with burning heart and trembling hands,—he now bore upon his shoulder, by means of an old fishing-rod, his precious treasure, formed into a considerable bundle; money he also had in his waistcoat pocket to the amount of ten shillings. His whole appearance would have reminded any one familiar with Germany of a travelling "*Handwerksbursch*," or journeyman—the German blood in his veins might to a degree account for this, and might account also for the German character of his face, with its dreamy eyes, and for the more than ordinary length which he had allowed his rich brown hair to attain. His tall, slender, boyish figure, was arrayed in a surtout—his uncle having early dressed him as a man. As Leonard, after an hour and half's rapid walking, flung himself down upon the brink of the precipitous cliff, it would be difficult to say whether, at that moment, intense joy or intense bitterness was strongest in his soul.

The cheerful peacefulness of the place smote upon his spirit with a strange tenderness, and hot tears chased each other down his animated youthful face. In the silence of the wintry solitude, with the intoxicating sense of *freedom* within him, his soul forgave his mother her bitter words: "Mother, you shall yet be proud of me; you shall forgive my father's injuries, and acknowledge his genius through me—*my triumphant success shall be my revenge!* You shall alone hear of me, *you*, Michael Stamboyse, laceman and hosier, whom I renounce, and you, mother, whom I adore, when to know me is to be honoured! Dear woods and river, who to me have been tenderer friends than they, listen and record my vow! you were last night the innocent cause of my offence, you are the cause of my new-born freedom of to-day; in presence of you I dedicate myself to art as to a divine service—I consecrate myself as in a holy temple; I will celebrate in presence of you my triumph."

Leonard flung his arms round the stem of a giant beech-tree which overhung the chasm; at its feet was a soft cushion of velvety moss, which shone out vividly from the snow and rime. Upon this he knelt; he pressed his burning lips upon the smooth rind of the great tree's boll; his burning tears fell upon the moss, and he prayed fervently, enthusiastically, an artist's prayer to the Great Creative Artist. Do not smile at poor Leonard's enthusiasm: his art was his religion; he staked his all upon it; he offered up, at this moment, to his idol, his worldly hopes, his human love.

To him the only true world was the world of the poets. No external symbol of devotion would to his soul—half child's, half man's soul—have appeared absurd or extravagant.

At this moment Ursula, at the bed-side in the attic, was praying. Upon her idol she had staked her all; and she had registered a vow—a vow to the Virgin—to reclaim her son, were it at the cost of her very life, of her eternal welfare.

Michael Stamboyse, at the same hour in his counting-house, registered a vow, a vow utterly to root out human love from his upright, honourable, though somewhat narrow soul.

How these three vows were kept, we will trace out in our story.

Leonard's prayer, breathing up through the frosty air and silvery branches, "like pious incense from a censor old," was ended now. He rose from his knees, resumed his bundle, and retraced his steps through the grove. His face beamed with a joy fresher than the morning sunshine; his, at this moment, was a transfigured countenance, such as Raphael's inspired hand might have immortalised as the countenance of a seraph. He hastened along towards the great high-road leading towards London, with the step and speed of a Mercury.

It was with special intent that Leonard had chosen Clifton Grove as the scene of his consecration. As he had said, this beautiful spot had been the cause of his freedom; in what manner we must inform our readers.

Michael Stamboyse, though a severe disciplinarian, was not what might be called a hard guardian towards Leonard. Leonard had his small allowance of pocket-money, and also, what he valued much more, a certain allowance of time at his own disposal. But both of money and time his uncle demanded always the exactest account. This often became the cause of miserable bickerings between uncle and nephew, between mother and son, Mrs. Mordant always siding against her son, though she passionately loved him. Leonard was not naturally very conscientious, and his temperament of a dreamer fostered his disinclination to punctuality, and to such homely virtues. Thus, on the afternoon of the 14th of December, his uncle having, in voluntary good faith, given him permission to enjoy an hour or two's skating, the ice being this winter remarkably good, and Michael Stamboyse, being an advocate for all manly exercises, Leonard had left home in the highest spirits. But by a certain hour, before the warehouses were closed for the evening, Leonard must punctually return; this was the condition of the holiday. To insure punctuality in Leonard, his uncle, upon his last birthday, had given him a handsome silver watch, but the injunctions accompanying the birthday present had greatly destroyed his pleasure in the gift.

Leonard, in the silence of the woods, gliding rapidly along over the icy mirror, his frame exhilarated by the delightful exercise, his fancy revelling in worlds of beauty which each frozen bank, each passing cloud, revealed to him,—how could he be expected to remember the flight of time or business? When the crescent moon showed herself in the peach-coloured heavens on the one hand, whilst on the other the sun was sinking through a glowing gush of roseate light, and the leafless trees raised their myriad delicate twigs and branches through the frosty air, weaving marvellous tracery of slenderest lines athwart the translucent sky, he was still amidst the woods. And even upon his homeward path, when his skates hung in one hand, with the other he was picking up tufts of moss or quaint branches, covered with lovely lichens, golden, green, and hoary, as with venerable age; or now he paused to admire a tangle of wild spear-grass, encrusted with frost: or watched a pert robin-redbreast, pecking about upon the mossed foot-stool of some giant of the wood; or a timid woodmouse, rustling amidst the red, fallen beech-leaves. And when gentle stars twinkled down through the darkling network of branches,

and the hush of night was over the woods, and fields, and river, he was still far from home.

As he neared his uncle's house, and the prosaic voices of the town were around him, a dreariness and dissatisfaction fell upon him, and his spirit cried out within him, "Why, then, is the strongest passion of my soul to be ever crushed and turned into poison and sin! Why cannot, and should not, duty and happiness be synonymous!"

Alas! poor Leonard, you had not yet learned that there is a statute by which each human soul is necessitated to *renounce* before it can *enjoy!* Alas! poor Leonard, you had not learned that every human soul, be it endowed with the rarest gifts of intellect, of imagination, must bow submissively to those laws of ordinary duty laid down by God for the gifted as well as for the ungifted; and that the more glorious the gifts, the more awful is the responsibility, the more terrible the expiation! Alas! poor Leonard, no one had as yet taught you this lesson—how will you learn it? how will you profit by it, if ever learnt? Can you read the moral of your miserable father's life, can you profit by that? Have you not seen how he sank himself and his beautiful endowments into deepest contempt, sullying his genius and his mission in the world by his miserable moral weaknesses, and causing many upright and honourable men to confound genius and infamy—an old and sickening tale in the world's history! Oh, Leonard! might it be granted to you his son to teach the world a wiser tale. Oh, Leonard! might it be granted to you to develop the germ of conscience implanted within your breast, so that her large wings should ever enfold you; that her severe, but divine words, should ever guide you—for without her your genius must be a curse, an intensest curse to yourself, and to all loving, to all admiring you!

When Leonard entered the hall of his uncle's house, his dissatisfaction with himself increased in a tenfold degree, and he was stealthily ascending the staircase towards his chamber, when he heard his uncle calling to him in a voice more than ordinarily stern. Leonard opened the door of the sitting-room, where his uncle sate at an escrutoir which was scattered over with papers. A glance at his uncle's countenance showed Leonard that he had little mercy to expect for his transgression, slight as it appeared in his own eyes. He little knew that another and more heinous crime was about to be brought up against him, which would throw his smaller transgression into the background entirely.

"Leonard, did not I desire you to countermand the consignment of goods, on the 30th of April last, to Lomere and Monado, of Valparaiso?" demanded his uncle.

"Yes, sir, you did," replied Leonard clearly, but nevertheless with a great horror creeping over him.

"Good," said Stamboyse, his countenance relaxing something of its severity and displeasure; "and you did so, of course—this is better than I could have hoped."

"But I did *not* countermand the consignment, sir," returned poor Leonard, growing suddenly intensely hot, and his words chasing each other rapidly over his tongue.

"Good heavens! you did *not* countermand the consignment, Leonard, when I had expressly commanded it! Pray what excuse can you offer for so extraordinary an action? Do you know that your disgraceful negligence will have caused our house a loss of at least several thousand pounds? and this through so pitiful, so disgusting a blunder of yours, that I have not words to express my contempt of you. How was it, Leonard, that you so strangely disobeyed my commands? Speak!"

"The day you first desired me to write I omitted to do so; I forgot, sir; and then I delayed to write till the time for the next mail arrived, and then I again forgot, and then as it was so long after date I——"

"You are the most confounded simpleton that ever set foot in my premises!" thundered the irate merchant. "You are running as fast as you can the career of your contemptible father, your head is stuffed with nothing but trash and tomfoolery; if you would only have taken example by Ellis when he was here. Do you hear me, young sir? Once for all, unless I see you this very night before my eyes destroy all your trumpery plays, pictures, and rubbish, and unless you humble yourself before me, your uncle and sole protector, I will turn you out a beggar into the streets as I took you. Miserable young coxcomb as you are, is not an honest invoice more honourable than all the silly trash with which your head is crammed? Bring me this instant your books; do you hear me? I'll teach you to show contempt and disobedience!"

"I shall do no such thing, sir, as bring my books to you," replied Leonard, proudly, somewhat disrespectfully even, his face flushing scarlet, and his voice and whole frame quivering with excitement. "I beg your pardon, sir, for what I have done wrong, and I will endeavour in future to do better; but I can do no more, and I will *not* bring my books."

"You will *not*, Leonard," exclaimed his uncle, with ever rising excitement, "then begone with you out of my sight, miserable boy, lest I should be tempted to forget myself;" and the old merchant waved his hand towards the door.

Leonard retired with a proud bearing, and with eyes flashing keen anger. Upon the stairs his mother beset him with bitter reproaches, and prophecies that he would run a career miserable as that of his father. Leonard pushed violently past her, rushed up stairs, and locked himself in his chamber.

But we must return to the poor youth whom we left commencing his pilgrimage towards the great metropolis, with a vast intoxication in his heart of mingled freedom and ambition.

As he wended his way, Leonard's mind, in its excited state, seemed to compass whole years to come, and whole years of his past career in a manner almost magical. Pictures of past realities and pictures of the imaginary future teemed in increasing succession through his fertile brain. Now, he had attained to the knowledge and practical experience of a great painter, and standing in a lofty studio, surrounded by hushed silence, was tracing out upon a canvas of a colossal size, a composition of surpassing beauty, and fraught with a deep symbolic meaning—it was but one composition out of a vast cycle—which he called the "Religion of the Nations." Upon one figure he was working, and so beautiful was it, that he himself stood awe-stricken before it, and felt as though, not *his hand*, but the hand of an angel had traced it for him—the tears of joy and excitement glowed upon his cheeks;—now, suddenly, he was back again in the attic in his uncle's home, it was an early summer morning, the house was silent as the studio of his imagination, he had started with sudden joy from his pillow; it was to look at a sketch which last night he had made, and which he had placed upon a chair at the foot of his bed. Was that then really *his* sketch, how charming it looked in the morning-light!—what love, what compassion he felt for that sweet deserted Annie of Locroyen—he was no longer in the heart of a busy trading town, but away among the stern wild scenery of Scotland, transported back into the ages of romance. He knew well enough, that there was no portion of the sketch which did not proclaim his want of skill, his ignorance of the material portion of his art—but the soul! the soul was there! the sea foamed and dashed upon the desolate beach, the sea-mews skimmed in careering circles above the retreating waves and storm-clouds—the lonely magnificent bark of the deserted lady, tossed upon the boiling sea in the far distance, and the poor white corpse had been flung in fury, like a wreath of foam, upon the rocky steps of her cruel lover's tower—the tower that shone like silver. The joy of that early morning had in it the vernal freshness of a first love—it was an hour Leonard would never forget, let him live till he were a hundred years or more.

Or days still farther removed from the present were with him in imagination. He was scarcely more than an infant—surely, he was so very small; it seemed to him that he sate upon his mother's lap—how beautiful she was then in her pale amber-coloured silk, with a long string of jet beads, which he loved to play with, hanging round her neck. She pressed him so violently to her heart, straining him so painfully again to the string of beads and large jet cross she wore that he cried out with pain—and even raised his little

hand, and in childish passion struck her!—and she had dashed him off her knees, uttering strange words he could not understand, and flung herself wildly before a picture in her little room—an old strange picture of the Crucifixion, with folding wings, upon which glowed in hues rich as the lines of sunset, quaint figures of saints and martyrs. The whole scene was present to him—the very shadows of the late summer's evening in the little room, the scent of clematis pouring in from the festooned verandah in richest gushes, the sounds of gay laughter rising from the room beneath. And now the door was opened, it seemed to him so suddenly; but he must have fallen asleep upon the floor, for there he lay, his head close to his mother's harp, and all was dark in the room, and his mother was gone; but the room was full of light instantaneously, and there was his father looking so gay and handsome, and there were several gentlemen with him—men whose names, child as he was, he had been taught to honour with a romantic reverence, but how taught, or wherefore, he scarcely knew—and all was so brilliant and beautiful instantly; he was wide awake; he had been picked up by his father who said something which made all his friends laugh very much, and he, little Leonard, laughed very much, and then the gentlemen laughed still more; and one gentleman, Mr. Pierrpoint, Leonard seemed to call him, had patted him on the head and said he would be as brilliant a wit as his father; and Leonard sate upon his father's knee, and flung his arms round his neck and kissed him, and then he had sung a little song to the gentlemen, whilst his father accompanied him on the piano, and his father had sung a song of his own writing, and there had been such a grand, beautiful night.

And the memories of that time were all a strange mingling of brilliancy, beauty, bitter distress, and contention between his unhappy parents. The gayer, the more brilliant, was his father, the more unhappy was his mother. But there were times, too, when his father was *not* gay, and those to Leonard were much the most horrible times—times when his father sate with his head for hours bowed upon his knees, and when his eyes had such a wild look of despair in them that Leonard had once hidden himself for hours underneath the sofa, to avoid looking at his father; but still when he crept out again there his father still sate before the fire, gazing as intently and horribly as ever at it; his feet in their scarlet Turkish slippers set upon the fender, just as he had sate when Leonard had last looked at him; and his hands, which were white as the marble of Chantrey's bust of him, which stood on a bracket above the sideboard, trembling so violently that the heavy purple cord and tassel of his velvet dressing-gown, grasped in them, vibrated like to a pendulum. Oh, what strange alterations there seemed to have been in Leonard's childhood. There were times when his father lavished money upon every one who came near him—upon his mother, upon himself—what lovely beautiful dresses did not his

THE SKETCH ON THE WALL.

father purchase for them,—what groups of alabaster Nymphs and Venuses, Apollos and Mercuries, arrived for the drawing-room,—what richly-bound books and engravings for the library,—what grand suppers and pic-nics were given to all the charming, gay gentlemen,—what a deal of champagne was drunk, what sparkling words were uttered! Then there were terrible times, when not a shilling was in the house. He remembered well, how once his mother had hidden herself in a closet of her dressing-room, behind a cloak hanging upon the wall, because a quantity of fruit and flowers had been brought by Mr. Pierrpoint's servant for her, and she would not be found because she had no half-crown, no shilling even, to give the bearer of the present. He remembered times when people with bills beset the house from early morn till midnight; he remembered people coming and sitting hours and hours in the hall, refusing to leave the house without the something which they came for; he remembered, too, how more than once a stranger had come, to all appearance a gentleman, and made himself at home most wonderfully, acting most wonderfully, for after an angry altercation with Leonard's father, the stranger had locked the master of the house up in his own study, and putting the key in his pocket had taken possession of the dining-room adjoining for the whole day, reading the newspapers and writing there, and eating and drinking there most comfortably, and never unlocking the study door till evening, when he went in and returned with many written sheets of paper in his hand, all written by his prisoner, who now came out, also, laughing, rubbing his hands with glee, and clapping his jailor on his back, as though they were the heartiest of friends. But Leonard's mother cried and wrung her hands bitterly when the stranger, laughing also, drove away in a fine, close carriage which came for him.

Then there were times yet still more miserable: when the beautiful little house was filled with rude men, carrying away the lovely books, pictures, statuettes; when Chantrey's bust went, when the harp and piano went, when Leonard's father was gone where no one knew, and Leonard's mother lay all night and day weeping and weeping on her bed; and little Leonard, with no one to think of him, played all day long among the rose-bushes and white lilies in the little garden with the greyhound Sylvio. And then all brilliancy and beauty had passed out of Leonard's childhood, and a dull, ashy-greyness had settled down over him and his unhappy mother, who was grown so very thin, and wore such faded dresses, dresses as faded as herself; and they went on dull days, in a dull, moody way, to a dull strange place, where his father, faded as themselves, but not as melancholy, was always found now among numbers of other faded men, in a place from which he never went forth, until dreary death, upon a dull November night, opened to him the gates.

Leonard's head fell upon his breast, from which burst forth a moan, as the sad dreary picture swam before his tearful eyes, for it was towards the scene of all this misery—great London—that he was now plodding his weary way. What future lay before him, asked his heart; was it a future drear as this? He looked around him. It was already twilight, cold and cheerless twilight. Leonard's heart fainted within him with a sickeness which only strengthened as the sounds of village life broke upon his ear, the blacksmith's cheerful hammer ringing through the twilight, and the shouts of children still playing on the green.

THE GOODS TRAIN.

Having already directed the attention of our readers to some facts of interest in reference to the working of the passenger department of our railways, and followed the career of an express train, we have now briefly to trace the history of the management of the other feature of our railway system, and to see how it is that the vast and ponderous material resources of our country, and of other lands, are distributed in such a way as to meet the wants of the public.

Our earliest railways may be said to have been goods lines, and there are many which derive their chief and almost exclusive means of revenue from this source. Coals, cotton, timber, minerals, merchandise, and provisions of all kinds, raw and manufactured, are daily transmitted in unnumbered tons weight to various districts of the land; supplying the forge and the loom, the shop and the cupboard, with the materials for labour and the necessities and luxuries of life. And when it is remembered that all that has to be done, in order that a pound of tea or a thousand tons of iron may be dispatched to any point of the country within a few hours, is for us to deliver the goods at a railway depôt, with a plain direction annexed to it, there is little difficulty in seeing that some mighty and elaborate agency must be at work for the regular and orderly carrying on of so great an undertaking. Into the method by which this is accomplished, we propose now to look.

The extent and importance of the goods department of our railways depends upon the characteristics of the country which the line traverses, whether agricultural, commercial, or mineral. In some districts a heavy goods train is a rarity, and the company finds its support almost exclusively from the passenger traffic; while in others, very heavily laden trains of goods are of constant occurrence. Now on the lines which diverge from London there is a striking difference in these respects. The goods departments of the South-Eastern, Brighton, and South-Western lines are comparatively insignificant, while from and to the North-Western, Great-Western, and Great-Northern termini there every day emerge or immerge numberless waggon loads of merchandise, coal, and agricultural produce. To provide for this, very extensive and complete arrangements have been made. In order that a clear idea on this part of the subject may be formed, we propose to visit the Camden depôt of the London and North-Western Railway, where all the processes of receiving and dispatching goods may be witnessed on the largest scale, since no fewer than from forty to fifty goods trains pass in and out of this station every day, nearly all of them being of the most ponderous description.

When the traveller leaves the Euston Station by train, he passes along some short tunnels, and between the walls of a cutting through the London clay, till at length he crosses the Regent's-canal, and emerges on an open level space, covered with lines of rails, buildings, and the etceteras of a railway establishment. If he sit with his face to the engine he will see on the right the goods department, and if he will step out at the Camden Junction Station, he will soon find himself in the heart of the business and bustle of this interesting spot.

The goods department consists of two principal parts, that provided for the arrival and that for the departure trains. Some large roofed buildings close to the Regent's-canal, with adjacent offices, are devoted to this service, and here may be witnessed the arrangements incidental to such an establishment. As soon as a goods train arrives at Camden-town, its loaded waggons are shunted down to the immediate vicinity of the warehouses, and are then drawn by horses into various little inlets, and on to various little branch rails, and being conducted along-side platforms provided for the purpose, they are speedily unladen by experienced porters, aided by powerful cranes. The spring waggons by which the goods are conveyed to different parts of the metropolis to which they may be consigned, have meanwhile been wheeled up to the other side of the platform, and their burden is then deposited upon them, attention being, of course, directed to the arrangement of the packages in the order in which they may have to be removed. A most extensive and minute system of book-keeping is observed, by clerks placed at all the sections of the warehouse, every package being entered in a variety of ways in different books, since the carrier has to deal with the consignor, the consignee, the manager of the country depôt, and one or more railway companies, in respect to every package.

Arrangements of a similar kind have also been made for the dispatch of the down-trains. The waggons and carts of the

company have been gradually accumulating a cargo of packages of all sizes and weights, which must be forwarded to the country; and such is the completeness of the proceedings, that fifty waggon-loads of merchandise have often been dispatched to the manufacturing districts within two hours. The scene presented while these arrangements are going on is often very animated; while the variety of goods includes almost everything which can be conceived. "Here comes a truck of mustard, in small casks, followed by another full of coffee; there goes a barrow-load of drugs, preceding a cask of spirits, which, to prevent fraud, has just been weighed, tapped, gauged, and sampled; also several trucks full of household furniture, the family warming-pan being tacked round the body of the eight-day clock. This extraordinary whirl of business, set to music by the various noises proceeding from the working of the steam-cranes, steam-dollar, steam-capstan, common cranes, and other machinery above the platform—from the arrival, turning, backing, and departure of spring-waggons beneath it"—from the rumbling of porters' trucks crossing the platform, and of the railway vans that have been laden and which are rolled away—forms a most lively and interesting spectacle.

The cattle department of the goods arrangements of a company must not pass without a word. The general practice, a few years ago, was for all the sheep and beasts which are required for the London market to be driven up to the metropolis, or to the other great towns; now they are usually conveyed by railway, and sometimes over great distances. Provision has to be made for their transport by a supply of engines, trucks, pens, and landing-places at which they may be embarked or disembarked. Thus at the Camden Station of the North-Western line, extensive arrangements have been made on this account, and fifty waggon-loads of bullocks, sheep, calves, or pigs, may be unloaded at once, and are then driven into strong pens constructed close at hand, or are taken away by the drovers to the layers, where they are to remain till they are required within the precincts of the market known to those professionally connected with it by the euphonic designation—"Smiffel." On the arrival of a train of cattle, it has been well remarked, that it is interesting to see such a quantity of polished horns, bright eyes, streams of white breath, and healthy, black, wet noses projecting above the upper rail of their respective waggons; and fatal as is the object of their visit to John Bull's metropolis, it is some consolation to remember, that—poor things—they are, at all events, in ignorance of the fate that awaits them. In some instances great trouble has been occasioned by the resistance which some have made to their being put "on board" the trains, and even two hours have been occupied in the attempt to get one into a carriage; while sometimes, in disembarking them, in spite of every precaution, an infuriated Welsh or Irish bullock will occasionally escape from the platform, and by roaring, jumping, and galloping, with depressed head and up-stretched tail—

("Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, himself must strike the blow!")

—create no small consternation and confusion among the porters, policemen, and pointsmen in charge of the various sets of tributary rails which flow from the waggon department into the main line.

In order to give some idea of the extent of business transacted in these departments, it will be well to mention, that, during the six months ending the 26th of August, 1848, 73,732 waggon-loads of goods entered or departed from Camden Station alone. The merchandise vehicles of the London and North-Western Railway are as follows:—

Waggons	8,195
Sheep Vans	232
Lorries, Trucks, Carts, &c.	15
Crib-rails	1,155
Sheets	5,150
Horses	162

On other lines, however, other classes of vehicles are chiefly found, and hence, on the Taff Vale Railway, in South Wales, it is not uncommon to see a train of as many as a hundred or a hundred and ten coal waggons followed within a few minutes by heavily-laden trains of minerals.

In refering to the goods department it must be remarked, that the waggon stock on many lines is of a very defective kind in some important respects. Whether the absence of direct danger to human life, or an injudicious economy, has been the cause, the fact is, that in no portion of our railway system has so little advancement been made, and in none, at the present moment, is there so great a necessity for a complete reform. In this respect it is confessed by the parties on whom the arrangement devolves that England is far behind the railways of the continent of Europe. The axles of waggon stock have, in many instances, been of the most faulty model and material. The accidents to the trains from the fracture of these parts have been very numerous, while the destruction of property has been sufficient to have paid for a very superior vehicle. Many points of interest have yet to be settled in the matter of construction which are yet open for dispute. The form and shape of the axle itself, the fact of the crystallisation of the iron by repeated vibrations, and the peculiar causes of incipient fractures, are still debateable points which should be disposed of.

The most defective part of the waggon is, however, in the mode of coupling. This is, as Captain Huish himself tells us, of the rudest kind, and it is a matter of surprise that a vigorous and combined effort has not been made by the railway interest to improve it. Very few merchandise waggons have spring buffers, and even those that have them are simply linked together by a loose chain. Every one must have noticed the bumping sound produced in the starting and stopping of a goods train. Even where the driver is very careful, the succession of heavy blows is sufficient to injure the stock, and to break any delicate articles that may be conveyed in the trucks; but when it becomes necessary to arrest a train suddenly, the shocks are very destructive to the framework. This evil is aggravated by the variety in the kind of waggon, and the irregularity of loading, which is common; for, from the through system of traffic which has come into practice, the waggons of half a dozen companies may frequently be found in one train; and as these are not built to any particular height or breadth, the ends do not strike evenly, and on receiving a check, a tendency to mount is apparent. When covered vans, low timber trucks, and box waggons, are all near together, in trains of from thirty to sixty vehicles, and at speeds varying from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, it is no wonder that a traffic so conducted is subject to continual accident; and the circumstance of comparative freedom from heavy casualties, is rather an evidence of the extreme safety of transit over parallel iron bars than any defence of a system which is no credit to the mechanical skill of the country. Until every waggon is coupled up to spring buffers, in the same manner as a passenger carriage, and till the central height and breadth between the buffers is regulated according to a fixed standard, the risk of accidents and the certainty of damage must continue.

As an indication of the enormous business done in this department, it may be mentioned that on the London and North-Western line, the receipts amount to nearly £800,000 per annum, omitting the cost of collection and delivery, besides some £90,000 a year which they obtain for the transit of coals, and £70,000 for cattle. While the utmost care and activity is obviously necessary in the management of so unprecedented a traffic, for the prevention of accident, it is gratifying to find that the improved arrangements which experience has suggested have given increased security and immunity from danger to the working of even the most crowded lines. We trust, however, that still further care will be exercised, in order that the public confidence, which has been of late somewhat impaired in one or two quarters, may be fully restored.

THE BRIMHAM ROCKS, YORKSHIRE.

In Yorkshire, some miles from Ripley, upon the road leading to Patley Bridge, may be seen groups of rocks of a strange form, known under the name of the "Brimham Rocks." These groups, scattered irregularly over a space of about forty acres, evidently testify to the occurrence of some great convulsion of nature; but certain archæologists consider these colossal stones to be Celtic monuments. This hypothesis is contrary to the generally received opinion, that Druidical monuments have in most cases been transported from a distance to the places in which they are generally found; this having been, it is said, a condition essential to their consecration. On the other hand, the Brimham Rocks do not present either in their form or in their position any of those characteristics which are always met with in those monuments amongst which it is sought to to show that the Brimham Rocks were in ancient times appropriated to the purposes of religion.

We have already spoken, in a former series of this work, of the multiplicity of these monuments in various parts of the United Kingdom and in France. In all likelihood the dispute as to the purpose for which the various structures known as *raths*, and cairns, &c., were originally intended will never be satisfactorily settled. The theory which connects them with the Druidical rites, seems to us most probable; and to all who have been familiarised with it from childhood, it would be unpleasant to have it overthrown by any cold criticism. The monks of the middle ages are famed for having an eye for the beautiful and picturesque in choosing sites for their monasteries; the Druids, if these monstrous circles were their

THE BRIMHAM ROCKS.

number them. It is true, only, that these stones have been dressed with some rude instrument. Many of them bear on the summit turning stones. That represented in our engraving, and which Mr. Hayman Rooke believes to be an idol, rests upon a large pedestal from one to two feet broad at its summit, and cut at the base in the form of a hexagon.

Another rock, called the Great Gun, gives out a hollow sound at one of its extremities, when one speaks in a low voice through a hole bored in the opposite side. Another, situated on a very high hill, projects its shadow, in the middle of the day, upon a neighbouring cottage. It is called the South Stone. Every year, on Midsummer-eve, time out of memory, a fire is lighted near this rock, and this tradition is one of the weightiest proofs that have been brought forward

temples, have a right to still greater praise for their love of the grand and sublime. Nearly all their monuments are to be found in the midst of scenes in which the mind could be most readily impressed with feelings of awe, resulting from outward impressions of immensity, or elevation —wide plains, or high hill tops commanding an extended prospect. On a lofty hill in Donegal, in Ireland, overlooking the vast tract of lake and mountain which in that wild region stretches along the coast of the Atlantic, with its base sloping to the edge of the stormy waters of Lough Swilly, there exists a Druidical circle, covering the space on the conical summit. A more fitting spot for a fire-worshipper to adore the rising or the setting sun exists not in nature.

SCENE IN THE "DEAD BRIDAL."

BIANCA MOROSINI AND HER NURSE GIUDETTA IN THE BALCONY.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER IV.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing a-part;
'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel and the mart;
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange,
Pride, fame, ambition to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange."—*Byron.*

"Go to, sir; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller; you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtues give you commission. You are not worth a word, else I'd call you knave."—*Shakspeare*

Once again the scene of our story changes. Pass we from the fort and the camp at Palestrina, and the Venetian armament besieging the Genoese in Chioggia; from war and warriors, and all the bustle and preparation which ever accompanies the presence of troops; from plots and counter-plots; from the cares that harrass those upon whom the responsibility and the issue of the contest depend; from the cabals and treacheries and jealousies which thwart and distract the wisest counsels, and the most vigilant precautions;—pass we from all these to a scene of peace, where no strife intrudes to mar the tranquillity of nature; no evil passions to agitate the gentle breast;—pass we to a spot, where, without, a quiet heaven meets a quiet sea, and within, all is noiseless and serene beneath the gentle influences of woman.

It is still spring—spring in its youthful vigour and freshness, when its secret influences breathe with mysterious power through all nature, giving verdure to the herb, and bloom to the flower, and moving in the chambers of the blood, gives melody to the birds, and beauty to all animal life. "Primavera gioventù dell anno"—the youth of the year as it is the youth of nature.

The sun had just sunk below the horizon in the south-west, but the flush of his light still streaked the lagunes and the distant line of waters, where, to the south, the Adriatic formed the boundary of the horizon, sky and water blending together imperceptibly. It was at this hour that two persons sate in a marble balcony which projected from the second story of a small but beautiful palazzo that stood upon the shore of the Adriatic, a short distance to the north-east of the city of Venice. The balcony gave to the south-west, and commanded an illimitable view along the waters southward, while turning landwards, the eye passed along the lagunes to the north of the city, and so by the island of Torcello, towards the far-off country of the Veronese.

The occupants of the balcony might well gaze upon the scene within the range of their vision, and yet it was a scene very dissimilar to that which meets the eye in the interior parts of Italy. There was here none of the beauties of verdure, little of the undulations of hill or valley; no lofty mountains shooting sky-ward in sharp distinctness till their snowy summits cleft the clouds and caught a rosy reflex from the sunset; no trailing vineyards, no dark deep forests; no, there was nothing of this sort to be seen: but in lieu of it there was that serene and elevating beauty which a vast plane of tranquil water presents, that sense of placid repose which is so deeply intensified at the hour of sunset. And so here the eye wandered complacently along the scarce moving expanse of sea, and then passing upwards from the distant horizon, followed the traces of the dying day, from the roseate verge of the waters, through a thousand hues fading undistinguishably the one into the other, till at last the gaze rested upon the deep blue of the mid-heaven. And exquisite, too, was it westward to traverse with a glance the sluggish lagunes and the flat country beyond them, all lit up in a golden haze, till the view was terminated in the distance by the soft and indistinct outlines of the hills of Verona.

One of those who sat in the balcony is of an age to feel the charm of the scene around her. A female, and a young one too—a girl just, apparently, at that age of life when, in that sunny land, womanhood begins to steal upon the child of a year gone by, filling up the form into more perfect roundness, and with the mysterious power of Nature's agency, giving to the step a nameless grace, to the eye a richer light, to the cheek a fuller hue, and to the heart a deeper pulse. In stature she fell short of, rather than exceeded, the middle height, and her figure, though graceful in its outline, had not yet attained the fulness of mature womanhood. Reclining along the cushioned seat that ran around the inside of the balcony, the arm of the young girl rested on the carved rail of the balustrade, and as she bent her neck forward to catch the light breeze that, springing up from the seaward, came fraught with coolness and health to the shore, the fading light fell upon a face whose contour was beautifully oval, although its complexion, even though the sunlight now played upon it, seemed fainter and fairer than was usual with the daughters of her own land. Her eyes, too, it must be confessed, were not of that colour which, in all ages, Venetian ladies have considered as orthodox. They were not, in other words, deep, sparkling black: the darkest hue to which they could pretend was hazel, and yet they had no want of richness in their expression, but that richness was more to be found in the depth and tenderness of thoughtful feeling than in the brilliancy of a vivacious spirit; the brows—how expressive are woman's brows—were arched slightly, just enough to give the face the character of gentle and contemplative sweetness. The light breath of evening, that stirred the scalloped edges of the awning of green and amber striped silk above the balcony, shook from their velvet band (for they were no longer, as in the morning, frizzed out in the monstrous curls that rose like hills on either side of the forehead) the thick tresses of fine and lustrous light-brown hair, till they fell adown a neck as fair as snow. She wore a loose dress of rich silk brocade, with enormously full sleeves, and open at the neck, after the French fashion, then recently introduced into Italy, and which the Venetian ladies did not scruple to array themselves in when in their houses, by way of indemnifying themselves for the simplicity with which the regulations of the state obliged them to attire when in public.

We have certainly employed ourselves to very little purpose in the sketch which we have been just making, if we have not by this time contrived to impress our readers with the idea that they have been introduced to a very pretty girl. And, in truth, Bianca Morosini—for she it was who sat in the balcony this sweet evening—was a very pretty girl; nay, we think we are justified in saying she was beautiful, especially according to our western notions, though it must be admitted her beauty was of a different character to that which has ever been the most prized amongst the Venetians, resembling as it did rather that of the fairer children of our more northern clime. And as in feature so was she in character and disposition. Less brilliant, less dazzling, indeed, than the beautiful and sprightly brunettes, whose piercing glances and witching smiles have been celebrated by the songs of a thousand lovers, Bianca was of a quiet, sweet, and trustful nature, diffident in her own strength, and ever seeking some stronger arm to stay her—some firmer mind to guide her. Her shy loveliness was to the bolder beauty of the haughty dames of Venice, what twilight is to the noon-day. She was the only offspring

of a mother who had come from the farther side of the Alps, and whom she had lost in early childhood,—ere she had well understood that loss. And so she had turned with the whole strength of her heart to the parent that then survived. Nicolo Morosini sprang from one of the noblest families of Venice, which had given more than one doge to the republic. He was a man of hereditary virtue; he was an honest citizen, who knew not how to intrigue; a true patriot who loved the seignory; as a soldier he served the state and perished in that service, and it need scarce be said he died poor. To his truest friend and constant companion-in-arms, Andrea Polani, he entrusted, on his death-bed, his sole treasures, namely, his little daughter Bianca, a small patrimony on the Adriatic not far from Venice, and about as much property as sufficed for the decent interment of a poor but noble soldier of the republic. At the time of the death of her second parent, Bianca Morosini was still little more than a child. On the hearts of children grief, thank God, sits but lightly. The tear of sorrow soon ceased to swell in the eye of little Bianca, and ere many moons had passed after her removal to Polani's house, the gentle girl again began timidly to put forth the tendrils of her heart, with the instinct that sought to cling to some friendly support and be happy. But to whom was she to cling? The Count Polani was in the main kind and good to her; but his manner overawed her, and his age and habits removed her from his sympathy. Alas! poor child; she could but ineffectually grasp at him for support—ineffectually as the creeping plant grasps the hard cold surface of some stately granite column, but finds no soft or yielding spot whereunto it can attach itself. The count then supplied not to the girl even all that her father was to her, and he had no wife who might be to her as a mother.

One there was, however, in her new home, to whom her whole affections turned with the instinct of her dependent nature—one on whom her loving heart soon learned to lean with trustful and happy simplicity. Young Giulio, the count's only son, was a boy of, it might be, some three years her senior when his father brought the little orphan to his own home. To an only child, like Bianca, one who had scarce ever known a playmate, or a familiar less sober than her own father, or less ancient than good old Giudetta, her mother's favourite servant and then her own faithful nurse and friend, this new association was indescribably delightful. The joyous laughter, and the encouraging words of the gay and spirited boy awoke, or seemed rather to create, within the heart of the little Bianca a world of new sensations, bright sunny thoughts, and cheery visions of happy days; and as she joined him, at first timidly and wonderingly, in his youthful sports, or walked about trustfully under the guidance so ostentatiously afforded to her by the boy, she learned to associate, as imperceptibly as naturally, her young and artless life with his own, to let her own heart take its impulses and its direction from his mind, and to feel no pleasure, and no sorrow in which her new brother should not share and sympathise.

Young Giulio Polani's happiness at thus suddenly acquiring, as it were, a new sister, for the first time in his life, and possessing an object of interest and solicitude as novel as it was exciting, was not less than her own; while his pride was boundless, as he directed the movements, encouraged the essays, or soothed the apprehensions of his more timid companion. Giulio was a brave, high-spirited boy, with somewhat of his father's pride, and much of his frank generosity of nature, and withal a gentleness of bearing that he must have inherited from another source. It may well be, that a mother's nature here mingled in his being, for it is a truth, that much of the moral feelings and affections are derived from the mother, as the intellectual qualities are from the other parent. With all this, he was of an imaginative, susceptible temperament, with that strong passionate tendency which southern suns are sure to ripen; and he now found, though he was not himself conscious of it, what the heart of one, even as young as he was, seeks for—with an instinct that never errs—an object into which that heart may pour its own fulness, and be but the more full again.

Well, well, this is after all but an old tale—the history of the affections—a page of nature's mysticism, which has lain open for the perusal of human eyes, since human eyes first learned to look at each other, though men be sometimes too gross, or too hardened, or too much occupied with worldliness and debasing selfishness, to read or to understand it. Shall we then close the page? Be it so. I shall not, then, recount how these two grew up through youth's happiest spring time—loving, yet not knowing that they loved, or rather *how* they loved. And no wonder: for the passion stole upon them so imperceptibly, so unexcitingly, so naturally—sanctified to their own hearts by its purity; while to themselves, as to others, it wore but the semblance of that which brother and sister bear each other. The present, all peace, unreserve, and fulness of content; the future—ah! to the young there is no future—they never think of it save with trust, as that which shall fulfil the promise of to-day: to them, "to-morrow shall be as this day, or much more abundant." And wise and well is it that it should be so, for He hath ordained it who ordereth all things aright. Let the young rejoice in the sunshine of their youth—soon, all too soon, shall the clouds arise to mar and blot that sunshine. Why should we dash its brightness by a view of the cloud ere it arise above the horizon—the mirage of sorrow yet to come, which is only displayed to the eye of experience through the haze of years?

And so time wore on; and these two young people grew up together in, perhaps, a more unrestrained intercourse than would have been permitted had the Count Polani been a man who troubled himself much about how young people grew up, or had worthy old Giudetta been less fond of her young mistress, or more prudish and suspicious, as in good sooth she ought to have been. But so it is too often with the old. They forget the feelings of their own young days. They are slow to remember, till it is forced upon them, that the same influences, indestructible and ever potent, are at work in the hearts of their children, that once agitated their own.

At length, upon one fine day, it came across the mind of Polani that his son was now in his seventeenth year, and that, as he had acquired all the education and accomplishments which were usually possessed by the young nobles of Venice, it would be as well for him to see something of the world in some of those states and courts of Europe which it was, even at that period, deemed desirable that those whose hereditary rank entitled them to be called on at some future time to share the councils of the state, should visit. In addition to the various states of Italy, to which the republic of Venice was in the habit of sending constant embassages, the capitals of the Empire and of France were favourite resorts of the young nobility, and even England was occasionally visited by them; while the Venetian merchant found his way to all parts of the world maintaining a profitable traffic, from the pillars of Hercules and the shores of the Northern Sea, to Constantinople, Syria, and more distant parts of the East. Indeed, even in the preceding century, three distinguished Venetian merchants—the Poli—penetrated to the capital of Tartary, and sojourned for a long period at the court of Kublai, the great Khan of that country, returning at length to their own state with enormous wealth, and an inexhaustible stock of travellers' tales, which Marco, the younger of the party, afterwards gave to the world—the solace of his hours of captivity in the prisons of Genoa.

Having come to this determination, the Count Polani equipped his son in all respects as became the only son of his illustrious house and a noble citizen of the great republic, that he might forthwith set out upon his travels. The young man was full of high hopes and joyous expectations at the prospect before him, for heretofore he had wandered but a short way from the paternal mansion, and that but rarely. And it must be confessed, that he felt scarce a momentary sadness. After having received a variety of charges and directions, and an abundance of good advice, he bowed, as became a dutiful son, to receive one more gift—namely, the paternal benediction. This matter being disposed of, young

Giulio betook himself to the chamber of his fair sister to bid her adieu. And when he kissed the brow of young Bianca, and saw that placid face paler than usual, and her deep, thoughtful eyes gaze troublously upon him, he became suddenly sensible that there was something, he knew not what, which jarred strangely and painfully upon his happiness. Giulio pressed her long and tenderly in his arms; and as he did so, he felt himself echoing her half-suppressed sigh, and was by no means so anxious for his departure as when in his father's presence. That moment the heart of each revealed to itself that of which it was till then unconscious—no word of the lip, no glance of the eye, however, interchanged the secret—that the love it bore to the other was no longer that of brother or sister.

"Farewell, dearest sister Bianca, remember me till we meet again."

"Adieu, dear brother Giulio. We shall hear from you, I trust, whenever opportunity serves. Do not forget us amongst gayer scenes and newer friends."

And so they parted. Each with the discovery of a hidden treasure within the breast—something for the spirit to nurture, and the mind to develop and to understand by self-communion—to deepen and intensify by making it the sole object of its solitary musing, or—to dissipate and weaken amid the divided homage which ambition and pleasure and friendship claim from the worldling. Aye, so it is—the one issue or the other is sure to follow. Yet how few are there who, going forth into the world, come back again to the ark; or, if they return, bear back all their affections as true and as strong as when they left the heart's resting-place.

And so the young lovers parted. Giulio we need not accompany upon his travels. His manner of life was that of every young man of his age, condition, and advantages. Wherever he went, he found a thousand objects of distraction amongst the learned, the wise, and the brave, with the gay and the fair—the votaries of folly, and the seekers after pleasure. With these we shall leave him; for we love rather to linger with Bianca, and read, in the solitude of her life, the history of her heart.

And how did the absence of the object of her love work upon the young maiden's affections? As we have said, she was of a calm, gentle nature, and somewhat timid. And so, while her heart learned from its own musings to love more truly, and day by day to understand more clearly the nature of its own feelings, yet did no belief in the return of her affection mingle with the sentiment—no breath of hope fanned the flame or helped to expand the blossom. Still, with all this, love was to her a treasure—a light kindled in the heart which illumined all its recesses, and showed to her feelings welling up from its depths, of whose existence she had hitherto no consciousness. And though love was not to her all happiness—as, indeed, the passion can never be, where the sense of its being returned is wanting,—still were the shades of sadness that mingled with the pleasure so soft, that they seemed almost to harmonise with the feelings over which they cast their shadows. And thus month after month glided silently away, leaving the heart of the girl still pre-occupied with the first impressions that love had stamped upon it, the traces of which, with each succeeding hour, memory deepened, as the sunlight paints the shadows on plates of silver. And now considerably more than a year had elapsed since Giulio's departure from Venice, but tidings of him were heard at such intervals as the uncertain and scanty opportunities of the times afforded, and they were such as to satisfy his father, and to give pleasure to Bianca—for they announced that Giulio was always happy, always courted; and she smiled, and sighed too, as she thought how truly he deserved to be both happy and courted.

Well, we left Bianca, you will remember, reclining in the balcony of the palazzo with the light of day fading around her. And all this time, while we have been making you acquainted with her, and showing you something of her heart—which, after all, forms a woman's true individuality—the young girl has been pensively gazing upon the scene before her, in that sort of dreamy, half-abstraction of mind in which the pictures of external objects blend hazily with the internal ones of the fancy—when the thoughts come and go of their own volition, succeeding one another, ill-defined and shadowy, like the figures of the phantasmagoria when its shades are ill-arranged by a child's hand. And while she thus sits thinking, Nature is busy with her ever-changing scenes. Hark! the sweet chime of bells peal out upon the evening air the "Ave Maria," from the tower of a neighbouring convent—how the sound is floating away in widening waves of melody, till it is lost, swallowed up in the silent distance. Then comes, borne upon the breeze, the eventide prayer-song to the Virgin, and the ear catches up the strain,—

AVE MARIA!

"When wanes the night—
The morning's light,
In purple bathes each hill and vale.
Then hail to thee!
Then hail to thee!
A thousand times to thee, all hail!
Oh Mary, mother bright,
Thou morning star of light!
The bell for pray'r,
Peals through the air.
Ave Maria!

"The beams of noon
Are flooding soon,
Earth's beauteous regions widely o'er.
Then hail to thee!
Then hail to thee!
Sweet Queen of Heaven evermore!
Oh Mary, mother bright,
More pure than sunshine's light!
The bell for pray'r,
Peals through the air.
Ave Maria!

"Eve's shades fall low,
See one star glow,
And then a myriad blaze on high!
Then hail to thee!
Then hail to thee!
As oft as stars shine in the sky,
Oh Mary, mother, who dost keep,
Watch o'er us while we sleep.
The bell for pray'r
Peals through the air.
Ave Maria!"

The hymn is over—twilight deepens into evening—and, as the blue heavens become deeper and darker, the stars look out with their thousand glittering eyes, and are reflected in the bosom of the dark water, while here and there along its surface may be seen, starting up into sudden brightness, the light in a fisherman's boat, as if some sea-star shone in mocking rivalry of those in the heaven. Ever and anon, too, comes faintly on the ear, as the breeze came from the westward, the song of the gondolier, as he impels through the waters his dark boat with its prow of polished steel, while the sounds of voices were heard at intervals along the more populous portion of the shore.

At length the girl, half rising from her reclining posture, looked inwards to where, close to the window, an elderly female gravely attired in a style that bespoke rather the humble companion than the servitor, sa busily telling her rosary of beads, and mumbling in low tone the evening service to the Virgin, since the "Ave Maria" had rung.

"And so thou hast been in Venice to-day, my good Giudetta?" said Bianca, addressing her nurse.

"——'in sæcula sæculorum. Amen,'" continued the old woman as she concluded her devotions. She then reverently made the sign of the cross upon her forehead, and replacing the string of beads upon her neck, she replied to her young mistress's observation,—

"Aye, marry have I, signora. And I have heard all about the war, and such strange news, and met so many old friends—and they were all so glad to see me, and I was so glad to see them—Santa Maria! I do not remember half the things

they told me, my old head is so confused, and my poor feet so wearied running to and fro through all the calli and corteli of Venice, to see my old companions after so long an absence."

"Well, dear Giudetta, I feel very much for you. And pray what have you heard to recompense you for all this fatigue and troublesome talk?"

"Nay, nay, my dear child, as for that matter," said the old woman, who loved gossiping as dearly as any one of her sex and age, "one can't, you know, be angry with one's friends if they do weary one a little now and then, through over kindness."

"That't very true, Giudetta; but what news had the worthy gossips of Venice for you?"

"News! why in the first place, they say that half the gondoliers of Venice are ruined, since all the great folks and citizens have gone off to the siege of Chioggia. Old dame Giovanna, Antonio's mother—you remember Antonio, signora, the gondolier that keeps the boat up near the Zecca?—says, that he has not had half-a-dozen fares the last three days."

"That's very sad, truly. But you said there are strange news about the war?"

"And so there are, i'faith. Why, they say there have been high words between the noble Zeno and the Seignory. The doge and his advisers are anxious to attack the Genoese, but Zeno w'ont move a foot from Palestrina. Then there are whispers, that the Genoese gold has found its way to his excellency's purse—while others say that it is going in quite a different direction. Then they say, that the state has discovered I know not what treachery and plots, in which it is hinted some of her own citizens are deeper than they ought to be. Well, but that is not the worst. No, indeed—for there are rumours of an immense fleet, which is coming up the Adriatic, all the way from Genoa, and that it is to relieve Chioggia, and then to come and sack Venice itself. Holy Virgin protect us! It frightens one even to think of it. It would have been worse than the earthquake or the great plague, which I remember when I was a young woman. Such burning, and wrecking, and pillaging, and murdering of men, and of poor women too—and—and to think, signora, that I am sleeping every night quietly in my bed, without a soul within hearing of me!"

"It is, indeed, very dreadful to think of, Guidetta," said Bianca, "but you must keep up your courage, as the rumours may not be true; thank heaven, as yet no evil has befallen the republic."

"Aye, thank heaven, indeed, and our brave soldiers, and the noble senate. But, as Beppo was saying, while there are such nobles as our good master and lord, the Polani, the lion of St. Mark will never crouch to any of her foes by sea or land."

"Have you heard aught of the count?" asked Bianca.

"Yes, truly have I, he is in all men's mouths; they say there is no braver knight, and that he fought in the foremost rank at the bridge of Brondolo. His Excellency Zeno showed him the highest honour, and takes him into all his councls. Well, Beppo says, when he returns to Venice, the most serene Republic will not fail to reward him according to his deserts."

"You give me great joy, good Guidetta, and I pray the saints it may so turn out."

"Amen!" responded the old woman, devoutly. "Well, well, what a head I have got! Santa Maria! I had well nigh forgotten the rarest news of all. Who do you think I saw, signora?"

"That is a difficult question to answer, Giudetta; seeing that you have been running over half Venice, and have so many friends."

"Well, and so I have, our Lady be praised! But who do you think is just returned to the palazzo Polani?"

Bianca answered not; but were there light enough to see her face, and eyes to watch it, a blush might, no doubt, have been seen spreading over her cheeks and brow. But Giudetta was but dim-eyed at the best, and her vision was not, like the owls, improved by the twilight.

"Well then, as you cannot guess, I must even tell you. Why no other than Tommaso, my young lord's servitore, or 'valet,' as he calls himself since he went with his master to travel in foreign parts. He had just—"

"Ah! then"—cried the girl, interrupting the old nurse—"Count Giulio is returned—is it not so, dear Giudetta?"

"How you do hurry one, signora. I was just coming to that when you interrupted me. No; the young count is not returned."

"Santa Maria! how, then, comes Tommaso without him? Has anything befallen his young master? Speak, dear Giudetta, I beseech you!"

"Ah! there again. See how you take me up. I said the young count is not returned. That is, he is not just yet come home; but he sent on 'Maso from the last stage beyond Mæstre to notify his arrival, and he means to follow himself to-morrow." Bianca sank back again into the posture from which she had started, and the old woman proceeded—

"But as I was saying about 'Maso, marry my lady, you would scarce know the clownish, simple fellow, that blushed when one spoke to him; aye, and knew how to respect his betters, and keep his distance. Heavens! such a swaggering, swashing, ruffling coxcomb as he has returned, with all sorts of outlandish airs; chucking the young wenches under the chin, and calling them 'Cara Mia,' and 'Animia Mia,' and such like impudent names; and ogling them with his eyes, and telling them that, though he has seen all the lovely women of the world, he thinks that the dear donzelle of Venice very passable. No sooner did he see me, than he steps up with a familiar air to me, and says, 'Ah! Servitore, my good Giudetta, I'm charmed to see thee. Thou look'st as young and as fresh as if thou hadst been sleeping ever since I had last the pleasure of seeing thee. And how is thy fair mistress?' 'Thou saucy knave!' said I, 'how dost thou dare to take such freedoms with thy betters? In faith, I have a good mind to show thee that I am fresh and young enough to oil thy back with my cane. And as for my young lady, I marvel where thou got'st impudence enough to bring thy tongue to name her, thou varlet.' I trow, signora, I soon brought the fellow to his senses; for he apologised very humbly, and declared that he meant nothing but the greatest respect to me and to my mistress, and begged that I would excuse him for speaking after the fashion of foreign countries, to which he was so much accustomed. A plague upon such fashions, say I. Beshrew my heart, but I think he will corrupt the whole household if he stay long amongst them. I hope his young master has made better use of his time and opportunities, but I have my fears on that head too,—'like master like man,' as they say."

"You should not judge of one like the Count Giulio, by the silly airs of an ignorant groom, Giudetta," said Bianca, with an unwonted gravity that sounded almost like reproof.

"Nay, for that matter, my lady, I do not wish to judge the young count. But, mayhap, it is not altogether without reason that I have my fears about him. Tommaso, I assure you spoke plainly enough: that is, he did not exactly say in so many words that his master was a fop and a rake, but he threw out a great many hints about all the fair mesdames and mesdamoiselles, and duchese, and I know not who, that were dying for love of him in this place, and in that town and how he had only to pick and choose wherever he went, and that he was quite bored to death by the attentions of his 'fair enemies,' as he called them. 'I can assure you, mistress Giudetta,' said he—the varlet took good care to be respectful to me this time—'I can assure you, that nothing can be more distressing to a gentleman of taste and feeling than to be the exclusive object of admiration to a large circle of the other sex.' 'I wonder,' said I, 'at your impudence to speak of such things to me.' 'Upon my honour I am quite serious,' said my gentleman, 'the condition of my mas— that is of such a person as I have described, is quite as embarrassing as that of a queen-bee amidst her thousand loving subjects.'"

"A truce, Giudetta, with these fooleries," said Bianca coldly, "I am weary of hearing them. Besides, it is late and I would prepare for repose. Let us go in." So saying the young girl arose, and, followed by the nurse, she passed through the window and entered the chamber of the palazzo.

THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

In glowing terms—yet terms which fell far short of the occasion—Goëthe has described his approach to the Valley of Chamouni. His route was like that which multitudes have taken, and still enjoy—from the city of Geneva. As he advanced, mountains and old pine forests, either in the hollow below, or on a level with his track, came out, one by one, before his eye, while on the left were the elevated peaks bare and pointed, and he felt that he and his companions were approaching a mightier and more massive chain of mountains. Passing over a broad and dry bed of stones and gravel—which the water-courses tear down from the sides of the rocks, and, in turn, flow among and fill them up—they reached an agreeable valley, shut in by a circular ridge of rocks, in which lies the little village of Servoz. There the road runs around some highly-variegated rocks, and takes again the direction towards the Arve.

Extraordinary, indeed, was the beauty of this view; for while, together with the stars that clustered around it, it glimmered, not with the same twinkling light, but as a far broader and more continuous mass, that peak appeared to belong to a higher sphere, and it was difficult in thought to strike its roots again into the earth. Before it, too, was observable a line of snowy summits, sparkling as they rested on the ridges covered with black pines, while beyond the dark umbrageous forests there were vast glaciers, sloping down to the valley below.

The fact is singular, yet indisputable, that not until long after the surrounding countries had been ransacked for the picturesque, this valley—unfolding its beauties and sublimities at the base of the loftiest mountain in Europe—actually became disclosed to the view of the world. Absolutely regarded only as a den of banditti, the refuge of a barbarous

THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

Night was now coming on, and as another ascent was made, the masses became more and more imposing. As the valley of Chamouni was immediately approached, the darkness grew deeper and deeper; and when, at last, it was actually entered, nothing but the most stupendous piles could be discerned. The stars came out, one by one, yet above the peaks of the summit right onwards there was a light which to the travellers was inexplicable. Clear, but without brilliancy, like the Milky Way, yet closer, and something like the Pleiades, it riveted their attention, until at last, as their position changed, it became like a pyramid illuminated by a secret light within, which could best be compared to the gleam of a glow-worm: it towered aloft, far above the peaks of all the surrounding mountains, and produced the conviction, which in a few moments was fully established, that it must be the summit of the "monarc of mountains."

race, it was only so recently as the year 1741 that two Englishmen, Messrs. Pococke and Wyndham, determined to explore it. No sooner was their purpose known, than their temerity subjected them to violent censure; and when their friends were unable to divert them from their object, they were earnestly counselled to be on their guard during every step of an enterprise which was universally considered to be imminently perilous. Strange to say, the noble elevations of the neighbourhood were then known only as the *Montagnes Maudites*—the *Cursed Mountains;* and the travellers with their servants, on setting out from Geneva, were armed to the very teeth. Even when they reached Chamouni, so far did they yield to the representations made to them, that they did not enter into any dwelling in the valley, but encamped under tents, keeping up fires and a watch by sentinels throughout the night.

It is difficult now to realise such apprehensions, but though, at the period referred to the Valley of Chamouni had not only been inhabited, but had maintained a communication with the neighbouring districts for six hundred and fifty years, yet it might have remained unknown much longer than it did, but for the expedition of these adventurous travellers. On their memory rests the honour of first disclosing its true character. The celebrated Saussure was the next visitor who contributed to make it known. He arrived at Chamouni at the close of March, 1764; and of the difficulties he had to encounter, some idea may be formed when it is known that snow covered the whole valley, varying in depth from a foot and half to twelve feet, and that though the heat of the sun softened the snow during the day, yet it froze again in the night so firmly, that the feet of the laden mules, as they passed over it, scarcely left a trace on its surface.

Chamouni is supposed to derive its name from two Latin words occurring in a deed of gift from Count Aymon, of Geneva, to a convent of Benedictines, which he founded towards the close of the eleventh century, and around which a village was gradually formed. The Latin words are *campus munitus*, or "fortified field," in allusion to the lofty mountains and inaccessible aiguilles which on all sides surrounded the valley as a natural defence. To arrive, however, at the literal word, Chamouni, the Latin terms must be translated into French, or into the *patois* of the country, and their signification will prove equally good, *campus* becoming *champ*, and *munitus*, *muni*. The term *prieuré*, or priory, was generally used until the year 1330, but at that time the few cottages surrounding the monastic building assumed the name of Chamouni.

Words fail to do justice to the scene it unfolds to the eye. Every visitor, however, may adopt the language of the poet:* —"Before me lay the whole panorama of the Alps; the pine forests standing dark and solemn at the base of the mountains; half way up was the veil of mist; above me rose the snowy summits and the sharp needles of rock which seemed to float in the air like a fairy world. There the glaciers stood on either side, winding down through the mountain ravines, and high above all rose the white dome-like summit of Mont Blanc. And ever and anon through the shroud of mist came the awful sound of an avalanche, and a continual roar, as of the wind through a forest of pines. Then the mists began to pass away, and it seemed as if the whole firmament were rolling together."

The white frosts occurring in Mid-summer, and the brevity of that season, forbid trees which are at all delicate from flourishing at Chamouni. No cultivated fruit-trees are there; for the apple, the cherry, and the plum-trees that grow there are all of wild sorts. The attempts that have been made to introduce grafted trees have never succeeded; for though they throw out fine shoots in the course of the summer, yet for want of its continued influence, the wood has not time to attain the maturity, or acquire the consistence, that is needed to resist the frost, so that the young shoots all perish in the winter.

Such effects might be anticipated from the recollection that as the valley of Chamouni is more than 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and as it is encircled by lofty mountains, its climate must be cold. Even during the summer mornings the thermometer is several degrees below the freezing point; while in the height of that season, though the weather is often hot, there are many days in which the visitor will find a fire not merely genial, but absolutely necessary. The winter, which begins in October, does not terminate till May; and, throughout the interval the ground is generally covered with snow to the depth, in some parts, of three, and in others, of twelve feet. Meanwhile the inhabitants live like isolated beings, occupying one of the nooks of the world from which all others are excluded, and subsisting, like multitudes of inferior beings during their season of hybernation, on the stores they have previously laid up.

* Longfellow.

Chamouni has a slightly undulating surface, covered with fields of hay and corn, intersected by numerous torrents, which rush with great velocity down the mountain-sides, and often do considerable damage by overflowing the land and carrying away alike its trees and produce. Some idea of their destructive force may be gained from the channel they have formed for themselves, filled as it is with large, rounded masses of rock and stones. All these go to swell the volume of the Arve, which, after rising in the Col de Balme, flows rapidly down its steep slope, and through the valley of Chamouni, then passing out at the south-western extremity, continues its impetuous course as far as the Rhone, which it enters a little below Geneva, after flowing about sixty miles from its source. Its waters are principally derived from the glaciers of Mont Blanc, from which issue the Arveiron and other smaller streams, emptying themselves successively into its channel as it flows along in its course through the valley. It is very remarkable for the rapidity of its current, which is so great, even at the end of its course, that its waters do not mingle with those of the Rhone for some time after it has entered that river; it is even said that its violence, at times, has been such as to have impeded the course of the Rhone, and to have caused the waters of that river to flow back into the lake of Geneva, thus giving to the water-wheels of the mills on its banks, a direction contrary to their usual one.

The valley is inclosed on the north by a chain of mountains, rising very abruptly from its surface, and which, during the summer, are seldom, if ever, covered with snow. Another boundary is the great range of Mont Blanc; while five immense glaciers obtrude themselves on the valley. The sides of the mountains are partly covered with pasturages, and partly with dark pine-forests, and above them are masses of snow, with sharp and bare aiguilles of granite, inspiring emotions of profound awe as the world is felt to be shut out; and it may be well to add, that the appearance of the summit of Mont Blanc loses a portion of its grandeur in consequence of its proximity, and of the surrounding peaks and domes rivalling it apparently in altitude and sublimity. Scattered over the valley, and some of the neighbouring heights, are rude châlets, in which the hay and other produce of the fields are stored up for the winter food of the cows and goats, which here, as in other parts of the Savoy and Swiss valleys, are very numerous.

The houses of Chamouni are strangely huddled together, and the streets, if so they may be called, are narrow and ill-paved. Of the comfort and cleanliness of their inhabitants but little can be said. Their condition is like that of people generally, where, as in this valley, wooden crosses and gaudy shrines are to be seen at the corners of every road. The villagers make common cause with their animals, and appear to be satisfied if they can obtain a tolerable quantity of hay, and a sufficiency of black, sour, rye-bread.

An interesting and very remarkable group is formed of the guides; and those in Chamouni are regarded as the best in all Switzerland. They are under the direction of a chief, who is applied to when the services of any are required. They are robust, hardy, energetic, and sagacious, most of them cheerful and good-humoured, and enthusiastically devoted to their employment. Of course, there are varieties of character, as well as degrees of intelligence. The law of Sardinia keeps them under a strict system, determining not only their time of apprenticeship, but the prices they shall charge for the different excursions they take. They remind the traveller of the old seamen who work the vessel in his voyage, or the old stage-coachmen, especially those accustomed to drive long distances, in his former journeys in England. Some of them know every nook and cranny of the mountains, every aspect of the weather, every prophecy of storms, the paths of the avalanche, and many other things only acquired as the result of much observation and experience.

It is pleasing to state that they do not promise fair weather when it will be otherwise for the sake of employment. Nor are they the lumpish, insensible hirelings which are some-

times found necessary in foreign travel. A guide, who provides for himself, carries the knapsack of his master, though it may weigh thirty or forty pounds, for six francs a-day, with right good will, and throws into his service a thousand free and good-natured civilities, which are not unfrequently of special value, ought to be duly appreciated. There are certain kindly looks, and words too, which will specially draw him out, and place all his knowledge, whatever it may be, at the disposal of the party he accompanies.

One of the most amazing objects in the whole Valley of Chamouni, is the source of the Arveiron, to which a delightful walk may be made from the Priory, through some fine meadows and a superb forest. Let the imagination conceive of a deep cavern, the entrance to which is an arch of ice, more than 100 feet high, and of a prodigious width; a cavern cut by the hand of nature in the middle of an enormous block of ice, which, by the play of the light, seems here white and opaque, like snow, and there transparent and green, like aquamarine. From the bottom of this cavern, a river rushes impetuously, white with foam, and oftentimes rolling on its waves vast rocks of ice. Raising the eyes above this vault, there appears an immence glacier crowned with pyramids of ice, from the midst of which rises the obelisk of the Dru, its summit almost lost in the clouds; while around are the beautiful forests of the Montanvert and the Aiguille du Buchard, which rise with the glacier until its summit is confounded with the sky. The spot from which this prospect is seen is extremely wild, the glacier formerly extending further into the valley, and in retreating has left large masses of stone and sand devoid of verdure.

There is a great danger in entering this cavern, as large fragments are constantly falling from the roof. A young man who visited this spot with a party was so imprudent, as, in opposition to the advice of the guides, to fire a pistol in order to see what results would arise. The concussion detached from the roof of the cavern a huge mass of ice, the fragments of which for a few minutes arrested the escape of the stream; but at length the accumulated waters burst through the barrier with a loud noise, and swept along with it the fragments of ice. The party had placed themselves, as they supposed, in security on a small island, but the young man lost his life, and his father had his legs broken.

Saussure observed a great horizontal crevice in the arch, cut at each extremity by a vertical cleft, and he did not fail to apprehend that the whole mass marked by these crevices would soon be detached. His conjecture was speedily realised. That very night a noise was heard resembling a thunder-clap; the fragment that had fallen was the key of the vaulted roof; its descent had occasioned that of the whole of the external portion of the arch; this mass of ice suspended for some moments the course of the Arveiron; its waters accumulated in the bottom of the cavern, and then all at once breaking down this dyke, carried away with violence vast blocks of ice, dashed them against the rocks with which the bed of the torrent is strewn, and bore off large fragments to a considerable distance.

The Cascade des Pelerins is one of the singular and beautiful spectacles presented by the valley of Chamouni. A torrent, issuing from the Glacier des Pelerins, and high up the mountain, descends by a succession of leaps into a deep gorge, dashing from precipice to precipice almost in one continued cataract, meanwhile collecting its utmost force for its last magnificent plunge and recoil of beauty. Springing in one round condensed column out of the gorge over a perpendicular cliff, it strikes at its fall, with its whole body of water, into a sort of vertical rock basin, which one would suppose its prodigious velocity and weight would split into a thousand pieces; but the whole cataract, thus arrested at once, suddenly rebounds, in a parabolic arch, at least sixty feet into the air, and then, having made this splendid aerial curvature, it falls into the natural channel below. The effect is indescribably beautiful.

On the north-western side of the valley, immediately above the village of Chamouni, and opposite to Mont Blanc, is Mont Breven. At the base it is connected with the Aiguilles Rouges, which form another portion of the boundary of the valley on that side. Its summit is isolated and bare, presenting a perpendicular appearance on the side towards Chamouni, but being rounded off on the opposite side. Saussure describes it, however, as in every respect one of the most interesting to a naturalist. The ascent to its upper part is one of the regular excursions made by the visitors to Chamouni; some contenting themselves with climbing only a portion of the way, but reaching a point from whence the view is as fine as from the summit.

"The view here," says Simond, "is a most extraordinary one. Placed full in front, and about mid height of Mont Blanc, and, therefore, at equal distances between the summit and the base—sufficiently far to embrace the whole at one glance, sufficiently near to distinguish every detail—we saw this stupendous object like a full-length picture hung up there for our pleasure and information; when we began to ascend the Breven, and half-way up to its châlet, we could not turn round and look at Mont Blanc without experiencing the terrific sensation of its falling upon us. Several of our party made use of this expression, at the same time averting their eyes in terror, which shows how strong and general the impression was; but as we ascended higher it ceased."

On the rising ground overlooking Chamouni is a church of rather imposing appearance. There are shops, abounding with carvings of the cottages and animals of Switzerland, book-knives, needle-cases, and other indescribable articles; and where the traveller may purchase one of unquestionable utility in climbing and descending mountains—an Alpenstock—a pole, in fact, six feet in length, with an iron spike at one end, while the other is sometimes ornamented with the horn of a chamois. Chamouni has five large hotels, where the comforts of life may be readily obtained. And truly they are needed; for the valley presents in summer a bustling scene; and ever and anon, are visitors arriving with their guides and porters, mules and char-à-bancs, from Geneva and Martigny, and from the Brèven, the Jardin, the Flegère, and other "lions" of the neighbourhood.

In addition to the villages gathered about the Priory, there are several others in the valley, as Les Ouches, Les Bossons, Les Prés, Les Tines, Argentière, and La Tour. Some of these take their names from the neighbouring glaciers.

Aroused at an early hour of the morning by the tinklings of many bells, we had a sight from the window of a flock of goats, each one provided with a bell, just starting for the mountains; and at the same time, a pleasant recollection that we had projected a similar trip, with, however, the drawback, that in our party there was not even one *belle*.

Our path, for about half a mile, lay along the middle of the valley; and then suddenly turning to the right, the Arveiron is crossed by a rustic bridge, and the visitor arrives at the foot of the mountain. If mules are not engaged, as they may be, in the service, and a pedestrian trip is encountered, the ascen now commences in right good earnest;—passing two or three cottages, from which children eagerly rush out, only intent on the sale of milk, cherries, strawberries, or stones; clambering zealously over rocks, stones, and roots of trees; now veering to the right, and then to the left, a tempting path appears a long way above; but, gentle reader, should you ever be allured to try it in the hope of escaping the windings you dread, it may be as well to apprise you that, as in many a promising commercial speculation, you can only come out of it with "dirty hands;" so this is generally the result of such an experiment, while as to "a dividend," you merely *gain* a *loss* in great additional fatigue.

"The furthest way about is the nearest way home," is an adage often applicable with advantage on the mountains, and here it will be well to act upon it. After attaining a considerable height, the dark shade of a small pine forest will not fail to be enjoyed before it is passed through, should the day be bright and sunny, as it was when we made the ascent. But

onward and upward we must soon go, over torrents, too, by means of planks which the next storm will wash away, and through *crues*, or channels, down which during the winter the avalanches rush.

After a toilsome ascent of two or three hours, we reached Montanvert, "the Green Mountain,"—a pasturage, in fact, elevated more than 2,600 feet above the valley of Chamouni, and consequently 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is at the foot of the Aiguille de Charmoz, and would be worthy a visit only, from the magnificent view it affords of the immense Glacier des Bois. But there is another reward for the traveller. For as, in making the ascent, he may descry far beneath the valley of Chamouni—the Arve, meandering throughout its length—and a crowd of villages and hamlets, surrounded by trees and well-cultivated fields—so, the instant he reaches the summit, the entire scene is changed; and instead of the smiling and fertile valley, he stands almost at the edge of a precipice, the bottom of which is a valley—a valley of snow and ice, bounded by colossal mountains, which fill the mind with astonishment on the survey of their altitude and shape, if there be no terror at their steepness and sterility.

Such a sight would be impressive even on a contracted scale; what is it, then, when the sloping valley extends seven or eight miles in length? One end descends to the verdant Valley of Chamouni, from a point at which the cottages are mere specks, and the inhabitants scarcely to be perceived; the other stretches far away into the regions of eternal ice and snow; while, on either side, rise the bluff, bare mountains—masses and jagged peaks of granite—to an elevation of from 6,000 to 8,000 feet!

But let us descend the steep path, and even amidst the effulgence of a July day, walk on ice. The inequalities of the surface, indeed, seem like the rounded undulations of the sea; but if the middle of the glacier be reached, these waves appear mountains, with valleys intervening. The colour of the ice on the surface is a dull white, attributable partly to the snow which frequently falls on, and becomes congealed with, it, and partly to the earthy fragments with which it is

MER DE GLACE.

It is, in fact, the upper part of that enormous glacier, of which the lower part, sloping downwards into the valley, is called the Glacier des Bois, and which bears the well-known name of Mer de Glace. But who shall adequately describe that spectacle?—

> "Wave upon wave!—as if a foaming ocean,
> By boisterous winds to fierce rebellion driven,
> Heard—in its wildest moments of commotion—
> And stood congealed at the command of heaven!
> Its frantic billows chained at their explosion,
> And fixed in sculptures! here, to caverns riven,
> There, petrified to crystal—at His nod,
> Who raised the Alps an altar to their God."

covered, and which are probably thrown up from below. But, in the huge crevasses—at the sight of which we instinctively shudder—the colour is the bright blue of ultramarine. Then other surprising objects meet the view: as crevasses, brooks of fresh water, flowing in canals of ice, and precipitating themselves in cascades down the vast abysses; and walls of loose rocks, stones, and earth, on each side of the glaciers, as if to bound the domain where some Neptune of the icy regions holds his court. But, hark! what are those rolling, echoing, thundering sounds, which might well herald the advance of his snowy chariot? They are the voices of avalanches hurrying onwards in their course. And if you listen again, you may catch the roar of the mountain torrents as they rush down the precipices from the regions far above into the abyss beneath, when they unite with the waters of the glacier, and issue forth from a cave as the river Arveiron!

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THERE are no books at the present day so plentiful at the second-hand book-stalls as the writings of Addison. Few people ever stand for ten minutes inspecting the wares which are there displayed, without seeing at least duplicates of the "Spectator," the "Guardian," and the "Freeholder;" often ancient copies, upon which the hand of time has fallen lightly, but not passed over by moth and mildew, in faded ink, and antiquated characters, bearing the name of some dame who and starts and muse over it, are likely to seek them, or leave them. The circulating library possesses them, to be sure, but it is at rare intervals a customer inquires for them. The fact is, that for the "masses," "the million," or whatever you please to call the great bulk of the people, whom "people of *ton*" don't consider "select," Addison's writings have lost their charm. His refined idealism, his graceful wit, his chastened and artistic imagination, were never made to bear the puffing,

JOSEPH ADDISON.

flaunted in Great Ormond-street, and Soho-square, in the days of hoops, sedan-chairs, and link-boys; or some long-forgotten man of letters, doubtless crowned with immortality in his day by his own little circle of admirers. We meet with smarter editions in modern type, and calf and gold, in the libraries of *elégants* and men of letters, and men who ape a taste for literature because it is fashionable, but their very appearance tells us that they are intended more for ornament than use.

But we seldom find them in places where greedy readers, that devour a book, or dreamy readers, that read it by fits bustling, excitement-craving character which the go-a-head spirit of the present age has given to literature and the public taste. Much of the popularity of his works was due to their clever allusions to the current topics, vices, follies, and fashions of the time at which they appeared. The "Spectator," and "Guardian" supplied the place of the *Times*, and the *Daily News*, and all the other morning papers, of all the reviews, and all the monthlies, and all the cheap serials which at the present day infest or charm England. They were at all the breakfast tables, and in all the coffee-houses, and the talk of all the town. To confess to not having read them *then*, was

a confession of a man's own want of taste. But when times, and men, and manners changed;—when new authors, new poets, historians, philosophers, notions, politics, and laws, came on the scene,—Addison faded insensibly from the eyes of the great crowd who seldom read a book, except for excitement, and because everybody else has read it.

But for all who value an English style unequalled for its grace, simplicity, and perspicuity, wit of the utmost keenness, but the utmost delicacy, that sparkles and delights without ever wounding—humour that can put the point of a long story, or the gist of a good joke, in a single inuendo—a mild and tolerant Christianity, that seeks the love and elevation of all without the condemnation of any—pictures of manners in one of the most interesting periods of English history which have never been surpassed for richness and truth of colouring—the writings of Addison will have charms for ever. No man who has aught in common with Addison's gentle and refined nature, ever rose up from their perusal without a feeling of unmixed delight. As long as the English tongue lives, and as long after its death as it will be studied, they will hold the prime place amongst its classics. The purchase and possession of them by thousands, who never read them thoroughly, or never read them at all, is a tacit tribute to their sterling worth. If we ever dedicate a temple to the memory of our great men, his statue should occupy the place of honour, for he was one of the very few who have figured in the history either of English politics, or English literature, on whose fame no stain has ever been found by friend or foe. He, with far more truth than the elder Lyttleton, might be truly said never to have written a line that he need wish to blot out. He did many things, doubtless, that a prudent man might wish undone, but none that a good man need regret.

His father was the Rev. Lancelot Addison, a pious man and a good scholar, who for his attachment to royalty was rewarded with the offices of Archdeacon of Salisbury and Dean of Lichfield after the Restoration. Joseph was born in 1672. He was taught the rudiments at schools in his father's neighbourhood, and then sent to the Charter-house. At fifteen he was considered fit for college, and was entered in Queen's-college, Oxford. While there a copy of some of his Latin verses fell into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, the Dean of Magdalene-college, who was so delighted with them, that he procured his admission to Magdalene-college as one of those scholars who are called Demies, and he was afterwards elected a fellow. Magdalene was then one of the wealthiest foundations in Europe, and the persecutions of James had rendered it the most famous. Addison reflected new honour upon it. Macaulay tells us that it is still proud of him, that his portrait hangs in the hall, and that his favourite walk under the elms on the banks of the Cherwell is still pointed out to strangers. His knowledge of the Latin poets was prodigious, as might be expected from a man so proficient in Latin versification; but his acquaintance with prose writers was extremely meagre, and with Greek literature still more so. His Latin poems were long and justly applauded before his name had ever been heard of in connexion with the literature of his mother-tongue. His first attempt in English verse was made in some complimentary lines to Dryden, who was pleased by his praise, and formed an acquaintance with him. He then translated part of the fourth "Georgic," and wrote an ode to King William, in the usual style of that day—heroic metre, flowingly smooth, and not necessarily possessing any meaning. Pope carried the art of this sort of versification to perfection, and has been imitated by hundreds ever since who are utterly unable to conjure up one happy idea. Addison's poetry, written at this period, possesses no one merit.

His next performance was writing a critical preface for the "Georgics" which Dryden was engaged in translating.

In 1699 he had just completed his twenty-seventh year, and it became necessary that he should make a choice of a profession. There was every inducement for him to enter the church —the wealth and numerous livings possessed by the college, his own orthodox opinions, and his quiet, studious habits. But the course of his life was changed by the fact that Lord Somers, the chancellor, and Charles Montague, who was the leader of the whig party in the House of Commons, were very anxious to encourage young men of literary talents, by enlisting their services in the administration of public affairs. Addison had more than ordinary claims to their notice. His patrons were at first anxious that he should be employed in the diplomatic service of the crown, but his want of acquaintance with the French language was a bar to this. It was determined, therefore, that he should spend some time upon the continent preparing himself for official employment. His own means would have proved insufficient for the tour, if Lord Somers had not procured for him a pension of three hundred a year, which, with his fellowship, was amply sufficient for all ordinary expenses.

He, therefore, bade adieu to Oxford in the summer of 1699, and passed over to Calais, and thence to Paris. He was there treated with great kindness by the Earl of Manchester, then ambassador at the French court, and his charming countess, whose beauty Addison celebrated in some verses inscribed on the glasses of the Kit-Cat Club. From Paris he passed on to Blois, where the French language was at that time said to be spoken in its greatest purity. He spent some months here in retirement, going little into company, but still closely observing the peculiarities of French society, which at that time, owing to the doting fanaticism of Louis XIV., was in a curious state. On his return to Paris he formed an acquaintance with Boileau, in which the old satirist's character appears in a new light. He was old, deaf, and living in retirement, generally peevish, and slow to admit any one to his confidence. But Addison seems to have won his heart, for he praised his Latin poems, which he had read, and spoke to him upon other subjects with a freedom which was certainly not habitual.

December, 1700, he embarked at Marseilles for Italy. On his way, a violent storm arose, in which the captain and crew gave themselves up for lost. Addison's feelings upon the occasion have found utterance in the fine hymn, "How are thy servants blessed, O Lord!" which was afterwards published in the "Spectator."

While in Italy, as a matter of course, he visited most of the places which were consecrated by the traditions of antiquity or by the artistic glories of the middle ages. Genoa, Rome, and Venice all came in for a due share of attention. He spent also a good deal of time at Naples and Florence, engaged in examination of the various curiosities both of art and antiquarian remains which they contain.

In December he returned across the Alps, but on his arrival at Geneva learnt that a change of ministry had taken place, and that his friend, the Earl of Manchester, was appointed to the office of Secretary of State. Through his influence, Addison was appointed diplomatic agent, on behalf of England, to attend Eugene in Italy, and he was preparing to return to the scene of his duty, when William III. died, and on the accession of Anne, the Whig party were thrust out of office. He, therefore, lost not only his employment, but his pension, and in order to support himself, became tutor to a young English tourist, with whom he rambled over most of the continent. It was during this period that he wrote his treatise on "Medals." From Germany he repaired to Holland, and in 1703 returned to England, when he first became acquainted with the Kit-Cat Club. He was for a long time after this greatly pressed by pecuniary difficulties, but at length the battle of Blenheim, strange to say, placed him once more on the high road to fortune. Godolphin, the tory minister of the day, was greatly annoyed by the badness of the verses in which the scribes of his party attempted to celebrate the victory. He went to consult the whig chief, Lord Halifax, in the choice of a bard who would treat the theme in a manner worthy of its importance. Halifax recommended Addison, and Addison was, therefore, surprised one morning in his garret in the Haymarket, by a visit from Boyle, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who requested him to undertake the poem. Addison eagerly grasped at the proposal, which suited his inclination no less than his pocket,

and when the work was half finished showed it to his employer. Godolphin was delighted with it, and instantly appointed him to a commissionership, worth about two hundred a-year. The poem was the "Campaign," which immediately after its publication met with immense success.

His next work was the "Narrative of his Travels in Italy," which though possessing great merit in the grace and perspicuity of its style, and the aptness of its classical quotations and allusions, has one great fault—that it makes hardly any reference to the literature, art, or history of modern Italy. Soon after this, he published an opera called "Rosamond," which for a long time enjoyed great popularity.

The whigs, towards the beginning of the year 1705, obtained a complete ascendancy, both in the House of Commons and in the administration, and Addison's good fortune once more began to return in right earnest. The great seal was given to Cowper, and Somers and Halifax were admitted to the Privy Council, and Addison was appointed Under-Secretary of State. At the general election in 1708, he was returned for Malmesbury, but in the House of Commons he never opened his mouth but once, and then completely failed. His timidity, like Cowper's, was so great, that the wit and eloquence which were the life of the Kit-Cat Club, and the delight of the thousands who had read his writings, quite forsook him in the presence of an audience. His literary talents, however, in an age when literature was a political engine of greater power than even at the present day, availed him so well, that he rose into as good a position as has ever been occupied by the most celebrated orators of any period in parliamentary history.

At the close of the year 1708, Wharton was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and conferred on Addison the Chief Secretaryship, the salary attached to which office was then three thousand a-year, and in addition to this, the latter obtained a patent, appointing him keeper of the Irish records for life, with a salary of three or four hundred a-year. In the summer of 1709 he was elected member for the borough of Cavan, and, it appears, so far got the better of his native bashfulness so as to make two speeches in the Irish parliament. His gentle and refined nature did not, however, ever suit well with the rude and licentious coarseness of the Lord Lieutenant, and we may fairly presume that his stay in Dublin was anything but the most agreeable period of his life. In it, however, the event occurred which was destined to place him in his present high position amongst the ornaments of English literature. Richard Steele, a well-educated rake, with some talents, but no steadiness or application, and an acquaintance of Addison's, had been appointed Gazetteer by the whigs, and thus had access to earlier news than was within the reach of the small fry of journalists who even at that time existed in London. He, therefore, determined to start a periodical to be entitled the "Tatler," which should contain an epitome of home and foreign news, the gossip of the town and of the coffee-houses, pasquinades on sharpers, strictures on the fashions and manners of the day, and such like.

In April, 1709, it appeared; and Addison, immediately on hearing, determined to lend his assistance, and contributed a series of papers of unrivalled elegance, wit, and humour, lively portraits of certain types of character, and short fictitious tales showing up some foible or folly of the times. Great as the charms of his conversation are described to have been, the charms of this style of writing are still greater. The success of the "Tatler" was immense, and far surpassed Steele's expectation, who found himself completely eclipsed by his contributor. "I fared," he said, "like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence upon him."

In 1709 he was sailing pleasantly along upon the full tide of popularity which his known connexion with the "Tatler" caused to flow around him, when an unexpected catastrophe threw a gloom over his prospects. The whigs fell suddenly with a crash; were, in short, turned out of office by the queen, whose old Stuart prejudices made her hate them. Addison, consequently, lost his secretaryship; and what made the misfortune greater was the fact, that but a short time previously he had resigned his fellowship, it was said with the view of offering his hand to a lady of rank, who, in some slight degree at least, favoured his suit while he was a rising politician. We fancy he must have been a model in love-making. His exuberant wit, his brilliancy in conversation, his gentle earnestness, and the exquisite delicacy of his compliments and of his respect, must have been powerful weapons in laying siege to the heart of a marriageable woman. Your thundering, roaring, rattling, manly, impetuous, ardent fellows, with their battering-rams of loud protestation, would meet with a smart repulse, where Addison's lines and covered ways would carry the citadel.

But the fair one in this instance seems to have been a worldling. When he lost office she would have none of him. All these reverses do not seem to have had much effect upon him. He was a thorough philosopher, and was just as smiling, as witty, and as good-humoured when once more an adventurer, as when one of the chief ministers of the state. He was consoled, too, by finding that no one disliked him. The tories, his political enemies, even in those days when party spirit ran so high, had never a word of reproach or ill-will for Addison; and what was then rare, he retired from office with the sympathy and respect of everybody. Nay, so great influence did he retain with his political antagonists, that he was enabled to obtain appointments for many of his old friends whom the change of ministry had thrown penniless on the world. Not the least deserving was Richard Steele—poor, good-natured, ne'er-do-well Richard Steele—for whom he got permission to continue in his place in the Stamp-office, upon condition that he should abstain from meddling in party politics, which he did. The "Tatler" thus lost one of its leading features, and in January, 1711, ceased to appear altogether.

In the March following appeared the first number of that incomparable production, the "Spectator."

The "Spectator" sketched by Addison, was an imaginary personage, who is supposed to have fixed his residence in London, and to be a diligent observer of men and manners in the great city, and furnishes the result of his investigations to the public in the shape of sketches of the characters of the individuals composing a club of intimate friends, in whose presence alone he can overcome his bashfulness so as to converse with freedom. Most of these are now familiar to the great mass of the public as household words. Will Honeycomb and Sir Roger de Coverley are old friends of every schoolboy, and the good old baronet is still further endeared to many a grown man by its connexion with the well-known dance, in which perhaps the first pressure of a soft hand, and the first sparkle of a bright eye, sealed his fate for life.

The series of papers was closed by the break-up of the club, the death of Sir Roger, and the marriage and reformation of the old rake, Will Honeycomb. Besides these sketches, the "Spectator" contained a great number of critical and other articles, also from the pen of Addison. The circulation was immense for that age, when the population of England was so much smaller than it is now, and the per centage of readers still smaller. At the very first it was three thousand; it afterwards rose to four, and for some particular numbers the demand was so great that twenty thousand copies were sold.

In 1712 the "Spectator" died; and the "Guardian" appeared also under Steele's editorship. For a long time it received no contributions from Addison, and when he did begin to contribute, it was too late to save it from downfall.

He had been in the meantime engaged in preparing his celebrated play, "Cato," which was brought out at Drury-lane, and received by a crowded audience, composed of all political parties, with thunders of applause. In 1714 he projected and published another volume of the "Spectator," which contains some of the most charming essays in the language; but before it was completed, a change in political affairs produced a great change in his fortunes. The death of Anne threw the power once more into the hands of the whigs; and the council which assumed the administration of the

government, until the arrival of George I. from Hanover, appointed Addison their secretary. On the king's arrival, a new ministry was formed, in which Addison was again appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. In 1715 he relinquished the secretaryship for a seat at the Board of Trade, and returned to London. The most remarkable event in his history at this period was his quarrel with Pope, who accused him of malignant jealousy, because he gave him some advice regarding the "Rape of the Lock" which did not turn out as well-timed as Addison honestly believed it to be. Into the details of the dispute our space will not permit us enter. It is enough to say, that everybody now believes Addison to have been in the right, and Pope in the wrong—the one to have been noble minded, honourable, and well-meaning, the other spiteful, jealous, peevish, and suspicious.

In 1716 he married his old flame, the Countess Dowager of Warwick, who at last accepted him when his position left her no excuse. His official standing was very high, and he had inherited the property of a brother who had died governor of Madras, which enabled him to purchase an estate in Warwickshire. He now took up his abode in Holland House, since become so celebrated for the brilliant réunions which in the early part of the present century took place within its walls, comprising all the talents and all the graces of a glorious intellectual epoch—wit, eloquence, and poesy. Not long after his marriage he was made Secretary of State, by a modification of the ministry. But he did not long enjoy his elevation. Declining health compelled him to resign upon a pension of £1,500 a year. The remainder of his life, except during a silly political quarrel with Steele, carried on in the columns of two periodicals started for the purpose, was passed in calm retirement. Though suffering severely under the attacks of disease, his last moments were characterised by a pious fortitude arising out of the implicit and child-like trust in God which had always distinguished him. He sent for his son-in-law, a wild and dissipated young man, that "he might see how a Christian could die!" On the 17th of June, 1719, he was no more.

His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was borne thence to the Abbey by torch-light, at the dead of night, the choir chanting a funeral hymn. He was interred on the north side of the chapel of Henry the Seventh in the vault of the Albermarle family. It was not until very recently that any monument was erected to his memory in the great temple in which so many famous Englishmen lie sleeping; but the visitor to Westminster Abbey may now see his effigy skilfully sculptured in the Poet's Corner, representing him clad in his dressing-gown, and holding in his hand a roll of paper. "Such a mark of respect," says a great essayist of our own time, "was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism."

PHOTOGRAPHIC SELF-REGISTERING MAGNETIC AND METEOROLOGICAL APPARATUS.

INVENTED BY CHARLES BROOKE, ESQ., F.R.S.

The importance of instruments whereby the direction and intensity of the earth's magnetism may be readily ascertained, is acknowledged by all scientific men; and the application of photography to this purpose is a means whereby much labour has been saved in meteorological observations. In the following paper we purpose explaining, as briefly as we can, how these observations are made by self-registering apparatus.

Terrestrial magnetism is a *directive*, not an *attractive* force, exercised by the earth and its surrounding atmosphere upon a compass needle, or a freely suspended bar magnet. That it is not an attractive force, may be readily shown by floating a compass needle by means of a piece of cork on a vessel of water: the needle will be found to take its position in the direction of the magnetic meridian; but it exhibits not the least tendency to float towards the north, although perfectly free to do so if any attractive force were exerted upon it in that direction.

The *magnetic* does not coincide with the *astronomical* meridian, but is variously inclined to it at different points of the earth's surface. The angle at which these two meridians are inclined to each other is the *magnetic declination*. The value of this angle is at the present time about $22\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ in the vicinity of London, and its direction towards the west.

A compass needle is ordinarily supported in such a manner as to rest horizontally in the magnetic meridian; but if it be so sustained as to be capable of moving freely in a vertical plane, the marked end of the needle will point or dip downwards, and the angle which the needle when in its position of rest makes with the horizontal plane is called the dip. The present value of this angle, in the same locality, is about $68\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$.

The force by which the marked end of the needle is thus directed obliquely downwards, may be conceived to be compounded of two forces, one acting horizontally and the other vertically; by the former of which, acting alone, the needle would assume a horizontal, and by the latter a vertical position. In the present instance, the proportion of the vertical to the horizontal force is nearly as 2 to 1.

These three elements of terrestrial magnetic force, namely, the declination or direction of the vertical plane in which it is exerted, and the amount of its horizontal and vertical components, are found to be continually in a state of change: some of the variations being of a periodical character, while others, far more irregular and extensive in amount, are of less frequent occurrence, and arise from causes that are at present very imperfectly understood.

The general object of magnetic observations is to obtain a complete knowledge of the physical causes on which the existence of terrestrial magnetism, and its various changes, depend. This knowledge is to be sought by a comparison of the observed changes in the three elements of magnetic force with the occurrence of other natural phenomena. The instruments by which the changes of the magnetic elements are observed are the declinometer, the bifilar or horizontal force magnetometer, and the balanced or vertical force magnetometer. The declinometer consists of a bar magnet freely suspended by a bundle of untwisted silk fibres: the variations of the position of this magnet correspond with those of the vertical plane in which the earth's force is exerted. The bifilar is a similar bar magnet, suspended by two nearly parallel bundles of fibres, separated by a small interval. The double point of suspension is twisted round until the bar assumes a position exactly perpendicular to the magnetic meridian, in which it will then be retained by the opposition of two equal forces—the gravity of the bar and its appendages tending to untwist the suspension skeins, while the horizontal component of the earth's force tends equally to turn the bar in the opposite direction. As the former of these forces remains constant, it is clear that any variations of the latter will produce corresponding changes in the position of the magnet; and it is by observation of these changes of position that the variations of horizontal magnetic force are determined.

The balanced magnetometer is a bar magnet, very delicately poised on knife edges, so as to move in a vertical plane like the beam of a balance. This instrument is placed at right angles to the magnetic meridian, and is maintained in a horizontal position by a weight, which counteracts the tendency

of the earth's vertical force to place the magnet in a vertical position. As the counterpoise remains constant, it follows that any changes in the amount of vertical force will be indicated by corresponding changes in the position of the magnet; which latter have been made a subject of observation.

The method hitherto adopted for observing the indication of these instruments, has been that of viewing, through a fixed telescope, the divisions of a fixed scale reflected by a plane mirror attached to each magnet. But by this system of observation a very imperfect knowledge of the nature of magnetic changes has been obtained; and as it has been deemed necessary, in magnetic observatories, that the observations of the various instruments should be made at intervals of at furthest two hours, by night as well as by day, this laborious duty has devolved upon the assistants: hence some means of enabling these instruments to record their own changes has long been an acknowledged desideratum in physical science. With the aid of photography, this desired object has been attained by the instruments that form the subject of this notice, the merit of which has been acknowledged by the award of a council medal by the jurors of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

By these instruments, an uninterrupted and unerring record of all magnetic changes is now maintained at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. These results could not have been obtained by personal observation; for even if every telescope were constantly watched by the eye of an assistant (which would require a very numerous staff), the results would still be liable to errors of observation; and occasionally the magnetic variations are too rapid and transient to be continuously recorded by an observer. We may further remark, that since the employment of this apparatus at Greenwich, the number of assistants in the magnetic department has been reduced, and the fatigue of night duty has been dispensed with entirely.

Magnetic registration is undoubtedly the most useful application hitherto made of the beautiful art of photography. The method suitably applied to each of the magnetic instruments may be thus described:—A concave metallic mirror, three inches in diameter, is attached to each magnet by a frame possessing all requisite adjustments: the rays of light from a lamp or gas-burner, placed at a distance of about two feet from the mirror, pass through a small aperture in a metallic plate, and fall on the mirror, whence they are reflected to a focus at a distance of about nine feet. The source of light being fixed, it is clear that the movements of the focal point of light will correspond with those of the magnet. A cylinder covered with photographic paper is so placed that the point of light may fall on it. The cylinder is carried round on its axis by clock-work, and, by the combined movements of the point of light and of the cylinder, the magnetic curve is self-traced upon the sensitive paper. The photographic process has also been applied to the barometer, and to the wet and dry bulb thermometers; but the mode of application is different from the preceding, the light not being reflected from a mirror. The description of the figures will render further explanation unnecessary.

As the preparation of the sensitive paper used in these instruments differs somewhat from the ordinary photographic processes, it may not be inappropriate to describe it:—The paper is first washed with a solution of four grains of isinglass, eight of iodide, and twelve of bromide of potassium, in one fluid ounce of distilled water, and dried quickly by the fire; a considerable quantity of paper may be thus prepared at once. Previously to being placed on the cylinder, the paper is washed over with a solution of fifty grains of nitrate of silver to one ounce of water, which communicates to it the requisite degree of sensibility. After having been in action for twenty-four hours, the paper is removed from the cylinder, and the impression developed with a warm solution of twenty grains of gallic acid to one ounce of water, with a small addition of the ordinary commercial strong acetic acid. We may now proceed to explain the working of these very ingenious instruments.

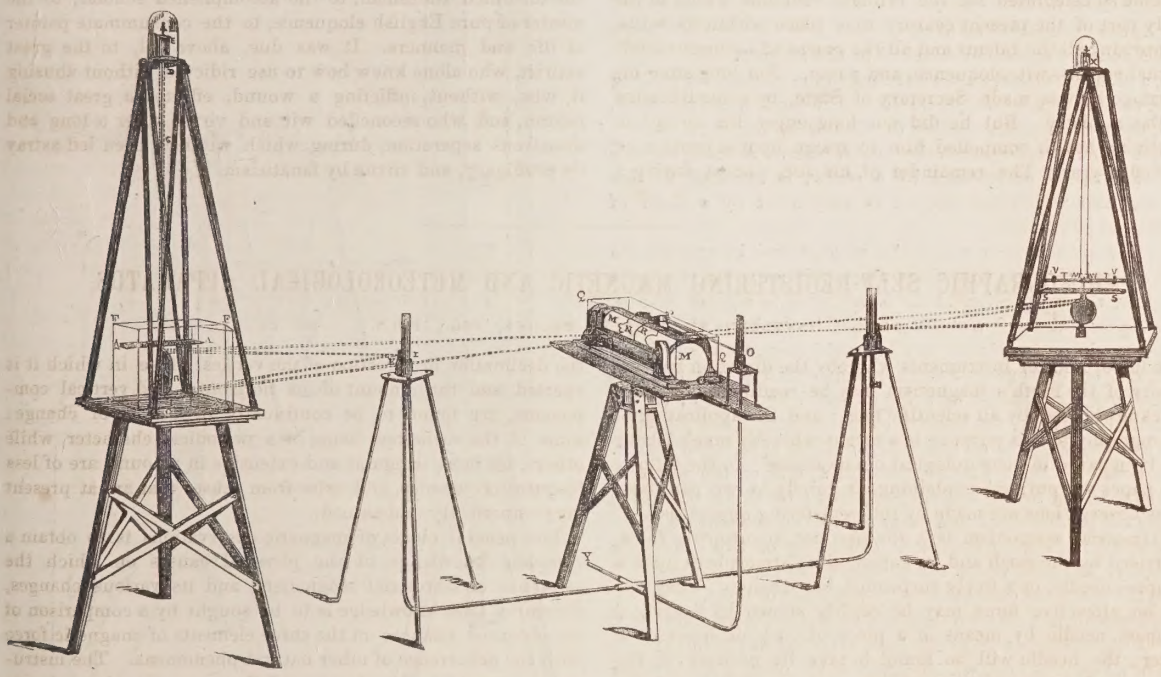


FIG. 1.—BROOKE'S SELF-REGISTERING DECLINOMETER, AND BIFILAR MAGNETOMETER.

Fig. 1 represents the principal self-registering apparatus invented by Mr. Brooke. The apparatus is supported by a framework of tubes springing from the four corners of a black-marble slab (which, when in actual operation, would be cemented on the top of a stone pillar firmly fixed in the ground, and insulated from the floor of the observatory): these tubes, about four feet long, converge alternately to four points of the torsion plate; they thus compose a framework possessing great stiffness. To the suspension-frame of each magnet, a plane glass mirror and a concave metallic speculum are attached. The plane mirror is for the purpose of making

eye-observations with a telescope in the usual manner. A gas-light or lamp is so placed, at a distance of about two feet in front of each speculum, that an image of a small slit in the copper chimney surrounding the burner may fall on the sensitive paper attached to the registering apparatus. This consists of a stand supporting horizontally on friction rollers two concentric glass cylinders, round the inner of which is wrapped a sheet of prepared photographic paper: the outer or covering cylinder keeps the paper moist during the twenty-four hours it remains in action. A bent arm, attached to the axis of these cylinders, is carried round by a fork at the end of the hour-hand of a timepiece specially constructed for the purpose. The horizontal motion of the tracing point of light, combined with the vertical motion of the paper, traces out the magnetic curve. A third light is attached to the registering apparatus, for the purpose of drawing a standard or base line on the paper; by the varying distance of any point of the magnetic curve from this line, the magnetic variation is determined. At the distance at which these instruments are placed, an angle of 1° is represented by two inches on the paper; but the scale value may be enlarged at pleasure, by placing them further apart.

A A, the declination magnet.

B, a concave speculum attached to the magnet.

C, a plane glass mirror also attached to the magnet, for making observations by a telescope, on the old method, when required.

D, the torsion plate, reading to minutes by two verniers.

E, a frame standing upon the torsion plate. A hook, capable of being raised or lowered by a screw, is attached to this frame, from which the magnet is suspended by a skein of untwisted silk fibres.

F F F, a glass box, in which the magnet and its appendages are enclosed, to protect them from the air; for the same purpose, the suspension skein is enclosed in a glass tube G, which passes through a stuffing box H, in the lid of the box.

I, a gas-burner enclosed in a brass chimney, from which no light can escape, except a small pencil which passes through a narrow slit K, capable of being adjusted by a screw; on the breadth of this slit, the breadth of the register line depends.

L L, a combination of two plano-convex cylindrical lenses. The pencil of light passing through K, falls on the mirror B, and is reflected to the cylindrical lenses; by these, the image of the slit is condensed to a point of light on the surface of

M M, the registering apparatus, consisting of two concentric cylinders, between which the photographic paper is placed.

N, the magnetic curve traced by the point of light.

O, a gas-burner, fixed to the stand on which the cylinders rest.

P, a plano-convex prismatic lens, attached to the top of

Q Q, an opaque box, which protects the photographic paper from extraneous light. A pencil of light from O passes through P, and is brought to a focus on the surface of the paper.

R, the base line, described by this point of light.

S S, the bifilar, or horizontal force magnetometer.

T T, the apparatus for producing an automatic temperature compensation, consisting of two zinc tubes, which are clamped to a glass rod by two adjustible clamps V V; the suspension skein passes over a pulley X, and the ends are attached to two hooks W W; as the temperature rises, these hooks are approximated to each other by a quantity equal to the difference of the expansion of the glass rod and the zinc tubes, between the clamps V V; and thus the torsion force is diminished; the position of the clamps is so adjusted, that the diminution of the torsion force shall be equivalent to the loss of power in the magnet: and *vice versâ*, when the temperature falls. The magnet, its appendages, and the suspension skein are enclosed similarly to the declination magnet; the glass box, &c., is omitted to avoid confusion. The registration of its movements is likewise similarly effected on the opposite side of the cylinders.

A blackened zinc case is placed over the cylinders, when in actual operation, to prevent any light from falling on the paper, except the two pencils which describe the magnetic curves, and another which passes through a prism on the top of the case, and draws the base line. In order to avoid confusion this is omitted in the drawing, as well as another case of the same material, which covers the whole of the apparatus, to protect the sensitive paper from any stray light, as well as to defend the whole from dust, &c.

Fig. 2 represents the Balanced Magnetometer, the Barometer, and the apparatus on which the indications of both these instruments are registered.

A A, a self-registering barometer, enclosed in a case, resting on a stand.

B B, the upper and lower ends of a syphon barometer tube, which are of the same diameter, and of large size.

C, a float resting on the surface of the mercury, which hangs in a notch on the short arm of a lever.

D, the pivot on which the lever turns.

E, the long arm of the lever, which carries at its extremity an opaque screen F, with a small aperture, through which a small pencil of light passes.

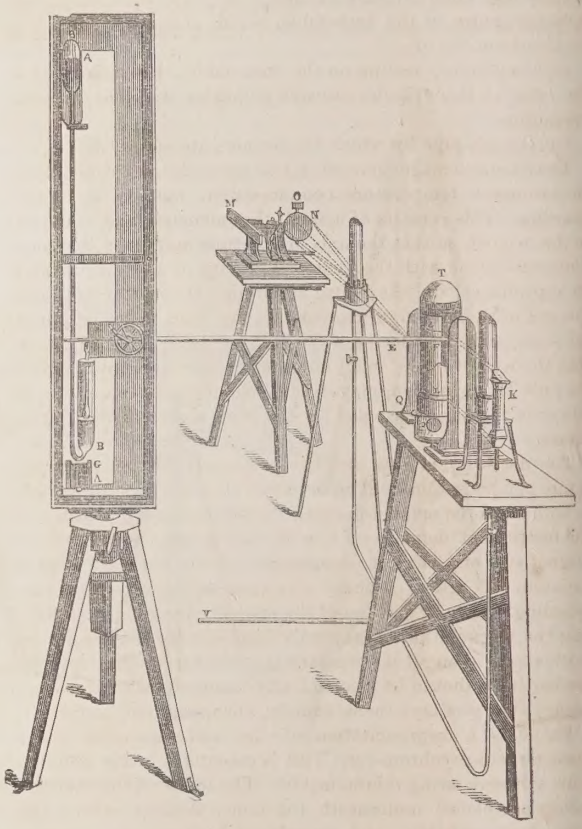


FIG. 2.—BROOKE'S SELF-REGISTERING BALANCED MAGNETOMETER, AND BAROMETER.

G, a plate on which the tube rests, which is raised or lowered by a screw.

H, a stand supporting a gas-burner.

I, the register line, described by the pencil of light transmitted by the screen F, which will evidently rise and fall with the column of mercury; the indications will be amplified in proportion to the length of leverage.

K, a tube with a plano-convex prismatic lens at each end of it, placed at the back of the burner; through this, a pencil of light is conducted in the direction indicated by the dotted line, and describes the base line L. By this arrangement, two pencils are derived from the same source of light, which fall perpendicularly on two remote points of the paper.

M, the Balanced Magnetometer, is supported by a brass framework surmounted by agate planes, and firmly attache to a slab of black marble, which, like the preceding instruments, would be cemented on the top of an insulated stone pillar, when in actual operation; it would also be enclosed in

an air-tight case (omitted in the drawing), having a plate-glass window in front of

N, a concave speculum, connected with the magnet by a brass bar in which two agate knife edges are imbedded; these rest on the agate planes attached to the supporting frame. The knife edges may be raised out of gear on four Y's by means of an eccentric.

O is a small plane mirror for making observations with a telescope in the usual manner.

P, a gas-burner, similar to those of the preceding instruments. A small pencil of light proceeding from this is reflected from the speculum N towards the photographic apparatus, and passing through

Q, a combination of two plano-convex cylindrical lenses in a frame of wood, falls upon a vertical revolving cylinder covered with photographic paper, and describes

R, the register line.

S, is a brass frame which supports a turn-table on three vertical and three horizontal rollers. A pin projects vertically from the centre of the turn-table, which enters a hole in the centre of the cap of

T, the cylinder, resting on the turn-table; by these means the axis of the cylinder always coincides with the axis of revolution.

V is the gas-pipe by which the burners are supplied.

The balanced magnetometer is, like the bifilar, furnished with an automatic temperature compensation, not visible in the drawing. This consists of a small thermometer tube, clamped to the magnet, so that the axis of the tube may be in the same horizontal plane with the centre of gravity of the magnet and its appendages, and the centre of motion between the bulb and the end of the thread of mercury in the bore. The length of the stem, and the capacity of the bulb and bore, are so adjusted, that the weight of the small quantity of mercury driven out of the bulb by expansion, may exactly counterbalance the loss of power in the bar occasioned by the same elevation of temperature.

The necessity of this and the previously described temperature compensation, will be better understood by stating that, in both the force magnetometers, the position of equilibrium of the instrument depends on the mutual action of the earth's magnetism and the free magnetism of the bar, and that a variation of either of these elements will induce a corresponding change of position of the magnet. In order, therefore, that the magnetic curve may truly represent the changes in the earth's force alone, it is necessary that the variations of force in the bar itself should be mechanically counteracted by the same agency that produces them, namely, change of temperature.

Fig. 3 is a representation of the self-registering thermometer and psychrometer. This is essentially a wet and dry bulb self-registering thermometer. The bulbs of the thermometers are placed underneath the table, through which the stems pass vertically, and are placed between the opposite sides of the cylinder and two lights. A narrow vertical line of light, brought to a focus by a cylindrical lens, falls on the stem of the thermometer, and passing through the empty portion of the bore, affects the prepared paper. The boundary between the darkened and undarkened portions indicates the position of the mercury in the stem of the thermometer. Fine wires are placed across the slit in the frame through which the light falls on the stem; and coarser wires at every 10th degree as well as at certain other fixed points of the scale, namely, 32°, 54°, 76°, and 98°. The shadows of these wires protect the portions of the photographic paper on which they fall from the action of light, and the darkened surface of the paper is consequently traversed by a series of parallel pale lines; and the relative positions of the broad and narrow lines readily explain the temperature indicated by the register. In this illustration figures are used instead of letters:—

1, 2, are camphine lamps,—now superseded by gas, whereby the time and labour of trimming is saved, and a greater uniformity of light has been obtained.

3, 4, are cylindrical lenses, by which a bright focal line of light is obtained.

5, the psychrometer or wet bulb thermometer.

6, the dry bulb thermometer.

7, two concentric cylinders, between which the photographic paper is placed.

8, the register, as it appears after the impression is developed.

9, one of the rollers of a turn-table, on which the cylinders rest.

10, the frame which contains the timepiece.

11, a bent pin, or carrier, attached to the axis of the cylinder, this is carried round by a fork at the end of the hour-hand of the timepiece.

As this apparatus is necessarily placed in the open air, when in actual operation, it is provided with an inner cylindrical zinc case, with sliding doors, to protect the sensitive paper from light, when the cylinder is removed from, and brought back to, the photographic room; and an outer wind and water-tight zinc case, with water-tight doors, for removing and replacing the cylinders, and for trimming the lamps, if lamps are used.

As the time pieces employed in rotating the photographic cylinders exhibit several peculiarities of construction, our account of the apparatus would be incomplete without some

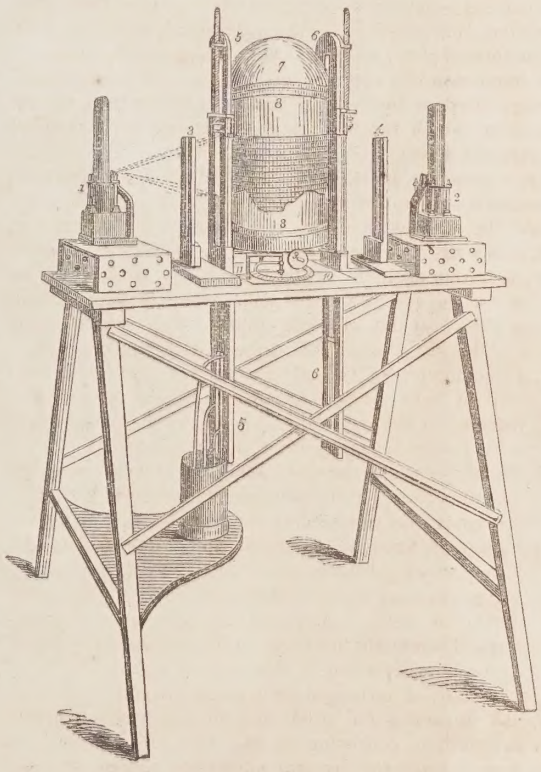


FIG. 3.—BROOKE'S SELF-REGISTERING THERMOMETER AND PSYCHROMETER.

mention of them. In order to avoid the unsteadiness of the hour-hand, which in ordinary movements results from the play of the motion-wheels under the dial, the central axis which carries the hour-hand is in the train, and the axis which carries the minute-hand is placed out of the centre. As the forked or carrying arm is firmly attached to the axis, another moveable hand or pointer is added, which travels with the former, and points to the hour. The compensating-bars of the balances of these pieces are composed of brass and palladium, to prevent the rate being influenced by proximity to the magnets. The numbers of the leaves in the pinions are all prime to the numbers of the teeth in the wheels with which they are in gear, to diminish the chance of irregular motion from wear, as the face of the piece must necessarily be exposed.

THE TWO DREAMS.

THE unfortunate wretch has gone to sleep hungry, resting his head upon the foot of the bed on which his wife and child are sleeping. The terrible visions of misery are haunting him. He dreams that he is travelling along a narrow and shady road, through the midst of a forest. He sees a gay cavalier advancing to meet him, clad in silk and velvet; his pouch bursting with pieces of gold, and his uncovered hand toying with a glove of cordovan leather. He sees in him one of those frivolous lordlings whose youth is passed in shameless profligacy, and he asks, what use is such a life as his. Whose happiness will be destroyed by his removal from this world? For what is he wanted? And those coins, useless or dangerous in his hands, would they not be sufficient to place a family in comfort, and make their hearts leap with gladness? While this horrid thought passes through his brain, the miserable man grasps more tightly the oak cudgel which he holds in his hand, and he advances towards the horseman with fierce looks and a bounding pulse.

In the meantime, the poor mother who sleeps, with her infant hugged to her bosom, dreams too. She sees a woman with a kindly eye, and sweet gentle smile, standing by her pallet, and looking down upon her. With one hand she points to the table, covered with all that a poor family can want—warm flannels, plenty of provisions, generous wine to recruit the strength of her worn-out and fainting husband, toys for the child, and pleasant books to beguile the long evenings of winter. The poor woman cannot believe in her dream, and presses her son closer to her heart.

DRAWN BY STAAL.

Which of these two dreams shall be accomplished? Kindly charity will decide between them, and it is she alone who shal open the door of the cottage to crime or to gratitude. It is she alone who can aid the very poor, give holy thoughts to the outcast, and new courage to the desponding. Let her watch over the abodes of poverty night and day, for if hunger have cursed the day, it fills the mind with evil dreams at night—dreams of crime—puts the strong man on his unbridled will and his lawless strength, and the weak woman on her shadowy hope.

WILD ANIMALS PECULIAR TO THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.

Egypt, the mother of nations and birth-place of the arts, is an interesting object from whatever point of sight we view it. Whether we consider it as the most ancient of dynasties of which we have any knowledge—for Herodotus speaks of the Pyramids as having existed before the nations of Europe possessed written records; whether we view it as the great granary of the early world—for to Egypt the Jews, as yet but wandering shepherds, went to purchase corn, and found it a highly civilized country, possessing abundance of food and an intelligent population; whether we look upon it as the great, and perhaps only, commercial country in the time of Abraham—for we are especially told that Egypt possessed many cities,

GROUP OF ANIMALS AS ARRANGED FOR EXHIBITION IN THE NEW PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

great buildings, chariots, horses, and cattle, and that it was a land full of people, and that thither came the travellers of all nations to buy and sell; whether we regard it as the patron and originator of the kindred arts of sculpture, architecture, and painting—for the researches of modern times have abundantly proved, that while Europe and the western world were yet in a state of primeval barbarism, Egypt possessed imperial palaces, vast sepulchres, and noble temples; or whether we consider it simply as the land of Ham, the son of Noah, our wonder at the achievements of its people, our interest in its history, our recollection of the influence it has had in the civilization and refinement of the world, become only greater, more absorbing, and more intense.

Were we to pursue this train of thought, we might speedily loose ourself in the mazes of the past, and wander blindfold amid the mysteries of monuments, and sepulchre, and palace, and desert; but a glance at the picture brings us at once to the banks of the old Nile, and to the subject we have before us—the Wild Animals peculiar to Egypt.

The valley of the Nile is everywhere, on both sides of the stream, covered with the remains of Egypt's departed magnificence, especially where the river forms the famous Delta; and the past still lives in the ruined temple of Carnac and the desolated plains in which the pyramids still stand, the wonder of mankind. But while all is changed, and while Egypt among the nations is considered but a third or fourth rate power, the natural characteristics of the country remain the same. The Nile still annually overflows its banks, and fertilises the surrounding plains; the sands of those apparently interminable deserts over which the Israelites of old pursued their weary way, still rise in burning clouds to terrify and overwhelm the traveller; the corn and the fig-tree still grow in the rich valleys and on the steep hill sides as they did when the brethren of Joseph went thither from the famine-stricken tents of Israel. The men who built the pyramids have departed, and none are acquainted even with their names; but the pyramids remain, silent and grey and desolate as of old. The divine spirit of the great architects has fled away, but the work of their hands remaineth. The Nile flows down from the mountains to the sea, just as it did when the daughter of Pharaoh discovered the child Moses floating on its surface, cradled in a little ark of bulrushes; and the wild animals come down nightly now to quench their thirst in its waters even as they did then. Man only has changed.

In the oldest written record,—the Book of Job, "all people's book," as Carlyle emphatically styles it,—reference is made to the animals through whom God declareth his power—the wild goats and hinds, the wild ass, the unicorn, the peacock, the ostrich, the horse, the hawk, the eagle, the crodidile, and the hippopotamus. See how eloquently and how truly the sacred writer describes the latter animal:—"Behold now, *Behemoth*, which I made with thee; he eateth grass as an ox; his strength is in his loins; he moveth his tail like a cedar; his bones are as strong pieces of brass and bars of iron; he lieth under the shady trees in the coolest of the reeds and fens; the willow of the brook compass him about; behold, he drinketh up a river and tasteth not." And then the alligator or crocodile—"Canst thou draw out *Leviathan* with a hook, or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?" and with no less truthfulness are the ostriches and pelicans of the wilderness described—"The ostrich which leaveth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them;" and the pelican, which was among the animals forbidden to be eaten by the Israelites. Reference is also made in the Scriptures to the ichneumon,—Pharaoh's rat,—the great enemy of the crocodile, and the sacred ibis of the Egyptians, a species of the stork which is supposed to have delivered Egypt from the plague of serpents. In fact, in speaking or writing on Natural History it is impossible not to recognise the sacred writings as a very high authority indeed. We can reach to no higher knowledge, says the venerable Humboldt, than that of which the Egyptians possessed the living germs; we can only amplify and improve.

REMINISCENCES OF A GENIUS.

A few years immediately prior to the celebrated battle of Waterloo, a period replete with stirring events, and remarkable for the number of illustrious men in all professions and pursuits, there flourished, in a town in the south-east of Ireland, a genius, whose natural talents, fostered by education, won the admiration and applause of all who knew him. His fame, indeed, did not extend to the ends of the earth, for modest merit ever shrinks from the public gaze; yet it reached to the utmost limits of the county in which he dwelt.

As a poet he was undoubtedly inferior to either Milton or Byron; yet he was universally acknowledged to be a superior *melodist* to Moore. Still, had not his talents been confined by the circumstances of the place in which he happened to receive his education, and his energies cramped, as too often is the case, by an imperious necessity, it must be said that no poet could have *soared* so high, or gone so near to heaven's gate in the sublimity of his *flights*. But the talent in which he excelled was music. In this his natural genius shone forth with a lustre unrivalled. If Handel had but heard him he must have stood entranced with our hero's delicious compositions; and while he listened in ecstacy, with swelling heart and tearful eye, to the rich volume of sound improvised by this heaven-taught artist, the great master of music would not have disdained to have embodied his conceptions in a far nobler production than that of his celebrated "Harmonious Blacksmith." As a vocalist the subject of these remarks surpassed his competitors by many degrees. Even Braham himself, with all his richness of voice and power of expression, could not be heard beside him. Whenever he chose to pour forth the thrilling power of his song, every other sound must of necessity be hushed, every other voice silent. Nor was it easy to know which to admire most—the brilliancy, beauty, and elegance of his execution, or the sweetness and pathos of that music which he seemed to compose at will. But this did not constitute his whole merit. His accomplishments and acquirements were so many and various, that he was the delight and admiration of every beholder, and the entertainment of every company.

We need not stop to inquire why most clever people are oddities. Whether it is that talent is scarce, or that the possessor presumes too much upon that wherein he excels—the truth, however, must be confessed, that the subject of these memoirs, like too many of the sons of genius, was a fanciful and capricious creature. If you sought the entertainment and delight you expected from his society, it was then he became sullen and morose; if you asked him to gratify you with a specimen of his vocal powers and his enchanting music, he would probably retire to his apartment as if you had given him some offence. But when the fit was over, and the sun again shone forth, then would he exert his powers, without further solicitation, and hold the attention of an entire company in breathless admiration.

Doubtless, my young readers are anxious to learn the name and lineage of such a strange yet admirable personage. His family was certainly respectable, being as old as the creation; but we never heard anything very particularly remarkable in any of his ancestors, nor, indeed, any of his name, till we met with him. There was one peculiarity, however, which we were very nearly omitting, namely, that though humble in their origin, every one of his kindred that came to maturity, invariably rose in the world, except himself, and that, singular to say, it was his superior talent which effectually put a bar to his advancement in that way. As to his name, it was humble like his birth; yet it has had talent connected with it, from Thomas Aquinias, down to Thomas Moore. His style and title was Thomas Lark, Esq., but he was more generally known among his friends, and acquaintances, and admirers, by the familiar name of "Tommy."

"And so," we think we hear our readers exclaim, "after all, it is but a poor insignificant sky-lark."

Very true, indeed; but if you had seen and heard that same sky-lark, as we and hundreds of others have, you would be delighted to make his acquaintance.

He was found in a nest in the grass by some mowers, while they were employed in cutting a meadow. He was fully feathered, and ready for his first flight, and he was brought home by the man-servant, as a present to the young ladies of a family where it was once our privilege to be an inmate. A cage was immediately procured, and a boy employed to bring a shamrock sod every morning for Tommy's pleasure and refreshment.

We need scarcely say that we are much opposed to the practice of depriving poor little animals of their natural liberty, and incarcerating them in cages, and such-like portable prisons, for the mere selfish gratification of vacant minds; and we cannot realise without horror, Sterne's picture of the captive, shut up in his solitary dungeon, counting the weary moments as they steal sluggishly along, and at the close of an almost interminable day, adding it to the number of the past on his wooden calendar. We cannot fancy, without a pang of sympathetic suffering, the wounded spirit—the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick—and the iron entering into his soul. "Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery, thou art a bitter draught." Surely, the practice we condemn must form part of that burden under which "the whole creation travaileth and groaneth together."

These remarks, however, are not called forth by anything which poor Tommy's state of confinement obliged him to endure; for the little creature seemed almost as happy as if he had enjoyed his natural liberty. He was brought from the nest before he was old enough to know what liberty was; and yet he was sufficiently old, as to no longer require the fostering care of the parent bird. A few hours more, and he would have stretched far away into the blue expanse of heaven, carolling that beautiful hymn of glory to the Creator which thrills through the heart, while it dies away on the ear, as the soaring bird disappears in the distance.

But if this was not Tommy's lot, he at least fell into kind hands, and he soon began to repay the tender and judicious care which was shown him, by a docility and tameness truly astonishing. He became familiarised to the presence of many people, by his cage being placed every day near the morning work-table of the young ladies of the family, and to that of strangers by the daily calls of visitors. At length the elder of our three young female friends ventured one day to let him out of his place of confinement; and it would appear as if the little creature was alive to the feeling of gratitude, for he seemed to recognise her in a peculiar way as his friend, and ever after treated her as if he held her in the deepest veneration and regard. Indeed, though evidently attached to every member of the family, which he pleased by a thousand endearing little ways, he yet exhibited towards each a different mode of behaviour. It now became a daily practice to permit the door of his cage to remain open, except on those occasions when it was necessary to ventilate the apartments by having any of the windows raised; and he soon began to consider it as a place of refuge, to which he always retired when anything occured to give him offence or alarm.

When the family were assembled at breakfast, he would fly upon the table, and walk round, picking up small pieces of egg, or crumbs of bread, and sometimes he would hop up on a loaf, and actually allow a slice to be cut under his feet before he would change his position. In the course of the morning, if the ladies sat at their embroidery, or other ingenious works, at which they often amused themselves, Tommy was again permitted to leave his domicile, and on these occasions he always paid a visit to their work-table, where he delighted to play sundry droll and mischievous tricks. It was curious to see him watching the operation of threading a needle. When the thread was put ever so little into the eye, he would seize the thread and dexterously pull it through. Sometimes, when the young lady had fastened her thread to her work, and continued sewing, he would make a sudden plunge at it, and pull it out of the needle again, to her great pretended vexation, while he would instantly fly out of reach and chuckle over the mischief. Sometimes he would hop on her open work-box, and seizeing the end of a cotton thread, would fly with it to the other side of the apartment, unwinding yards upon yards from the revolving spool. The second of the young ladies to whom we allude was remarkable for the elegance and neatness with which her hair was always braided. This did not escape Tommy's observation, and he frequently made an attack upon it, by taking the end of each ringlet in his bill, and, fluttering before her face, would leave it in the most admired disorder. He would then again chuckle as we have heard a magpie do after any act of mischief.

With the younger of the three young ladies, his practice was, if possible, to perch on the top of her head, and sing his beautiful song, till the music would pierce through her ears, and she was obliged to shake him off; but he never made the same attack upon her hair, though it was always becomingly settled. From the opportunity we had of watching the development of the little bird's *intellect*, we are quite convinced he understood everything that was said to him. There was a gentleman, an intimate friend of the family, who, in his repeated visits, had made himself familiar with Tommy. Whenever he made a morning call, he would say, "Ha! Tommy! good morning to you: are you ready for a game at shuttlecock?" The little creature would instantly fly to his extended hand, and suffer itself to be thrown into the air like that toy, and fall again into his hand, and so the game would continue for several minutes, until at length Tommy would fly to the ceiling, and, with his wings almost touching it, would dart with almost inconceivable rapidity from end to end of the apartment, singing at the utmost pitch of his voice that splendid melody which in his natural state the lark pours forth as he ascends above the clouds.

Another game which Tommy perfectly understood was "hide-and-go-seek," and for this he preferred as his companion the second of the "three sisters." She would say, "Now, Tommy, I am going to hide," and then drawing the room door open, she would place herself behind it, and cry, "Whoop." Tommy would immediately commence strutting up and down the floor, and stretching out his neck would peer under this, and behind that, as if he were seeking for her. At length coming opposite to where she stood, he would give a loud scream, and fly up to attack her hair. When this was over, and he had again become quiet, she would say, "Now, Tommy, it is *your* time to hide." Immediately the bird would stand still under a table, and she would commence a diligent search. "Where is Tommy? Did any one see Tommy?" In the meantime he would never give by sound or movement the least indication that he was in the room; but the moment she thought proper to find him, he would again scream, and fly up to her.

Were we to recount only the twentieth part of the many entertaining little tricks and gambols he used to exhibit, we should trespass too much on the space allotted to our biography—and, perhaps, too, on the patience of our readers. Perching sometimes on the head of the lady who first gave him his liberty, he would walk down her face as she held it up, with outspread wings, and give her a kiss! At other times he would walk round and round her, with his tail in the shape of a fan, and his wings trailing on the ground, just like a turkey-cock in miniature, warbling all the time a beautiful gentle melody in a subdued tone, and quite different from his song of the skies.

The mistress of the house, a little advanced in life, wore spectacles, which he would frequently pull off in his flights, and immediately let fall, as they were too heavy for him to carry; and after every feat of this kind, he would chuckle at his success. When the dinner things were removed, and the dessert set on the table, in the long days of summer, it was his practice to come upon the table, and going round it, would do something amusing to each person. He would bite the fingers of the master of the house, and give an exulting chuckle when he pretended to be hurt. At another gentleman's knuckles he would strike like a game-cock, and seem to be in wonderful passion. Then he would take a sudden flight at a lady's cap, and catching the end of a ribbon, would gracefully flutter before her face, carolling a snatch of a song; and again

he would visit his fair friend with the beautiful hair, and, plucking out her combs, would speedily demolish her glossy curls.

There remains, however, one trait of sagacity which those who recollect the entertaining little creature would scarcely pardon us if we omitted. The younger of the three ladies was accustomed each night before she retired to take her candle over to Tommy's cage to bid him "good night." He would instantly bring out his head from under his wing, and standing up, sing one of the most beautiful little songs you could conceive it possible for a little throat like his to warble—a song, too, that he never gave forth on any other occasion. And if she attempted to go out of the room without thus coming to bid him "good night," although his head was under his wing, and you thought him asleep, he would instantly scream out to put her in mind. To this may be added, the singular fact that he would not sing the same song for any one else who might take a candle to his cage, though he would respond by a chirp to their "good night."

It may well be imagined that a little creature so sagacious and entertaining would become very interesting, not only to the family, but to all who chanced to know him. His fame extended far and near, and many came from the remote parts of the county purposely to visit him. Even strangers made interest to be introduced to the family for the object. But it was not always on these occasions that Tommy "showed off" best. Like most pets, he was capricious; and while sometimes he would delight a large company, at others he would refuse to come out of his cage, or even notice the caresses of his own favourites. Induced by the astonishing docility and attainments of this admired and well-known pet, many persons tried the experiment of training and domesticating birds of the same species; and the result was a general lark-mania throughout the entire town. But it would not do. Whether it was that Tommy was an original genius, or that the circumstances of his education were more favourable for the devolopment of that natural talent, we cannot say; but it is a fact, that of the numerous birds condemned to imprisonment, after his example, not one could be in the least degree tamed, or even brought to sing, in their state of confinement. And such of them as escaped from the fangs of that miniature tigress, the cat, were, after a long and hopeless trial, restored to the green fields and their native liberty.

But this rage for lark-training occasioned a sad fright to the lady of the house on Tommy's account. Returning home one day from some shopping excursion, she found a dead lark at the hall-door, and taking it up in her hand, with what feelings my amiable young readers may suppose, she rushed to the apartment where Tommy was usually kept. Her first glance at the cage showed her the pretty pet alive, safe, and well; and, throwing the dead bird on the table, it was some minutes before she recovered from her agitation.

But an accident of a serious nature occurred about this time, which occasioned great alarm in the family. Tommy was lost! The first duty of the servant, when he came in to lay the cloth for dinner, was to ascertain that the bird was in his cage, and to close him in lest he should be trodden upon. One day, however, Tommy could not be found. Search was made in every direction; inquiries sent about in all quarters. No news could be obtained that any one had seen him for the previous two hours. At length dinner was announced, and the family sat down with grieving looks and uncomfortable feelings. Many conjectures were hazarded as to what had become of the bird. Could a cat have laid her felon claws upon him, or could he have been inadvertently trodden upon? At length it was recollected that the room having been unusually close and warm that morning, one of the windows had been thrown up for ventilation. It was concluded, therefore, that poor Tommy had got out, and that, alarmed at the novelty of his situation in the open street, he had not found his way back. It was decided, therefore, that messengers should be sent out in all directions to search for the bird. Just at this moment, however, a thought occurred to the lady of the house, and, thrusting her hand to the bottom of a capacious pocket, which, despite of the fashion, she was in the habit of wearing, she drew forth a small key, and running over to the work-table, she unlocked its drawer, and, sure enough, Tommy popped up his head with a chirp, as much as to say, "Not *lost*, only *mislaid!*" The truth happened to be, as was now recollected, that the bird had been picking at some crumbs of gingerbread in the open drawer, when the lady, hastily called away on some household message, had as hastily closed and locked the drawer, without perceiving the bird was there. Such, however, was its exceeding tameness, that, without being disturbed, it merely ducked its head as the drawer went in; and thus was poor Tommy enclosed in his temporary confinement, and forgotten, until the anxiety produced by his unaccountable disappearance led to his happy recovery.

Our young friends will doubtless have some curiosity to know whether poor Tommy underwent the fate of most pets of the kind, or whether he escaped the arch-enemy of all little birds, the wily and treacherous cat. If so, it will be a consolation to be told that he never fell victim to such an untimely death; but that he lived all the term of his life in the midst of the amiable family to whom he was so much attached. He had, however, some escapes. One of the ladies already mentioned, who was in the habit of rising early, on coming down stairs one summer morning, heard Tommy making a most unusual noise. She entered the apartment, and found a cat attempting to get her claws in through the bars of the cage, while Tommy stood on the middle of his sod, looking at her, and *scolding* most vehemently. The little creature had the sagacity to stand still in the centre of his cage, where the attacking party could not reach him. Had he been terrified, and fluttered against the wires, he was gone for ever. Punishment was denounced against puss; but the servants begged her off, as she belonged to a neighbour. It is a pity that a first warning is seldom regarded. The same cat was again caught at Tommy's cage, in a month or two afterwards, and *then* she was ordered to be banished for ever from the house.

What the duration of a lark's age usually is we cannot say. It is probable that in the natural state they do not live as long as when well taken care of in a tame condition. The frosts of winter, want of food, and other circumstances, must cut off large numbers of the older and more weakly birds. However this may be, Tommy himself lived a happy life for *thirteen* years. As he grew old, a curious complaint affected him. He cast the upper chap of his bill every season for a few years before he died. At those periods, more than usual care was necessary: he required to be fed with soft food, and he seemed in some degree to languish while the process was going on; but when the new portion of the bill had grown, and the old part was thrown off, he soon recovered his spirits, and became as entertaining as ever.

But, alas! larks must die as well as men. At length poor Tommy fell sick, and now, indeed, he lost all his energy and power of entertaining. His feathers ruffled, his head drooped, his wings hung, and his eyes grew dim. Every one suffered with poor Tommy, and there were as many messages to inquire how he did, as if it were indeed some dear friend. A humane and skilful surgeon, who was intimate in the house, and who regarded Tommy with unbounded admiration, did not disdain to visit him several times a-day, and contrived to administer medicine in homœpathic doses. But all would not do: the sympathy of attached friends, and the skill of human science, were alike unavailing. Tommy was wrapped in cotton, and placed near the genial warmth of a moderate fire—yet still he languished, and took but little notice of those around him. His young friend, for whom he used to sing his sweet "good night," approached him with her candle; he lifted his little head, and as the dying swan is said to sing, he attempted to warble his last "good night." She burst into tears, and retired. In the morning, Tommy was dead!

[The above relation of this very clever and entertaining bird is true in every particular; and the MS. having been put into the Editor's hands, he is happy in thus adding another chapter to the Instincts of Animals.]

THE TOWN AND BRIDGE OF CERET.

In the valley of the Tech, in the Pyrenees Orientales, lies the little town and commune of Ceret. The former, as the name implies, is a department of France in the eastern extremity of the Pyrenean mountains, bounded on one side by that part of the Mediterranean called the Gulf of Lyons, and on the other by the department of the Arriege, the mountains themselves forming the natural line of division between it and Spain. The whole department is not much larger than Hampshire; or, to speak more correctly, its area contains about 1,600 square miles, with a population of rather less than 165,000 persons, or about 103 persons per square mile. The principal town in this small and very rural department of France is Perpigan, on the Tet, and the next in importance is Ceret.

The town of Ceret contains about 2,750 inhabitants; but it is surrounded by a tolerably well cultivated district, containing nearly as many people as the town itself. Like other places out of the immediate range of the tourist, Ceret has its curiosities and antiquities; but one of the greatest glories of the town is the bridge shown in our engraving. It consists of a single arch of 144 feet span; and, says M. Merime, writing in 1834, "the massive style of its architecture is only equalled by the simple grandeur of its design." It is the opinion of many that it was constructed in the fourteenth century. The Tech flows down from the mountains in a rapid and tumultuous manner, till it almost reaches the town, when it widens considerably, and forms a kind of natural lake on the eastern side of it. Several small towns and villages are dotted about the river and its tributaries; Prats de Mollo, Arles, Le Boulon, St. Laurens, Bellagarde, &c., with their rustic populations of from two to three thousand each, are among them.

Ceret possesses a Court of Justice and a high school, and is surrounded by ancient lofty walls, said to have been built by the Romans during their occupation of Spain. But, besides present interest, Ceret has also its historical associations; for in its neighbourhood were fought several battles between the Roman armies and the troops under Hannibal, the African general, who, as we are told by Livy, at one time encamped in the Valley of Elne, at no great distance from Ceret. In 1793, a battle was fought between the French and the Spanish in a plain near at hand; and later still, the neighbourhood has been the scene of various encounters between the marshals of Napoleon and the generals of the allied armies—to say nothing of the masterly retreats of the former from the Peninsula, or the bold entry of Wellington into France.

THE BRIDGE OF CERET, OVER THE RIVER TECH, IN THE EASTERN PYRENEES.

But the view from the heights around Ceret suggest other and better thoughts than these. Looking down upon the rich valleys and smiling homesteads at his feet, the philosophic tourist may well deplore the fact, that war and evil passions should make a desert of so beautiful a spot, and that in the pursuit of the false and meretricious, men should neglect the true and beautiful. It is pleasanter, from such a spot, and with such a prospect before him, to think of the time when the Romans carried the arms and the civilisation of Italy into Gaul; and to trace in his memory the various fortunes of the soil—from the Romans to the Visigoths, and from them to the Moors, then again to the Franks, and then to the Spanish, till, in 1640, it was finally incorporated into the kingdom of France.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A PAINTER.

Everybody has heard of the famous painter Albrecht Durer, but every one is not aware that he possessed a "better half" so Xantipical in temper as to be the torment not only of his own life, but of that of his pupils and domestics also. Some of the former were cunning enough to purchase peace for themselves by conciliating the common tyrant—but woe to those unwilling or unable to offer aught in propitiation. Even the wiser ones were spared only by having their offences visited upon a scape-goat. This unfortunate individual was Samuel Duhobret, a disciple whom Durer had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs, and the coarse tapestry then used in Germany. He was about forty years of age, little, ugly, and humpbacked; was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow-disciples, and was picked out as a special object of dislike by Madame Durer.

Poor Samuel had not a spice of envy or malice in his heart. He would at any time have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont, oftenest, to laugh at him, or abuse him loudest for his stupidity. True—he had not the qualities of social humour or wit; but he was an example of indefatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at daybreak; and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber, and wrought for his own amusement.

One morning Duhobret was missing at the scene of his daily labours. His absence created much remark, and many were the jokes passed upon the occasion. One surmised this, and another that, as the cause of the phenomenon; and it was finally agreed that the poor fellow must have worked himself into an absolute skeleton, and taken his final stand in the glass frame of some apothecary; or had been blown away by a puff of wind, while his door happened to stand open. No one thought of going to his lodgings to look after him.

Meanwhile the object of their mirth was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; poor Duhobret had his dreams, as all artists, rich or poor, will sometimes have. He had thought the fruit of many years' labour, disposed of to advantage, might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life. Now, alas! even that hope had deserted him. He believed himself dying, and thought it hard to die without one to look kindly upon him; without the words of comfort that might soothe his passage to another world. He fancied his bed surrounded by devilish faces, grinning at his sufferings, and taunting him with his inability to summon a priest to exorcise them. At length the apparitions faded away, and the patient sank into an exhausted slumber. He awoke unrefreshed; it was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched; he turned over, and feebly stretched out his hand towards the earthen pitcher, from which, since the first day of his illness, he had quenched his thirst. Alas! it was empty! Samuel lay a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die of want if he remained there alone; but to whom could he apply for aid in procuring sustenance? An idea seemed at last to strike him. He arose slowly, and with difficulty, from the bed, went to the other side of the room, and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a salesman, and hoped to obtain for it sufficient to furnish him with the necessaries of life for a week longer. On his way he passed a house about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh—asked what was going on; and received for an answer, that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art collected by an amateur in the course of thirty years.

Something whispered the weary Duhobret that here would be the market for his picture. He worked his way through the crowd, and, after many inquiries, found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy, important, little man, with a handful of papers; and he was inclined to notice somewhat roughly the interruption of the lean, sallow hunchback, imploring as were his gestures and language.

"What do you call your picture?" at length said he.

"It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg—with its village—and the surrounding landscape," replied the trembling artist.

The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously, and asked what it was worth.

"Oh, that is what you please—whatever it will bring."

"Hem! it is too *odd* to please, I should think—I can promise you no more than three thalers."

Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent on that piece the nights of many months. But he was starving now; and the pitiful sum offered would give him bread for a few days. He nodded his head to the auctioneer, and, retiring, took his seat in a corner.

The sale began. After some paintings and engravings had been disposed of, Samuel's was exhibited.

"Who bids at three thalers? Who bids?" was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none answered. "Will it find a purchaser?" said he, despondingly, to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up, for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at a public sale. "What will become of me?" was his mental inquiry. "That work is certainly my best;" and he ventured to steal another glance. "Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs and moves those leaves? How transparent is the water! what life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steeple shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!" This was the last expiring throb of an artist's vanity. The ominous silence continued, and Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands.

"Twenty-one thalers!" murmured a faint voice, just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupified painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture-dealer to whom he had first thought of applying.

"Fifty thalers," cried a sonorous voice. This time a tal man in black was the speaker.

There was a silence of hushed expectation.

"One hundred thalers," cried the picture-dealer.

"Three hundred."

"Five hundred."

"One thousand."

Another profound silence; and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other with eager and angry looks.

"Two thousand thalers!" cried the picture-dealer, and glanced around him triumphantly, when he saw his adversary hesitate.

"Ten thousand!" vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clenched convulsively.

The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation; he made two or three efforts, and at last cried out—"Twenty thousand!"

His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped; the other laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and a murmur of admiration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer; he felt his peace at stake. "Fifty thousand!" exclaimed he, in desperation.

It was the tall man's turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted, "One hundred thousand!"

The crest-fallen picture-dealer withdrew; the tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

The possessor was proceeding homeward when a decrepit, lame, and humpbacked invalid, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as dispensing with his thanks.

"May it please your honour," said the supposed beggar, "I am the painter of that picture!" and he rubbed his eyes.

The tall man was Count Dunkelsback, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped, took out his pocket-book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines. "Take it, friend," said he; "it is a check for your money. Adieu."

MODERN ART AND ARTISTS.

The Exposition of French Arts and Industry in 1849 was inaugurated in the Royal Palace of the Tuileries, at Paris; and a writer of the day, alluding to the former occupancy of that celebrated pile, observed, that "kings might perish and dynasties might be overthrown, but art must be eternal!" Now, however applicable or otherwise this expression was to the occasion, it contained a great truth. Art, if not exactly French art, is lasting and universal. Whether we stand in the shadow of the past, or bask in the sunshine of the present, our sympathies with art are enlisted, and our grosser natures purified; and, in this sense, the painter and the sculptor become great teachers, great poets, great orators!

We have heard of the "golden age," when little gold was discovered or brought into use; the "iron age," which indeed existed before railroads or steam-engines; the "age of innocence," which, by all accounts, was an age of very loose morals indeed; and various other "ages" distinguished by various other positive terms; but few have dared to designate the present time by any similitude to actual materialities. With the news of Australian and Californian discoveries brought daily to our fire-sides, we might, indeed, term this the "golden age;" while, if we look merely to the mechanical results of modern research and invention, we might, with equal truth, esteem ours the "age of bronze," or the "age of iron." Artistically and figuratively speaking, ours has been termed—whether truly or otherwise we shall not pretend to determine,—the "Age of Tinsel!" Glitter and superficiality, says a modern writer, are the characteristics of both the times and the tinsel. Everything appears to be overdone; everything seems to be brought out in the gayest possible forms, at the cheapest possible rates, and with the least possible real utility or purpose. Burke declared, that with *the* French Revolution the age of chivalry had passed away; and later writers have not hesitated to affirm that the romantic period has altogether vanished from the world's history. In some senses—that is to say, in the senses in which these phrases were, and are, generally understood,—both assertions are probably correct; but in that higher view of chivalry and romance, which regards the most noble and daring action to be the removal of those old superstitions and restrictions which confined the minds of our forefathers, as iron bands and prison walls and rusty chains confined their bodies, the spirit of honour and the love of adventure are more than ever the property of the present. True, we have designated this the age of tinsel, but is it not a period of advancement too? If, in our literature, we place too much reliance on showy and tawdry exteriors, striking illustrations, beautiful printing, glossy paper, and gossamer writing, have we not also some enduring books which will take their stand beside the *works* of the masters of the past? If, in our mechanical arts, we waste, occasionally, the energies of both mind and capital in the production of trifling and shallow nothingnesses;—hundred bladed penknives, patent leather boots with a polish like court sticking-plaster, and ladies' silk dresses with half a dozen tints and shades, according to the light you view them in,—have we not also our tubular bridges, and Thames tunnels, and spinning jennies, and caloric engines? And so also in art. Though we no longer produce "Holy Families," and "Galateas," and "Schools of Athens," and "Annunciations," like those of Titian, and Raphael, and Guido, and Claude, and Murillo, but content ourselves with "Pet Kittens," and "Oyster Dredgers," and "Views on the Thames," and "Mouse-traps," and such like nonentities,—we have also something to boast in the grandeurs of Turner, and Danby, and Martin, and the naturalnesses of Landseer, and Webster, and Wilkie, and Frith. It is true that, instead of the severely classic styles of the painters patronised by Lorenzo the Magnificent, in the glorious times of Italy, when a church thought it no waste to spend a couple of years' income for one grand altar-piece,—we have numerous examples of what may be called domestic pieces,—portraits and fancy pictures, and illustrations for annuals and drawing-books,—yet must we hold the times we live in, and not the artists who live in the times; to account for this seeming,—nay, real—degeneration of art. In the place of noble and wealthy patrons, who, like Leo and Lorenzo, directed the artists to higher aims and more ambitious purposes, and disdained not to expend fortunes in the production of splendid art-examples, we have now a middle class public whose patronage can only be secured by the manufacture of paintings small enough to hang over library fire-places, and fill wall-spaces over parlour cupboards. It is the public who control the artists and not the artists who govern the taste of the public. We had a melancholy instance in the unfortunate Haydon, of the failure of an attempt to educate the public mind by great historical and grand gallery pieces. He painted pictures which were too large for modern houses, and the consequence was, that they remained unsold on his hands, and failed to attract discriminating audiences to the Egyptian-hall when put in competition with the superior claims of General Tom Thumb!

And the reason for all this is, not that the artists of our day want patronage—for the thousand and more new works which cover the walls of the Royal Academy on the first Monday in every May attest to the contrary—but that the patronage is not quite of the right sort. What was it that produced such multitudes of low-art paintings among the Dutch masters? Why, simply because their patrons were shopkeepers and dairymen, who preferred the portraits of themselves and their little houses to anything which the genius of the artist might dare to attempt in a higher walk; because such productions *paid*, and because there was no demand among the wealthy and educated classes for the nobler and more enduring evidences of the painter's skill and labour.

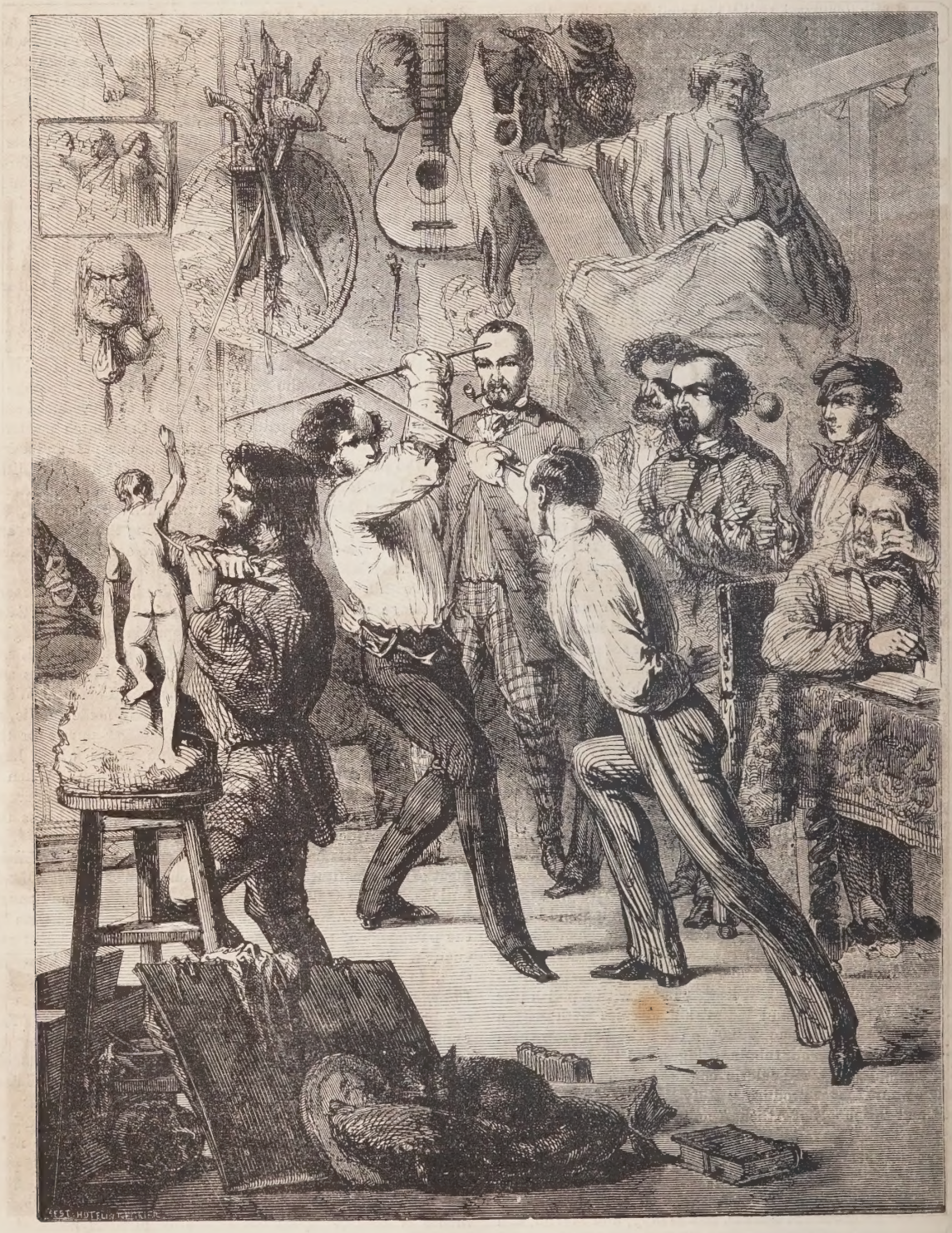
Till within a very recent period indeed, the same remark would have applied to English patrons and English artists; but our statesmen have shown their appreciation for the higher creations of art, and their love of the true, and beautiful, and noble, by those commissions which produced the statues and frescoes which decorate the walls of the New Palace at Westminster, and by that determination, so lately made public, to provide a better building than that in Trafalgar-square for the reception and preservation of the noble works which have been purchased by, or bequeathed to, the nation. When a Vernon and a Turner—a well-informed patron and a successful artist—give their pictures to the nation, it behoves the nation to provide them a fitting house.

Much, too, has been done for modern art by the establishment of such institutions as Art-Unions; and Fine-art Distributions, Public Galleries, and Free Exhibitions; and much has been done towards the improvement of the public taste by the patronage of the rich and powerful among us. But not enough. It was, we think, a mistake of the Royal Commission, in excluding paintings from the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations—an example which, we trust, will not be followed in the People's Palace at Sydenham. Art requires extensive patronage, and that patronage must be judicious as well as extensive. The half-penny ballad-school of illustration must give place to the higher claims of works, such as we insert in this magazine. Art must not be allowed to sink, either in style, conception, or execution, by the low taste of the purchasing patrons, or in the non-appreciation of governmental boards. We have had examples enough of Falls of Niagara painted upon tea-boards, and ship-covered Atlantic Oceans depicted upon canvasses twenty inches by twelve. Even the sellers of pictures now-a-days begin to exclaim against the rubbish they are compelled to sell, and the public demand for better subjects and higher art is beginning to make itself known among artists. Glaring colour and petty artistic efforts are, we trust, about to give way to a nobler and more living style of painting.

As in pictures, so in statuary. Our Baileys, and Wyatts, and Steeds, and Bells, are slowly beginning to perceive that the public taste—and therefore the profitable art-trade—is

inclining towards something better than portrait statues of nude children and small busts of unknown celebrities; and patronage is again falling into the hands of princes and potentates. And thus it will suggest itself to artists, that it will be better to *lead* the growing intelligence of the age, than to go on, as they have been going on, producing statues which are carved by the chisels of marble-manufacturers in Rome, to be filed and sand-papered up to the requisite degree of finish in the studios of London. They must be careful, or the artists of America and Austria—the Powers and Raphael Montis of the Exhibition—will overtake and pass them in the race for fame.

In architecture, too, we of the modern times are improving. From the gin-palace character of our modern buildings, we are slowly retiring to the great Grecian and Gothic models, as the Royal Exchange, the Reform Club, the Catholic Cathedral in St. George's-fields, and the New Houses of Parliament, sufficiently testify; and it will be the shame and reproach of our architects, if they retreat from the position they have



A FRENCH VIEW OF A FRENCH STUDIO

assumed. Art to be eternal must be intelligent and aspiring. We have been led into these brief remarks by the very natural wish to illustrate our engravings by apposite reasoning. Painted by a French painter, the studios of modern French artists are presented to us with just that degree of exaggeration which was requisite to render them attractive pictures. Here we see that, in the place (that should be) devoted to study and reflection, the students pursue their avocations amid the apparently incongruous amusements and gaieties of youth. The painter and the sculptor work on regardless of the noise and riot of intruders, and the lady model sits unconscious of the proximity of small sword practice and the inanity of cup and ball. Of course, it is not to be supposed that such incidents as are here depicted ever take place in any artist's studio *all at once*—even though the studio be a Frenchman's: but M. Valentin has generalised and brought together the phases of artist-life in France in his own exquisite manner, simply to show what sometimes takes place in separate and occasional intervals of

IN THE PRESENT DAY. FROM A DRAWING BY VALENTIN.

study. Many of our readers will remember the works of Pradier, Collas, and Debay, which graced the French Sculpture Court in the Exhibition; and they will of course conclude that something more of thought and inspiration were bestowed on, and evolved by their production than the beautiful pictures of Valentin would lead us to suppose. The age of Tinsel is the age of youth; and it is generally succeeded, in art as in nature, by the ages of Gold and of Iron.

SILK AND SILK-WEAVERS.

The silk-trade of this country, employing upwards of half a million of people, is the exclusive occupation of only two localities in England of any great importance—Spitalfields and Macclesfield. In the latter place, where it employs about 25,000 persons, it is entirely the growth of the last sixty years; in Spitalfields it boasts of a much higher antiquity, dating its origin as far back as 1685. Silk-weaving was not entirely unknown in England prior to that time, it having been carried on at Canterbury, Norwich, and other places, by large numbers of refugees from religious persecution on the continent. A new impulse was given to the trade in 1685, caused by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when upwards of 50,000 French refugees, chiefly weavers, found an asylum in this country, and were treated with the utmost consideration, both by the parliament and people. A grant of £15,000 per annum was voted by government for their immediate necessities, and they were permitted to settle on what was then an open space belonging to the Hospital of St. Augustine, and known as "Hospital-fields;" hence, by a very obvious abbreviation, the modern name, Spitalfields. The *hospitality* thus afforded, appears to have been in no way abused, for the liberality of the legislature soon became unnecessary, the weavers attaining a flourishing and important position; so much so, that in less than thirty years afterwards, their trade in its various branches maintained upwards of 300,000 persons in England, about half the number at present engaged in it. While the cotton-trade has originated and grown to its present colossal dimensions almost within the memory of the present generation, 140 years has scarcely sufficed to double the number of those dependent on the silk-trade. The early growth of the silk-trade was, however, of a far more extraordinary character than that of the cotton-trade, the first forty or fifty years having witnessed its development to an extent, which, when taken in connexion with the total population of the country, is entirely without a parallel.

For many years the population of Spitalfields was almost exclusively French, and although in a foreign country, they retained almost to within the memory of persons now living the use of their native language, remnants of which may still be traced in names of articles used by the weavers. For instance, the instrument used to turn the work on to the beam after it is woven is called *a tanto;* in Norwich, where the Flemings are supposed to have given most of the names to weavers' tools, the same thing is called a *starking-pin*. *The batteau, the battens, the mounture* of the Spitalfields weaver, are substitutes for *the rol, the boards,* and *the harness,* of the Norwich weaver; the former words being pure French, and the latter evidently of Saxon or low German origin. Lancashire has synonymes for these words in *rathe, lathe,* and *mountain,* the latter clearly a corruption or mispronunciation of the French name. The evidence of French antecedents is not, in Spitalfields, confined to the names of tools; numbers of proper names of undoubted French parentage are to be found scattered over the whole district, many of them owned by shopkeepers and small tradesmen. The foreign aspect of the neighbourhood is, however, with the exception of a few names, almost entirely amongst the things that were. The French songs, which we are told were formerly sung about the streets, the French coffee-houses, the French manners, the dash of French in the style of the houses, the porticoes, the seats at the doors, with the weavers on summer evenings enjoying their pipes, all these are gone, leaving scarcely a remnant behind. Spitalfields is changed; and, it is painful to add, not for the better.

There is one pleasant remnant of old times that has survived all the adverse vicissitudes from which Spitalfields has suffered—the little gardens with their neat summer-houses. Of these there are several hundreds, and from the immense numbers of tulips and dahlias which appear to be the peculiar care of Spitalfields cultivators, the whole neighbourhood presents during the latter part of the summer a gay and sprightly appearance. The ancient chronicler of Norwich describes that early seat of the weaving trade as a "city in a garden;" it has certainly, even to this day, some pretensions to that agreeable description; but it must yield the palm in that respect to Spitalfields, whose superiority renders that horticultural vanity, of which a few instances might be given, somewhat excusable. Although their gardens in autumn present all the deep tints and variegated obtrusiveness of the showiest of flowers, the cultivators are not all unmindful of the utilities. We remember, about five years ago, a gentleman, well known for his exertions in the cause of popular improvement, invited a number of the principal weavers of Spitalfields to several meetings at his house, for the purpose of talking over their depressed condition, and the possibility of something being done for them. At the second meeting, an old man between 60 and 70 presented a small basket to the host, saying, it contained some of the produce of Spitalfields. The contents were put upon the table in the shape of several fine *parsnips*. The old man was first speaker that night; and, with the produce of his garden before him, he waxed absolutely eloquent on the sin and shame and disgrace of letting a man who could produce *such parsnips* work from "morn to eve, from eve to dewy morn," and earn no more than enabled him to spend in food for his family just three farthings per head per day! He was perfectly right as to the sin and shame and disgrace existing somewhere; but one would have expected the "reason why" and the pride to have lain in another direction.

The decadence of Spitalfields may be dated from shortly after the commencement of the present century. Up to that period the wages of weavers were higher than those of any other class of workmen. Even in 1814, some years after the stream of adversity had begun to gather strength, a list of prices for labour was published, in which the price of the lowest article in the trade, which was and is made chiefly by women and young persons, was 7d. per yard; the price paid for a similar article, but with a far greater amount of labour in it, in Lancashire and Cheshire, is 2d. per yard. This comparison of prices is a tolerably correct indication of the amount of reduction in wages generally.

From the earliest times, the Spitalfields weavers have sought, by combination, to fix the prices of their labour. For a time they succeeded. The state of the trade would have enabled them to command almost any prices they chose to name; but they endeavoured to maintain their monopoly too long. An enemy was in the field that they refused to recognise; the power-loom was taking the work from the cotton-weavers of Manchester, Macclesfield, and other places, and cotton-weavers needed but little instruction to make them good silk-weavers. Silk manufacturers discovered this, and as Spitalfields has declined, other places have taken its trade. The silk-trade, which, at its commencement, was almost confined to one locality, is now scattered over twenty counties. In the small towns of Essex, in Kent, in Somersetshire, in Norfolk, in Lancashire and Cheshire, in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, in Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, and Warwickshire, and even in Yorkshire, the sound of the silk-loom may be heard. In many of these places the trade is extending, but Spitalfields declines. Although the original cause of this decline was the high wages demanded, the reaction has been so great that prices are now lower in Spitalfields than in some of those places to which the trade has fled. Forty years ago, the best hands earned as much as £7 or £8 per week; and they would any of them have been ashamed of themselves not to have kept St. Monday as a holiday. There was no waiting then: one week's wages was the average wages of the year, and the masters were so anxious to obtain the goods, that some of them have been known to take work in from

weavers on a Sunday morning. If, by some strange chance, a man played a week instead of working, he went to the warehouse for his wages on Saturday as usual. There were no "black" Saturdays then—no empty cupboards because the "cane was down." The weavers of those days were amongst the most respectable of tradesmen, and in Norwich, to this day, the old women will often tell of the time, when a farmer's daughter was said to have made a "capital match" by marrying a weaver; now the milk-maid and scullery-girl turn up their noses with supreme contempt at the idea of such a suitor.

For upwards of a hundred years the weavers of Spitalfields maintained almost a monopoly of the silk-weaving trade, but at the commencement of the present century it became evident that its glory was departing. The work was sent elsewhere, and all their committees and combinations and strikes were found to be unavailing. They have no list of prices now, no committees, no combination, no strikes; prices are so low that they are not worth the cost of a hopeless contention with the masters. The steed has been stolen, and it is useless now to lock the stable-door.

Nearly 20,000 weavers were at one time employed in Spitalfields; the number at present is less than 10,000, and these continue to diminish. Macclesfield and its neighbourhood employ quite as many, in addition to the persons employed in the throwing department. The 10,000 weavers for Macclesfield manufacturers, however, are not more than half of them residents in the town; the other half living in the country parts of Lancashire and Cheshire, and a few among the hills of Derbyshire. Macclesfield has, almost from its first acquaintance with the silk-trade, sought to follow out the same trade policy as that which had been adopted by its metropolitan parent. It had trade committees who fixed the price of labour; it had strikes every few months, sometimes of the most disastrous character; it limited employment to those who had served an apprenticeship of seven years to the trade, none others being permitted to work. In 1832, a strike took place, which lasted seven weeks. Every day a procession of nearly 3,000 men paraded the streets with bands and banners, living chiefly on the bounty of the shopkeepers and small tradesmen, many of whom were completely ruined by the contest. The workmen won the day, but it was an expensive victory. The loss in wages alone, including the subordinate branches of the trade, could not be less than £30,000. There have been several strikes since, but none to compare with that, which is still frequently referred to as "the great strike." The last general strike of the whole town took place in 1849. It was of short duration, a conference of masters and men having agreed to put an end to it by forming a board of arbitration or reference, consisting of equal numbers of each. This "Silk-trade Board," as it was called, existed for upwards of three years; it was composed of twenty-four members, who appointed a president having no personal interest in the decisions of the board. The president was a gentleman of the legal profession, selected on account of the presumed greater ability of lawyers to sift evidence in a logical manner, and to decide "according to law." When any question was raised, it was argued with all the best ability that either party could command, and when the decision was given it was considered to be as binding as if given in a court of law.

For three years Macclesfield exulted in having found a remedy for all the ills entailed by strikes and industrial contention. The "Silk-trade Board" meetings assumed an importance second only to those of the town-council, the same room being often used by both bodies, and the members of the one not unfrequently being members of the other. A kindlier feeling and a greater degree of confidence grew up between the employers and the employed; each party in case of grievance knowing that they had a recognised and friendly tribunal to which to appeal, and each felt bound to accept the judgment, although necessarily opposed to the views of one of them. Theoretically, it appears that such a system is adapted to the requirements of any trade, but practically such an appeal has proved to be nearly valueless. Price could not be regulated by *quality* of material, but only by *quantity*. Hence the inequality of wages must be greater where price is fixed, than where each man makes his own bargain with his employer, as at Manchester, and in the Lancashire weaving trade generally. This view of the case appears to have led the manufacturing members of the silk-trade to abandon the views entertained at the commencement of the experiment, and they gradually neglected their attendance at the meetings, until their almost total absence led to a formal dissolution.

The destruction of the silk-trade board has driven the weavers back into their old position—to strikes and committees and public meetings—to making bargains in multitudes. These were precisely the causes which drove the trade from Spitalfields, and they have for the last twenty years been actively spreading it in the villages and hamlets of the rural districts. Capital dreads confusion and tumult; it will fish only in quiet waters; in calm and in sunshine it will put forth its strength like a giant, but when the waves of popular commotion begin to rise, and the rumblings of distant thunder indicate the coming of a social storm, it is as sensitive as the horns of a snail. The history of a hundred and fifty years may be appealed to in proof of this.

Having said thus much in disparagement of weavers' trade policy, it may be agreeable to add some testimony as to their personal honesty. Dr. Mitchell, in a report on the condition of the weavers of Spitalfields, presented to parliament in 1838, says,—"Many of the manufacturers are ready to speak highly of the honesty of the operatives as a body; and when it is recollected how often the weaver is in deep distress, and has a portable and saleable property under his absolute control, it is no small trial of his virtue under such circumstances to restrain himself. There is undeniable evidence, that, amongst some select bodies of weavers, the embezzlement is so small as to be almost an invisible fraction." Further on, the doctor states that, from extensive inquiry, he was satisfied that the deficiency was little more than one penny for every hundred pounds' worth of property entrusted to the weavers' care, and he observes,—"Honesty beyond this we can hardly expect ever in this world to find." The same remark and the same statements are equally true of the weavers of Macclesfield; but there is without doubt a large amount of gross villany in other branches of the trade in which embezzlement is less easy of detection. There are persons who make a regular trade of inducing children to purloin small portions of silk in the factories, for which a mere tithe of the value is paid. But a more gross, because a more open and recognised, fraud is that practised by some of the commission-throwsters.

A manufacturer gives out a bale of silk, say a hundred pounds weight, to be thrown [i. e. spun, or twisted.] He is to pay 2s. 6d. a pound for throwing, and its value is, say, 16s. a pound. By a plentiful use of soap, the bale of silk is increased several pounds in weight, but if this overweight is returned to the manufacturer, he has to pay for it at its full value, or, in other words, he pays 18s. 6d. a pound for soft soap, and he must either do this, or his bale of silk, with several pounds of soap added, will come back just 100 pounds if less than that weight, there is always the ready excuse that it did not work well, and a good deal was wasted. Of late years this excuse has been of no avail, as the manufacturer has exacted from the throwster the value of any deficiency as a set-off against his, the manufacturer's, liability to pay for any overweight.

A few miles from Macclesfield there is a considerable amount of silk plush manufactured, and made into hats, by a firm of long standing. This firm was in the habit for many years of allowing their workmen to draw money when they had been waiting for work. About an equal number of weavers and—another trade, which need not be named, as "comparisons are odious," were employed. The manager of this firm stated to the present writer not long ago, that while they had lost upwards of £400 in ten years by the "other trade" going away in debt, they had lost less than £10 by the weavers in that time in the same way. May we not conclude in the words of Dr. Mitchell, "Honesty beyond this we can hardly expect ever in this world to find?"

REMARKABLE TREES.

A desolate place indeed would the world appear, if its population ever increased enough to sanction the presence of the husbandman, accompanied by all the modern improvements in agriculture, on those spots rendered grand by trees whose age and stature so enchant mankind, but whose over-spreading boughs are proclaimed inimical to the growth of the staff of life! We will hope, however, that the price of the cheap loaf will never require to be maintained by the introduction of the woodman's axe into places whose traditions are solely about their trees, whose picturesque scenery depends on their existence, and whose inviting shade and various associations assemble beneath their branches the lovers alike of poetry and of romance. Approach not such places, you model-farmers, who prefer the sight of acres laid out by rule and line to that of nature's wild and beautiful devices. Back! you manufacturers, who delight in the smoky volumes that issue from a factory chimney, but who see nothing to admire in the leafy intertwinings of the stately forest tree. Leave, I say, the poet and the painter undisturbed in their possessions, and let not the scenes which inspire them become, like cold and snow in English winters, things of former times. Let them still have views containing trees to sketch, and shady places in which, through summer days, to feast on reverie—that reverie whence spring their most sublime productions, and which assumes at no time more fanciful, more picturesque, more profound, or more true tones, than when they are gazing on some magnificent distant view, which, deprived of trees, would be a desert. Promise me this, and I will tell you—but no, I will not impose any conditions on you; for whether you promise me or not, I will still relate to you the peculiarities of two remarkable trees, as they will, perhaps, cause you, at least, to respect, if not to admire, the stately and romantic forms which nature alone knows how to assume so well.

PLAINTAIN, NEAR SMYRNA.

Smyrna, which is one of the largest cities on the Asiatic coast, is situated at the head of a delightful bay surrounded by lofty mountains. A vast plain stretches from the eastern limits of the city to the hills situated in the opposite direction to the sea: these hills are lofty, and are covered with opulent villages; while the plain itself, which is extremely fertile, is watered by the Meles, a sparkling river which washes the walls of Smyrna; poplars, cypresses, plantains, as well as all kinds of vegetables, grow here in great abundance.

Towards the middle of the plain, at the side of the road

which leads from Smyrna to Bournabat (a village where a rotto is shown, in which it has been thought, from the emotest times, that Homer wrote the Iliad), is seen an old lantain, remarkable for its size, and still more so for its ingular form and picturesque appearance; its trunk is divided nto two strong parts, which, in spite of this division, have ut one head between them; these two stems, as they join at considerable height from the ground, form a sort of arch, hrough which the inhabitants of the village frequently pass s they go to Bournabat, where the country-houses of the ich merchants are situated. The tree does not rise exactly in

to be seen at Brignolles, in the department of Var, in France. The river of Carami runs outside the walls of Brignolles. According to tradition, it flowed, five or six centuries ago, over the very place which, at present, bears its name; and the remarkable elm which is given in our engraving was among the trees which graced its banks. This elm had already become, in the fifteenth century, one of the curiosities of Brignolles. Michel de l'Hopital celebrated its rare proportions in the writings which he composed during his exile in Provence, in the first half of the sixteenth century. On the 25th of October, 1564, Charles IX., who was stopping at a

ELM AT BRIGNOLLES

ie middle of the road, for it would there impede the progress the vehicles, which are too large to pass between its two ems; but foot-passengers, and very often people on horse- ack, follow a path which runs parallel with, and is contiguous , the road, and which passes under this vegetable archway. n approaching the city, a view is obtained of the cemeteries, hich are, after those of Pera and Scutari, the most remark- ble throughout the East, both by the number and the eauty of their venerable cypresses, in the midst of which the umerous and richly-sculptured tombs of the inhabitants of myrna rise in the most picturesque irregularity.

The other tree we wish to speak about is an elm, which is

house opposite the elm, was much delighted by beholding a ball given under its spreading boughs, where the volte and the martingale were danced in a right gallant manner. Time, which endangers all things, rendered it, however, at last, necessary to prop up this venerable patriarch of the trees of Var; and it is at present supported by a wooden pillar about seven feet and a half high. It is said that the hollow sides of its old trunk have served more than once as a dwelling-house for poor people. But this vegetable retreat is now protected from the weather by a wall of stones and cement; and it is only since it has been repaired like an old house, that the tree no longer serves to shelter any one.

DIARY OF A JOURNEY TO THE DIGGINGS.

BY ALFRED HOWITT,

SON OF WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

THE BUSH, ABOUT EIGHT MILES FROM KILMORE.—*Saturday, Nov.* 6, 1852.—You will see from my heading that we are fairly on our journey; that is, as fairly as being detained here by a broken cart can be called so. You will see how that disaster happened from another part of my letter, as I shall commence with our departure from Melbourne last Wednesday week. On that day, at six o'clock in the morning, we were all ready, — the cart loaded, the horses as fine a team as you could see in a day's walk; and ourselves dressed in digger costume, and well armed with guns, rifles, and revolvers. It was three o'clock, however, before the two other parties, with whom we had promised to go up the country, were even in anything like moving order; and we then started by ourselves, leaving Edward and Charlton behind to show them the road out of town. My cousins Edith and Charley went a short distance with us.

At about half a mile beyond the town, and just below the new wooden suburb of Collingwood, we came to the first piece of bad road—a wide swampy flat, full of mud-holes deep enough to take the cart up to the axle-tree. By good piloting, however, we went through in fine style, our horses dragging the cart and its load of seventeen hundred-weight through with ease: here Edith left us and went back. From this place—Riley's swamp—we pushed on over a couple of miles of level country to the "Merrie Creek," where we halted for the remainder of our party to come up. The "Merrie Creek" is a deep ravine winding through the level country, and with steep banks covered with huge boulders and a few gnarled gum-trees. Here we waited for at least an hour and a half, till our patience was almost exhausted, and I went back towards town to look for the others. It was not till I was close to the swamp that I saw them winding slowly among its mud-holes, with stragglers before and behind, and Edward and Charlton posting on at a great pace ahead.

I wish you could have seen the sight our troop presented. Three carts, heavily laden with tarpaulin covers, and drawn by two horses each,—with tent-poles poking out at each end, and pots and pans hanging on behind, jingling all the way. Then fifteen people in picturesque-looking jumpers, with all sorts of hats and caps, and many of them carrying bundles on their backs; some with guns across their shoulders, and almost all with pistols or knives, or both. These defensive weapons were for the bushrangers, who had lately become unusually numerous and daring—even stopping as many as fifteen persons within an hour's time at only three miles from Melbourne. All the fifteen in our party had come to the determination of at all events having a fight for our things should they be attacked.

That night we pushed on ten miles on the lower Plenty road, and halted soon after dusk on a cross-road at the back of Mr. Bakewell's paddock. Leaving the others there, we four—Mr.——, Charlton, Edward, and I—took the horses down to Mr. Bakewell's, at the Plenty, where we stayed for the night. Up to this time that was our last night under a roof, and we enjoyed it extremely. In the morning we started about nine, for four or five miles over good roads; but then our hard work commenced. Great mud-holes to cross, big boulders scattered over the road, dead trees, and deep ruts. The only thing was to run the horses at these places; and on we went, splashing through the mud, —one wheel up to the nave, and the other on hard ground, the horses plunging and snorting, and the heavy carts creaking and shaking as if every jolt would break them to pieces. All this time you must imagine the drivers yelling and shouting to their horses, with plenty of whip-cracking, and altogether a regular uproar. In several places we came to a dead stand-still; and our unfortunate grey had to be unharnessed and led back to fetch up the other carts; and the two other leaders were not able to do one-half that he could in pulling. Of course we had their two leaders when we were bogged, but the proportion of work fell on ours.

After this bad road we had half a mile of tolerable travelling as far as Kavanagh's inn; when it became so bad, that, after much deliberation, we knocked out a couple of rails from the fence at our right hand, and determined to go through the paddock as far as the road continued impassable. No sooner, however, were the three carts inside and the rails put up again, than a man came riding up through the trees like mad, demanding, in the name of an infernal personage, what we were doing there? I was about a hundred yards behind the others with the cart, and, therefore, heard little of what went forward, except an angry "You shan't!" and an equally determined "We will!" till at length the debate appeared to cool, and I caught the words "pound note." I now heard some one behind me, and looking round saw a sunburnt old fellow, in a fustian jacket, and with a long wattle stick in his hand.

"Good day," said I.

"Good day," said he, "and what may it be that has brought you here?"

"Our legs," replied I, "we're all walking."

"And sure thin, and where's the dacther?" asked he.

"Up there, in the canvas jumper," said I.

"Good luck to you, sir, and sure I'll have this tooth drawed!"

And, sure enough, I soon saw the old fellow down on the ground, and the Doctor brandishing a bright forceps about his mouth. Then the old fellow gave a jump, and shouted out "Arrah, sure! and is the baste out? And won't your honour take a nobbler to keep the could out of your fingers?"

It was a most absurd scene, and by the time it was ended the man on horseback had agreed for the sum of one pound sterling to show us a good road through his paddock. The villain! if we had only had him harnessed for a leader, it would have saved the bush of our wheel, which is now at Kilmore being repaired, on which account we are here gradually soaking through, after two days and two nights incessant rain.

The road through his paddock was good just as far as he went with us, but beyond that it was execrable—mud, boulders, dead trees, and roots, obstructing the road for miles and miles. We had scouts out ahead to spy out the land; at dusk we were obliged to camp, as our cart was bogged, and one of the others had a broken shaft. To our great satisfaction, we discovered that the river Plenty was within a couple of hundred yards of our camp, down some steep, beautiful banks. Under the circumstances, we were tolerably comfortable; and Edward and I had the second watch, from one in the morning till four. We sat by the fire, made a damper, going every now and then to drive the horses back to the camp, which, towards the end of our watch, when the moon had set, was no easy matter among the trees and scrub. Just as our watch was ended, half the tree against which our fire was made came down with a tremendous crash close behind me; although, fortunately, without doing the slightest damage to the carts or tents. This roused every one, and we were off as soon as the broken shaft was repaired. That day we travelled over the same kind of roads for some six miles, when, at a swamp, we met Mr. Robert Bakewell, who had very kindly ridden up from the Plenty to show us the road. At this swamp, as usual, our unfortunate grey came in for the greatest part of the pulling. The great round boulders we had to cross at this place finished what those in Burke's paddock had begun, and the bush of our wheel split in two or three places, and ground against the linch-pin where the pieces had slipped off. That night we camped at Barber's Creek, a series of reedy water-holes, with very bad crossing places. Burke here overtook us with a three-horse dray, and was received very hotly by our party, who had by far the best of the argument; so Burke went off discomfited.

The following day we travelled as far as Hefferman's inn, to the point where one of the sources of the river Plenty rises in a weedy marsh. We camped on a mound rising from it on the Saturday evening.

The next day being Sunday, we had determined to give our horses a rest as well as ourselves, and therefore sauntered about—some in one direction, some in another; others stayed at the camp; and Mr.——, Joe Lamb, and myself went on about two miles to Mr. Boyd's station, where we bought three quarters of a sheep, and ordered another for the next day, to take with us. I am sure you would have laughed very much, as we did, if you had seen us walking back, each with a quarter of mutton over his shoulder. When we got home we dined, and frying-pans of hot mutton went off in a great hurry from the fire, frizzling and frying, to the tents. After dinner, one of our unfortunate events happened. At four o'clock our two horses were safely hobbled, and quietly grazing below the tents: at a quarter past they were gone; and two men in straw hats had just been seen walking up the opposite side of the swamp. Off went Edward and Charlton, and I seized a whip and followed, accompanied by the Doctor: just round the bend of the mound we all separated, and the others were soon out of sight. On I went through the trees, expecting to see the grey leader among the scrub; but not a trace. Over a hill and down the next valley was but a few minutes' work; and there was a grey horse, just like ours, looking at me from a paddock on the right. On I pushed, floundering through bogs, tumbling over stumps, till at last I was close to him. It was now quite a different animal—a Rosinante in the last period of existence. There was nothing for it but to push on; the sun was setting, and, though it was full moon, yet horse-hunting at night is no easy task at any time. I struck into the woods, and described a circle of at least six miles over hill and dale, steering first by the sun and afterwards by the moon, till I saw our fire blazing among the trees, and found myself on the opposite side of the swamp, having gone round its head in my ramble. Charlton and Edward had returned without any tidings, both wet and muddy, as they had crossed the swamp three times—Edward walking through in his jack-boots with Charlton on his back. The second time both fell souse into the water together. But the Doctor had not returned! Here was another cause of anxiety, as we knew well that he could scarcely find his way by daylight. There was nothing for it but to continue searching; and parties of two set out on all sides, to hunt the horses and the Doctor. Mr.——, Edward, Charlton, and I set out together to make the round I had made before, but with a wider sweep. This second search had not the slightest success, and we almost gave up the horses as lost. In the round I roused a camp, and was mistaken for a bushranger, and threatened with dogs, pistols, and guns, till I explained my object, when they became more friendly, and endeavoured to console me with the information that they had been there for ten days looking for their team of bullocks.

We were the last at camp; and nothing had been seen or heard of the Doctor or the horses.

The next morning we were up betime making inquiries. Some people said they must have been stolen; others declared they could only have strayed: and all that day were we tramping among the hills and gullies, in a vain search, for miles round. About four o'clock we returned to camp very tired and dispirited, and arranged that I was to start the next morning back to Melbourne for fresh horses—a step entailing a very heavy expenditure both of time and money. In the camp we found the Doctor, who had returned during the morning from exactly the opposite direction to that in which he set out. He had passed the night under a gum-tree, with a fire in front of him.

While we were sitting disconsolately over our tea, one of the people ran in to say that our horses were heard of. Our fatigue seemed to have vanished in a moment, and off we hurried to Heffernan's public house, where we found a bullock-driver sitting over a bottle of stout with a jet black pipe in his mouth.—"Had he seen a bay and a grey horse in hobbles?"—Yes, he had, at about five miles' distance in the bush, both of them making off as fast as they were able for the Plenty Ranges.—"What made him think that they were ours?"—He had passed us two days before, and knew he had seen them before directly he set his eyes on them; besides, he turned them round two or three times, when he found them, to make sure: the bay was saddle-marked, and both in first-rate condition.—"Where, then, could we find them? could he not go with us?"—Well, it was an uncommon queer place to find out, and he shouldn't have stumbled upon them if he had not been out himself looking for his team of bullocks; but if we kept along the fence to the left, and then along the first bush-fence we came to, and then right up among the ranges, we might see them, but we must be sharp about it, for they were making off like smoke for the Plenty Ranges, and if they once got among Wells's mob of wild horses on Mount Disappointment, we might whistle for them; he had lost a mare there four months before, and no one could get her out again; there were thousands of stray horses among the wild ranges back. "But couldn't he show us the way?" He would, if we found him a horse to ride on. Here was another dilemma, we only had one horse disposable—all the others being quite knocked up by the hunting about for our strayed horses and the Doctor.

Considering this, we determined to set out alone, and refusing the bullock-driver's repeated offers to taste his stout, we started along the left-hand fence. We had not gone more than half a mile before we found that it would be impossible to find the horses alone, and, therefore, sent back one of our party to offer the bullock-driver a pound-note to show us the way, and to bring on the least jaded horse in camp. In a short time we saw the horse and the bullock-driver coming up at a sharp pace with our messenger, and on we went again—our guide having brought with him a bottle of stout which he insisted on our emptying. We soon saw that we never could have succeeded in our search alone, for we had to strike up to the lower ranges—among heavily timbered gullies, and across swampy flats, till after some miles of travelling we came to a water-hole, where the foot-prints of hobbled horses were distinctly visible. We followed these tracks for some distance till we lost them, and had to spend a considerable time in finding a continuation beyond the stony ground, where the hoof-prints ceased. After another half-hour we lost them again, and the search seemed so hopeless, that two of the people who had accompanied us from the camp returned—being very much afraid of losing their way in the increasing darkness. Directly after they were gone we met a stout man on horseback, and asked him if he had seen two such horses? "Oh, yes; down in the next flat."

And sure enough, there they were, feeding as they hobbled on towards the ranges just a-head. The grey was just beginning to ascend the first hill as I rushed through a deep swamp, which came over my big water-boots, and headed him down again to the flat.

In five minutes more we had them securely, and having given the bullock-driver his pound-note with the greatest satisfaction, we trudged back on our way homewards. It was late when we got in, and I felt terribly weary and footsore—for we had walked at least thirty miles that day—and jack-boots are not particularly well adapted for walking in warm weather. The road from our second camping place up to this point was over treacherous flats of loose honeycombed black soil, most harassing both for ourselves and the horses. The broken bush, too, made the cart run several hundred-weight heavier.

The following morning we started early, and travelled about nine miles along the foot of the hills, crossing the sources of the Merrie Creek twice, till we came to a tremendous hill, with about the worst road up it we had yet seen. Here we camped of necessity, water at two miles distance, and determined to ascend the hill next morning with half a load at a time.

At about seven the next morning we began to start; T——, of "*nolus-bolus*" memory, being naturally obstinate, declared he would take up his whole load at once, and was walking off our grey leader "*nolus-bolus*," when Mr.—— stopped him and said, that if he chose to take up an unreasonable load, his horse should not be distressed by pulling it. T—— instantly flew into a

violent rage. That was gratitude was it, for hunting our horses all day, and now not to lend him our leader! Mr. —— replied, that he was very much obliged to him for what he had done, and that he should be most happy to assist him in any reasonable manner; but if he took up a full load, his grey should *not* go. At this T—— went off without a word, and lashing his horses, ran them up the first rise in the road, where the cart stuck fast and had to be half unloaded before it could proceed. After a time he came back to fetch the second half. Now came L——'s turn, and it was arranged that our leader should take up his two half loads with his grey shafter, and that then he should lend us his shafter to bring up ours. After our horse had helped his cart twice up the hill and his shafter had drawn ours once, several of the men in the Doctor's and Mr. L——'s party said that they did not think it at all necessary for the grey shafter to go back for the remainder of our load. Mr. ——, who was there with our cart, said that it must to fulfil the agreement, and was leading it back when they stopped it, and declared that it should not. He appealed to Mr. L—— and the Doctor, but they only shook their heads and said, "What can we do?" "Very well," said he, "in that case I see how it is, neither of you are masters of your own men. You would have worked my horse to death in dragging your carts, if I had let you; he has already done more work than any horse in the party, and from this moment I shall travel by myself. I never asked you to go with me, it was your own wish, and you had better therefore go on, for I shall wait till you do so." Both Mr. L—— and the Doctor looked blank, but of course had nothing to say; and leaving the cart with the first load under Edward's care, he brought back the grey to us. From that time we have been by ourselves; infinitely more comfortable than before. No harassing watches of three hours duration every third or fourth night, no unpleasant companions, and perfectly free to stay or go on without consulting the other parties.

That afternoon we camped about four miles below the hill, near a water-hole in a flat covered with fine gum-trees, and close to a party who had passed us the day before, but who were now stopped on the road by the straying of one of their horses. The bush is now full of stray bullock-teams and horses; some with hobbles, some with the remains of saddles and bridles upon them. This party were out nearly all night opossum shooting, and in the morning found a nest of wild cats in a hollow log.

The next morning we had made only about five miles, when our linch-pin gave way—cut in two by the broken bush, at the spot where we are now encamped. That was on Thursday afternoon. The next day I rode over to Kilmore, through a terrific thunder-storm, to consult a blacksmith. Kilmore is a dirty-looking, straggling village, with about one *public-house* to every three houses, and no less than five stores bearing the inscription, "Post-office." One might imagine the Kilmore people to be the most assiduous letter-writers, instead of the most noted horse-stealers, of Victoria. I found the road home dreadfully long, as I had to go at a foot's pace, having half a sheep and fourteen pounds of beef before me, and nothing but a rug to ride upon. I was wet through—bearskin-coat, jack-boots, and all—before I reached home at dark. The next morning the cart was unloaded, and Mr. —— and Charlton took it to Kilmore, and returned at night as wet and cold as I did the evening before. The cart is to be finished to-morrow, and it will be Tuesday morning at least before we are able to start again.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday it rained almost incessantly; our tent leaked at one particular seam just above our beds, and the ground about us was like a swamp. To-day, however, the weather has cleared up, and the sun is shining gloriously.

We are encamped in a gully close to the road, in a forest of stringy bark trees, with thousands of parrots, parroquets, cockatoos, laughing jackasses, leatherheads, and birds unknown to us, screaming, and whistling, and making grotesque noises in the trees about us. Opossums, wild cats, bandycoots, and kangaroo rats, are very numerous, as are those plagues, the flies, who make unceasing attacks upon our fresh meat; it is almost one person's work to take care that they do not creep through the canvas with which we cover our provisions.

We are, however, very comfortable. Our tent is on the whole very satisfactory, and very much admired by the parties who every now and then pass us—all bound for the "Ovens;" all that pass of course stop to chat and light their "bush pipes," and compare notes about the roads and their respective loads and cattle. Last night, as we were getting tea ready, an Irishman rode up who had lost his way—a regular "wild Irishman," very hairbrained, and quite a character. As it was pitch dark I lighted a lantern, and put him into the right track; at parting he was most vociferous in his thanks—you would have imagined that I had at least saved his life.

Our mode of life in the bush is very much the same each day. Early in the morning, soon after dawn, the fire is replenished on the ashes where it smouldered during the night; it is generally against some fallen tree or hollow stump; the kettle is boiled, mutton is fried, damper is made, and we breakfast. Then we start, and about four camp again, pitch our tent, make a fire, tether out the horses, and give them their oats and water; have a dinner-tea, with fried mutton, tea, damper or suet puddings. About ten the horses are brought up to the camp, and tethered short, the fire is made up for the night, and we creep between our blankets. Our light is at present a candle stuck into the forked end of a crowbar; soon we shall have to adopt the country plan, of a pannikin of mutton fat and a strip of linen for a wick.

We have plenty to do: looking after the horses is Charlton's business; Edward cooks, and doctors when necessary; and Mr. —— and I look after the cart and tent, and arrange the beds.

If it is clear to-night, we are going out "possoming" by moonlight. The double-barrel gun we bought of ——, in New Oxford-street, has unfortunately turned out quite worthless, and is useful only for show. The Minié rifle I intend selling at the Ovens, if I get a good colonial price for it—that is, three or four hundred per cent. on what it cost! As I have said, numbers of persons pass here on the road to the Ovens; some on foot, others on horseback, others with bullock or horse drays. At present, the creeks ahead are quite impassable, from the three days' and nights' rain; but two days' hot sun will make them all right again.

The country we have passed through is in general magnificent; but I have not yet seen any of those gigantic gum-trees, 400 feet high, that our Australian friend used to tell us so much about. Ask him where they grow.

The Bush, two miles from Seymour.—*Sunday Afternoon.*—I shall now endeavour to give you a sketch of our proceedings up to this point. On the Monday after our accident with the linch-pin, our cart was brought back from Kilmore, and the following morning early we started again on our road. We did not do so, either, before it was absolutely necessary, for feed for the horses and wood for our fire was getting rather scarce about our camp, that is, within a few hundred yards—and here we consider it quite too much trouble to go for wood more than a few paces. You may imagine from this how encumbered the country, and especially where the stringy bark grows, is with dead timber.

About half a mile beyond our camping-ground we passed the party who lost one of their horses a few days before, and were now travelling with one horse and two bullocks in front. Since then we have been together up to the present moment, where they are encamped close behind us on a mound overlooking the "Sunday Creek," of which more anon. The road for four or five miles was on the whole good, but with occasional deep gullies to cross, most of them with quagmires at the bottom, which made the travelling very difficult and harassing. At length, after crossing three bad gullies, we came to one worse than the others. What was to be done? Any way round the quagmire? No! nothing for it but pushing through as best we could. I led the grey, and Mr. —— took old Ben, and down the steep bank of the gulley we went as

gently as possible. At the bottom we gave the horses their heads and shouted them on, Charlton on one side of Ben, and Mr. —— on the other, to keep him up to his work. Into the mud hole—the horses plunging and kicking the mud on all sides—the wheels sinking in half up to the axles,—one more shout—a few smacks of the whip on Ben's stubborn sides—and we are through, and dashing up the opposite steep ascent; now comes the trial—the drivers shouting and urging on the horses—the cart groaning over the broken ground—when one wheel sinks into a soft place, and Ben, as usual, finding himself stopped, comes to a dead halt, and nearly brings the leading horse down on his knees. No use whipping—hold on the cart shafts, the horse will be off his legs—put a prop behind—and we are delightfully bogged at the foot of a steep bank, with a horse that has decided objections to exert himself to extricate us!

Here we had to half unload the cart before we could get out, and after taking it on for two or three miles over a similar road to return for the remainder. About five o'clock, however, we were encamped on the brow of a hill, with a running creek below, and plenty of wood and feed for the horses. It was a beautiful camping-ground, covered with huge stringy bark trees, and with green conical hills rising up all around us.

The following morning we only took half a load for the first three or four miles, but as the road was afterwards good, pushed on as far as Whitehead's station on the Sunday Creek, close to which we encamped. Here we spent the next day, to refresh ourselves and the horses, and to have a "general wash." You would have been very much amused to have seen the display of shirts, towels, and stockings lying out upon the grass in the afternoon. Charlton, Edward, and I went down to the creek to fish, and brought home a good dish of mullet and perch. The creek, or, as we should call it in England, the brook, is one of the most pleasant streams I have met with in Australia. It rushes along under its steep banks, through masses of wattle and tea-tree scrub, with immense gum and stringy-bark trees shooting up from the brushwood. Like all Australian rivers, however, the water looks dark and gloomy. While we were fishing, Charlton found a diamond snake, but thought it advisable to leave it alone; and when I went to look for it, it was gone. It is one of the most deadly snakes here.

After our day's rest we made about twelve miles to Ferguson's inn, on the Sunday Creek, but over some very bad road—particularly a place called Sideling-hill, where the cart threatened first to topple over, and then to run away with the horses. However, these obstacles, like all former ones, were passed, and about five o'clock we halted in a flat on this side of Ferguson's, and still upon the Sunday Creek. On a hill above us, two other parties were encamped, and celebrated the Fifth of November by huge fires till late at night. We were soon under our opossum rugs, and did not wake till dawn the following morning. The air was deliciously cool, the sun was just beginning to shoot long rays over the stringy-bark ranges to our right; and down by the river banks, and in the gum-trees on the flat, quantities of magpies were whistling their grotesque tunes. Leatherheads, cockatoos, and curlews were screaming and chattering with might and main in a most ludicrous manner. Night and day the Australian forests are full of warblings, screamings, chatterings, and screechings: birds by day, and opossums, wild cats, and flying squirrels by night.

From this pleasant camping ground we started early the next morning, and travelled all day over a hot, parched, track of sandy country—but here, among the scorched acacia scrub, and yellow, hot-looking everlastings, we came upon a creek of delicious water, running over a gravelly bed, and so clear that every pebble was visible in the bottom. After leaving this creek, at about eleven o'clock, we had no water, excepting some muddy rain-water, which we found by the road-side, till we came upon the Sunday Creek again, at about three miles distance from Seymour. Three bullock drays, our friends with the one horse and two bullocks, and a large party with a couple of drays were waiting to cross the ford. All the bad road we had passed before seemed quite delightful compared with this ford. Fancy a river about twenty yards across, running between steep muddy banks on one side, and a heavy sandy one on the other, with a steep hill to pull up beyond. The bullock drays crossed with the greatest ease, as bullocks seem to care for no obstacle less than a few feet in height, or mudholes as deep as the dray-wheels. Then came the one horse and bullock party with half a load, which they landed in safety on the opposite bank; but with the second load the cart missed the exact place in going down the bank, and turned completely over, horse and all, into the river. The two bullocks seemed to take it with the utmost *sang froid*, and after being unchained, stood upon the bank and chewed their cuds with every expression of calm indifference. The horse was dragged from under the cart after a good deal of kicking and groaning, and while they were busy with their cart, we came down to cross; I led the grey as usual, and Ben at first refused to go into the creek, but by coaxing and whipping he at last made up his mind and floundered in; I never looked behind me, but kept the grey's head towards the opposite bank, wading up to the middle, sometimes sinking into a hole, at another stumbling over a sunken snag. However, we did cross, and rattled up the opposite bank in fine style to our camping ground for the night. We then returned for our other half load, and met the bullock party with their cart; everything in it was wringing wet with its upset. In coming over the second time I found it absolutely impossible to stop the leader at the bottom of the bank where Mr. —— and Charlton were to get into the cart and drive Ben. I might as well have tried to stop a steam-engine, so, *nolens volens*, in I went, and for a wonder Ben put out his strength, and we splashed through the ford, and rushed up the opposite bank as if the cart had been empty. When I could pull in and look back, I saw Mr. —— and Charlton wading slowly through, with the dog swimming after them, and a lot of bullock-drivers and diggers on the opposite bank enjoying the fun. I can assure you that I was not sorry to be well through the creek, particularly after seeing the upset just before our attempt.

To-day being Sunday, we are enjoying our usual halt close to the main Sydney road, and not far from Seymour. Captain Adam's station is just below upon the creek, where we bought milk and fresh mutton this morning; the land to the left is flat, and as hard as a brick—the grass turning yellow by the heat; to the right is a valley, in which runs the Sunday Creek; and beyond in the distance are the Goulburn Hills, a continuation of the Plenty Ranges, with the Tallarook Hill rising up from among them. Wherever we turn, we see nothing but dark green forests, excepting a few spots in the distant ranges where the bare rocks show on the hill sides. It has been intensely hot to-day, and the flies are troublesome in the extreme, buzzing round one's face in swarms: a third hand could be here very well employed in wielding a fly-flap. We have just dined, and I am sitting under the shady side of a box-tree writing; leatherheads and magpies are, as usual, chattering and whistling in the trees around. Charlton and Edward have gone down with one of the "one-horse and bullock" party to fish in the Sunday Creek, and I am going down to look on as soon as I have closed my letter.

This morning we walked over to Seymour, which consists of two inns, one general store, a butcher's, a shoemaker's, and about a dozen weatherboard and slab cottages. The Goulburn is a beautiful river, about a couple of hundred yards across, with a strong current, and steep, overhanging banks covered with immense trees. At the punt there were at least twenty drays waiting to cross, and several enterprising persons had opened temporary stores beside their carts, where they sold flour, tobacco, bacon, cheese, tea, sugar, pickles, &c. &c., at an exorbitant rate. There were formerly two punts, but one was carried away by the floods, and the other has therefore all the custom. Calculating from the fares and the numbers of drays and foot passengers crossing, the owner ought to be

making from ten to fifteen pounds a day! After walking through Seymour, and calling at the Post-office, we returned to dinner. For a mile round Seymour drays and carts were encamped in all directions, and most of them bound to the "Ovens."

Just as we were sitting down to our mutton damper, tea, and suet pudding, one of our neighbours ran up to say that there were two opossums in a box-tree near them; and sallying out, rifle in hand, we soon had them down on terra firma. It is a very unusual thing to see opossums out by daylight, and these would not have been seen if a dead bough had not given way with the largest.

To-morrow we cross the Goulburn, and my next will be from the "Ovens." I hope the worst part of our journey is over.

SCENES IN IRELAND.

Ireland, the land of poetry and song, is likely, in this year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty-three, to attract considerable attention in virtue of the Great Industrial Exhibition at Dublin; a few particulars, therefore, of some of the scenes which will probably be visited by the tourist will not be out place. Without attempting anything like a regular plan, we proceed at once to say a few words of the places depicted by the artist. First, of Carrick-on-Suir: no spot on Irish ground is so blessed in sun and soil and station as the "Golden Vale" in Tipperary. Sweet Tipperary, the pleasantest county in Ireland to any who knows the ways of the place, notwithstanding its bogies and assassinations—which latter, by the way, are far less frequent than they were. It is famed for its historical associations, the beauty of its women, and the athletic symmetry of its men, and it *had* also a somewhat bad reputation for the fearful multiplicity of its crime and outrages; but neither crimes, nor outrages, nor martial law, nor newspaper denunciations, can in the least abate the vivacity and good humour of the people. Their history has been a tale of trouble and violence. Placed almost on the confines of the English pale, the county was for centuries the great battle-ground between the forces of the lord deputy and the clans of the south. Traces of the conflict may be found in all parts of the district, in the shape of ruined castles, and landowners whose names are certainly not Celtic. Most of it early passed into the possession of the Butlers, the proud Dukes of Ormonde, who were numbered amongst the Norman barons, who, forgetting their antecedents, in process of time became "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

Carrick-on-Suir stands on the spot where one of their earliest strongholds was erected. It formed part of the possessions of Theobald Butler, to whom were granted also the lands of Carrig-mac-Griffin, now Carrick-Beg, and whose grandson Edmond built a castle here about 1309. The castle was, in 1336, granted by his son, James Butler, to the Franciscan friary of Carrick-Beg, which he had founded, and it continued to form part of the endowment of the house until the year 1445, when, the monks having let it go to ruin, it was purchased from them by another of the Butlers, who rebuilt both castle and bridge. A priory dedicated to St. John the Evangelist was founded here at the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. A castle was erected afterwards on the site of the priory, by Thomas Duff, called Black Thomas, Earl of Ormonde. In 1500, the earl granted a charter to the burgesses of the town which had gradually sprung up round the fortress. In 1670, another Duke of Ormonde established the woollen trade in it, and it flourished until the close of the last century, when, as everywhere else in Ireland, it began to decline, till now it only turns out a few satteens of an inferior description. This manufacture formed the principal means of support of thousands of families in various parts of Ireland, the spinning and weaving being carried on in their own houses, until the improvement of machinery absorbed it into the great towns of England.

The town is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Suir, which forms the boundary between Wexford and Waterford. Except for its antique air, its pleasant rustic quiet look, the calm flow of the river, and the glorious scenery of the surrounding country, there is little in it to interest the stranger. In its leading characteristics it is like all the Irish country towns that we ever saw—and we have seen a great many—one long and wide street running east and west at right angles to three smaller streets diverging northward to the fair green, and one southward to the river; a police-barracks, a military-barracks, a tannery, a brewery, a court-house, a ruined church, a chapel, a fever-hospital, a dispensary, a monastery, a convent, *voilà tout*. The castle is still stately, even in its ruins, and part of the old town walls may now be traced, but with some difficulty. The scenery along the banks of the Suir, is exceedingly beautiful, and in the eyes of all who reverence genius, eloquence, and patriotism, they will have an additional interest from the fact that, wandering along them, Richard Lalor Sheil passed some of the happiest hours of his youth. Here also the unfortunate gentlemen of the Young Ireland party delivered their last harangues, previous to the attempted outbreak in 1848, Meagher's containing the celebrated allusion to the sinking of the French frigate *Vengeur*, which the Carrick policeman, who reported the proceedings, not understanding, converted into the laughable hodge-podge which gave such amusement at the Clonmel trials.

Our next illustration shows us the Castle of Cahir, county Tipperary. This well-preserved fortress is rich in historical associations of the wars and sieges of past ages. It is the Irish residence of his grace the Earl of Glengall, who, with a liberality worthy of imitation, admits all visitors to view the curiosities of the fine old edifice. The castle is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the town of Cahir, or Caher, which is situated in a prosperous agricultural district "rejoicing in the double advantage of a numerous and, of course, thriving Quaker resident proprietary, and a lord of the manor, whose management of his estates, and administration of the duties of his position are in every way worthy of the sphere in which his lot is cast." The Earl of Glengall is the "good squire" here alluded to.

The Waterford and Limerick Railway is now opened to Clonmel, with a station at Cahir; the tourist has, therefore, the opportunity of inspecting the many beautiful spots in the valley of the Suir, on his way from Carrick. Clonmel—the town he will probably visit on his departure from Cahir—is a remarkably fine Irish town, beautifully situated under the Commeragh mountains on the Suir, and famous in all ages in all sorts of ways. It was the focus of fights innumerable in every age of Irish embroilment, and was the principal scene of the rising in '48. Saints uncountable and unaccountable were born here, and not a few sinners, of whom perhaps it will suffice to name Sterne and Lady Blessington, whose errors have at least been gilded by the rarest genius in the one case, and by beauty and accomplishments as rare in the other. Ruins, of course, are in profusion all round; and history and tradition to give them an eternal freshness in the minds of the susceptible and imaginative people who dwell in their vicinity. Clonmel, however, owes most of its modern prosperity, or at all events of its industrial celebrity, to the activity and enterprise of a single individual, and that individual a foreigner, M. Charles Bianconi. The system of cars, or as we should call them stage carriages, which he inaugurated, and which conferred such inestimable benefits on the country of his adoption, is now being comparatively superseded—he himself assisting with all his original ardour—in the institution of those new and better means of conveyance,—the railways.

That gentleman is better known in Ireland than elsewhere. He has raised himself by his own industry, prudence, and fore-

thought, to a position of, at least, great respectability and credit. Public conveyances in Ireland were both scarce and expensive before his time; now they are admirably arranged, cheap, and comfortable. He ran his first car from Clonmel to Cahir, on the 5th of July, 1815, and shortly afterwards other cars to Limerick and Thurles. The experiment was very discouraging at the commencement; he was frequently for weeks without obtaining a passenger; but his energy and perseverance ultimately triumphed, and he has succeeded in obtaining a large fortune for himself while conferring immense benefit on the community, having preserved an irreproachable character and gained the respect of all classes.

Our artist comes at once to another scene and another county; and we stand before the entrance to the Seven Churches of Glendalough, near the Lake of St. Kevin, in the County of Wicklow. It would be difficult to conceive anything more solemnly impressive than the scene which presents itself to view as we approach the lake, so famous for its legends.

So wonderful and remarkable a scene has rarely been before witnessed. Wild, bare, rocky, and dark-coloured mountains run out into a sharp promontory; to the right the ground descends into the valley of Glendasan, and to the left into that of Glendalough. One can see into both these valleys at the same time through broad, wide rock-doors. In the foreground, in the midst of the basin formed by the meeting of the two valleys, lie the low ruins of the Seven Churches; and right in the centre, forming the middle point of the landscape, rises the lofty, slender, pillar-temple, that stands in good preservation, exactly in the middle of this picturesque wilderness, like Pompey's Pillar in the midst of the waste of Alexandria. Behind this temple appear the water-mirrors of the two famous lakes; first, the smaller, and behind it the larger. The entire prospect is ruin,—ruins of nature and of art. It is, indeed, a wild and touching scene of desolation—the Baalbec of Catholic Christianity in Ireland. No tillage, no industry, no evidences of social co-operation—all is flat, dreary, and barren. Such is the scene which in gloomy solitude shrouds this city of the dead, celebrated in the earliest ages of Christianity—while Britain was still sunk in barbarism—for the splendour of its altars, and for the learning of its monastic community! The name Glendalough, like other early denominations of places derived from some obvious natural features, implies "the valley, or glen, of the two lakes." The lower is small, and is filled only during winter; the upper is a mile in length, by about a quarter broad. St. Kevin founded the Abbey of Glendalough, and presided there as abbot and bishop for many years. He died on the 3rd of June, 618, being nearly 120 years old. The Seven Churches, properly so called, are Trinity Church, the Cathedral, the Abbey, St. Kevin's Church, Our Lady's Church, the Rheeart Church, Teampullna-Skellig. As we approach the valley by the road from Lara, the first object of interest which presents itself is the ruined church of St. Saviour, so denominated in the Ordnance Survey; for a description of it we refer to the able work on Irish antiquities, lately published by Mr. Petrie, the great authority on all such subjects. He describes the Round Tower as one of the loftiest and most perfect in Ireland, being 110 feet high, and fifty-one feet in circumference; and precisely as it stood at the beginning of the present spring (1853) it is given, with all its immediate archæological accessories, by the truthful pencil of Mr. Jones, in the accompanying engraving. Besides its little doorway, the tower has two little windows in the shaft, and four small apertures near the top: it is built of granite, and of a hard kind of slate wedged in between the granite blocks. The cap fell to the ground in 1804.

St. Kevin's Bed is on the south side of the Upper Lake, and is a cavity in the face of the nearly perpendicular rock. This hollow is at a fearful elevation above the dark waters. Whether excavated by art, or originally a natural recess, it is impossible to determine. As it is most easy of access from the water, a boat is always at hand to convey the curious to it; and many are the tales that are told of the adventures of some of the most celebrated personages of the present century, of either sex, in reaching it. We need not encumber our pages with any profitless particulars of their sayings and doings; but it would be unpardonable to omit Thackery's description of the general aspect of the whole place, done in the happiest style of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, ere the author of the "Irish Sketch-book" had begun to paint in the encaustic of "Vanity Fair." After some remarks *apropos* of music in general, and the Irish melodies in particular, he proceeds thus:—

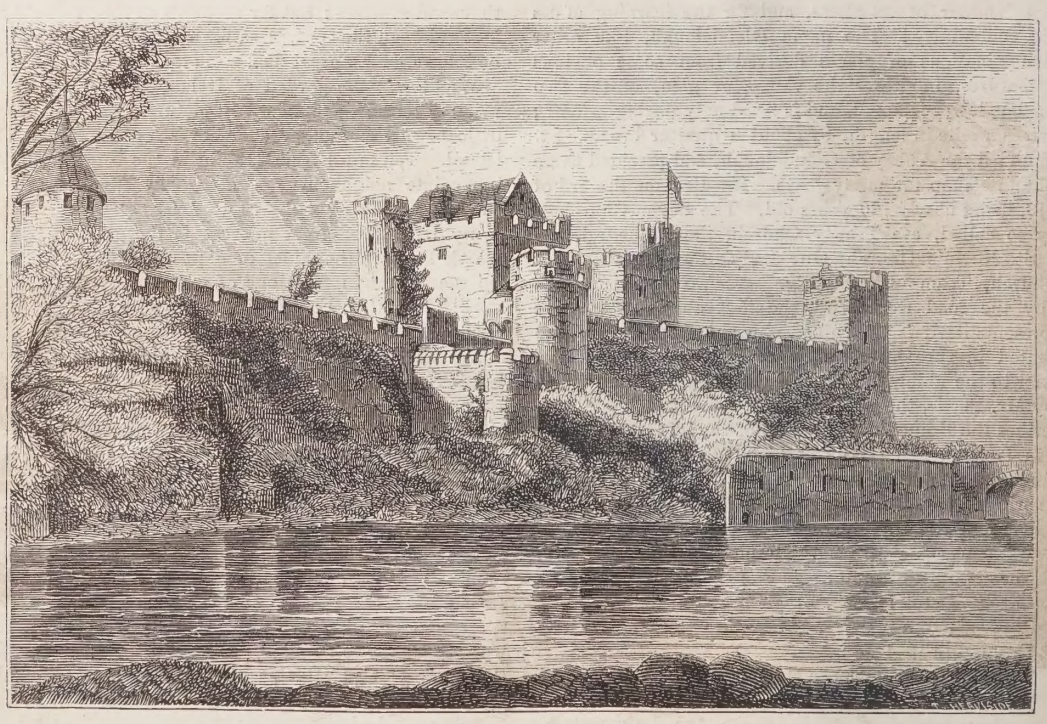
"I don't know if there is any tune about Glendalough; but if there be, it must be the most delicate, fantastic, fairy melody that ever was played. Only fancy can describe the charms of that delightful place. Directly you see it, it smiles at you as innocent and friendly as a little child; and once seen it becomes your friend for ever, and you are always happy when you think of it. Here is a little lake and little fords across it, surrounded by little mountains, and which lead you now to little islands where there are all sorts of fantastic little old chapels and graveyards; or again into little brakes and shrubberies where small rivers are crossing over little rocks, plashing and jumping, and singing as loud as ever they can. Thomas Moore has written rather an awful description of it; and it may indeed appear big to *him*, and to the fairies who must have inhabited the place in old days—that's clear. For who could be accommodated in it except the little people? There are Seven Churches, whereof the clergy must have been the smallest persons, and have had the smallest benefices and the littlest congregations ever known. As for the Cathedral, what a bishoplet it must have been that presided there!—the place would hardly hold the Bishop of London or Mr. Sydney Smith—two full-sized clergymen of these days—who would be sure to quarrel there for want of room, or for any other reason. There must have been a dean no bigger than Mr. Moore before mentioned, and a chapter no bigger than that chapter in Tristram Shandy which does not contain a single word, and mere popguns of canons, and a beadle about as tall as Crofton Croker, to whip the little boys who were playing at taw (with peas) in the yard. They say there was a university, too, in the place, with I don't know how many thousand scholars; but for accounts of this, there is an excellent guide on the spot, who, for a shilling or two, will tell all he knows, and a great deal more too."

Wicklow, "the garden of Ireland," as it has been appropriately termed, abounds with picturesque scenery, straggling little towns, and other characteristics peculiar to the sister island. Ten miles from Dublin is the town of Bray, in the immediate neighbourhood of which are situated some of the most striking features of Irish scenery. Among the many objects of great interest is the gloomy Lough Bray, which lies "in the midst of a peculiar lonely district; high up the mountain, from one of whose sides towers a bare and dark cliff, the Eagle's Nest. These sombre waters are enclosed between precipitous hills, except on one side, from which they are discharged into the valley of Glencree, where, uniting with the Glenislorane river in Powerscourt demesne, they pass through the Dargle into the sea near Bray. In the midst of this wilderness, at the moment when such a thing might be least expected—as if by enchantment—a beautiful Swiss cottage with its *entourage*, rises to view, mocking, as it were, the desolation which everywhere reigns around. It was erected for Sir Philip Crampton, the distinguished surgeon-general, and father of the English ambassador at Washington." The view from the road is magnificent, including Lough Bray, Sir P. Crampton's Swiss Cottage, and endless succession of hill and dale, wood and village. Further to the west, in a dreary solitude, is the Poolaphuca waterfall (the Puck's or Devil's Hole), with its whirlpool of "depth interminable." Here the "Horse-spirit" is fabled to hold his nightly rout, luring strangers into the vortex of his cataract, formed by the waters of the Liffey. A picturesque bridge spans the summit of the fall from rock to rock, the distance being sixty-five feet. Poolaphuca is the name given to a succession of cataracts 150 feet high and forty in breadth, over which the Liffey is precipitated. The spectacle from the

bridge is sublime, and always seen on entering the fine grounds on Lord Miltown's side of the river. Poolaphuca is also accessible by the road leading from Luggalaw Lodge over the Sally Gap, or may be reached from the Seven Churches by the glen of Glendassan and Wicklow Gap."

The mountain districts around Bray—there is little to notice in the town itself—are magnificent. The valleys near Lough Dan were the scenes of many daring exploits in '98, and many stories are still in circulation of the rebel General Holt, and his trusty band. The vale of Glendassan lies to the north of Glendalough, separated from it by a lofty ridge, the road from the Lara to Poolaphuca waterfall traversing the glen. The most elevated point of the road is at Wicklow Gap, five miles from Glendalough, a magnificent view. The lead mines of Lugganure are situated in this valley.

CARRICK-ON-SUIR, COUNTY TIPPERARY.



CASTLE OF CAHIR, COUNTY TIPPERARY.

Lugnaquilla, monarch of the mountains of Wicklow, lies to the south-west of Glendalough, and is 3,039 feet above the level of the sea. Drumgoff Hill is the best point from which

to commence the ascent. Having reached the top of Drumgoff, the bed of a mountain torrent guides us up a slope till we reach Kelly's Lough; near that point commences a steep declivity, the most difficult part of the ascent; with this single exception, the route to the top of the mountain, though tedious, is easy. The view, in clear weather, extends over five counties, and even the peaks of the Galtee mountains, in the county of Tipperary, have been discerned from it.

ENTRANCE TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES, GLENDALOUGH.

TOWN OF BRAY, COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

THE TELEGRAPH IN AMERICA.

The origin of a great invention is like the source of a river: the more carefully you explore it, the more difficult does it become to discriminate between rival claims, and decide where and when it actually took its rise. During the age of religion or fiction, when the practical philosopher was unborn, seven cities disputed the honour of having given birth to Homer: during that of exact sciences, history counts pretenders to the honour of the invention of gunpowder, printing, the steam-engine, and the telegraph, by the dozen. Each nation has a favourite candidate; each city, each college, has something to advance in favour of its exclusive right. M. Quetelet asserted, in the bulletin of the Royal Academy of Science at Brussels, that the discovery of the electric telegraph was claimed by sixty-two persons, all of whose pretensions were founded on some shadow of reason. And if we endeavour to retrace the steps which the science of telegraphing has made, from the delicate and ingenious telegram of House, to the earliest attempts to give intelligence to the spark, we shall find it almost impossible to put our finger on the exact period or the exact laboratory where the invention first saw the light. Like the towering front of some massive edifice, the telegraph has been reared by many hands: to ascribe the glory to any one would be like awarding the prize of architecture to the mason who buried the first stone of the foundation, or who superposed the last cornice of the pediment.

Not that we can refer with unconcern to the experiments of Le Monnier, who, in 1746, demonstrated that the electric discharge could be transmitted through metallic circuits of almost any length, that water was a conductor, that the velocity of the spark was appreciable;—to those of Jehan Winkler, of Leipsic, who corroborated the principles established by Le Monnier;—to those of Dr. Watson, who proved that dry land was as good a conductor as water;—to those of Franklin, who methodised the science, and gave it a tangible shape. More than a century has elapsed since these philosophers gave their discoveries to the world; but the long period which divides the first theoretical principle from the final practical application, does not impair their claims on our gratitude. The perspective through which we contemplate their services does not render their outline indistinct.

The seed they scattered had germed for a quarter of a century, when a Genevan philosopher conceived the idea that thought could be conveyed to great distances by sending the electric spark along an insulated wire, and attracting or repelling a pith ball at the end. Twenty-four wires represented the alphabet; and M. Lesarge, by connecting each wire alternately with his battery, actually contrived to spell out words. Here was the telegraph in its rude embryo. But Lesarge, like many other great men, was in advance of his age: philosophers scoffed at his instrument, wits pointed epigrams at his schemes, and the superstitious citizens of Geneva, constantly alternating between tolerance and bigotry, gave him the benefit of the latter characteristic. A Frenchman, named Lomond (L'Homond?), performed similar feats with a single wire, the signals being distinguished by the number and nature of the divergences or attractions of the pith ball. But his scientific countrymen did not condescend to notice his invention; and we might never have heard his name, had not an English traveller, named Young, left us a brief account of a visit to his room. About the same time (1785), a wire twenty-six miles long was laid down between Aranjuez and Madrid, and signals were transmitted by means of a battery of Leyden jars. Reizen substituted for the pith balls strips of metal placed upon a square of glass, each strip being divided by several breaks. The electric spark, passing through each of these breaks, illuminated the strip, and thus conveyed intelligence. Cavallo's signals were made by counting the sparks. Salva invented a telegraph in 1796, and exhibited it to the "Prince of Peace," who used it, we are told, to procure news on important occasion; but its principle seems to have been lost.

Thus, at the close of the eighteenth century, the idea of communicating thought by means of electricity was already familiar to men of learning in every civilised country of Europe and in the United States. The crude notion was afloat; but the essential element—which even Franklin, who was confident that his descendants would converse across the Schuylkill by means of wires, had not dreamt of—electro-magnetism, was yet wanting.

We must skip over a period of some nine or ten years, during which Luigi Galvani stumbled on galvanism by trying to resuscitate a dead frog. Alessandro Volta built his pile, and Nicholson, Carlisle, Davy, and others, astonished the world with their discoveries of the chemical properties of the galvanic current. A German named Sœmmering has hit upon the notion of making the decomposition of water by the galvanic fluid a vehicle for thought. Thirty-five wires lead from his laboratory to the station with which he wishes to communicate, and are understood to stand for the German letters and numerals. By sending a stream of galvanic electricity through one of these, a small bubble of air rises from the water at the further end, and the bubble means A, B, C, D, E, 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5, according to its position in the receiving trough. The members of the Academy of Sciences, at Munich, open their eyes; the days of persecution being over, Sœmmering is neither hooted in the streets nor burned at the stake: but the authorities do not seem willing to advance him the 2,000 florins he required to construct a telegraph a mile long. Meanwhile, Ronalds, in England, is making a retrograde step, and consuming his energies in trying to invent a working telegraph with free-electricity.

Fortunately about this time, a Copenhagen professor, named Oersted, restored the credit of the galvanic battery, by proving that a magnetic needle always tries to place itself at right angles to a neighbouring wire which is charged with a current of galvanic electricity. This was, perhaps, the most brilliant scientific discovery since the construction of the voltaic pile. The new element—electro-magnetism—was destined to work miracles. It was eagerly caught up by *savans*, and M. Ampère, in 1820, invented the first telegraph based on the combined effects of the voltaic pile, the charged wire, and the magnetic needle. He used as many needles and wires as there are letters; by closing the current with any one of the wires, the needle at the other extremity of the line moved, and the letter which it represented was designated. This was the primitive stage of the Wheatstone telegraph, now generally used in Great Britain. M. Ampère also discovered that a piece of soft iron, placed in the centre of a coil of wire through which a galvanic current is passing, becomes an electro-magnet, and attracts iron. This is the main secret of the Morse telegraph.

M. Ampère's discoveries made as much noise as such things usually do. But when people spoke of putting it in practice, the learned Professor Barlow, proved by $a+b$ that the force of the galvanic current would be so diminished by distance, that it would be impracticable to use it for long distances. Strange to say, notwithstanding this dogmatical decision, Baron Schilling had the monstrous audacity to build a telegraph working with a deflective needle on Ampère's plan, at St. Petersburgh, in 1832; and what is still more unaccountable, he actually succeeded! By employing five needles, and causing them to deflect to the right or left as he wished, he obtained ten intelligible signals, and astonished the Czar Alexander, by holding a conversation with a person at a great distance. With equal disregard for the feelings of Professor Barlow, Messrs. Gauss and Weber built a telegraph between the Observatory and the Cabinet de Physique, at Gottingen—a distance of a mile and a quarter—and conveyed their thoughts by means of the deflections of a single needle; and Steinheil erected twelve miles of wire, with a more elaborate instrument, at Munich. The latter is chiefly remarkable as being the first who employed a registering apparatus on

an electro-magnetic telegraph. His needles were armed with pens filled with ink, which marked dots on a paper drawn up before them by mechanism.

We have now approached the period when the telegraph began to be practically and successfully employed. In the same year in which Steinheil erected his telegraph at Munich, 1837, Professor Wheatstone patented his improvement on Ampère's plan in England. Nor was America idle. The mantle of Franklin had descended to others. Dr. Coxe, of Philadelphia, had shown, in 1816, how the decomposition of water by the galvanic current might be used as a telegraph. Mr. Dyar, of Long Island, had actually contrived, in 1826, a registering telegraph, worked with common electricity: the sparks from his wire discolouring a litmus paper which was made to revolve under it. Professor Henry had demonstrated that the earth was a good conductor for voltaic electricity, and had produced the most powerful magnet known. In September, 1837, Professor Morse announced to the Secretary of the Treasury that he was prepared to demonstrate the "practicability of telegraphic communication by means of electro-magnetism." A patent was forthwith issued in his favour, and in 1844 his registering telegraph was introduced upon a line between Baltimore and Washington. In June, 1846, Mr. O'Reilly, an associate of the professor, sent the following message from New York to Washington:—

"Henry O'Reilly congratulates Professor Morse on the completion of the telegraph, and on the connexion of the Hudson and the Potomac by links of lighning."

The following reply was received a few moments afterwards at New York:—

"Professor Morse congratulates Mr. O'Reilly on the success of his labours."

The Morse telegraph is based on Ampère's discovery, that a bar of soft iron enclosed in a coil of wire becomes a magnet while a stream of galvanic electricity is passing through the wire, and ceases to be one when the current is interrupted.

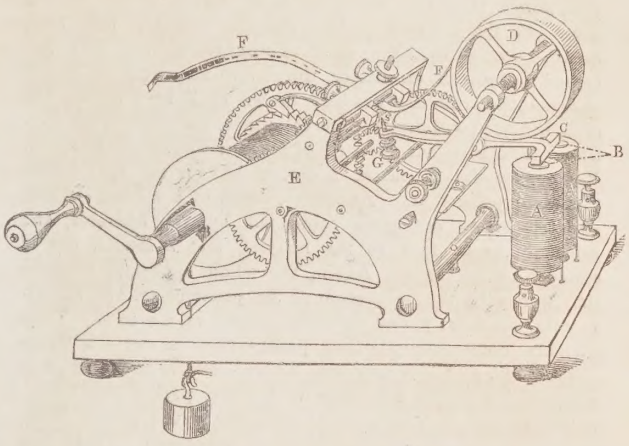
It is hardly possible to convey a clear impression of so ingenious and complicated an instrument as the Morse telegraph by a verbal description, and more especially in the brief space allotted to us. We shall, however, attempt to sketch its leading features.

The electricity is generated by a Grove's battery, consisting of several pairs. Each pair is a glass tumbler, within which stands a zinc cylinder, which encloses an earthen vessel, in which a strip of platinum is suspended. The earthen vessel is filled with nitric acid, and plunged into diluted sulphuric acid contained in the glass tumbler. It is stated that this battery will act uniformly for three weeks; but this, we presume, supposes that the pairs are taken down every night. The number of pairs employed depends on the resistance to be overcome, or, in other words, the distance to be traversed by the message; as many as fifty pairs are employed on a line two hundred miles long. Through two screw-cups above the battery the negative and positive wires are passed. One of these wires is connected with a metallic plate buried in the earth. The other is carried on stout poles, from which it is isolated by glass supports, to the distant extremity of the line.

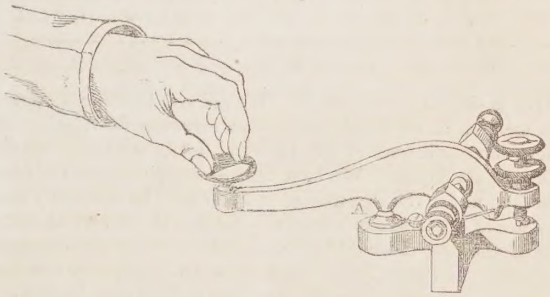
The registering apparatus has been already alluded to. It consists of a powerful U-shaped electro magnet, round each limb of which coils of fine copper wire are wound. The armature of the magnet is attached to the short arm of a lever, the long arm of which carries a style. Close to this style a large spool, on which an endless strip of paper is wound, is made to revolve by clock-work. The following sketch may elucidate the description:—

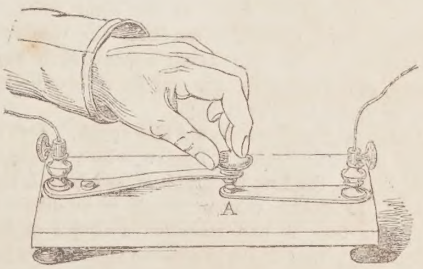
A A, coils of wire through which the fluid passes.
B, the electro-magnet round which the wire is coiled.
C, the armature of the magnet.
D, the spool kept in constant revolution, when the instrument is at work, by
E, a clock-work apparatus.
F, a strip of paper for receiving messages.
G, the long arm of the lever with style attached.

It remains for us to describe the "signal-key" by which the message is transmitted. We have explained that, by means of



the wire carried on the telegraph posts, and the earth which acts as a conductor, a continuous chain is formed between the two places or cities which it is desired to connect. In this chain there is but one break, and that is the signal-key, which is placed beside the registering apparatus. In other words, the two wires are at that point disconnected by a space of an eighth of an inch or so, but may be brought together by the pressure of the hand of the operator on an ivory knob at the extremity of the key; the contact (which is called closing the circuit) produces a stream of electricity; so long as the wires remain separate, no current passes. The following sketches represent the signal-key in its simplest form, and the more perfect instrument called a signal-lever. Both operate in a similar manner.





Let us suppose now that an operator at New York wishes to ask his friend at Boston how he is. The process is beautifully simple. We have mentioned that the only break in the line which prevents a stream of electricity passing through the wire occurs at the signal-key, exactly under the finger of the operator in the sketch. By a slight pressure of his finger, the two wires will be brought into contact at the point A, and a flood of electricity at once rushes through the wire. The piece of soft iron wound round by the coils of wire, at the other end of the line, at once is charged with electricity; the armature is forcibly attracted to it, and the style which is attached to the end of the armature is thrown up against

the strip of paper on the roller. The clock-work has begun to revolve,—a quarter of a second has elapsed since the operator's finger first pressed the signal-key, — and you notice that the armature is no longer glued to the poles of the magnet. The operator's finger has been raised, the wires have been disconnected, the coil has ceased to transmit electricity, the electro-magnet is no longer charged, the armature has been drawn back by a spring, the style has been withdrawn from the paper, the clock-work continues to revolve, and the strip of paper is wound off the spool. You notice that a mark, a dot, is left on the spot where the style pricked it. Another quarter of a second elapses, and the wires are again connected by the operator, the armature again flies to the magnet, and a second dot is stamped on the paper. Again, the whole apparatus relapses into inertia by the relaxation of the pressure on the signal-key for a similar period—a mere quarter of a second. Then another dot — then another pause—then a dot — a pause —this time, a little longer than before,—say, to be liberal, half a second,—a couple more dots with equal pauses between,— a half second of rest—another dot—the usual pause—then, instead of the former instantaneous succession of dots and pauses, the armature rests firmly attached to the magnet for the enormous period of a second. You look anxiously at the paper to see the result. Instead of a dot, the style has scratched a plain long line—and after the usual brief gap— another similar one. For the reader's sake, we will suppose that, after this, you are content to wait till the armature has ceased to jerk up and down, and to read the dots and scratches on the paper *en bloc*. They will present the following appearance, which to you may not seem very significative.

- - - - - — — — - - - - - - - - - - — —

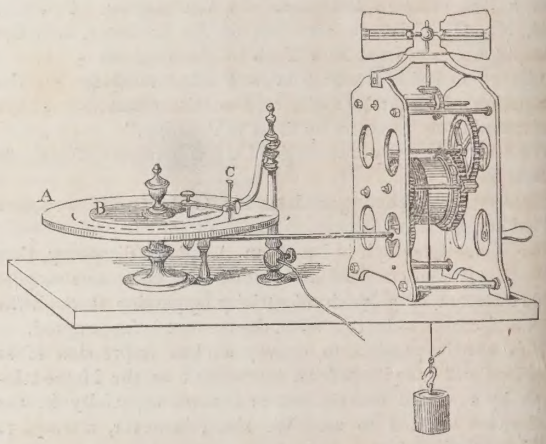
The operator, however, who is standing beside you, will read it as easily as the finest Roman of Elzevir or Didot. He says it means, "How are you?" and accordingly replies:—

- - - - - - - - - - — — - - - - - — — — - — — —
P r e t t y w e l l
— - - - - — — — — — - - - - - - - - — —
t h a n k y o u

This is the Morse telegraph. We are not inditing a scientific treatise, or we should attempt an elaborate description of other contrivances which are essential to its working. Such is the circuit-closer. We have already observed that the line is broken under the signal-key, and can only be united by the pressure of the operator's finger. As this is the case at both ends of the line, it would be impossible, without some means of closing the circuit independently of the operator's will, to transmit a message unless the operators at both ends happened to hold their signal-keys down at the same instant. To remedy this, a local circuit, connecting the line from the further extremity to the registering apparatus, is kept constantly closed, and thus messages can be received while the circuit is open under the signal-key.

Of the "relay magnet" we should also speak. Our readers will recollect a certain Professor Barlow, who very confidently proclaimed, before the first telegraph of any length was constructed, that the electric current would be so diminished in strength by the time it had travelled a couple of hundred miles on the wire, that it could give no signs of its passage. The professor, like many ultra-conservatives, saw the difficulty, but did not see the means of getting over it. He was right in asserting that the atmosphere and the earth, though very poor conductors, would, notwithstanding, carry off a large portion of the current on a long line; but he never dreamt of a relay magnet with a local circuit. In other words, the idea of a small telegraph within the office, with wires and a battery of its own, so contrived that it can be worked, i.e., its current closed, by the feeble spark from the main line, had never occurred to him. Professor Morse discovered that a very weak current would suffice to work this local battery, and that this latter would work the register with energy. He adopted the system; and though, for simplicity's sake, in describing the working of the Morse instrument, we omitted all mention of the relay magnet, and supposed that the current from the other end of the line communicated directly with the register, in point of fact the register is always worked by the local battery in the office. On long lines, the diminution in the intensity of the current produced by contact with the atmosphere is counteracted by what are called repeating magnets, which are similar instruments to the relay magnets. By the aid of Bulkeley's repeating magnets, a message can be sent directly from New York to New Orleans, a distance of nearly 2,000 miles.

Besides the Morse telegraph, two other systems have been in operation in the United States. Bain's patent was a modification of Morse's, the only difference being the substitution of a chemically-prepared paper, which is marked by the passage of the current, for the plain strip with the moveable style described above. In other respects they coincide so closely, that the courts of justice have decided that Bain's telegraph was an infringement on Morse's patent, and the two systems are now incorporated. The following sketch will convey some notion of the Bain instrument:—



A, a revolving ring of paper moistened with a solution of yellow prussiate of potash, and acidulated with nitric or sulphuric acid.

B, a brass spiral groove, in which a metal guide to the pen travels.

C, the pen-wire, through which the current passes to the paper.

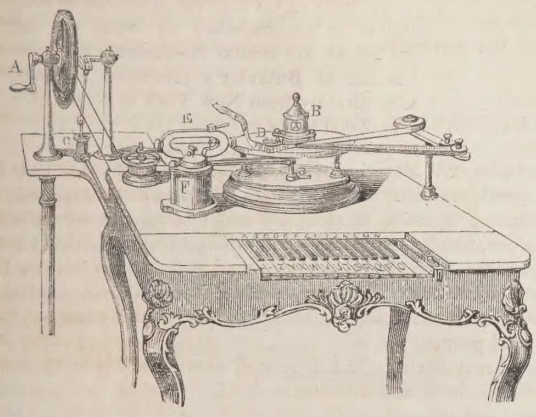
When the current is closed, the pen wire discolours the paper, and leaves blue dots or lines. When it is open, if the clock-work revolves, it leaves no trace of its passage.

A third instrument, that of House, is perhaps more celebrated in America, though less generally used than Morse's. It is called the printing telegraph, and works on the old principle of designating each letter by a given number of electrical impulses.

The operator sits at the key-board, and presses down the key bearing the name of the letter he requires. Under the key-board is a horizontal cylinder, which is made to revolve by means of the crank A. This cylinder is connected with the telegraphic wire by a wheel at one end, armed with fourteen cogs which touch the wire and so close the circuit fourteen times during each revolution of the cylinder. When any given key is pressed down, a spring underneath it stops the cylinder, and the internal mechanism is so contrived that when the key-spring checks its progress, it has performed the portion of a revolution (i. e., it has closed and broken the circuit by means of the cogs the exact number of times) corresponding to the letter inscribed on the key.

It would be almost impossible to describe intelligibly the mechanism by which the type-wheel of House's telegraph is made to work. It may suffice our present purpose to say, that it (the type-wheel) is made to revolve by means of a spring and a little atmospheric engine, worked by a condensing pump

c, and moving an escapement at D. The direction of the current of condensed air is changed twenty-eight times during each revolution of the cylinder, by means of the vibration of an iron rod E, suspended by a fine wire over a powerful electro-



HOUSE'S PRINTING TELEGRAPH.

magnet F. When the revolution of the cylinder is checked, the type-wheel is stopped at the same moment; and an eccentric, worked by the mechanical power at the crank, instantly brings a band of paper against the type on the periphery of the wheel. The letter is thus printed, and the type-wheel again revolves to the next, and so on. As will be remarked, nearly the whole of this ingenious mechanism is worked by local mechanical power: the only effects which can be rightly ascribed to electricity are the uniformity of rate which is attained in the movement of the machinery, and the transmission of the regulating power from one end of the line to the other.

The number of telegraphic lines in the United States is so constantly increasing in every direction, that it is hardly possible to give a correct estimate. According to official documents, prepared a few months back, however, 20,047 miles of wire were erected and used in the country. They were distributed as follows:—

Morse Lines.....	70 wires	15,835	miles in length
House ,, ...	6 ,, ...	2,200	,,
Bain ,, (now Morse)	6 ,, ...	2,012	,,
		20,047	

The following are a few of the longest lines:—

	Miles.
New York to New Orleans, *via* Charleston, Savannah, &c. (Morse), 1 wire	1,966
Washington to New Orleans, *via* Richmond (Morse), 1 wire.....	1,716
New York to Buffalo, *via* Troy and Albany, (Morse), 3 wires each	513
Calais to Halifax, *via* St. John's (Morse), 1 wire	400
Buffalo to Milwaukie, *via* Cleveland and Chicago (Morse), 2 wires each.....	400
Columbia to New Orleans, *via* Tuscumbia (Morse), 1 wire.....	638
New York to Buffalo (Bain), 2 wires each	513

The House Company are now constructing a line to St. Louis, the whole length of which, when finished, will be 1,500 miles, and many thousand miles of line are in construction by the other companies.

At the present day, a continuous line of telegraph extends from the extreme limits of civilisation on the west, to the ocean on the east; and, ere long, the Pacific shores will form part of this vast network. The route to San Francisco has already been pointed out, and approved by the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads. "It will commence," says the report, "at the city of Natchez (Mi.) running through a well-settled portion of Northern Texas to the town of El Paso, on the Rio Grande, in latitude 32°; thence to the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers, crossing at the head of the Gulf of California to San Diego on the Pacific; thence along the coast to Monterey and San Francisco. The whole distance from the Mississippi to San Francisco will be about 2,400 miles." Mr. Henry O'Reilly offered, within two years from this time, to deliver the European news on the shores of the Pacific one week from the time it left the European continent, if he were permitted to build a line from the Mississippi, and protected by a chain of military posts."

Another important line of telegraph is that from New York to St. John's, Newfoundland. The grantees, Messrs. Tibbats and Company, are now busily engaged in erecting the posts on the island, and sinking the submarine portion of the line. As soon as it is completed, it is their intention to run a line of steamers from St. John's to Galway, there to connect with a telegraph from Galway to London. By this means, as the distance from St. John's to Galway is only 1,647 miles, it is expected that the distance between New York and London will be traversed in five days.

In America, everybody makes use of the telegraph. The merchant who has left his wife in the country to transact business in the city telegraphs an inquiry about her health before he goes to his counting-house in the morning. Half the operations on 'Change and in the produce and cotton market are performed by telegraph. Your friend who lives on the Hudson telegraphs you that he will be happy to see you at dinner that day, and you reply forthwith "most happy," or "engaged," as the case may be. We have not reached that stage of perfection which thunderstruck the old lady whose "*umbrella*," she was assured, had been forwarded by telegraph; but we can draw and remit money as easily as by mail. Some people have lines of their own. Mr. Norton, the telegraph manufacturer, has a line from his office in Broadway to his manufactory in Centre-street, and can transmit an order to his clerk or foreman without stirring from his seat, or trusting to a messenger. Of the business of the lines, some conception may be formed from the fact that during the last six months of 1851, 99,313 messages were transmitted, at a cost of 34,733 dols., over the lines of the Magnetic Telegraph Company from New York to Washington; and during the first six months of 1852, the number of messages was 154,514, being at the rate of 849 messages a day. The receipts of the company, which were only 4,228 dols. in 1846, were 103,860 dols. last year.

The business of a telegraph operator is not a pleasant one. He has very heavy responsibilities; and if anything goes wrong—if people misdirect their messages, or make mistakes in writing them—the blame is sure to fall upon him. Here, in America, where news is a merchantable commodity, many unprincipled persons earn a livelihood by gleaning scraps of imaginary news from the city newspapers, or manufacturing them themselves, and sending them on to the country papers. When their inaccuracy is discovered, the blame is always laid on the shoulders of the operator. He is bound to know the person who hands him a message, and to be satisfied of his identity; but he has no right to refuse to transmit a message without very well-founded grounds of suspicion. He is bound to send on the message, letter by letter; and at the same time he is visited with the severest punishment his employers can award if he divulge its contents. This, we are told, becomes at last a very easy matter. The telegraph operator becomes after a few months' work a mere machine: he either does not realise the sense of the letters he writes, or forgets the purport of the message ten minutes after it has passed through his hands. In general, he is a taciturn, suspicious-looking individual, gifted with great clearness of head, and a precision of judgment in examining faces, far above the average. The best telegraph operators are taken from among the Post-office clerks. They are constantly exposed to accidents, owing to the action of the lightning on the lines, notwithstanding the conductors erected for their protection. A few months ago, the operator at the House's telegraph in New York was severely injured by the explosion of a charge of natural electricity at the battery; and similar accidents are not unfrequent though we have not heard of an instance which

terminated fatally. To cap the whole, the rates of remuneration are not such as to make the post a very enviable one in a pecuniary point of view.

Honest Mr. Ronalds, of Hammersmith, who made some improvements on the telegraph in 1816, winds up a piece of sound advice to telegraph owners and operators, as to their treatment of "mischievously disposed persons" who might cut the wires, with the following words:—"Should they (the mischievously disposed persons) succeed in breaking the communication, hang them if you catch them, damn them if you cannot, and mend the wire immediately in both cases." It would have been well if the first, at least, of Mr. Ronalds' suggestions had been acted on in this country some time ago. It was constantly the practice for news-agents, after having telegraphed the news of the English steamer from Halifax or Boston to the journal by which they were employed, to endeavour to secure a monopoly for it by cutting the wires; and, strange to say, none of them were ever brought to punishment for their villany. Crimes of this description are much rarer at present. A close watch is kept on the movements of suspicious individuals by those through whose property the telegraph passes, and who feel that every man in the country is interested in its preservation. Some time ago, a man who was detected in cutting the wires in South Carolina, narrowly escaped being "lynched" by a party of infuriated citizens who caught him in the act; and there can be very little doubt that a jury would show no mercy to a similar offender who might be brought before them.

One of the most novel feats performed by the telegraph in America is transmitting intelligence in advance of time. Some years ago, as the clerk of the House of Representatives began to read the President's message, the telegraph operator began to transmit it to St. Louis. He kept pace with the clerk, and was seldom more than a few lines behind him. At St. Louis, printers were in attendance at the telegraph office, and set it up almost as fast as it arrived. Five minutes after the peroration was delivered at Washington, the last page of the message was in the steam-press at St. Louis: and a few minutes afterwards (viz., *at half-past twelve*, P.M.) boys were hawking in the streets the document which the clerk was still reading at Washington at *half-past one*. According to the clock, the inhabitants of St. Louis, who were 1,500 miles distant from the spot where the speech was delivered, heard it, and read it, an hour or more before those who were sitting in the hall where it was read. This difference of time between the eastern and western cities sometimes give rise to funny mistakes, which our readers will readily conceive.

In the present age, he is a bold man who can say to science, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." We can only look with amazement at the projects which are mooted every day, of submarine telegraphs across the Atlantic; or lines of wire, like Puck's girdle, encircling the earth in forty minutes. Easy, indeed, is it to suggest obstacles to either—to allude to the impossibility, under our present arrangements, of charging a wire with such a quantity of electricity, that the best conductors known will not absorb it in a distance of upwards of 300 miles—to the constant accidents which are happening in our present lines, and which it would be almost impossible to detect and counteract in a submarine or subterranean line of a thousand miles in length—to the sheer absurdity of "telegraph stations" on the ocean, or amid the wilds of North America, or the ice-bound forests of Kamskatka—any schoolboy can raise these difficulties, and put them in a formidable shape. Whether the man of science is destined to overcome them is a question to which, however dangerous it might be to answer boldly in the affimative, it would be both dogmatical and unreasonable to offer a decided negative. The earth, air, water, every known substance is, as we have seen, a conductor. A line carried round from New York to our Antipodes would constitute a perfect telegraphic circuit, according to modern writers. The fluid transmitted into the earth at either end, would instantly traverse the centre of the globe to rejoin the end of the wire buried at the other extremity. Who knows, but that, a few years hence, the electric fluid will be traversing in every direction, with its own peculiar instinctive sagacity, the bowels of the earth; and, besides drawing the colonists of Western America into close proximity with the nomade tribes of Africa or Asia, will disclose to an astonished world those mysteries which the science of the geologist and cosmogonist have not dared to penetrate?

CURIOSITIES OF THE CHEMISTRY OF ART.

"CHEMISTRY!" exclaims, perhaps, the reader, "What have I to do with chemistry, or it with me? It is a dry compound of signs and properties, of elements and equivalents, of oxides, chlorides, iodides, and salts—a fit enough theme for druggists' apprentices behind the counter, and for embryo doctors in college laboratories, but quite unworthy, either in intrinsic interest or in the results produced, of the study of unprofessional people."

Now, whether this be true or not, as regards the subject in its broader laws, and its minuter details, we shall not pretend to say, and without waiting to determine whether or not the repulsive forms of the science might not be modified into something more of attractiveness, we have simply to remark, that there are many facts which the chemist has brought to light, and many curious processes—with the results of which we all have habitually to do—which are deserving the attention even of those who may be least interested in the technical exposition of chemical laws. And when it is remembered, that every form of matter with which we may have to do, whether it be in the world around us, or in our own bodily organisation—whether it be the simplest food we eat, or the clothes we wear—has been passing through delicate and beautiful processes of nature or of art, surely entire ignorance of all of them will not be defended. To a few of these we would now, very briefly, invite the attention of the reader.

The operations of chemistry have brought into employment a thousand substances which had otherwise been useless or pernicious. Like a prudent housewife, she economises every scrap. The horseshoe nails dropped in the streets during the daily traffic, and the bits of old iron which have been rusted in the timber of buildings, are moulded into the form of musket-barrels. The ingredient of which the ink which tracks its muddy route over this paper, was once possibly part of the broken hoop of an old beer-barrel. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituent of the explosive element employed in the formation of matches. The clippings of the travelling-tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs from the smithy, or the cast-off woollen garments of the poorest inhabitants of a sister isle, and soon afterwards, in the form of dyes of the brightest hue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The dregs of port-wine, rejected by the drinker in decanting it, are taken by him in the morning, in the form of seidlitz powders, to aid in the removal of the effects of his libation. The offal of the streets, and the washings of coal-gas re-appear in the lady's smelling-bottle, or are employed by her to flavour blanc-manges for her friends.* Such is the economy of the chemistry of art, which, by the combination of apparently useless elements, produces, as though with the touch of an enchanter's wand, order out of confusion, advantage and beauty from the offensive and the injurious. And in these processes there is but an imitation of those of nature. Animals and vegetables live and die, and from their mouldering forms are given off into the atmosphere the materials from whence other races derive their means of subsistence, and thus the death and destruction of one generation furnishes the food and support of the next. Let us trace two or three of these operations more in detail, as illustrations of some of the myriad curiosities of the chemistry of art.

The processes which are gone through in the preparation of common carbonate of soda, or British alkali, will furnish

* Professor Playfair.

many illustrations of the advantages which have been conferred by chemistry on art, though to these we have space to make only brief reference. The period is very recent since one of the commonest sights on the Scottish coast was the collection and preparation of the sea-weed called kelp, which was used as carbonate of soda. The weeds were cut by the sickle at low water, and a rope of hemp or birch being laid beyond them, and the ends being carried up beyond the high-water mark, the whole floated as the tide ran, and by shortening the ropes, they were made to settle above the wash of the sea, whence they were conveyed to dry land on horseback. The more quickly the kelp was dried the better was the produce, and when dry it was burned in coffers. As twenty-four tons of weed were usually required to form one ton of kelp, it is easy to conceive that the labour employed in the several processes of cutting, landing, carrying, drying, stacking, and burning, was immense. The scene was, in many respects, a peculiar and an interesting one; and the trade largely increased the value of property on the coast.

The substance obtained from the kelp, was a hard, petrified mass, consisting of impure carbonate of soda; the entire quantity produced in Scotland and the adjacent islands being more than 25,000 tons annually. But a change came o'er the spirit of the dream of the kelp burners. The removal of the salt-tax introduced a method by which the required material might be obtained in larger quantities and at a cheaper rate than was ever before known; and the immediate result was, the reduction in the price of salt from some thirty or forty pounds to about as many shillings a ton.

Now it appears, that in the very simple process by which salt is converted into carbonate of soda, a large amount of muriatic acid gas is given off, which is very annoying to man, and destructive to vegetable life, and to get rid of it, opened up another opportunity for the exercise of the ingenuity of the chemist. Various devices were adopted for quietly getting rid of this troublesome substance, and Messrs. Tennant, of Glasgow, erected a gigantic chimney, 100 feet higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, for the purpose of dissipating the gas. But as the best way of destroying an enemy is to make him a friend, so the best way of getting rid of a noxious gas is to find a method by which it may be retained in a useful form. This has accordingly been done in the case before us, and those old chimneys remain as so many huge monuments of the ignorance of the past.

But this is not all. The improved method of producing soda from common salt led to another of equal importance, by which bleaching is carried on by chemical processes on the largest scale. The bleaching power of chlorine was only employed on a large scale after it was obtained from residuary muriatic acid, which, in combination with lime, may be transported to considerable distances. Had it not been for this, the cotton manufacture of Great Britain would probably have never successfully competed in price with the continent of Europe. In the old process of bleaching, remarks Liebig, every piece had to be exposed to the air and light during several weeks in summer, and kept continually moist by manual labour, for which meadow land, suitably situated, was essential. But a single establishment near Glasgow bleaches 1,400 pieces of cotton daily throughout the year. How enormous a saving has thus been effected in the capital which would have been required for the purchase of land had these methods been unknown!

A better illustration than this could scarcely be afforded of the aid which chemistry has brought to art, while the establishments in which these processes are carried on are full of interest. These are called "crofts"—says the writer of an article on the subject in the "Eclectic." "*These* 'crofts' are buildings where the incessant roll of engine and mill-work fills and floods the ear, and crushes the faculty of oral perception;—where hastening men drag to and fro heaps of dripping canvas;—where flying folds of steaming cloth thread a maze of wheels and pulleys, and rise and fall into troughs through which rivers of water ceaselessly rush;—places where giant cauldrons boil and bubble, fret and vomit up clouds of steam;—where the very air is so thick and solid that the lines of light are lost almost as soon as caught by the astonished eye, and into which a length of cloth that would girdle London round, with a good piece of the suburbs added to it, this day enters yellow or brown, and to-morrow emerges whiter than the snow of Carmel."

The processes through which every yard of cloth has to pass, before it is fit for sale, are most numerous and curious. Miles in length of it are subjected to some forty or fifty manipulations—to soakings and dryings, to heatings and foldings, which are too complicated for brief description, but which have not only to be done, and done well, but done so economically as to enable the producer to make his profit on it at so many halfpence per yard.

Pass from these establishments to those where other operations are going on. Witness the elaborate processes by which our streets are illumined at night, to the amount—in London alone—of three thousand millions of cubic feet of gas; but on which, having more to say hereafter, we shall not now dwell. Examine the methods by which the crude masses of ores are made to surrender their precious metals for the service of man. Scrutinise the ways in which the elements of nature are brought into antagonism with one another, and are thus mutually guided by the plastic hand of man into submissive obedience. Everywhere it will be found that there are processes going on in a high degree worthy examination, in which the arts are everywhere aided by the discoveries and appliances of chemistry. To some more of these we hope, as opportunity may be afforded, to direct attention.

THE LEGEND OF ST. KEVIN.

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep;
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! that good Saint little knew
What that wily sea can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Whereso'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free,
From her power, if fond she be;
Even now while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met him too.
Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave,
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said "Heaven rest her soul!"
Round the lake light music stole,
And her ghost was seen to glide
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

MOORE.

THE FAMILIES OF PLANTS.

VITACEÆ.—THE VINE TRIBE.

Calyx small. Petals four or five. Stamens equal in number to the petals. Ovarium superior, two-celled. Seeds four or five. Embryo erect.

Fig 18.—Vitis Vinifera.

Fig. 19.—Grapes of Corinth.

The plants of this family are naturally inhabitants of the milder and hotter parts of both hemispheres, especially of India. We give a specimen in the *vitis vinifera* (fig. 18). In subordinate peculiarities there is considerable variety, but among them in essential characters there is a very close resemblance. The chief apparent difference is in the size of

Fig. 20.—The Raisin of America.

their flowers, and the taste of their fruit. It may seem strange, but the berries of one vine in America have a taste which has been compared to the odour of a fox, and hence it is called the

Fig. 21.—Althæa Officinalis.

fox-grape. The flowers of the river-grape are small, but they yield a delicious odour, and the berries are black and acid. Vine-growers reckon about 300 different kinds of grapes, which,

whether black, white, blue, or varied in colour, are all varieties of the same species.

The vineyards of the continent are strikingly unlike what a vivid imagination pictures them to be. Of them Mr. A. B. Reach thus speaks: "Fancy open and unfenced expanses of

Fig. 22.—Gossypium.

stunted-looking, scrubby bushes, seldom rising two feet above the surfaces, planted in rows upon the summit of deep furrow ridges, and fastened with great care to low fence-like lines of espaliers, which run in unbroken ranks from one end of the huge fields to the other. These espaliers or laths are cuttings

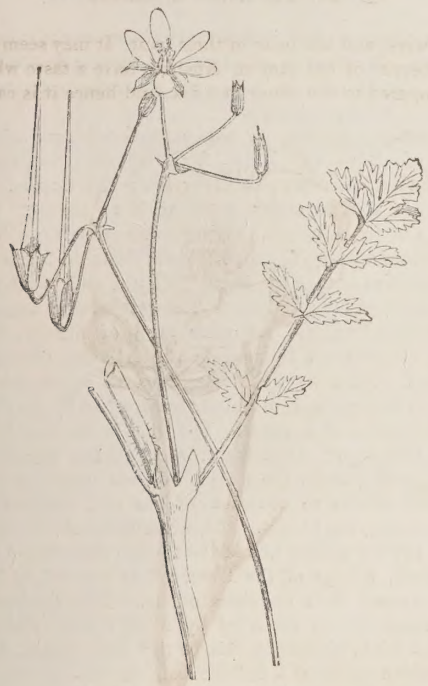


Fig. 23.—Erodium Cicutarium.

of the walnut-trees around, and the tendrils of the vine are attached to the horizontally running slopes with withes, or thongs of bark. It is curious to observe the vigilant pains and attention with which everything has been supported without being trained, and how things are arranged, so as to give every cluster as fair a chance as possible of a goodly allowance of the sun. Such, then, is the general appearance of matters; but it is by no means perfectly uniform. Now and then you find a patch of vines unsupported, drooping and straggling and sprawling, and intertwisting their branches like beds of snakes; and again you come into the district of a new species

Fig. 24.—Pelargonium.

of bush, a thicker, stouter affair, a grenadier vine, growing to at least six feet, and supported by a corresponding stake. But the low two-feet dwarfs are invariably the great wine-givers."

In this country vines often fail to ripen well on the open walls. But this is easily accounted for. It is not mere *earth*

Fig. 25.—Citrus Limonium.

that the roots require to come in contact with, to induce growth and extension, but *air* also, which is as necessary to them as to the leaves and branches. All borders, therefore, expressly made for the reception of vines, ought to be composed of a sufficient quantity of dry materials, mixed together

in such a manner as to possess a series of cavities and interstices, into which the sun's rays can enter with freedom, and there exert their full power. In such circumstances, the air in which the roots perform their functions becomes warm and purified, they absorb their food in a medium which dissipates their secretions, and a healthy and vigorous vegetation is the never-failing consequence.

"It is not too much to assert," says Mr. C. Hoare, "that the surface of the walls of every cottage of a medium size that is applicable to the training of vines, is capable of producing annually as many grapes as would be worth half the amount of its rental. On a wall only twenty-five inches in height, and eighteen feet in length, I have for years trained a vine that is a perfect picture of fertility, the whole surface of the wall being every year literally covered with fine grapes, close down to the very stem of the plant."

The raisins of Corinth (fig. 20), Malaga, and other places, are fruits dried in the sun, forming a considerable article for the purposes of commerce. Of "Zante Currants," which are really small dried grapes grown in the Ionian Islands, there is also a very large importation into this country.

MALVALCEÆ.—THE MALLOW TRIBE.

Sepals five, rarely three or four. Petals equal in number to the sepals. Stamens indefinite. Ovarium formed by the union of several carpels round a common axis, either distinct or cohering. No albumen, or else in very small quantity. Embryo curved.

The country child is commonly well acquainted with what are called *cheeses*, which are found among the hedges, and which are the produce of the mallow. Of this plant we have, indeed, four or five species, of which the most remarkable is the musk mallow (*malva moschata*), denoted by its large red flowers and musky scent.

On the coasts of England, as, for example, those of Devon, in some parts of the Isle of Wight, on the shores of Anglesea, and on various parts of the islands and mainland of Scotland, is to be found the beautiful sea tree-mallow (*Lavatera arborea*). Its handsome, shining, mallow-like flowers, of a purplish-pink, adorn maritime, and always insulated, rocks. Occasionally, too, it has been transplanted into our gardens and shrubberies, where it will frequently attain a large size, and allowed to scatter its seed, it will spring up during many successive years. A frequent ornament in salt marshes is the marsh mallow (*althæa officinalis*—fig. 21), which may be known by its straight tormentous or downy stems, and its large red flowers.

Under the genus *althæa* is now ranged the hollyhock, seen almost in every garden. It has been so long in a state of cultivation with us, that its native country is at present unknown. But its showy flowers indicate that it is a species of mallow which has come to us from a warmer climate.

But of all the members of this family, none is so important to man as that which yields cotton. There is, perhaps, no other single tribe, except the grasses, with which we should now find it more difficult to dispense than this one. Cotton is derived from several species of *Gossypium* (fig. 22), which are cultivated in both the Old and the New World. We import it, as is well known, very largely from America, but our British possessions in India might yield it far more largely than they do, were proper means employed for its culture and preparation. A species of Gossypium, grown in China, is remarkable as having naturally a coloured fibre; it is from this that the *Nankeen* cotton stuffs, formerly so much in use, were made. Their name was taken from the city of Nankin, where alone this peculiar substance was manufactured.

GERANIEÆ.—THE GERANIUM TRIBE.

Petals five, or by abortion, four. Stamens twice or thrice as many as the petals. Ovarium of five carpels. Fruit cohering round the axis. Seed solitary, erect. No albumen. Embryo curved.

One of the most frequent ornaments of the cottage window is a geranium, and of those flowers which variegate the borders of our domestic inclosures, some of the brilliant specimens of this sort form not the least considerable portion.

In this plant we may discover a remarkable provision for a special purpose. The style terminates in five stigmata or rosy points, which proceed down along the outside of this central pillar, and, at the base, each of them is enlarged into a seed-vessel, containing one seed. At the base, therefore, we find a circle consisting of five distinct protuberances; these finally separate, and are lifted up out of their original situation by the descending threads, which are a continuation of the stigmata, or rosy points. The operation of lifting up the seeds and their cases, is performed by the twisting of the threads, either in a spiral direction, like a screw, or by simply curling up like a lady's ringlets. The effect of these curious processes is to place the seed in a favourable position for being wafted to a distance by the wind. The description can scarcely fail to awaken admiration, but it will be stronger on the actual examination of this beautiful structure. If, too, we look with an eye desirous of instruction at the flower-stem just below the calyx, we shall perceive, in some instances, a spur, and, in all others, an enlargement on the upper side, which is hollow, and is extended various lengths down the flower-stem, so as to afford an auxiliary mark for specific distinction.

In the genus *erodium* (fig. 23) we miss the spur or tube in the flower-stalk. But what is most likely to excite attention is, the screw or worm-like twisting of the supporters, to raise the seed from its lodging below.

Another genus is called *pelargonium* (fig. 24). The fertile stamens vary from four leaves to seven, while the supporters are beaded on the inner side, and twist spirally, to raise the seed from its lodging. Examples are to be found among all the garden varieties, which are originally natives of the Cape of Good Hope, but by the cultivator's skill they have been improved and multiplied by crossing, so that, oftentimes, in our greenhouses and conservatories, few plants are more conspicuous or more beautiful.

AURANTIACEÆ—THE ORANGE TRIBE.

Petals three or five, broad at the base, sometimes slightly combined. Stamens equal in number to, or a multiple of, the petals. Style one, stigma one, somewhat divided. No albumen. Embryo straight.

The various species of the orange tribe are almost all natives of China and India, from whence they have been brought to other countries in or near the tropics. Nearly all of them contain sugar, citric acid, an aromatic essential oil, and a bitter principle, having tonic properties; but these are combined in varying proportions in different fruits. Thus, in the common orange the sugar prevails, and, when the fruit is ripe, the acid is subordinate. The best oranges are imported not only into England, but other parts of Europe, from the Azores, or Western Islands, in the Atlantic Ocean. They were sent thither by the Portuguese, to whom the islands belong, as oranges were originally transmitted by the Spaniards to the continent of America. The trees in the orange gardens of the Azores are magnificent, and, at the proper season, appear bending under the weight of their luxuriant fruit. It is difficult indeed to conceive of the rich appearance they present during the fruit months, when the emerald tints of the unripe, and the golden hue of the mature fruit, blend with the thick, dark, foliage of the trees, while the bright blossoms diffuse around their delicious odour. The gardens are of large extent, always encircled by a high wall, while within there is a thick, plantation belt of the faya, cedar, fern, and birch, which serves as a defence from the sea-breezes. Sometimes the gardens overhang the sides of a glen or a ravine, and the orange-trees, intermingled with the lofty arbutuses, display their charms to peculiar advantage. In the lemon (fig. 25) the acid is always predominant in the pulp, and the oil is more in the rind. In the shaddock, and still more in the Seville orange, the bitter principle is manifest. On the importance of these fruits to us it is unnecessary to expatiate.

EPITAPHS.

To define an epitaph is useless; everyone knows that it is an inscription on a tomb. An epitaph, therefore, implies no particular character of writing, but may be composed in verse or prose. It is indeed commonly panegyrical, because we are seldom distinguished with a stone but by our friends; but it has no rule to restrain or mollify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leisure and patience to peruse.

We subjoin specimens of epitaphs, collected from various sources, mixing the "grave and gay" promiscuously; for, singular to say, much facetiousness is to be found in the class of composition called epitaphs.

Lord Lyttleton inscribed on the tomb of his wife in the church of Hagley a beautiful tribute of his ardent love. Happy the wife who deserves such a character; happy, thrice happy, the husband who can apply it to the partner of his life!

"Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes,
Though meek, magnanimous, though witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentlest female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd."

It is reported of the author of the "Worthies and the Church, History of Britain," that he proposed as an epitaph for himself the words—

"Fuller's Earth."

The two following epitaphs are to be found among Browne's poems:—

"Here lieth in sooth,
Honest John Tooth,
Whom Death on a day
From us drew away."

On a Mr. Button,—

"Here lieth one, God rest his soul,
Whose grave is but a button-hole."

On a Mrs. Sarah Newman, in the churchyard of the old church of St. John, Clerkenwell:—

"Pain was my portion,
Physic was my food,
Groans was my devotion,
Drugs did me no good;
Christ was my physician,
Knew what way was best,
To ease me of my pain,
He took my soul to rest."

Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London—when his eldest daughter, of whom he was passionately fond, had been carried off by a premature fate—engraved his affection on her tomb. The reader will not be displeased with the following translation of the very beautiful Latin lines, though it is far inferior to the graces of the original:—

"Dearer than daughter, parallel'd by few
In genius, goodness, modesty, adieu!
Adieu, Maria! till that day more blest,
When, if deserving, I with thee shall rest.
'Come,' then thy sire will cry, in joyful strain,
'Oh! come to my paternal arms again.'"

On the slab which covers the remains of the "Poet of all time," are these extraordinary lines, generally believed to be written by himself:—

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones;
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Goldsmith—"poor Goldy!" "the learned fool,"—drew the character of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the form of an epitaph during his friend's life-time, in the following lines:—

"Here Reynolds is laid; and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland
Still born to improve us in every part;
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse; yet, most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

Pope was fond of writing epitaphs. The most valuable is considered to be that on Mrs. Corbet, who died of a cancer in her breast. It is in the north aisle of the parish church of St. Margaret, Westminster:—

"Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense;
No conquest she, but o'er herself desired;
No arts essay'd, but not to be admired.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refined,
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died."

The character and most prominent discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton are summed up in his epitaph, of which we give a translation:—

"Here lies interred Isaac Newton, knight, who, with an energy of mind almost divine, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets, and the causes of the tides; who discovered, what before his time no one had ever suspected, that rays of light are differently refrangible, and that this is the cause of colours; and who was a diligent, penetrating, and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the sacred writings. In his philosophy, he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners, he expressed the simplicity of the Gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature."

Lord Byron was the author of an epitaph on John Adams, of Southwell, a carrier, who died of drunkenness:—

"John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A *carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well;
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
He could *carry* no more—so was *carried* at last;
For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not *carry* off, so he's now *carri-on*."

THE FETE OF THE MADONNA DEL ARCO, AT NAPLES.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, some young men were playing at tennis in a little village some miles from Naples, near Vesuvius; one of them cried out with a sort of enthusiasm, "I'm sure to win! I prayed at the feet of that Madonna before I began to play," pointing to a little stone image in a niche, such as are found at the outside of almost all houses in Italy, "and she smiled on me." He did win, and his antagonist furious with disappointment, as he did not by any means take the Virgin's interference in good part, threw the ball at the Madonna and hit her on the cheek. The cheek instantly became black. A certain nobleman of Saro, who chanced to be passing at the time, seized upon the sacrilegious offender and hung him on a neighbouring tree. The moment he touched the tree it withered up, as if struck by lightning. It was cut down, and a church was built over the spot where it stood, and on the high altar was placed the miraculous image, which received the name of *Madonna del Arco*. The origin of the name is unknown, neither history nor tradition has informed us whether it was the church gave the

name to the village or the village to the church, but at all events the latter has become the shrine of immemorable pilgrimages, and the load of votive offerings, greater part of which are bas-reliefs in silver, placed on the altar testify to the piety of the worshippers who crowd thither from all parts of the kingdom. The walls also are covered from the ceiling to the floor with a great number of crutches, legs, arms, heads, &c., made out of every possible material, and small pictures

THE FETE OF THE MADONNA DEL ARCO, AT NAPLES.

representing some accident, from the effects of which the Madonna has saved her votaries, and in the corner which she herself appears in the midst of clouds and surrounded with angels.

On the day on which the feast of this Madonna is celebrated, an immense crowd fills the church from morning till night, shouting, gesticulating, and pushing one another about, and scrambling for the white rose leaves, which the officiating priests, standing in front of the altar, surrounded by a marble balustrade, scatter upon every side. When the ceremony is concluded, they scatter themselves under the poplars which abound in the vicinity of the church, and between which the vines climbing the trunk, and spreading across from one to another, form green and shady arbours. Groups are seen seated here and there upon the grey cinders with which the ground is covered, and which glitters with brilliant micas; there one or more families eating maccaroni from the same dish, here lazzaroni playing at dice, further on girls and young men dancing, while tabors and castanets are discoursing music upon every side.

In the evening, after the tarentella, the only dance which is admitted in rural fetes, the crowd goes back to Naples singing and laughing the while, and not the least charming feature in the scene for a stranger, is the beautiful aspect of the surrounding country when the whole landscape is bathed in the soft light of an Italian sunset.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.—ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHORESS.

CHAPTER II.

Each to each we are mysteries;
Nor can we guess what we may be,
Except by what a glance can seize.

Henry Sutton.

Ah, children, children! never grieve those you love; never lose an opportunity of doing a kindness to those you love; never give way to bitterness and hardness, else you will lay up a punishment for yourselves which will pursue you as with a whip of scorpions!—*Mary Howitt.*

It would be a curious surprise to us could we see laid out before us, as on a chart, the intermingling lines of life of dearest friends, of deadliest foes, of lovers, of future wives and husbands. Up to a certain point their destinies have appeared to the superficial looker-on, to themselves even, as widely separate; yet in many an instance, could we but obtain the secret clue to the two lives, they have, unconsciously to each other, wandered on side by side, or crossed and recrossed each other in their separate orbits with a marvellous pertinacity.

Thus Leonard Mordant was quite unconscious, as he passed through the picturesque village of Wilford, on his way to Clifton-grove, that he, in a rosy-faced urchin of some thirteen years old, encountered an individual whose fate would in years to come be singularly linked together with his own. Leonard Mordant, the genius, the would-be great painter, the R.A. expectant.

This important individual was opening the shutters of one of those singularly picturesque little thatched cottages of that quaint, old-fashioned village. There was something so fresh and pleasing in the whole scene, that the bright, youthful face of the boy, with his clear, frank eyes and golden hair, as he looked out of the dusky cottage window, putting back the grey shutters—the long, dagger-like icicles hanging down from the thick eaves, with the rays of the up-rising sun glittering upon them—and the pure, untrodden snow making the fresh colouring of the lad's face all the richer and brighter from contrast—fixed themselves deeply in Leonard's artist-soul as one of those exquisite combinations which nature is unceasingly weaving for the delight of poets and painters. Leonard observed the lad's face with an almost unconscious interest, and then sank back again into his absorbing speculations regarding his own fate.

The boy's countenance looked bright enough in the glowing beams of the morning sun; but had Leonard chanced to pass the same little cottage some five hours later, he would have seen a very different expression upon it. He would have seen a cloud of the most decided ill-temper overshadowing those frank, clear eyes; he would have seen that sweet mouth pouting with most unmitigated crossness! And all that he would have remembered would have been how a little country bumpkin had bounced out of a cottage, muttering in a very surly manner between his clenched teeth, and pulling very hard at a grand new red and green comforter which was tightly tied round his throat. Had Leonard cared to watch this exhibition of childish rage, he would have observed how the boy, having advanced several paces from the cottage, pulled off the comforter, striking it violently upon the ground, and exclaiming—

"The nasty thing! I hate it—I can't abide it—I can't abide worsted things—they tickles one so! And that grandmother knows, *that* she does!—I'd like to tear it, that I would!"

And Leonard might have seen, had he still cared to watch the lad, how the door of the little cottage again flew open, and how a tidy old woman, also very cross, appeared, shouting out at the pitch of her voice, and shaking her fist at him—

"Johnny! Johnny! I saw thee, that I did! thou bad lad! thou ungrateful, bad chap! I'll never knit thee any more comforters—see if I will!"

"Don't, then, grandmother—I hate 'em! they tickles a body so!"—and he would have seen how Johnny hereupon stamped with his heavy old shoes upon one end of the nice new comforter, pulling the other end up with his hands till he tore it in earnest. And then he would have seen how the old grandmother rushed out, and, beginning to box Johnny's ears, ended by crying bitterly; and how Johnny, vouchsafing the poor old soul no other comfort than the torn comforter, doggedly trudged off towards Nottingham.

It is grievous to relate such a change in the bright-faced little lad of the morning, but such, nevertheless, was the scene which occurred before the pretty thatched cottage, about one o'clock of the eventful 15th of December, 1830. And as this 15th of December is a day of considerable importance to the said little Johnny, or John Wetherley, as we must later on in our story respectfully call him, let us enquire further into the origin of this quarrel.

Johnny usually worked for a farmer of the village, but the severe frost having put an end to all out-door labour for the present, Johnny had a holiday until the frost should break up again. Johnny and his grandmother, Sally Wetherley, lived alone, and Johnny being what is usually called "a handy lad," made himself, in his holidays, so extremely useful to the old woman, that some twenty times a day she exclaimed, laughing, that she "only wished she could keep Johnny always as her servant of all work, and live like a lady." This very morning, after opening the shutters at seven o'clock, how busy he had been! You would never have fancied Johnny could go into a pet, had you only watched him setting the breakfast-things for his dear merry old grandmother out upon that funny black tea-tray, that stood upon the little walnut stand before the fire, or toasting her a bit of bread, which he *buttered* with dripping! And then, both having breakfasted, he eating "dry-bread and pull-it," as he called it, instead of toast and dripping, he had washed up the breakfast-things like the tidiest of little servants, had chopped the wood, brought it in, fetched water from the river—had swept out the house, and peeled the potatoes for his and his grandmother's dinner—and now having been in a very great hurry to finish everything—he said,—

"Grandmother; I've attended to all the little jobs, and I want *you* now to do something for me—will you, dear old granny?" asked the lad coaxingly, and laying his cheek upon his old grandmother's head as she sat warming her feet at the fire—"I want you, grandmother, to sit quietly in your arm-chair a bit, as you do on Sundays—for I want to try to make a picture of you. I want to try and make one with the colours Mr. Brewster gave me, the day after he laughed so much at my painting the view of the church with your powder-blue and mustard!"

"Make a pictur of *me*, lad!" returned his grandmother. "Bless thee, lad! dos't thou relly think, then, thou could'st make a *pictur* of me? But thou'd'st better try thy hand, Johnny, upon something handsomer than my wizzen old face, it's all so full of crows'-feet, and such like!"

"Now I think, grandmother," replied Johnny, looking up from an old tea-chest which stood in the window, and out of which he was bringing with much care a new juvenile paint-box, and several sheets of cartridge paper,—"now, I think, grandmother, that you have a very nice, dear, old face, a very *pretty* face, that I do;" and Johnny, setting down his paint-box, began kissing his grandmother upon her eyes and her cheeks, and even upon her double-chin—till the merry old woman laughed so heartily, that she nearly fell off her

chair—"Yes, I do indeed think you *very* pretty, grandmother," said the lad, still more coaxingly and affectionately; "and you must just sit still a bit, now won't you?"

But the old woman declared so vehemently that it was not "her natriment to sit still upon her chair," and that "she couldn't believe it were Sunday," that Johnny would never certainly have persuaded her to let him take her picture unless a brilliant idea had struck him, and this was to give his grandmother her knitting. And so away he ran to the drawer in an old press where the old dame kept her knitting. However, before he could open the drawer, his grandmother was after him, and pushing him away, cried, "Get off with thy imperance, get off with thee! Thou must na come here; every one keep to their own concarns." And Johnny, who in reality cared more about his picture than about the old woman's private drawer, and seeing her quietly take out her stocking to knit, arranged his paper and colours very contentedly, and Sally Wetherley sitting down at last with her knitting, the important picture was commenced.

It was a clever, spirited likeness of the old woman that the lad traced upon his cartridge paper; there were all the curious lines and markings of the face indicated, though most rudely, with such life-like expression, that the young artist glanced with surprise as he saw the success of his attempt.

"Why, grandmother!" cried he, "your face looks really, only its coloured, like one of the three pictures in black frames that Mr. Brewster has hanging up in the room where he writes his sermons! I wish you'd only seen them, grandmother. I'd a good look at them t'other night when he gave me those Penny Magazines." And in truth the sketch *did* resemble these pictures, which were rare etchings after Albert Dürer. The hand and eye of little Johnny were the rare hand and eye of a born artist; but how richly endowed the lad was, neither he nor his poor old grandmother had as yet the faintest inkling.

Johnny Wetherley was holding up his sketch for the wondering admiration of the good old woman, when a knock at the door suddenly disturbed them, and the door opening, there stood before the curtseying, surprised grandmother and the bashful boy-artist, a commanding-looking gentleman, and by his side a slender girl of twelve or thirteen.

"So here we find our young *Giotto* in the very act, Honoria!" said the gentleman, turning to his youthful companion.

"Will not his honour be seated! Johnny, Johnny, why dosn't thou run for a cheer, thou idle lad; does'n't thou see the young lady has no cheer?" ejaculated poor old Sally Wetherley, in a very great flurry, letting her knitting fall, and rubbing down her own arm chair with her apron to offer it to "his honour."

But "his honour," who was in fact no less a personage than the Honourable Jasper Pierrpoint, of the Hellings, unobservant of all this attention, had taken up Johnny's sketch and was examining it very attentively.

"This really is very surprising, Honoria!" observed Mr. Pierrpoint to his daughter, addressing her as though she were his equal in age; and then turning towards the old woman: "Is it true," he demanded kindly, yet somewhat severely, "what you have assured Mr. Brewster, that except for the few cheap prints which Mr. Brewster has given your grandson, he has had no instruction in drawing whatsoever?"

"Bless your honour, Mester Pierrpoint, my Johnny never has had no larning but i' the Sunday-schule! Mester Brewster, sure enow, give Johnny some picturs, but what for I know na!" responded Sally Wetherley briskly.

"Honoria," pursued Mr. Pierrpoint, again addressing the little girl, who stood holding Johnny's sketch with a sort of proud contempt, but lowering his voice considerably; "Honoria, we must be careful in removing this lad out of the sphere in which destiny has placed him;—it seems certainly to me, that there is extraordinary genius in this rude sketch. *If* all be as we are assured by our excellent friend, Mr. Brewster, (and these people seem honest simple folks, incapable of deceit) we will see after placing the lad where he can obtain proper instruction. But we must be cautious, Honoria—and as you so warmly desired to seek out the young Giotto, I will do all, my Honoria, in your name."

"But, papa, I do *not* think him a Giotto." And with an indescribable *hauteur*, the young lady laid down the little artist's sketch. "I am disappointed, papa. I think Mr. Brewster has exaggerated—but, if *you*, papa, think him a Giotto," pursued she, smiling beautifully and lovingly at her father, "I shall believe, of course, that I am wrong to be disappointed!"—and she laid her slender hand within the arm of her father, as he, having again taken the sketch, was once more examining it.

Johnny had undergone, during the last five minutes, extraordinary sensations. That bit of cartridge paper—which had given him such pleasure when only his own eyes and the eyes of his good old grandmother had rested upon it, and upon those rude lines which had appeared to him the "very moral" of his grandmother—the instant the eyes of these two strange, grand, gentlefolks fell upon them, became objects of horror;—he wished his paper were in the fire;—his cheeks burned hot as flame—he caught a sight of the sketch—oh, it was not a *bit* like his grandmother *now!* It was like nothing—it was a muddle of blots—oh, why was he standing there!—and his mouth felt so dry, and his eyes so hot,—if he were only in the turnip-field at work! "It is really very surprising, Honoria!"—the words rang through him down to his very finger and toe ends! Was his sketch extraordinary!—Did these grand, clever people who knew all about pictures say his sketch was extraordinary!—And the Honourable Jasper Pierrpoint, of the Hellings, had pictures which had been spoken of in his "Penny Magazines!" Yes, it was like his grandmother, he saw it now—it was! it *was* like her, and he could make the pictures of every thing he saw upon paper, *that* he could, if he might only try, instead of working in the turnip-field and straw-yard! Every word reached his ear, let Mr. Pierrpoint lower his voice ever so much.—*Genius?* he'd read of genius—what was it? *Remove him?*—Mr. Brewster?—honest?—oh, yes, *they* were honest!—*instruction?*—oh, thought he, would they only let him have instruction—he'd work night and day—he'd never go to bed, if he might only be instructed to paint and to make pictures! But a Giotto!—what did that mean? And then the beautiful young lady looked so proud, and *she* did not like the little picture; and she was *quite* right—oh dear, he wished he had never made it, he wished the ground would open under his feet and swallow him up—he felt quite "badly like"—and so confused, that when he saw his old grandmother curtesying again, and almost crying with joy—and Mr. Pierrpoint rolling up the sketch, and then holding out a golden half-sovereign towards *him*—little Johnny Wetherley!—he thought he was dreaming—and in his dream could neither move nor speak, only grew hotter and hotter! and felt his grandmother pushing his elbow, and exclaiming, "The lad's soft! the silly lad's downright soft!"—and the grand folks were gone, and his picture was gone, and he had a golden half-sovereign in his hand. But, someway, he was more ready to cry than to do any thing else. John Wetherley had began to learn one of the many painful lessons in the artist's "School of Life,"—a lesson which, with its bitter alternation of joy, and of self-contempt, of hope, courage, and despondency, must be repeated, with many an unrelenting severity, before John Wetherley can stand forth the humble, yet self-reliant and perfected man and painter!

Poor little Johnny! he actually did sit down on the ground and cry, holding the money in his hard little hand—such queer feelings were in his heart! He wanted his little picture, to look at it again—he cared more, after all, for it, than he did for the half-sovereign—and yet that was very fine, and he could buy some beautiful paper and paints with it—and a picture or two, perhaps, out of a print shop window in Nottingham. But oh, the beautiful young lady had looked so disdainful! Poor Johnny's vanity was wounded, and the tears streamed down faster than ever.

"Why Johnny, Johnny! where art te lad, where art te?" cried the delighted grandmother, as she came running back

from the end of the garden where she had been watching the "gentlefolks" drive away in their carriage, which all the time had been waiting for them at the end of the elm-tree avenue. "Why thou't never a crying, thou big booby! thou'st got such a heap o' money! Let's see, lad! bless thee! but thou't a born soft 'un, I do believe! Let a body look at the money!" and kissing and hugging her grandson, who stood silent, looking very unhappy all the time, she snatched the money out of his reluctant hands, and looking at it side-ways as she held it towards the light, continued in the highest glee: "But thou't a rare un, Johnny, bless thee! I'd never a thought any body 'ud a given a half-sovereign for they bits o' painting o' my old face. But they gave it thee, lad, out o' charity like; they seed we were getting very bare, Johnny, and Mester Brewster, he's always a thoughtful gentleman, had told 'em of us, that's it, lad! And now, Johnny, thou mun really buy thyself a pair o' stout ankle-boots; thine is got too bad, thou patched em up on Wednesday, I seed thee myself, with an 'oud end o' packthread, but they're really done for;—them will be five shillings, may happen, five and sixpence; and then, Johnny, I mun have a bit o' flannel for my rhumatis, and that will be fifteen pence —thou'll get good stout flannel for fifteen pence a yard, thou can go to Cook's, middle o' th' Long Row, or to Manlove's, that's not such a big shop and they are civil folks; and that will make—let me see—six shillings say th' boots—and mind, lad, thou get's 'em big enough, with good stout nails in 'em—and them thou can get i' Goose-gate, thou knows: but stop, I've lost my reckoning,—six shillings th' boots; fifteen pence th' flannel, that's seven and threepence; and bring us two ounces o' tea from Mester Fox's the quaker's, his tea's the best for th' money; and half a pound o' soap, and half a pound o' sugar, and that'll make—let me see! sixpence tea, twopence th' soap, sugar threepence—that's elevenpence, that'll make eight and twopence; and thou can buy thyself a pen'orth or two o' marbles, and a bit o' Giberalta rock if thou likes—and stop!—we may as well 'a two or three candles, and that'll make up about nine shillings, and the other shilling we'll lend poor old Dolly White, she's so badly, and Samwel out o' work, and that'll bring thee, lad, a blessing upon thy money! and them 're honest folks, and 'll pay it back as soon as she can go out a washing again. But really, Johnny, thou mun be down-right soft, that thou mun, to look so glum, and thou so rich! Thou mun set off right sharp for Nottingham, the taters are just biled, and here they are we' a pinch a salt to 'em; come, make a good dinner and be off with thee! Bless thee, lad, for thou art a good 'un!" And the chattering, happy old woman, totally oblivious to her grandson's state of mind, bustled about, all the time her tongue going as fast as possible.

"I don't want no dinner, grandmother," pettishly ejaculated Johnny, roughly brushing away from the old woman as she pressed him to eat; "I don't want no dinner; and I wish you'd let me alone, that I do!"

"The Lord ha' mercy! bless us and save us! what's come all on a sudden to th' lad! Why he seems quite upset we's luck. Lord, ha' mercy! The thought of 's new boots has fair upset him, sure enough, and taen 's appetite. Johnny, lad! I'll tell thee what, I'm so proud and upset myself by th' good luck, that I think I mun e'en tell thee a secret, that I've had iver so long in my head, and that's *this*—look'e Johnny!" And with much bustle and delight she pulled out of her private drawer the splendid new comforter all so gorgeous in its scarlet and green. "There lad, there! isn't it fine? and I've knitted it all i' hidlings for thee, to give thee at Christmas; but to-day's as good as Christmas, it's so uncommon lucky! just look, and it's so warm, and thou can wrap thyself up in it ever so fine! I *do* think now—" soliloquised the grandmother, regarding her handiwork with undisguised pride,—"I *do* think, Johnny, it's the very handsomest comforter as iver I set eyes on! But the lad's gone clean off his head, I *do* believe; he never even looks at th' comforter, and's a putting on 's hat to set off, and without ever having taken bit or sup;—well I never would a thought of thee, Johnny, that thou could ha' been so queer, never!—and I having knitted this beautiful comforter for thee—I wish I'd never been fool enough—but if thou'st got the mully-grubs, *I* can't help it now. Here, lad, let's tie th' comforter tightly round thy throat, and be off with thee, and forget none of the things, and there's the money." Saying which, Sally Wetherley knotting the ungraciously received present round Johnny's throat till he could scarcely breathe, she opened the door, and pushing Johnny's ill-tempered looking shoulder, forth he bounced.

And that, too, as we have seen, in a tremendous rage! What a ferment was Johnny Wetherley in—wounded vanity, a strange and galling sense of injustice, which had sprung up and increased to a mighty degree within his breast, whilst his poor old grandmother was so comfortably disposing of his own especial money;—a vague sense of a world, magnificent and beautiful, to which he himself did not belong, and which had now first dimly dawned upon his startled imagination, —were the chief causes of agitation;—he could have wept, he could have laughed, and could equally have gone into a passion—which was what he finally did, as we have seen, venting his strange discomfort upon the innocent comforter!

Johnny's pride rose, as his grandmother boxed his ears, to such an unusual degree, that though the sight of her tears of vexation at another moment, would have almost broken his heart, he trudged off towards Nottingham, wishing fervently that he might enlist—might run away—might do anything, in short, desperate and bad, to punish his good old grandmother!

But the more violent Johnny's rage, the sooner it was over, and before he had reached the town he was quite surprised to find his old grandmother assuming an amiable aspect again. "It was too bad of her though," mused he, "to want me to spend all my money upon her things; and to say that Mr. Pierrpoint gave us—gave *me*—that half-sovereign out of charity. He gave it *me* for my drawing—and he thinks something of my little picture, or else he would not have talked to that beautiful young lady about my having instruction!" At the remembrance of this, Johnny's countenance cleared up so suddenly, that in an instant his face was that of the bright, fresh, innocent little lad of the morning, who opened so cheerily the window-shutters to the up-rising sun. "Poor old soul! it was too bad of me though about the comforter! I was very nasty-tempered. I'll buy her all her things, that I will, sure enough; but my boots I really can't buy. I must buy those pictures, that I must, and some more paper and pencils, and then I'll make more pictures—and then, perhaps——" But we won't follow Johnny through all his "castles in the air;" suffice it to say, that he transacted all his business very much to his satisfaction; and with a yearning after his grandmother in his heart, which lent wings to his feet as he returned from the town, he entered the village as twilight was closing in.

But how was this? Before the cottage stood a crowd of people—lights gleamed from the casements in an unusual manner! Johnny's breath seemed snatched from him—his heart to stand suddenly still—all to grow dark around him—he was wildly rushing through the crowd, who sought to detain him!" "Poor little chap!" rang through his ears, as if it were the voice of the crowd. He stood, he knew not how, in his grandmother's chamber. Moaning, she lay upon her bed—her face was very white and strange! There stood Mr. and Mrs. Brewster—there stood the doctor—oh, Johnny knew him so well! Johnny uttered a wild cry, and, clasping his hands, fell upon his knees beside the poor old woman. She had broken her leg.

Poor old woman! her heart had gone through a process of remorse for her sharpness and testiness, pretty much as Johnny's had done; and praying "the Lord to forgive her for being so very hard upon th' poor little chap," she determined "to have the kettle boiling and the tea ready by his return," and "she'd werrit him na' more about th' comforter,—she ought t' have thought on't, that he couldna' bide worsted!" And in order to have a regular feast upon this lucky day, she put on her cloak, and trudged off to Stafford's to buy a loaf and half a pound of treacle. It was growing dusk, and she

never noticed a slide upon which the boys of the village had been very active all day, and which was close to the shop.

THE PORTRAIT.

Down she came with a terrible shock, cutting her hand sadly with a cup which she was carrying for the treacle, and which was much worse, breaking her leg. Her scream, as she fell, brought out Mr. Stafford and all the neighbours. She was picked up terribly hurt, as we have seen, and borne home upon a door. What an end was this to so promising a day!

We will not dwell upon the earlier portion of poor Sally Wetherley's illness. It was a season of bitter sorrow to poor little Johnny; but the time of trial brought its sweet as well as its bitter fruit. The kind clergyman, Mr. Brewster, and his wife, watched over the old woman's sick-bed like guardian spirits. Johnny was kept at home the whole winter as his grandmother's nurse. And before you found such another tender, cheerful little nurse as Johnny was, you might have sought both far and wide. Mrs. Brewster, who had her eyes and motherly heart wide open to all that passed in the village, noticed Johnny's gentle, loving care of the old woman; and her husband having long since noticed Johnny's talent for drawing, the good lady determined to turn it to account. Thus, one day on her visit to Sally Wetherley, she gave Johnny a quantity of card-board, some delicate camels'-hair pencils, and beautiful colours out of her own well-stocked colour-box, together with a pair of handscreens upon which were painted clusters of roses and pansies; and she told Johnny that if he would paint her similar groups of flowers upon the card-board, she would buy them from him; and that if he succeeded—as she was sure he would—she would procure him many customers, and that thus he might make a deal of money—as much, if not more than if he were at work in the turnip-fields. You may imagine what a delight this was to the poor lad!

He was always drawing and painting now, whenever his poor old grandmother or his little domestic duties did not require his attention. The little table that stood in the window was generally covered with his work, and he would sit drawing for hours, and talking to the dear old invalid. When she began to recover, as she lay in her bed she was able to read, and she would read aloud sometimes to her grandson—the book propped up before her upon pillows. It was generally "the best of books" that she read, or "Pilgrim's Progress." She read very slowly, it is true, and miscalled names somewhat, but Johnny in those days was no critic: the slowness only perhaps impressed the beautiful, affecting histories of the Bible, and the quaint marvels of the "Pilgrim's

JOHNNY IN THE WOOD.

Progress," the more deeply in his memory. Many a time in after life did these readings recur to him; he heard the lovely, blessed words falling from the dear lips of the good old woman, and they seemed words of heaven uttered in a heaven. The two hearts were wondrously knit together by this affliction and its accompanying joy. Without clearly defining it to themselves, they both felt how God often bestows the truest happiness, or rather *blessedness*, upon His children through means which appear the very opposite to happy. In the then state of their hearts, to have quarrelled about the comforter would have been impossible. Johnny never remembered that unhappy morning without a terrible pang, and yet he always *wished* to remember it; and as a lesson to himself, he hung the comforter on a nail near the window, so that it might constantly be before his eyes.

The painting of the screens succeeded marvellously, and, besides screens, Johnny painted for Mrs. Brewster and her friends needle-books and card-racks, and the paste-board sides for bags, or *reticules* as they were called in those days. Mrs. Brewster brought Johnny a number of her own drawings of flowers; and from these Johnny composed extraordinarily intricate groups, and borders, and arabesques: he quite astonished himself!—he used to dream at night of nothing but bouquets of forget-me-nots and of garlands of roses and violets. And then, when the snowdrops began to peep out of the dark mould in the parsonage garden, and there was a flush of violet crocuses in the meadows lying between Wilford and the town, and the orange crocuses in the cottage-gardens opened wide their burnished chalices, then Johnny painted flowers from nature, and was so astounded at the beauty of these lovely stars of earth, which now first revealed their wonders to him, that he was at times fairly like one intoxicated with joy and surprise.

But, though the winter was past and gone, and the joyous spring was arriving, it had not passed without its anxieties, and among them was a secret, private one, locked up in the little artist's breast. The Honourable Jaspar Pierrpoint of the Hellings, and the beautiful young lady, had evidently quite forgotten him, and their intention of giving him instruction. After the first dreadful anxiety about his grandmother was over, he had so often thought about them and their words, and speculated upon them, and listened—oh, a thousand times—for their coming, and pictured to himself what they would do and say;—but they never came! Neither did Mr. Brewster, nor yet Mrs. Brewster, speak of them. Johnny wished at times he could forget all about them; but this he could not, do whatever he would.

One gusty February afternoon, when all the country was dreary with the swollen waters from the Trent,—when the pale, feeble rays of a struggling sun, breaking through a sky heavy with leaden clouds, gleamed mournfully upon the vast expanse of muddy waters which covered the meadows lying between the village and the town,—when there was a melancholy drip, drip, from the heavy cottage eaves, and the trees, and hedges, and gardens, had as dank and hopeless an air as in November,—old Dolly White, looking in towards twilight for a gossip with Johnny's grandmother, began dilating upon the great funeral of old Lady De Callis, which her son had seen wending its way along the mirey road from Nottingham towards the little village of Pierrpoint-cum-Hellings, in the church of which, built by her grandfather, would now repose the corpse of Honoria Ethelgiva Cowdery, Baroness Cowdery, Dowager Countess De Callis.

"Lord 'a mercy," exclaimed Sally Wetherley, raising her hands piously, "and may He give th' oud lady a seat in His blessedness, and may she taste o' His tender mercies! And would you think, Dolly, we was born on th' self-same day—th' oud Lady De Callis and me!—that we was. And I mind me well, Dolly, when a' the country side was feasted at her wedding—my old man and me was a-courting in those days—and we'd a fine holiday like at the wedding and merrymaking up at th' Hellings. But, bless me, Dolly, you mun remember all as well as me!"

"Oh, bless you!" returned Dolly White, "that I do; and above all, what a fuss there was some few years later, when she left her husband up i' the north, and came back with her youngest babby—Mester Jaspar—eh, Sally? what a waste a' years lies 'tween them times and these! and th' Hellings was all a-stir again, and what queer ways she had, with all her rearing o' Mester Jaspar—th' wonder is he ever was reared at all!—she wur a queer un, depend 'on 't. She led the oud lord an uneasy life on't, I's warrant ye, Sally!"

"Folks allers said," interrupted Johnny's grandmother, who was now sitting up in her bed quite excited with her reminiscences, "that Mester Jaspar took marvellous after the old lady, and they says he's th' outlandishest ways, and's a-bringing up Miss Honoria to be quite th' moral of her grandmother—bless the poor lass, but she wanted a father to be always a-caring for her, having no mother, poor thing! I hears she's nothing but men to teach her, and that she can shoot and ride like a lad—but she looks like a young lady, and a very handsome young lady any how! don't she, Johnny?" appealed the grandmother to her little grandson, who had been listening most attentively to every word of the discourse between the two old gossips.

That evening, as Johnny sat painting a bunch of forget-me-nots, he asked his grandmother to tell him all the stories about the strange old Lady de Callis and the Pierrpoints that she could remember,—he had often heard things which had greatly excited his imagination, and to-night his grandmother grew quite eloquent upon a theme which was always interesting to her. And whilst she talked, Johnny arranged in his mind a scheme, and this was, to make a little present to the beautiful Miss Honoria of the forget-me-not needle-book he was painting. He had heard, in the gossip of the two women, that she and her father had been away in London all the winter, and this had considerably soothed the slight irritation which he had felt whenever the name of Pierrpoint fell upon his ear. Yes, he would paint her the loveliest little needle-book, and telling kind Mrs. Brewster whom it was for, beg her to make it up for him in the prettiest way she could, with rose-coloured ribbon and gold thread, as she made them up for her friends, and then, when Honoria returned from London, he would go to the Hellings and endeavour to see her.

And now a month has passed since this gusty February afternoon. The brisk winds of March have blown through the country, clearing the heavens and dyeing them with deepest azure, and summoning forth buds and bells from the vigorous old earth, and flushing the hedge-rows and groves with the russet and violet of kindling life. Johnny Wetherley is on his way to the Hellings, with the needle-book laid, together with a variety of little pictures, in a basket, and with a great anxiety and tremor lying in his heart.

He sees the smoke rising from the many-chimneyed roof of the Hellings, which lies low among its woods—he hears the bark of deep-mouthed hounds, ascending to him from the old mansion—he hears the crowing of cocks shrilly pealing through the quiet morning air—he hears and sees the innumerable rooks who fitfully career and caw around the tall elms which skirt the widely-extending out-buildings—he sees the sunlight gleam and glitter upon the tall vane of the weather-cock like a brilliant star—he sees it gleam and glitter upon the sullen water which fills a mossy moat which on one side crosses the closely shaven grass-plats of the small but stately garden—he sees the great hatchment with its emblazonment which hangs above the grey gateway leading up by a flagged walk to the red brick, many-windowed, many-gabled mansion—he sees the ivy-mantled griffins which guard the gateway—he sees a figure—a spot of brightest scarlet;—it appears at first upon the steps of the old mansion, then there are other figures—there is a bustle—a barking of dogs—the scarlet figure is seated upon a white pony; away it dashes, followed by two splendid hounds,—pony, scarlet figure, and hounds rush on across the green turf of the park-like pasture field in which lies the old house. Johnny's heart leaps up into his mouth—he feels that it is the beautiful Honoria; she approaches near enough for him to see between the leafless tree branches—

though still far off—how beautiful she is in her black riding-dress,—above which she wears a wondrously dainty little scarlet jacket,—in her black velvet hat and feather, and with her splendid hounds and pony. Wild as the careering rooks above her head, she gallops round and round the great field, leaping ditches, making her pony curvet and rear, free and bold as the wind which rushes through her fair hair, that in a luxuriant mass is allowed to float beneath her velvet hat.

Johnny feels quite sick at heart,—he feels someway as though he had been bold enough to think of making a needle-book, and giving it to an angel whose abode was in heaven, where no pain or poverty ever had entered,—he felt so humbled that he sank his head down among the bright fresh primroses and wild hyacinths which were springing up through the dry brown oak leaves which carpeted the thicket where he sat, and a strange discomfort gnawed his soul.

A far stranger, far bitterer discomfort gnawed the soul of another being who was pacing that thickly-wooded hill-side. Whilst Johnny had watched Honoria so gaily riding in her scarlet jacket, joyous and strong as the brisk March morning, a mournfully brooding woman had drawn near to him, her eyes cast towards the earth; but seeing nothing there—no violets, no fresh verdure, no lovely snail-shell freshly burnished with gold and purple for the new year, no happy bird pulling bents and leaves for its building nest—those eyes only saw the phantom of a beloved, lost son.

She was Leonard's mother.

All through the winter had she ever and anon put forth in the papers appeals "to a tenderly beloved and anxiously mourned over absent son;" she had besought "L. M. to communicate with his heart-broken mother." "As L. M. valued the earthly and eternal welfare of a parent, he was besought to write—to forgive, and all should be forgiven." But Leonard read no paper, communicated his history to no one in the great metropolis which had swallowed him up, and thus the heart-broken mother lived on in a sickening despondency. She had quitted her brother's, and lodged in a squalid part of the town, refusing all assistance from, and all intercourse with, him. Her days were spent in restless wanderings; she had tramped the country far and wide in search of him she had lost, ever returning with a sick hope to Nottingham, hoping—longing—that the young bird might have returned weary to the nest. She was this morning upon one of her rambles: she was always expecting to meet Leonard in some sylvan haunt—she had seen his phantom many a time standing in Clifton Grove, and other solitary spots, picking up mosses and stones and flowers; and when, with wide open arms, she had sprung towards the figure with a shriek of joy, the form had melted into a tree or bush!

Johnny heard a wild cry at his ear—a form hovered above him—he was madly clasped to a woman's heart—his eyes, his hair, his hands, his clothes were kissed—tears, hot as molten lead, burnt upon his hands, his brow—and a pair of large, bright, flashing eyes gazed at him—and then the woman flinging him with violent indignation from her, her face changed instantaneously from most passionate love to intensest anger; he saw in giddy amaze, as he cowered against a tree-stem, the woman press his little pictures, his little needle-book, and the flowers with which he had adorned his little basket, as madly to her lips—to her heart—as she had pressed him but a moment before.

"My boy! my Leonard! they have murdered thee!" shrieked in wild accents the strange woman. "Thy flowers! thy pictures! thy dear, dear pictures! they have taken them from thee, thou art despoiled, thou art slain! But vengeance! vengeance!" shrieked she, springing up a maniac. "Vengeance is mine, quoth the Lord," and she sprang towards the tree where a moment before Johnny had stood. But Johnny had slipped down in horror and haste by a steep pathless bank, and leaping from point to point, and clinging by roots and ivy trails, had escaped, with the agility of terror, from the mad-woman.

Honoria was still careering upon her white pony over the pasture-field, but he heeded her no longer; the dogs barked with deep-mouthed echoes from the Hellings, but it was only the cry of the strange woman that rang in his ears.

Bathed in perspiration, and white as a ghost, with his clothes torn by briars and stumps of trees, panting and breathless, he burst into the cottage of his grandmother, and fell fainting upon her bed.

THOMAS HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK.

This nobleman, who was eminent both as a statesman and a warrior, flourished in the reign of Henry VIII. He was born about the year 1473. His grandfather was the first duke of the Howard family, and was created in 1483. He lost his life at the battle of Bosworth, while fighting for Richard III. His father, who was also in arms on that occasion, forfeited his title and estates, but had them restored to him by Henry VII. Thomas Howard was made a knight of the garter soon after Henry VIII. succeeded to the crown, and attained to other distinctions in consequence of his talents both as a naval and military commander. He assisted in the capture of a celebrated Scottish freebooter, Sir Andrew Barton, in 1511; and when his brother, Sir Edward Howard, was killed in an engagement with the French off Brest, in 1513, he succeeded him as High Admiral of England. In the same year he commanded, with his father, at the battle of Flodden, in which James IV., King of Scotland, was totally defeated and slain. For their services on this occasion, the father was made Duke of Norfolk, and the son, Earl of Surrey.

In 1521, Thomas was sent to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant, where he succeeded in suppressing an insurrection under the renowned chieftain, O'Neal. Shortly after, he undertook an expedition to the coast of France, in which he proved successful. In 1523 he was appointed Lord Treasurer; and soon afterwards he headed an inroad into Scotland, when he destroyed the town of Jedburgh by fire.

In 1524, in consequence of the death of his father, Thomas succeeded to the dukedom. He afterwards became a leading member of the king's council, and was considered as the head of the Roman Catholic party, though he acted with so much prudence that he retained the favour of his sovereign till near the close of his long reign. In 1536, he was employed against the Catholic insurgents in the North of England, and in 1542 against the Scots. In 1544 he went to France with the king on an hostile expedition, and commanded at the siege of Montreuil.

In the event, however, it proved that all the valuable services he had rendered could not secure him from the jealousy of the capricious Henry; and, upon slight grounds, he had condemned him to suffer death as a traitor, January 29, 1547. The king died on the preceding night, and the duke obtained a respite, but he was detained a prisoner in the Tower during the reign of Edward VI.

When Edward was in the article of death, the Duke of Northumberland wrote in the king's name to his sisters, the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, requesting them to attend immediately upon their dying brother; but before they could reach the metropolis the monarch had breathed his last. In the hope, however, of getting the princesses into his power, Northumberland concealed the fact of the death for two days. Arundel, who was in favour with Mary, sent her intelligence of the sad event, at the same time giving her to understand that a conspiracy was being formed against her. Mary wrote to the Privy Council, affirming her legitimate right and title to the crown, and the council being in favour of Lady Jane, both parties were resolved to decide the contest by an appeal

to arms. The tide of popular feeling, however, had so set in favour of Mary, that she was soon afterwards proclaimed in the city of London. She immediately gave orders for the arrest of Northumberland.

On the accession of Queen Mary, the Duke of Norfolk was released, and reinstated in his rank and property; and he sat as High Steward on the trial of the Duke of Northumberland, who was found guilty of treason, and executed. Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, closed his life in peace at Kenning-hall, Norfolk, in August, 1554, in the eighty-first year of his age.

THOMAS HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK. FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DYCK.

The other branches of this ancient and illustrious family have played an important part in English history. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, born about the year 1515, was an accomplished nobleman, and the best English poet of his age. He is said to have introduced blank verse into English poetry. Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, was a distinguished naval commander, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was the son of William, Lord Howard of Effingham, and grandson of the second Duke of Norfolk. He made a great display of his lofty spirit as a British admiral, when commanding a small fleet in the English Channel, at the time that the Princess Ann of Austria was proceeding to Spain with a convoy of 130 sail. "He environed their fleet," says Hakluyt, "in a most strange and warlike sort, and enforced them to stoop gallant, and vaile their bonnets for the Queen of England." But the principal occasion on which this nobleman signalised himself was in the defeat of the famous Spanish Armada in 1588, when he was commander-in-chief of the English fleet.

The head of this family has the titles of first duke, first marquis, first earl, and first baron of the kingdom, and takes place immediately after the prince of the royal blood. The title of earl-marshal is also hereditary in the family. The present, the *thirteenth* Duke of Norfolk, is Henry Charles Howard, K.G. and P.C. His second title, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, is borne by his eldest son. The engraving is taken from a painting by the celebrated Van Dyck.

MR. GOULD'S HUMMING-BIRDS.

GROUP OF HUMMING-BIRDS, FROM THE COLLECTION EXHIBITED AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

The humming-bird (*trochilidæ*) belongs, according to the classification of Linnæus, to the genus picæ, or parrot, and is scientifically described as having "a fabulated thread-like bill that is crooked and longer than the head; the upper mandible being a sheath to the lower, and the tongue like a thread divided in two and tubulous." Linnæus was acquainted with comparatively few of the species, but the researches of Mr. Gould has enabled him to collect and describe more than 300 specimens of the interesting family—the smallest and the prettiest of birds.

The humming-bird is a native of the continents and islands of America, being distributed, more or less, all over the New World from Canada to Cape Horn. Mary Howitt tells us that—

> "In the radiant islands of the East
> Where fragrant spices grow,
> A thousand thousand humming-birds
> Are glancing to and fro;"

a fact for which the poetess must be allowed to claim a sort of poetical license; for, in truth, the real trochilidæ are not found in the east at all. But Mrs. Howitt's general description of the beautiful little bird is so exact that, notwithstanding the error she commits in placing it in the wrong hemisphere, we cannot but complete the quotation—

> "Like living fires they flit about,
> Scarce larger than a bee,
> Among the dark palmetto leaves,
> And through the fan-palm tree.
>
> "And in the wild and verdant woods,
> Where stately moras tower—
> Where hangs from branching tree to tree
> The scarlet passion-flower.
>
> "Where on the mighty river banks,
> La Plate or Amazon,
> The cayman, like a forest tree,
> Lies basking in the sun.
>
> "There builds her nest the humming-bird,
> Within the ancient wood,—
> Her nest of silky cotton down,—
> And rears her tiny brood."

The members of this interesting family are described as flitting about from flower to flower, suspended, as it were, in a manner peculiarly their own, without apparent motion, while the rapid action of their wings "in cutting the air, just as a sabre would, produces the humming noise to which the name is attributable." Where is the person, inquires Audubon, the celebrated American naturalist, who, on seeing this lovely little creature moving on humming winglets through the air, suspended, as if by magic, in it, flitting from one flower to another with motions as graceful as they are light and airy, pursuing its course over our extensive continent, and yielding new delights wherever it is seen; where is the person, who, on observing this brilliant fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence towards the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation? There breathes not such a person, so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuition and noble feeling, admiration."

The variegated dress of the humming-bird is almost beyond the reach of art to depicture—all the most beautiful metallic colours, from the deepest gold and the most glowing crimson, to the darkest blue and the palest yellow, being intermingled in a manner quite impossible to describe.

> "What heavenly tints in mingling radiance fly!
> Each rapid movement gives a different dye;
> Like scales of burnished gold they dazzling show,
> Now sink to shade, now like a furnace glow."

"I have seen," says Wilson, the writer of these lines, "the humming-bird, for half an hour at a time, darting at those little groups of insects that dance in the air on a fine summer's evening, retiring to an adjoining twig to rest, and renewing the attack with a dexterity which sets all our other fly-catchers at defiance,"—a statement which at once settles the question of the humming-bird being a vegetable feeder. To enable it to prosecute its useful and necessary war upon the multitudes of insects peculiar to the tropical climates in which it principally abounds, the humming-bird is provided with a long and slender bill, and a tongue, consisting of two muscular tubes, which is capable of being protruded to a considerable distance. But besides this, the tongue, its only instrument of attack, is covered with a glutinous saliva, to which the insect adheres immediately it is touched, whence it is drawn rapidly into the mouth of the beautiful and apparently never-resting bird.

In the Zoological Gardens the humming-birds, from which our artist has selected a few of the most remarkable specimens, will be found "preserved" or "set up" in a manner so nearly approaching life as to enable the visitor to realise, without any very great stretch of imagination, their life amid the flowers and fruits of their native forests in the west.

The humming-bird, though it charms us with the brilliancy of its plumage, the exceeding delicacy of its formation, and the grace of its movements—

> "While richest roses, though in crimson drest,
> Shrink from the splendour of its gorgeous breast,"

must yield in one important particular to its more plainly dressed brethren of colder climates, for it has no song! Its beauty addresses itself to the eye rather than the ear—a kind of recommendation, indeed, much more fitted to the gorgeous scenery of the flowered festooned forest of the tropics than to the comparatively dull and monotonous green and brown of the sleepy woods and fairy-haunted dells of the Old World.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE CLOUDS.

During many wanderings in many distant countries, I have ever had a strong predilection for solitary rambles amidst the strange scenery with which they abound; and my love of nature has been always greatest when I met her in her wildest moods, and under her sternest and most savage aspects.

In no part of the world that I have ever visited is there a wider field for the gratification of this fanciful passion than in the mountain ranges of South America; and I have climbed to many a lofty summit, and descended to many a deep ravine amongst them, with no other object than a foolish ambition to rest my foot upon some spot untrodden hitherto by man; or to enjoy, alone and uninterrupted, the sublime spectacle exhibited by the magnificent yet desolate scenery around me. That portion of the western Cordillera that encloses within its loftiest peaks the extensive table-lands, or punas, from which such vast supplies of silver are procured, is, perhaps, the most rugged and most frightful of the whole. The immense mountains are split into many isolated crests, that rise above the lofty puna to a still greater elevation; and between these high points are tremendous chasms, across which the mountain roads are carried by light rope bridges that sway about with every breeze, and spring and tremble even beneath the quick foot of the active Indian guide. The agave poles and slender branches that are interwoven with the hide ropes, and form the roadway of the bridge, are parted by wide gaps and crevices, through which the traveller looks down into the immeasurable void that gapes below; and he may well be pardoned the convulsive shudder that passes through his frame when he feels the narrow platform which alone supports him bend and crack beneath his weight.

Among many recollections of these dreary solitudes, I retain a very vivid impression of one lonely adventure in them. I had long wished for an opportunity of being present during the passage of one of those fearful storms that almost daily visit the sierra during certain seasons, and which I had only seen previously at a distance, as they rolled amongst the far-off ranges. The opportunity at length presented itself. I had wandered some distance from the Indian village in which I

had passed the night, and leaving the more level puna, had entered a deep defile that gradually ascended to a high peak, from whence I obtained a splendid view of the gigantic panorama spread before me. The wide table-land stretched away to the banks of a dark lake that lay calm and unruffled in its centre, and from thence rose with a gentle sweep to the more distant summits that enclosed it. Far behind me spread a sea of rocky waves, heaped up, and tossed about in most tumultuous, yet sublime disorder; and bursting through them rose great mountain islands, that reared their many-pointed heads aloft in stately majesty. Down the slanting declivity of a deep ravine that opened at my feet, piles of enormous stones were loosely scattered,—the mighty fragments of some shattering convulsion that had torn asunder the huge mountains, and rent the hills like silken veils. Beyond it rose, in isolated grandeur, a solitary peak that towered above all others; and from its snowy crest a line of pointed spires swept downwards in a graceful curve that rose again to the high summit of another distant peak, from which it seemed to hang like the supporting chain of some immense suspension-bridge—with every link a mountain. Far below, along the broken channel of the chasm, a little stream raced with impetuous speed, leaping from ledge to ledge in one white line of foam; and high above, where the steep cliffs bent inwards and overhung the wide abyss, a narrow line was drawn across the pure blue sky—the fragile bridge by which the mountain pathway crossed the terrible ravine.

Amidst such scenery as this I wandered onwards, forgetful of all else, scaring at times a group of graceful llamas from their scanty pasture, or starting in my turn as the great condor rose from my feet, and, spreading his enormous wings, hovered a moment near me, and then soared disdainfully away to some still loftier pinnacle. Suddenly I saw, mounting above the entangled mass of rocks, a thick black cloud that rolled along the mountain sides in heavy wreaths, the sure precursor of the devastating storms that I had longed to witness. Increasing in breadth and volume as it advanced, the cloud spread over all the range, hiding the rugged landscape and blotting out the sun. Flashes of lightning gleamed from the dark wall that rose from earth to heaven, and sudden gusts of wind tore through it, opening up deep caverns that seemed bored in solid earth. As I hurried down to some more sheltered spot, so terrible was the appearance of the advancing tempest, that my resolution faltered sadly, and I heartily regretted the curiosity that had led me to face so powerful an enemy. My memory recalled a score of mountain tales of travellers crushed beneath the fall of massive rocks loosened by the passing storm; of strings of mules, dashed with their drivers from the narrow paths; and even of companies of soldiers caught up like withered leaves by the fierce whirlwinds, and hurled to sure destruction in the frightful depths around. The ledge on which I stood was scarcely five feet wide, and above and below the mountain side was covered with loose blocks, that evidently required but little force to set them rolling down the steep incline and over the edge of the precipice in which it terminated. A few yards ahead of me a huge rock had fallen on the shelf, and behind this I instinctively sought shelter from the furious hurricane that already raged around me. But a few minutes previously my admiration had been excited by the impressive stillness, the calm, sublime repose of the grand spectacle, but this was now succeeded by the most astounding uproar and chaotic turmoil. Masses of frozen snow, torn from the loftier peaks, were driven through the air, and clouds of dust mingled with stones, and showers of icy sleet, swept madly past, whirling around one common centre. The wind howled up the gorge, and shrieked and whistled in the narrow clefts and fissures, whilst high above it rose the crashing thunder, rolling in oft-repeated echoes through the deep ravines,—the solid mountains shuddering at the loud reverberation. A black and heavy pall hung over all, and dark red lines of fire flashed from it, giving no light but rather adding by their contrast to the gloom; and even through the mighty voices of the storm there came at intervals a grating shock, and then a heavy blow, another, and another, as some huge rock, torn from its resting-place, bounded from ledge to ledge, and bearing with it masses of earth and loosened stone, fell with a dull, half-smothered sound into the wide and yawning chasm.

For upwards of an hour I lay behind my rocky shelter, which shook and wavered as the powerful gusts swept round it, and still the fury of the storm continued unabated. The cold was most intense, and the hard pellets of ice that drove in clouds through the defile beat on my head and face with painful violence. At length the heavy clouds passed onwards, and left the rugged crests of the mountains covered with a light grey mist. The effect was now extremely grand and singular. To the loud bellowing of the winds there succeeded a perfect calm, and then the snow fell noiselessly in soft light flakes. The thunder that had pealed in deafening volleys above and on all sides of my position, and rolled in prolonged echoes far below me, was heard only in low mutterings amongst the distant peaks. The unceasing lightning drew in dark red lines upon the bleak declivities a maze of complicated figures, ever there, but ever changing; the zig-zag flashes crossing and intertwining, now shooting, as it were, from every peak at once, and weaving in the heavens a momentary net of fire, then bursting out in one huge sheet of lurid flame, from which a thousand tongues and arrows glanced and vanished.

Awe-stricken with the sublime grandeur of the scene, I turned to retrace my steps to the Puna village, and a rapid walk soon restored the circulation in my half-frozen limbs. But the snow fell thicker and faster; the narrow path was quickly hidden beneath its white carpet, and the danger of stepping from it on to the steep incline, from whence I might be easily precipitated into the ravine, became every moment more imminent. The path itself sloped with considerable rapidity towards the table-land which I wished to reach, and this also added to the risk of traversing it. I knew that though these heavy falls of snow always accompanied the thunder-storms, and continued for some time after they had passed, yet the fall usually ceased about sunset, and it rarely happens that a storm visits the sierra during the night. Towards morning, indeed, the snow sometimes recommences, but at the level of the Puna, about 14,000 feet above the sea, it seldom remains on the ground after the sun has attained a few hours' altitude. And so, after an hour's cautious walking, its dull monotony broken by an occasional stumble, and the consequent excitement induced by the fear of suddenly accompanying the falling flakes in their descent into the gorge, the snow ceased, and the clouds broke and dispersed as the sun sank behind the distant crests that gleamed like broken domes and shattered spires of gold; and when the bright tints faded, and the dark shadow of night crept slowly over the desolate landscape, the ever-changing scene assumed new features that softened down its terrors, and to the vast outline of the stately picture were added lovely hues and touches of exceeding beauty. The pure rays of the moon were reflected from the great white mountains in a flood of quivering light, that shone upon the shadowed cliffs on which the snow had failed to rest, and brightened even the frightful darkness of the gloomy gorges. The sky was one mass of stars, for in no part of the world is it so brilliantly spangled as on the high ridges of the great Cordillera, and their subdued lustre spread like a tropical aurora over the heavens, and tinged with a brighter tint the pale twilight of the moon. In spite of the dangers and discomforts of my position—cold, wet, weary, and uncertain that my next step would not be the last—I yet often paused to enjoy the glorious beauty of the grand and magnificent pageant of which I was apparently the sole spectator. As I descended lower into the plateau, the path increases in width, and my pace was proportionately accelerated; but the night was far advanced before the welcome barking of the dogs greeted my ear, and I gladly saw beneath me the cluster of miserable huts that formed the hamlet from which I had wandered in the morning. For that time, my love of storms and mountains was fully satiated, and most willingly did I exchange the white covering of the Puna and its brilliant canopy, for the shaggy llama skin spread beneath the low, thatched roof of a poor Indian hut.

SCENES IN IRELAND.

"The Irish car," says Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, "seems accommodated for any number of persons; and it is by that conveyance that the Irish tourist must necessarily travel as soon as he leaves the great iron roads which now intersect a large portion of Ireland. To whatever part of the country he goes, however, he will find abundant matter for observation in green fields and dark woods, rock, sea, and peat-covered acres of yet to be recovered and cultivated land. Taking the

ENTRANCE TO THE DEVIL'S GLEN, NEAR GLENDALOUGH, WICKLOW.

DRUIDICAL STONE, BALLYBRACH, NEAR BRAY, WICKLOW.

scenes as the artist has chosen them, however, we resume our brief gossip about things Irish.

The Devil's Glen, near the village of Rathnew, in the northern part of the county of Wicklow, is one of those famous places to which every body goes at least once. It is well worth the trouble, for tumbling and roaring water, high bleak cliffs, hardy green trees clustering on the hill sides, and a background of magnificent mountains, make a scene worth looking at in whatever part of the world it is found.

Mr. Thackeray's description of the glen and waterfall, which he visited on a Sunday morning, is extremely happy. "There is a ravine of a mile and a half, through which a river runs roaring (a lady who keeps the gate, will not object to receive a gratuity), there is a ravine or Devil's Glen, which forms a delightful wild walk, and where a Methusaleh of a landscape-painter might find studies for all his life long. All sorts of foliage and colour, all sorts of delightful caprices of light and shadow—the river tumbling and frothing amidst the boulders—raucum per lævia murmur saxa siens, and a chorus of 150,000 birds (there might be more), hopping, twittering, singing under the clear cloudless Sabbath scene, make this walk one of the most delightful that can be taken; and, indeed, I hope there is no harm in saying, that you may get as much out of an hour's walk there, as out of the best hour's extempore preaching. But this was as a salvo to our conscience for not being at church.

"Here, however, was a long aisle, arched gothically overhead, in a much better taste than is seen in some of those dismal new churches; and, by way of painted glass, the sun lighting up multitudes of various coloured leaves, and the birds for choristers, and the river by way of organ, and in it stones enough to make a whole library of sermons. No man can walk in such a place without feeling grateful, and grave, and humble; and without thanking heaven for it as he comes away. And, walking and musing in this free happy place, one could not help thinking of a million and a half of brother Cockneys, shut up in their huge prison (the tread-mill for the day being idle), and told by some legislators that relaxation is sinful, that works of art are abominations, except on week-days."

"A long tract of wild country," continues the same entertaining writer, "with a park or two here and there, a police

TUNNEL IN THE ROAD BETWEEN GLENGARIFF AND KINMARE, CORK COUNTY.

barrack perched on a hill, a half-starved looking church stretching its long scraggy steeple over a wide plain, mountains whose base is richly cultivated while their tops are purple and lonely, warm cottages and farms nestling at the foot of the hills, and humble cabins here and there on the wayside, accompany the car that jingles back over fifteen miles of ground through Inniskerry to Bray. You pass by wild gaps and greater and lesser Sugar-Loaves; and about eight o'clock, when the sky is quite red with sunset, and the long shadows are of such a purple as (they may say what they like) Claude could no more paint than I can, you catch a glimpse of the sea, beyond Bray, and affect to be wondrously delighted by the sight of the element.

"The fact is, however, that at Bray is one of the best inns in Ireland; and there you may be perfectly sure there is a good dinner ready, five minutes after the honest car-boy, with innumerable hurroos and smacks of his whip, has brought up his passengers to the door with a gallop."

At Ballybach, near the town of Bray, are some Druidical stones, of a character similar to those on Salisbury Plain. Of their history nothing is certainly known.

Near the celebrated Vale of Avoca, is Castle Howard, the seat of Sir Ralph Howard. The interest attached to Moore's "Meeting of the Waters," gave rise, we are told, to a controversy respecting the identity of the locality where the poet composed his melody. As there are two "meetings," one at Castle Howard, the other at the "Wooden Bridge," a question arose as to which was entitled to the honour—a difficulty which Moore is said to have settled, by pronouncing in favour of the former.

Towards Arklow, the river narrows and deepens, and the trees, being more directly over it, cast a darker shadow on its waters. As we approach the sea, the scenery assumes a more subdued character: the valley expands, and the mountains subside into sloping hills. At the foot of one of these stands Shelton Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Wicklow, a Gothic structure, encompassed with a noble demesne. The public entrance to the grounds is about a mile and a half from Arklow. The interior decorations correspond with its external character. James II., on his flight to Waterford, after the Battle of the Boyne, was entertained here. On the opposite side of the river, is the forest of Glenart, and Glenart Castle, the residence of the Earl of Carysfort. The town of Arklow is of considerable antiquity. A monastery was founded there in the reign of John, by Theobald Fitz-Walter, hereditary Lord Butler of Ireland, "for the love of God and the Blessed Virgin, and for the health of the souls of Henry II., King of England, King Richard, King John, and other persons." The castle was erected by the founder of the abbey. Cromwell took Arklow in 1649, and dismantled the castle, and the ruins may still be seen. In a battle fought in 1798, between the royalist troops and yeomanry and the insurgent army, the latter was defeated after a desperate resistance.

To the west of Arklow, at the foot of Croghan-Kinsella mountain, are the Wicklow gold mines, which were found unproductive, and are no longer worked; but modern experiences testify that where "sparkles of golden splendour all over the surface shine," there may be richer "diggings" than any which erst rewarded the explorers of "our Lagenian mine." They form the subject of one of O'Keefe's farces, and furnished Moore with one of his happiest metaphors. Further to the west is the small town of Tinehely, destroyed during the rebellion of 1798, but shortly afterwards rebuilt, and near it stood the ruins of Coolrass, the *Cosha*, it is believed, of the unfortunate Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, so often noticed by him in his letters. Among the peasants the place is called Black Tom's Buildings; from these ruins Tinehely was in part rebuilt.

The town and bay of Bantry, with its surrounding scenery, never fail to attract the attention of all lovers of the picturesque. "Between Bantry and Glengariff (on the opposite side of the bay) there is a fine mountain road, sweeping through many superb scenes; and though Glengariff can also be reached by boat across the bay (seven miles), the overland route is generally preferred. Glengariff lies at the head of a narrow arm of the sea, running in from the northern end of the bay, marked in the maps as Glengariff Harbour. The road, round, from Bantry, lies along a range of hills, which spring from the bay and unite with the northern mountain ranges—the whole route offering an ever-changing panorama. North-west of Bantry is the mountain of the Priest's Leap, in connexion with which there are endless legends to be told.

Glengariff, or the Rocky Glen, as it is called, has been finely described by Mrs. Hall. She says:—"Language fails to convey an idea of the beauty of Glengariff, which merits, to the full, the enthusiastic praise lavished upon it by every traveller. It is a deep Alpine valley, inclosed by precipitous hills, about three miles in length, and seldom exceeding a quarter of a mile in breadth. Black and savage rocks embosom, as it were, a scene of surpassing comeliness—endowed by nature with the richest gifts of wood and water; for the trees are graceful in form, luxuriant in foliage, and varied in character; and the rippling stream, the strong river, and the foaming cataract, are supplied from a thousand rills collected in the mountains. Beyond all, is the magnificent bay, with its numerous islands—by one of which it is so guarded and sheltered as to present the aspect of a serene lake. Wandering through the glen, the song of birds is either hushed or unheard; and but for the ripple and roar of waters, there is no sound to disturb a solitude perfect and profound." It is of this ravishing spot that the cynic, Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, throwing aside, for once, his captiousness, exclaims, "Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder; perhaps, if it were on the Mediterranean, or the Baltic, English travellers would flock to it in hundreds. Why not come and see it in Ireland? It is less than a day's journey from London, and lies in a country far more strange to most travellers than France or Germany can be.

"The inn is very pretty at Glengariff; some thorn-trees stand before it, where many bare-legged people were lolling in spite of the weather. A beautiful bay stretches out before the house, the full tide washing the thorn-trees; mountains rise on either side of the little bay, and there is an island, with a castle in it, in the midst, near which a yacht was moored. But the mountains were hardly visible for the mist, and the yacht, island, and castle looked as if they had been washed against the flat, grey sky in India-ink.

"The day did not clear up sufficiently to allow me to make any long excursion about the place, or indeed to see a very wide prospect round about it: at a few hundred yards, most of the objects were enveloped in mist; but even this, for a lover of the picturesque, had its beautiful effect, for you saw the hills in the foreground pretty clear, and covered with their wonderful green, while immediately behind them rose an immense blue mass of mist and mountain that served to *relieve* (to use the painter's phrase) the nearer objects. Annexed to the hotel is a flourishing garden, where the vegetation is so great that the landlord told me it was all he could do to check the trees from growing: round about the bay, in several places, they come clustering down to the water's edge, nor does the salt water interfere with them."

"Winding up a hill to the right, as you quit the inn, is the beautiful road to the cottage and park of Lord Bantry. One or two parties, on pleasure bent, went so far as the house, and were partially consoled for the dreadful rain which presently poured down upon them, by wine, whiskey, and refreshments which the liberal owner of the house sent out to them. I myself had only got a few hundred yards when the rain overtook me, and sent me for refuge into a shed, where a blacksmith had arranged a rude furnace and bellows, and where he was at work with a rough gilly to help him, and, of course, a lounger or two to look on. The scene was exceedingly wild and picturesque, and I took out a sketch-book and began to draw. The blacksmith was at first very suspicious of the operation which I had commenced, nor did the poor fellow's sternness at all yield until I made him a present of a shilling."

The best view of Glengariff—the charm of a soft climate embracing every other—is obtained from the height of the hill road leading to Killarney, and at the foot of which is a pretty cottage, preferred as a residence for many years by Lord Bantry to the stately mansion at Bantry. The summit of this hill, which is, in fact, within a private demesne, may be attained if the visitor can take rather a fatiguing walk; but the result will reward him. The village of Glengariff consists of only a very few houses. They are collected round the hotel,—a pretty white house built against a hill, which rises high above it, and standing within a few yards of the clear water. From every point of view the bay is beautiful; but is most beautiful as seen from the windows of the little hotel—a hostelrie placed in a paradise, and which all are loath to leave—even for the lovely and romantic Lakes of Killarney.

HOBBES'S LEVIATHAN.

The singular figure represented in our engraving forms the upper half of the frontispiece of Hobbes's "Leviathan, or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil," first published in London in 1656. Above it is a motto borrowed from the vulgate edition of the book of Job—*Non est potestas super terram, quae comporetur ei* (Job xli. 24). Underneath, the title of the book appears upon a curtain, which we have been unable to introduce, and at each side of it a series of little compartments containing engravings of allegorical subjects. Under the arm which holds the sword appears—1, a fortress; 2, a crown; 3, a cannon; 4, a trophy formed of arms; 5, a battle.

Beneath the hand which holds the crozier, we find—1, a church; 2, a bishop's mitre; 3, lightning; 4, a trident, on which is inscribed the word *syllogism;* a fork with the words *direct, indirect* upon the prongs; another with the words *spiritual, temporal;* another with the words *real, intentional;* and an ox's horns with the word *dilemma.*

In the introduction the author gives the key to the allegory: "Nature, the art whereby God hath made and governs the world, is by the *art* of man, as in many other things, so in this also, imitated, that it can make an artificial animal. For seeing life is but a motion of the limbs, the beginning whereof is in some principal part within; why may we not say, that all *automata* (engines that move themselves by springs and wheels as doth a watch) have an artificial life? For what is the *heart* but a *spring*, and the *nerves* but so many *strings*, and the *joints* but so many *wheels*, giving motion to the whole body, such as was intended by the artificer.

"*Art* goes yet further, imitating that rational and most excellent work of nature, *man*. For by art is created that great LEVIATHAN called a COMMONWEALTH or STATE, in Latin, *Civitas*, which is but an artificial man, though of greater stature and strength than is natural, for whose protection and defence it was intended; and in which the sovereignty is an artificial soul, as giving life and motion to the whole body; the magistrates and other officers of judicature and execution, artificial joints; *reward* and *punishment*, by which, fastened to the seat of sovereignty, every joint and member is moved to perform his duty, are the *nerves*, that do the same in the body natural; the *wealth* and *riches* of all particular members are the *strength; salus populi*, the *people's safety*, its *business; counsellors* by whom all things needful for it to know are suggested unto it, are the *memory; equity* and *laws* an artificial *reason* and *will; concord, health, sedition, sickness;* and *civil war, death*. Lastly, the *facts* and *covenants*, by which the parts of the body politic were at first made, set together, and united, resemble that *fiat*, or the *let us make man*, pronounced by God in the creation.

"To describe the nature of this artificial man, I will consider,

"First, the *matter* thereof, and the *artificer*, both which is *man*.

"Secondly, *how* and by what *covenants* it is made; what are the *rights* and just power or authority of a sovereign; and what it is that *preserveth* or *dissolveth* it.

"Thirdly, what is a *christian commonwealth*.

"Lastly, what is the *kingdom of darkness*.

"Concerning the first, there is a saying much usurped of late, that wisdom is acquired, not by reading of *books*, but of *men*. Consequently, whereunto, those persons that for the most part can give no other proof of being wise, take great delight to show what they think they have read in men, by uncharitable censures of one another behind their backs. But there is another saying not of late understood, by which they might learn truly to read one another, if they would take the pains, that is, *posse teipsum, read thyself.*"

Thomas Hobbes was born at Malmesbury, on the 5th of April, 1588, the same year in which the Spanish Armada was defeated and dispersed. He was the son of a clergyman, and during his infancy his constitution was so feeble, that it was hardly expected he would ever attain to manhood, but he strengthened it into robustness by temperance and regular living. His father taught him the ancient classics at an early age, so that when eight years old, he translated the "Medæa" of Euripides into English verse. At nineteen he completed his education in the University of Oxford, and went to travel on the continent as tutor to the eldest son of William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire. His first published work was a translation of the "History of Thucydides," by which he wished to prove to his countrymen the dangers and disorders of a democratic form of government. In 1626, his patron, the Earl of Devonshire, died, and in 1628, his pupil died. He then accompanied a son of Sir Gervase Clifton on a tour in France, where he remained until the Countess Dowager invited him home to take charge of the education of her son, then thirteen years of age. He accepted her offer, and discharged his trust with great fidelity. In 1634, he accompanied his pupil to Paris, where he applied his leisure hours to the study of natural philosophy. He went thence to Italy, where he formed an acquaintance with Galileo, who became very intimate with him, and freely communicated to him all his discoveries. On his return through Paris he met Descartes, and afterwards kept up a correspondence with him upon mathematical subjects; but when Descartes sought to establish points of high importance on the assumption of innate ideas, Hobbes showed his good sense by differing from him. In 1642, he published his work "De Cive," which raised up against him many enemies. After the Revolution, he found himself obliged to follow the example of his patron, Sir Charles Cavendish, and take refuge in France, as the monarchical tendencies of his works had rendered him decidedly obnoxious to the republican party in England. He there became so celebrated by the part he took in the controversy about the squaring of the circle, that he was recommended as mathematical tutor for the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II. He discharged this duty with so much diligence, that he drew forth the esteem of the prince, who gave him very substantial marks of favour after the Restoration, and it is said kept a picture of him suspended in his closet. In 1650, his able treatise on "Human Nature" was published in London, with another, "De Corpore Politico, or, on the Elements of Law." After digesting his religious, moral, and political principles into a complete system, he published it under the name of the "Leviathan," to which we have already referred, in 1650 and 1651. After that he returned to England, and mostly passed the summer at the country seat of the Earl of Devonshire, and the winter in London in the society of his friends. When Charles regained the throne, he bestowed upon him a pension of £100 a year out of the privy purse. In 1666, his "Leviathan" and his treatise "De Cive," were strongly censured by parliament, and this, combined with the bringing in of a bill to punish atheism and profane-

ness, seriously alarmed him. When he found no unpleasant consequences had resulted from this outburst of parliamentary sanctity, he determined to publish an edition of his pieces in Latin, but found he would have to go abroad for the purpose, which he did, and they appeared in three volumes quarto, in 1688, from the press of John Bldau. In 1669, he received a visit from Cosmo de Medicis, who had his picture taken, which he placed amongst his curiosities and his works in his library at Florence. In 1672, he published his own life in Latin verse; and in 1674, a translation of four books of "Homer's Odyssey," in English verse. He afterwards completed the translation of the "Odyssey," and that of the "Iliad" also. In 1675 he took his leave of London, and passed the remainder of his life in easy retirement at the country house of the Earl of Devonshire. He died in December, 1679, at the age of ninety-two years. Lord Clarendon speaks of him as "a person for whom he had a great esteem, and who was always regarded as a person of probity, and of a life free from scandal."

ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF A COMMONWEALTH.

Hobbes's system of philosophy has made such a noise in the world, and even at this day is such an awful "bogey" to a great many who have not the remotest conception in what it consists, that it may be well to give a short sketch of its leading features.

He was above all things a royalist, a supporter of monarchy, and a hater of democracy under whatever form, and he consequently made the monarch everything. He supposed all men originally to be free and equal, and to have an equal right to the enjoyment of the good things of this world; but he also supposed each individual to be solitary, selfish, and ferocious, and afraid of every other individual, like wild beasts. He then supposes that, for the sake of peace and comfort, each surrenders up that right to everything which nature has originally given him,—no great sacrifice certainly, for as Hobbes himself remarks, the right of everybody to everything takes away from each the right to anything. He then supposes these natural rights to be all vested in the state, or in other words the sovereign, who represents it, who henceforth is, or ought to be, the supreme arbiter of everything,—the interpreter of the laws and the standard of right and wrong, occupying for each citizen the place of his conscience. And to this all-powerful ruler, he assigned also the functions of the church, subjecting it in doctrine and discipline to the complete control of the civil power.

His theories raised up against him two classes of enemies—the royalists, who perceived with confusion that his principles of government were as much in favour of Cromwell as of Charles, and in fact invariably united the *jus* with the *possessio*; and the clergy, who denounced him as an atheist, because he proposed to subject the law of God to the law of the state. He has not yet got from under the ban that two hundred years ago was placed upon him and his works. The Hobbist controversy raged with unexampled fury during the greater part of the eighteenth century; but at the present day we would hope that there are few who do not possess sufficient judgment to pluck the flowers with which his works abound, without being injured by the nettles. That the anti-Hobbist feeling is not yet extinct, however, is evidenced by the fact, that when Sir William Molesworth and Mr. Miall were contesting the borough of Southwark, at an election a few years ago, the committee of the latter published placards warning the electors against the right honourable baronet as a supporter of infidelity, inasmuch as he had a short time previously edited an edition of Hobbes's English works, in eleven volumes, octavo.

WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS.

JACOB JORDAENS.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, Flanders saw arise a generation of bold and vigorous painters, who, stamped with

the mark of national genius, were destined to restore its Flemish appearance to Flemish art. For nearly a hundred years past, there had existed no national school of painting in the country of the great artist who had invented oil painting! While the Brenghels, a family of unaffected and intelligent peasants, were executing, under the guidance of nature, singular pictures, that were, doubtless, despised by the ambitious votaries of the ultra-montane style, a fantastic and violent man, Adam Van Oort, was revelling in all the caprices of his own imagination, without, in the least, troubling himself about foreign importations, or even thinking of Italy,—that country to which his rivals thought it obligatory on them to undertake a pilgrimage, as their predecessors had thought before them. Passing his existence in the midst of gaiety, and in the atmosphere of taverns, his original style, which is as impetuous and disorderly as was his mode of living, formed a strong contrast with the cold style of those who only imitated. It is not astonishing, therefore, that his studio was filled with an enthusiastic crowd of young artists, though the Italianized Fleming, Otho Venius, had also opened a school.

When Jacob Jordaens became the pupil of Van Oort, Rubens and Van Balen had already left him. Born on the 20th of May, 1593, a few years after Rubens, and a few before Quellinus and David Teniers the young, Jordaens, who was the son of a linen-draper, contributed more than any one else to the resuscitation of Flemish art.

Jordaens at once felt at his ease in the studio of Adam Van Oort. The young artist liked the rough manners of the old master, whose studio, however, possessed a greater attraction

for Jordaens than that afforded by the fine arts. Love, which plays so important a part in the life of every artist, had attached him to Catherine, the daughter of Van Oort; and while the latter was spending his time at the tavern, the beautiful Catherine used to be engaged in conversation with Jordaens—and at last they were married.

Rubens was now at the height of his glory, and Jordaens entered his studio as a pupil, without, however leaving Van Oort, but studied under both masters at the same time. He made copies of the warm and vigorous paintings brought by Rubens from Venice, and soon became a consummate artist. At the age of five-and-twenty, he assisted Rubens in the execution of the series of allegorical pictures painted for Marie de Médicis, and finished at Antwerp in 1623. It is more than probable that he also went to France with Van Thulden, Van Hoeck, Van Uden, and several other disciples of Rubens, some of whose works are still to be seen in the chamber of the Livre d'Or, at the Luxembourg, in Paris. The twelve signs of the zodiac, placed in the upper part of the vaulted ceiling of the first chamber of the modern museum, on each side of the "Rising of Aurora," which Callet painted afterwards, in the centre of the gallery, are by Jordaens.

But Antwerp was best suited to the ardent genius of Jordaens, whom no painter, not excepting even Rubens, equals in fire and exuberance. If Rubens, in his bacchanalian pieces, is the painter of Bacchus and sensual Nymphs, Jordaens is the painter of Silenus and Satyrs. If Rubens were not the creator and the incarnation of the Flemish style, Jordaens would have been equal to the task of inventing that rich, fleshy manner of painting, so full of muscle and vitality, which owes its origin to Rubens; for it cannot with justice be said that Jordaens ever imitated Rubens. They belonged to the same family, and were endowed with the same temperament. The latter is the more accomplished, the more pensive, and more profound of the two, while the former is generally the more uncouth and coarse; but when he restrains his conception and tempers his execution, he resembles his master, while Rubens, when he gives vent to his passion and begins to roar, might be taken for Jordaens. There exist paintings by Jordaens which are attributed to Rubens, and there are others by the latter which are attributed to the former. Rubens holds the middle place between Jordaens and Van Dyck. Rubens is gold, Van Dyck silver, and Jordaens fire and blood. But all three have sometimes alike run through the same gamut of colour. The refined and delicate Van Dyck, for instance, has even gone so far as to employ the red colouring of Jordaens in a "Silenus supported by Satyrs," now in the Brussels Museum; and Rubens has done the same thing in a picture of the same museum—a "St. Lieven," in which the executioner is tearing out the tongue of the saint in the midst of a glory of angels, who have come down from heaven to offer him the palm of martyrdom.

Rubens is said to have early employed our painter, and it is not likely that the discerning eye of the master would overlook the talent of the pupil. "The king of Spain," says Bryan, "had applied to Rubens for a series of cartoons to be executed in tapestry, who engaged Jordaens to paint them from his designs, and aided him with his assistance and advice; affording him, in this undertaking, a mark of distinction which could not fail of being very advantageous to a young artist. Sandrart, with more malevolence than veracity, charges Rubens with having employed Jordaens in this enterprise, from a jealousy of his promise as a colourist; hoping, that by painting these great works in distemper, he might insensibly lose the vigour and brilliancy which he had already discovered in his oil pictures; and very inconsiderately asserts, that the colouring of Jordaens, after painting the cartoons, became feeble and cold. Fortunately for the purposes of truth, and in justice to the well-known beneficence of Rubens, this calumny is refuted by facts, of which that writer was either ignorant or insensible. The cartoons were painted when Jordaens was young; and so far from his colouring having been deteriorated by that operation, it became from thence infinitely more rich and harmonious, as is evident in the pictures he afterwards painted, on which his reputation is principally founded, and which are in no way inferior, in respect to colour, to the best works of Rubens.

Jordaens, however, goes much beyond Rubens in force and colouring and fulness of style. His paintings glare, dazzle, and blaze. His personages, too, display the most incomparable prosperity. No pale, emaciated women were ever seen on his canvas, which is always occupied by plump matrons of lofty stature, with their veins full of purple blood. It must be acknowledged, nevertheless, that notwithstanding the opportunities which Jordaens possessed of studying from good models, and thus refining his taste from the examples of the good masters of Italy, his Flemish style prevailed; though could he have been a little more correct in his composition, more elegant in his characters, and more elevated in his invention, he might have been ranked with the most eminent in his art. Rubens himself, however, was not without several of the same imperfections, although for other parts of painting he is so justly admired. Rubens had a finer imagination, more genius, and much nobler ideas in his characters; but Jordeans had better expression and more truth. He painted with extraordinary freedom, ease, and expedition; there is a brilliancy and harmony in his colouring, and a good understanding of the chiaro-oscuro; his composition is rich, his expression natural and strong, but his design wanted elegance and taste. He studied and copied nature, yet he neither selected its beauties nor rejected its defects. He knew how to give his figures a good relief, though he is frequently incorrect in the outlines; but his pencil is always excellent; and for a free and spirited touch, hardly any painter can be accounted his superior.

At Antwerp, Jordaens soon enjoyed immense popularity, a sort of fame he could scarcely fail to obtain in such a place. The fat Flemings recognised their king by the quality of the flesh. Long live Jordaens, Bacchus in the form of Hercules, and the Venus of the north! The Venus of Jordaens was Catherine Van Oort, whom he has painted in the greater part of his pictures, as Rubens painted Isabella Brandt or Helena Forman in his. Look at Catherine, blooming like a pomegranate burst by the heat of the sun, in the "Family Concert," and again behold her in that picture groaning with flesh called "Le Roi Boit," both which paintings one would imagine to have been placed in the Louvre for the express purpose of marking the difference that separates the realities of life from the falsehoods of painting. Here, she is seated on the right, holding a child; there, she is seen with a full face, in the middle, beneath the head of the "Fool of Antwerp," the elect one of the favourite models of Jordaens, and she is singing, or rather bawling, as loud as her lungs will allow her, with the joyful performers of this uproar, so improperly called a concert. See how well she looks in her splendid hair, how solidly her double chin is imbedded in her throat, how her neck runs into a bosom full of health and movement, and how stout her entire person is! And under whatever form Jordaens has introduced this home-spun and admired Venus—as bacchanalian, shepherdess, or queen—she is always in her place wherever he has put her, and has never consented to have the brilliancy of her skin or the size of her muscles diminished one jot; neither has she ever suppressed one wrinkle of her smiling mouth, nor ever in the last renounced the freshness of her colour. The wife of Jordaens stands up for her reputation like the wife of Cæsar.

Monsieur Thoré,—who reminds us, by his witticisms, of the finest and most impassioned tirades of Diderot,—exclaims, with his habitual animation, "It is remarkable how well the wives or mistresses of poets and painters always symbolise the character and style of the artists who have loved them. The verses of Horace and Ovid resemble Chloe and Julia. Dante is as mysterious as Beatrice. The paintings of Raffaelle are as beautiful and noble as La Fornarina. Titian's Volante is all amber and robustness, like the colouring of the Venetians; and the talent of Albert Durer is angular and wayward, like the woman who rendered the great painter of Nuremberg so unhappy. Rubens is flowery, voluptuous, and magnificent,

like Isabella and Helena. Van Dyck is as elegant as his ladies of the court of England. Boucher is as affected as opera-dancers; Poussin is as grave as his mistress, philosophy; and Lesueur is as chaste as the nuns he adored in their convents, in a discreet and romantic manner. Tell me whom you love, and I will tell you who you are."

Jordaens liked freshness, fecundity, vividness, and energy. All his paintings are distinguished by these rare qualities. In six days he painted Pan and Syrinx, figures as large as life, in the midst of a dazzling landscape. This picture is one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*. His indefatigable hand was ever creating fresh images, and giving life to fresh figures. Rubens painted about three thousand pictures, of which nearly fifteen hundred have been engraved; and Teniers even executed as many as three hundred and fifty paintings in a single year. Jordaens was almost as prolific as these prodigious artists, and often finished a portrait or a figure of the size of life in one sitting.

His fortune, in consequence, increased with his fame, and he kept house in the sumptuous style of a nobleman. Breughel, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Teniers also enjoyed the privilege of living in palaces, in the midst of the luxury of civilisation, and surrounded by the master-pieces of art, the wonders of science, and all the comforts that riches can procure. Van Dyck, it is true, spent all his money in alchemy, and Teniers was ruined several times; but Jordaens, whose loyal and open character made his company universally sought after, and to whom Rubens had sworn fraternal friendship, lived all his life in the most delectable abundance, enjoying continued happiness that nothing ever troubled, and delighted with his dapple horses, which he painted with such fiery boldness, after having ridden them, or with his rich stuffs, in which he clothed his figures, after having worn them himself. From the year 1639 to the day of his death, he lived at Antwerp, in the house that forms the south-eastern corner of the Rue Renders.

At that time, artists lived together in untroubled friendship, each lendingt he other his special assistance, in order to render their works more perfect, though every one of those great men was quite capable of executing all styles of painting in the most accomplished manner. It was thus that the brilliant students of Italy had also behaved in the sixteenth century. Rubens has painted figures in the kitchens of Snyders, in the delicate landscapes of Breughel, and even in the middle of the latter's flower garlands. The Francks and the two Teniers have left their little figures in nearly all the paintings of their contemporaries.

This was likewise the case in Holland, where Berghem, Lingelback, Poelemburg, Adrian Van de Velde, Wouvermans, Cuyp, and many others, animated with figures the landscapes of Wynant, Vanderneer, Ruysdael, and even Hobbima, and the public places of Van der Heyden, or the interior of the churches of Steenwyck and Peter Neefs. Most of the Flemish painters of the seventeenth century have worked on the "original" *chefs-d'œuvre* of Rubens.

Besides assisting Rubens in several of his principal works, Jordaens very often painted with Snyders or John Fyt. The lusty servant girls of Jordaens matched admirably with the golden game and silvery fish of Snyders, or with his lobsters' grasping at the light with all their claws. The red hares, the pheasants, the ducks, the boars, and the hounds of Fyt, could find no better company than those hardy blowers on the horn whom Jordeans painted full of life and movement, as if to produce a noted contrast with the still-life of the Dutchman. Though always willing to lend his own aid to others, Jordaens himself never applied to any one for assistance in his own compositions, but always executed horses, dogs, cows, sheep, landscapes, and sky with his own hand. No other artist has fattened finer oxen than Jordaens has, nor bred more spirited or better built horses, and his panting dogs vie in perfection with the victorious hounds of Snyders.

In reference to the subject of the last two or three paragraphs, we may perhaps be allowed to wander a little from our immediate path. It has been asserted over and over again, by Desenfans and others, that "the professors of the art of painting were subject to mutual jealousy," a fact, if it be one, not very creditable to artists or art; and it certainly did not apply to Jordaens. In a *catalogue raisonné* of his collection published by Desenfans, he insinuates that if painters wanted employment "it was not very surprising when men of talent had the weakness to depreciate each other." Mrs. Jameson undertakes to defend modern artists from the charge. "Desenfans," she says, "presumed to lament that there did not reign among painters that noble emulation which prevails in other liberal professions, particularly in the army, where officers and soldiers were always praising and mutually encouraging each other by reciprocal example." "All which," as Hamlet says, "though one may powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down." A shower of abuse in newspapers and anonymous letters was the consequence of this want of *honesty*,—or of *prudence*. Desenfans, in self-defence, quoted Dr. Johnson, who says, "It was once ingenuously confessed to me by a painter, that no professor of his art ever loved another. This declaration is so far justified by the knowledge of life, as to damp the hopes of warm and constant friendship between men whom their studies have made competitors, and whom every favourer and every censurer are hourly inciting against each other." * But this apt quotation did not mend the matter; even the more respectable painters winced, and took umbrage. West was offended, because in some part of the catalogue Rubens was accused of envy towards Van Dyck and Jordaens. As this accusation, though not true in fact, and refuted by the whole life and character of Rubens, may be found in some early biographer, Desenfans might have sheltered himself under authority, but he had given personal offence, and was not to be pardoned.

In Jordaens' "Allegorical Triumph of Prince Frederick Henry of Nassau," now at the Hague, the white horses which are harnessed to the car are magnificent creatures. This triumph, of which there are a few sketches in the Belgian galleries, passes for one of the best paintings of Jordaens. It is certainly one of his grandest and most carefully-executed compositions. He had to celebrate his prince, as Rubens had celebrated his well-beloved queen, Marie de Médicis. While painting his "Triumph of Nassau," he, no doubt, borrowed from the magnificent treasures contained in the works of Rubens; but it can, at least, be said that the inspired disciple has equalled the master who inspired him. It is true, that the series of paintings illustrative of the life of Marie de Médicis holds a somewhat secondary rank in the works of Rubens, with the exception, however, of a few pieces, which are indeed capital performances.

Those who wish to see all the qualities of Jordaens assembled in the height of their splendour, must visit his "Jesus driving the Money-changers out of the Temple," which shines resplendent in the Louvre; the canvas, which is thirteen feet wide and nine high, is so full that it seems ready to burst: a little to the right, is Jesus, surrounded by men and women, oxen and sheep; in the middle and on the left, are colossal male and female figures running away, with their goods upon their heads and their baskets under their arms; among the crowd is a burly woman with a straw hat on, and she alone seems to weigh as much as all the other figures in the painting. In the foreground, is the figure of a man, foreshortened and falling forward in such a way as to somewhat alarm the spectator when he is beneath the picture. In the background, are the two scribes of the money-changers—two enormous Israelites, full of force and health, like all the others. On the left, between the pillars, are figures looking on. Above and below, to the right and left—in a word, everywhere—are seen people, movement, and colour.

* Dr. Johnson goes on to say that "The utmost expectation experience can warrant is, that they should forbear open hostilities and secret machinations, and thus when the whole fraternity is attacked be able to unite against a common enemy." The last acute observation will serve to illustrate the rest of the story. The painter above alluded to was Sir Joshua Reynolds.—*Rambler*, No. 64.

Barry, in his "History of Painting," speaks somewhat slightingly of the Flemish school. "The artists of the Low Countries, have," he declares, "deviated widely from all the sources of elegance, pathos, and sublimity; induced not only by that sordid disposition, which will ever be epidemic in a country so generally devoted to gain, but still further, from the differences of religion, they had accustomed themselves to look with ridicule and buffoonery on those great subjects, which the Italians executed with the utmost possible sobriety and unction. Although the Hollanders in this procedure ultimately disqualified themselves for serious pursuits in the arts, yet as the human capacity is seldom disappointed, when it will perseveringly apply, I shall, under the divisions of my subject in the subsequent discourses, have occasion to advert to many excellences, which might be studied with great profit in the works of some distinguished characters in the Dutch school."

Again, speaking of colour as an element of success, he says, "that one seldom finds an ill-coloured picture in the Dutch school; the little more or the little less in the drawing could make no difference worth attending to, where they regarded not so much the beauty or perfection of the human form, as the contrary: it was not easy to err in the drawing and composition of works formed out of trite, vulgar, slattern matter, level to the meanest and most mechanical capacity."

And Opie, in his lectures, so far from dissenting from his brother R. A., in his depreciation of the Flemish school of painters, cautions the student against "that vulgar error, the mistaking fine colours for fine colouring, which consists, not in the gaudiness, but the truth, harmony, and transparency of the tints, and the depth of the tones. Let him beware of being captivated by the ostentatious splendour of the Venetian and Flemish schools; the terrors of the Crucifixion must not be lost in the magnificent pomp of a triumphal show, nor the pathetic solemnity of the Last Supper be disturbed by the impertinent gaiety of a bacchanalian revel. This is abhorrent to true taste; nor shall the authors of such mockeries escape censure, however great their powers or celebrated their names."

"Le Roi Boit," or in English, "Twelfth-Night," which has been reproduced by the burin of several engravers, foremost among whom comes Paul Pontius, whose engraving of it forms his *chef-d'œuvre*, is a composition full of life and light. In it are seen, besides his wife, the heads of most of the persons who were dear to Jordaens. There exist several

THE REPAST; SOMETIMES CALLED THE FAMILY CONCERT.—JACOB JORDAENS.

transplendent drawings of these two paintings. The drawings of Jordaens are generally very vigorous water-colours, sketched in black and red chalk, washed with every colour, relieved with white, and even with other tones in oil. They generally fetch a pretty good price, on account of their beauty and importance, and, relatively speaking, a higher one than the artist's large paintings, of which, in fact, they supply the the place; but the heads in them are heavy, incorrect, and of a common type. Their composition, however, is, on the whole, grand and admirably effective. The Louvre possesses several of these drawings, in the execution of some of which Jordaens employed the pen.

Jordaens himself, following the example of other great painters, has left some etchings executed by his own hand. They consist of eight plates, namely, "The Flight into

Egypt;" "Jesus driving the Money-changers out of the Temple;" a "Descent from the Cross;" "Mercury decapitating Argus;" "Jupiter stopping Io;" "The Infant Jupiter fed by the Goat Amalthæa;" "A Peasant stopping an Ox by the Tail, with several Spectators;" and "Saturn on the Clouds, devouring one of his Children." The last plate is very scarce.

These prints are not much sought after, for at the Rigal sale, in 1817, the whole collection, with the exception of "Saturn," only fetched the insignificant sum of 3s. 4d.

Jordaens excelled in portraits, as he did in allegories, religious and mythological pieces, or fancy subjects. Yet his manner, which is not, perhaps, fitted for elevated subjects, is better suited to portrait-painting, which requires, above all, close study of nature. With respect to mythology and Christian tradition, Jordaens is quite at home, as is proved by his pictures of Silenus, his satyrs, his paintings of the heifer, Io, his bacchanals, his nativities, his adorations of the shepherds, &c.; but do not seek for Jordaens in the regions of refinement and mysticism. As for his portraits, the Dutch mariners were made expressly for him, and reality is his. He never hesitated to introduce into his paintings their large, ruddy cheeks, to make their inflamed eyes sparkle there, and to envelop them in the ample folds of their large rough cloaks.

After the death of Rubens and Van Dyck, the former of whom died in 1640, and the latter in 1641, Jordaens had no rivals at Antwerp. At that time, he had scarcely run half through his career. Innumerable are the pictures executed by him at this epoch. All the princes of Germany, all the wealthy people of the Netherlands, every mansion and every church, strove to obtain the paintings of Jordaens. Carried on by his temperament and quickness of execution, he dashed off his gigantic figures wholesale, and, without the least fatigue, spread his vigorous colouring over whole acres of canvas, throwing his treasures profusely about, and this even after he had grown old. Real artists, like Michael Angelo, Titian, and Jordaens, for whom art is a second life, cease to paint and live but on the day of their death.

Jordaens had had the misfortune to lose Catherine Oort in 1659, from which time he lost something of his vigorous style, and, nineteen years after, he himself died on the 18th of October, 1678, at the age of 85. His beloved daughter, Anne Catherine, also died on the same day as her father. They were both interred in the Protestant church of the seigniory of Putten, a village situated on the frontiers of the United Provinces, where the great Flemish painter's tombstone—which William II., King of the Netherlands, has restored some years ago—may still be seen. Who would have believed that Jordaens, the great picture-drawer, was a Protestant? Born a Catholic, he, some time after his marriage, adhered, with his father-in-law, to the reformed religion—that religion which was indifferent, or rather hostile, to the ceremonies of outward worship and to all signification of form.

In speaking of Jordaens, De Piles says, "All he lacked was to have seen Italy." That was what he lacked, it is true; but we ought rather to say, "Luckily, he never saw Italy." There are certain painters whom Italy never profits, and whose natural originality, when it is as powerful as that of Jordaens, is far preferable, even with all its defects, to forced science and borrowed correctness, which, as a natural consequence, cannot fail of becoming both affected and false. In support of what we have just said, we will beg permission to quote the opinion of a very intelligent man, who cannot possibly be accused of partiality for Jordaens; we mean the classic Taillasson. He compares the regret expressed by De Piles, with respect to Jordaens and Italy, to those commonplace remarks which are incessantly being repeated, and which remind you of those general remedies which are to cure every disease. "Italy," says he, "would have doubtless given a better form to the outline of the drawings of Jordaens, but she would not have increased the elevation or nobleness of his genius: she might perhaps have turned him more from the style for which

THE REPAST; ANOTHER TREATMENT.

he was born; nature had organised him for feeling deeply, for expressing common truths faithfully, and for representing trivial and laughable things, which he rendered with perfectly original accuracy and force. Nobody has equalled him in painting those rubicund faces of his, loaded with masses of flesh, through which the spectator fancies he sees beer, wine, blood, and brandy all circulating together. De Piles would have been much more right in saying, 'What an extraordinary man Jordaens would have been, if, instead of painting classical pieces and subjects of heroic history, he had confined himself to pictures of the style of "Le Roi Boit,"' a subject in which he was so much at home, that he has painted it in several different ways." We, in our turn, also say that it is better to be Jacob Jordaens of Antwerp, Jordaens the Fleming—incorrigible, incorruptible, entire—than an unnaturalised fugitive, re-baptised by the Italians, who would not have failed to call Jacob Jordaens *Jacopo Giordano*. A wit has said that a man is only some one, on condition that he is no one else.

Two of the engravings we have introduced to illustrate this master, show how differently the same subject may be treated even by the same hand. Jordaens, like many of the modern painters, was in the habit of making duplicate copies of some of his favourite pieces; and it would appear from the evidence of the pictures themselves that he occasionally varied his style of treatment, to suit the wishes of his patrons—at least the two copies of the "Repast" would suggest this notion. The two pictures are varied in title as well as treatment—the one is simply called "The Repast," the other is named after an old Flemish proverb, "As the old cock crows the young ones learn," in allusion to the imitation by the children of the elders' music. "To find excellences and discover beauties," says Sir Joshua Reynolds in one of his discourses, "can be the work only of him, who having a mind always alive to his art, has extended his views to all ages and to all schools: and has acquired from that comprehensive mass which he has thus gathered to himself, a well-digested and perfect idea of his art, to which every thing is referred. Like a sovereign judge and arbiter of art, he is possessed of that presiding power which separates and attracts every excellence from every school; selects both from what is great, and what is little: brings home knowledge from the east and from the west; making the universe tributary towards furnishing his mind, and enriching his works with originality and variety of inventions." Thus, and in a like spirit, to discover defects requires a feeling for art which is only the property of an artist.

In the style of picture called "Breakfast Pieces,"—of which "The Repast" is a notable example,—Jordaens is conspicuous. In these pictures costly cups and ewers, beautiful glass with sparkling wine, the most inviting pâtés, juicy fruits, lobsters, crabs, and glittering oysters, are formed into an agreeable whole; all the solid mid-day dainties which the old masters had enjoyed with one or the other of their boon companions, are embodied for the latest posterity as examples of their good taste in eating. Among the names of the artists who distinguished themselves in these works of "still life," are Adrieanssen, Peter Nason, Wm. van Aelst, Vigor van Heeda, and Th. Apshoven, all of whom flourished in the second half of the seventeenth century. The galleries of Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna are rich in their works.

In Germany and the Low Countries, says Franz Kügler, speaking of the revival of art in the seventeenth century—traditional types and ancient habits existed side by side with all the results of the new struggles made by the human mind in the sixteenth century, but these two elements had not been reconciled and blended with each other before the time that the highest perfection of art in Italy had passed away.

The case was the same on both sides of the Alps—neither the mannered imitators of the great Italian masters in Italy, nor the northern artists who devoted themselves to the study of Italian art in the course of the sixteenth century, could do more than seize the mere external characteristics of their models. This substitution of the outward shell for the real essence of art, showed itself just at the time when the groundwork of old religious feeling had been struck away, and when confusion in creeds, clamour for Church reform, and struggles for bodily and mental freedom, had produced a state of things which could not be favourable to the fine arts. At the beginning of the seventeeth century, however, these elements of disturbance had at least in part subsided, and a new ground was prepared for the progress of the human intellect. In Italy, these circumstances caused a sort of revival of art and produced a close academical imitation of the older masters, together with a vigorous and somewhat rude "naturalism." No new principle, however, of grandeur or of deep feeling had shown itself. The result was different in the North and in the Low Countries; the termination of the contest with Spain allowed elements of national life, at once vigorous and healthful, to develop themselves freely.

In the works of the artists of the Netherlands of the seventeenth century, we recognise a revival of art in an original, and, on the whole, in a most attractive form. There is not, indeed, any aspiration after the pure beauty of ideal form, and after that feeling which is the highest in its kind, and the most universal in its effect; but as regards breadth, freedom, and originality of treatment, united with a due attention to individual objects, much that was new and important was secured in this school. The peculiar character of individual life, with its singularities, its interests, and its passions; the daily intercourse of men with each other in all its variety; Nature, in all the freedom of her every day works and operations; the expression of a happy tone of mind, in the play of light and colour; and finally, a delicacy of execution, which, without any claim to profound meaning and consequently without pretension, at least delights the eye with its bright images;—all these elements of art were now developed in the richest profusion.

From the time of Jordaens, however, but small advance has been made in art by Flemish painters. With some few exceptions, the Low Countries have produced no masters of the brush and palette since the year 1700. The artists of Belgium—and here again we quote from Kügler—have followed the example of those of France, and have fallen into the same feeble mannerism which distinguished the latter during the greater part of the last century. In the second half of this period, however, Andrew Lens, of Ghent, is sometimes distinguished by a feeling of greater tenderness, and deserves to be remarked as an artist, in spite of all his conventional stiffness. The Annunciation in St. Michael's Church, Ghent, is one of his works. At the close of the century, the Belgian artists in like manner followed David, among whose scholars Joseph Paelinck, of Ghent, must be mentioned. At present the Belgian artists appear to be subject to the influence of the romantic school of France, one of whose most zealous and spirited adherents is to be found in Wappers, of Brussels.

The artists of Holland, on the contrary, have lately taken the path of their forefathers of the seventeenth century, and have followed it out with peculiar success. They are distinguished by the same spirited and faithful imitation of nature, the same truth and life, and these qualities give a character of completeness to the greater number of their works. This particularly applies to their landscapes, among which those of Kockoek, Schelfhout, and Schotel (the works of the last are sea-pieces), have gained a high reputation. In landscape and genre scenes, Moerenhout also is distinguished by a handling as soft as it is spirited. In historical painting, Eeckhout the younger deserves notice; he, like the older artist of the same name, has imitated Rembrandt with tolerable success.

The signature of Jordaens is found on none of his pictures, with the exception of the allegorical painting of "Human Law based on Divine Law," which is in the museum at Antwerp, and at the bottom of which he has stated in a long inscription, which he has signed in Roman letters, that he made a donation of this painting to the brotherhood of St. Luke.

Like Rubens, Jordaens had the pleasure of seeing his compositions reproduced during his life-time by the burin of the

most celebrated engravers of his time. Unfortunately, we at present only possess twenty-three of them, but then they are all so many *chefs-d'œuvre*. Bolswert never executed finer engravings than those of the "Infant Jupiter suckled by the Satyrs," "Pan playing on a Flute," the "Concert," entitled "Soo d'oude songen, soo pepen de Jongen," or "A Faun holding a basket of Fruit, with Ceres behind him." Paul Pontius never succeeded better in anything than in "Le Roi Boit." The "Martyrdom of St. Apollonia," by Marinus, is a splendid engraving. The "Nativity," and "St. Martin de Tours," by Peter Jode the younger, are also magnificent works; and "Jupiter and Mercury, with Baucis and Philemon," by Nicholas Lauwers, ranks with the finest of this artist's productions. And last, though not least, in the list which our space permits us to make, "The Fable of the Satyr with the Peasant who blows hot and cold," has been admirably engraved by Lucas Vorsterman the elder. The last subject has also been engraved by Vorsterman the younger. All these prints fetch very high prices. As early as the Mariette sale, in 1775, "Le Roi Boit" was sold for £5 17s. 6d., and the "Faun holding a Basket," with its companion, representing "Persons singing," for £7 19s. 2d.

The easel-pieces of Jordaens are very scarce, but are sometimes to be met with at public sales. The prices they have fetched vary, as far as our researches permit us to say, from £6 to nearly £400 sterling.

Almost all the public galleries of Europe contain paintings by Jordaens; but those of Belgium, and especially the churches of that country, are filled with this master's productions.

In the National Gallery we have a "Holy Family" of Jordaens', a picture which is remarkable as possessing few of the characteristics of the painter beyond the splendid colouring of the Virgin's robe and some beautiful painting about the head of Joseph. Indeed Mrs. Jameson declares it to be vulgar in conception, and without merit of any kind. At Hampton Court there is a fine painting called "The Overthrow of Pharaoh in the Red Sea," in which the traces of the Rubens school of painting are evident enough; and in the Dulwich Gallery there is a good sketch of Jordaens' famous "Blowing Hot and Cold," a miniature engraving of which is given under the portrait at the head of this article. The original picture is in the Gallery at Munich, and is a fine large specimen—perhaps the best in existence—of the peculiarities of this master. It would appear that the subject has been frequently painted, or, at any rate, sketched, for, by reference to Vosterman's engraving of the Munich picture, a great difference of treatment will be at once perceived. In the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, at Devonshire House, Chiswick, there is a portrait subject representing Frederick Prince of Orange and his consort. The figures are in full length, and are painted with much feeling for nature—the flesh not having that glassy and transparent appearance noticeable in many of Jordaens' works. There is also a brilliant and perfect copy of the "Twelfth Night," undoubtedly from the hand of Jordaens, and another portrait by the same master in the Chiswick Gallery. A genuine, but by no means excellent, "Holy Family" is in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland; and a "Mercury and Argus," very hot and glowing, with landscape and cattle in the Rubens style, is at Alton Tower, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury. The Marquis of Bute, in his collection at Luton House, Bedfordshire, has a couple of fine paintings by Jordaens—"Pan between Two Nymphs," and a "Girl with Fruit,"—both of which may be esteemed good specimens of the Flemish artist's manner; beside which there are many doubtful pictures in the hands of private persons in England. In the sales of pictures continually taking place in London, a tolerably executed Jordaens occasionally turns up, but it seldom reaches a high price. The works of this artist are not, however, among those which are reproduced in the private manufactories of London and Paris, "with all the marks of age upon them."

The Louvre contains several paintings by Jordaens, and among them is a "Jesus driving the Money-changers out of the Temple," valued at £1,440. Vienna, Dresden, Munich, the Hague, St. Petersburg, and Madrid, all possess paintings by Jordaens; but, as we have already said, most of this master's works are to be found in Belgium.

The consideration of the works of Jordaens naturally leads to a review of the state of arts in Flanders. In the year 1781, Sir Joshua Reynolds, accompanied by Philip Metcalf, Esq., made a tour through the Low Countries, with a view to a more perfect examination of the paintings existing in the various galleries and private collections of the Dutch. For this purpose the painter successively visited the cities of Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Mechlin, Antwerp, the Hague, and Amsterdam, looking also with a critical eye through the Dusseldorf gallery, and the collections at Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Liege, and Louvain. Of his impressions during that tour Sir Joshua has left us a very full and interesting account, in which the characteristics of the Dutch and Flemish schools of painters are clearly defined and kindly criticised, and their peculiar excellences described. "One would wish to be able," he says, "to convey to the reader some idea of that excellence, the sight of which has afforded so much pleasure; but as their merit often consists in the truth of representation alone, whatever praise they deserve, whatever pleasure they give when under the eye, they make but a poor figure in description. It is to the eye only that the works of this school are addressed; it is not therefore to be wondered at, that what was intended solely for the gratification of one sense, succeeds but ill when applied to another.

"A market-woman with a hare in her hand, a man blowing a trumpet, or a boy blowing bubbles, a view of the inside or outside of a church, are the subjects of some of their most valuable pictures; but there is still entertainment even in such pictures; however uninteresting their subjects, there is some pleasure in the contemplation of the truth of the imitation. But to a painter they afford likewise instruction in his profession; here he may learn the art of colouring and composition, a skilful management of light and shade, and indeed all the mechanical parts of the art, as well as in any other school whatever. The same skill which is practised by Rubens and Titian in their large works, is here exhibited, though on a smaller scale. Painters should go to the Dutch school to learn the art of painting, as they would go to a grammar school to learn languages. They must go to Italy to learn the higher branches of knowledge.

"We must be contented to make up our idea of perfection from the excellences which are dispersed over the world. A poetical imagination, expression, character, or even correctness of drawing, are seldom united with that power of colouring, which would set off those excellences to the best advantage; and in this, perhaps, no school ever excelled the Dutch. An artist, by a close examination of their works, may in a few hours make himself master of the principles on which they wrought, which cost them whole ages, and perhaps the experience of a succession of ages, to ascertain.

"The most considerable of the Dutch school are, Rembrandt, Teniers, Jan Steen, Ostade, Brouwer, Gerard Dow, Mieris, Metzu, and Terburg; these excel in small conversations. For landscapes and cattle, Wouvermans, Paul Potter, Berchem, and Ruysdael; and for buildings, Vanderheyden. For sea views, W. Vandervelde, jun., and Backhuysen. For dead game, Weeninx and Hondekoeter. For flowers, De Heem, Vanhuysum, Rachael Roos, and Brueghel. These make the bulk of the Dutch school.

"I consider those painters as belonging to this school, who painted only small conversations, landscapes, &c. Though some of those were born in Flanders, their works are principally found in Holland; and to separate them from the Flemish school, which generally painted figures large as life, it appears to me more reasonable to class them with the Dutch painters, and to distinguish those two schools rather by their style and manner, than by the place where the artist happened to be born.

"Rembrandt may be considered as belonging to both or either, as he painted both large and small pictures.

"The works of David Teniers, jun., are worthy the closest attention of a painter who desires to excel in the mechanical knowledge of his art. His manner of touching, or what we call handling, has perhaps never been equalled: there is in his pictures that exact mixture of softness and sharpness which is difficult to execute.

"Jan Steen has a strong manly style of painting, which might become even the design of Raphael, and he has shown the greatest skill in composition, and management of light and shadow, as well as great truth in the expression and character of his figures.

"The landscapes of Ruysdael have not only great force

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. APOLLONIA.—BY JACOB JORDAENS.

but have a freshness which is seen in scarce any other painter. What excellence in colour and handling is to be found in the dead game of Weeninx!

would make no improper part of a painter's study. Rubens' pictures strongly remind one of a nosegay of flowers, where all the colours are bright, clear, and transparent.

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS. BY PETER PAUL RUBENS. ANTWERP GALLERY.

"A clearness and brilliancy of colouring may be learned by examining the flower pieces of De Heem, Huysum, and Mignon; and a short time employed in painting flowers,

"I have only to add, that in my account of the Dutch pictures, which is indeed little more than a catalogue, I have mentioned only those which I considered worthy of attention."

RUBENS.

Peter Paul Rubens, the great luminary and centre of the Flemish system of art, was of a distinguished family at Antwerp, at that time a school of classical and religious learning, and the emporium of the western world. Here, from his infancy, he was educated, with great care, in every branch of polite literature; and his genius met these advantages with an ardour and success, of which the ordinary course of things furnishes us with no parallel. At the age of nineteen he seriously applied himself to painting under the tuition of Otho Venius, and, a very few years afterwards, we find him in Italy, possessed of unbounded powers, both in the theory and practice of his art, and working more as the rival than the pupil of those masters whose works had been selected as the objects of his imitation.

Both the number and merits of the works of Rubens, as well as his uncommon success in life, are calculated to excite extraordinary attention: his fame is extended over a large part of the continent without a rival; and it may truly be said, that he has enriched his country, not only by the magnificent examples of art which he left, but also by what some may deem a more solid advantage, the wealth which continued till lately to be drawn into it by the concourse of strangers from all parts of the world to view them.

To the city of Düsseldorf he has been an equal benefactor, as the gallery there would at least lose half its value were his performances alone to be withdrawn from it. Paris, also, owes to him a large part of its attraction; and, if to these we add the many towns, churches, and private cabinets whereon a single picture or sketch of Rubens often confers distinction, who shall dispute his legitimate claim to be ranked with the most illustrious names in his profession?

Rubens is not, says Opie, one of those regular and timid composers, who escape censure and deserve no praise. He produces no faultless monsters; his works abound with defects, as well as beauties, and are liable, by their daring eccentricities, to provoke much criticism. But they have, nevertheless, that peculiar property, always the companion of true genius, that which seizes on the spectator, commands attention, and enforces admiration in spite of all their faults. "To the want of this fascinating power" (says Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his Journey through Flanders), "it is owing, that the performances of those painters, by which he is surrounded, such as the altar-pieces of Crayer, Schut, Segers, Huysum, Tyssens, Van Balen, and others, though they have, perhaps, fewer defects, appear spiritless and insipid in comparison: they are men, whose hands, and indeed all their faculties, appear to be 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd:' and their performances, however tolerable in some respects, are too evidently the effect of merely careful and laborious diligence."

The productions of Rubens, on the contrary, seem to flow from his pencil with more than freedom, with *prodigality;* his mind was inexhaustible, his hand was never wearied; the exuberant fertility of his imagination was, therefore, always accompanied by a correspondent spirit in the execution of his work:—

> "Led by some rule which guides but not constrains,
> He finish'd more through happiness than pains."

No man ever more completely laid the reins on the neck of his inclinations, no man ever more fearlessly abandoned himself to his own sensations, and, depending on them, dared to attempt extraordinary things, than Rubens. To this, in a great measure, must be attributed that perfect originality of manner, by which the limits of the art may be said to be extended. Endowed with a full comprehension of his own character, he waited not a moment for the acquisition of what he perhaps deemed incompatible excellence: his theory once formed, he seldom looked abroad for assistance; there is, consequently, in his works very little that appears to be taken from other masters, and, if he has occasionally stolen anything, he has so well digested and adapted it to the rest of his composition, that the theft is not discoverable. But, though it must be allowed that he possessed, in many respects, the true art of imitation, though he looked at nature with a true painter's eye, and saw at once the characteristic feature by which every object is distinguished, and rendered it at once on canvas with a vivacity of touch truly astonishing; though his powers of grouping and combining his objects into a whole, and forming his masses of light and shade, and colour, have never been equalled; and though the general animation and energy of his attitudes, and the flowing liberty of his outline, all contribute to arrest the attention, and inspire a portion of that enthusiasm by which the painter was absorbed and carried away, yet the spectator will at last awake from the trance, his eyes will cease to be dazzled, and then he will not fail to lament that such extraordinary powers were so often misapplied, if not entirely cast away; he will inquire why Rubens was content to want so many requisites to the perfection of art, why he paid no greater attention to elegance and correctness of form, to grace, beauty, dignity, and propriety of character,—why every subject, of whatever class, is equally adorned with the gay colours of spring, and every figure in his compositions indiscriminately fed on roses. Nor will he, we fear, be satisfied with the ingenious, but surely unfounded apology, that these faults harmonise with his style, and were necessary to its complete uniformity; that his taste in design appears to correspond better with his colouring and composition than if he had adopted a more correct and refined style of drawing; and that, perhaps, in painting, as in personal attractions, there is a certain agreement and correspondence of parts in the whole together, which is often more captivating than mere regular beauty.

Lest these remarks should be thought too severe on this illustrious man, we shall extract from the works of the great critic, Sir Joshua Reynolds, his description of the picture of "The Fallen Angels," by Rubens, now in the gallery at Düsseldorf:—"It is impossible, without having seen this picture, to form an adequate idea of the powers of Rubens. He seems here to have given loose to the most capricious imagination in the attitudes and invention of the falling angels who are tumbling

> 'With hideous ruin and combustion, down
> To bottomless perdition.'

"If we consider the fruitfulness of invention discovered in this work, or the skill which is shown in composing such an infinite number of figures, or the art in the distribution of the light and shadow, the freedom and facility with which it seems to be performed, and, what is still more extraordinary, the correctness and admirable taste of drawing of foreshortened figures in attitudes the most difficult to execute, we must pronounce this picture to be one of the greatest efforts of genius that ever the art of painting has produced."

His universality is another striking trait in the character of Rubens. In the smallest sketch, the lightness and transparency of his touch and colour are no less remarkable than the sweeping rapidity and force of his brush in his largest works; and, in all kinds of subjects, he equally keeps up his wonted superiority. His animals, particularly his lions and horses, are so admirable, that it may be said they were never properly, at least, poetically, painted but by him. His portraits rank with the best works of those painters who have made that branch of art their sole study; the same may be said of his landscapes: and though Claude Lorraine finished more neatly, as became a professor in a particular branch, yet there is such an airiness and facility in the landscapes of Rubens, that a painter would as soon wish to be the author of them as those of Claude, or any other artist whatever.

Rubens, like Titian, was caressed, honoured, employed, and splendidly rewarded by several crowned heads, and even deputed in a ministerial capacity, by the king of Spain, to make confidential overtures to the court of London, where he was knighted by Charles I., and had every possible mark of respect shown to him, on account of his unrivalled excellence in his profession. At his return to Flanders he was honoured

with the post of secretary of state, and in that office he continued till his death, which was brought on by the gout, at the age of sixty-three. He is said to have shown the ruling passion strong in death, lamenting to be taken off just as he began to be able to paint, and understand his art.

He enjoyed his good fortune with equal liberality and prudence, searching out and employing such artists as possessed merit, and were in indigent circumstances; but when visited by a famous chemist, who told him he had nearly discovered the philosopher's stone, and wished him to become a partner in his good luck, Rubens, pointing to his palette and pencils, answered, he was come too late, for that, by the help of those instruments, he had himself found the philosopher's stone some twenty years before.

In comparing Rubens with Titian, it has been observed, that the latter mingled his tints as they are in nature, that is, in such a manner as makes it impossible to discover where they begin or terminate: Rubens' method, on the contrary, was to lay his colours in their places, one by the side of the other, and afterwards very slightly mix them by a touch of the pencil. Now, as it is an acknowledged principle in the art, that the less colours are mingled the greater their purity and vivacity, and as every painter knows the latter method to be the most learned (requiring a deeper knowledge of the subject), to be attended with a greater facility, and, if properly managed, with greater truth and vivacity of effect, it must follow that this difference in their practice, which has been adduced to prove the inferiority of Rubens to Titian, indisputably proves the reverse; and though it must be allowed, perhaps, that, in practice, he at times uncovered too much the skeleton of his system, and rendered his tints too visible for a near inspection, we can have no doubt that, on the whole, he was the most profound theorist; that more may be learnt from him respecting the nature, use, and arrangement of colours than from any other master; and that had he not been, in some measure, the dupe of his own powers, his name would have stood first in the first rank of colourists.

Rubens, like other men of his degree of eminence, produced a multitude of scholars and imitators, to whom he stood in the place of nature, and whose excellence can only be measured by their proximity to, or distance from, their great archetype. The best of their works are now probably, and not improperly, attributed to him, from whose mind the principle that directed them emanated. From him they learned to weigh the powers of every colour, and balance the proportion of every tint; but, destitute of his vigorous imagination, the knowledge of his principle became, in their hands, a mere palliative of mental imbecility (leaves without trunk), and served only to lacquer over poverty of thought and feebleness of design, and to impart a sickly magnificence to stale mythological conceits, and clumsy forms of gods without dignity, goddesses without beauty, and heroes without energy; which disgust the more for the abortive attempt to conceal, by colouring, the want of that which colour can never supply.

Such will always be the success of exclusive endeavours to copy the manner of a particular individual, however great his powers. The proper use, continues Opie, of the study of our predecessors is to open and enlarge the mind, facilitate our labours, and give us the result of the selection made by them of what is grand, beautiful, and striking, in nature. A painter, therefore, ought to consider, compare, and weigh in the balance of reason, the different styles of all distinguished masters; and, whatever mode of execution he may choose to adopt, his imitation should always be general, and directed only to what is truly excellent in each: he may follow the same road, but not tread in the same footsteps; otherwise, to borrow a metaphor from a celebrated artist of former days, instead of the child, he will be more likely to become the *grandchild* of nature.

A GOSSIP ABOUT ART AND ARTISTS.

Under a title like this, a man of any imagination, talent, or love of art, might write a volume. On the present occasion, however, a volume is not required, and therefore it will be necessary to say what we have to say in as brief a manner as possible; not, however, that the subject demands brevity, but rather that the space compels it.

We enter a picture-gallery; we stand, perchance, alone in the silent room; on all sides are evidences of genius and power, and we pause entranced before them. A feeling something akin to that experienced when listening to beautiful music,—a world of memory and association beyond the world of consciousness and fact,—comes gently across the senses, and we yield to the charm of the place without effort or remorse.

This, however, is only the feeling of the moment. In a little while the curiosity of the spectator overcomes the awe of the mere visitor, and he begins to examine with attention the details of the various pictures around him. In just this way the searcher after art-truth approaches his subject. At first he is astounded at the vastness of its dimensions, and is inclined rather to acknowledge its mysticism and strange power than to attempt the elucidation of the mystery or to dream of overcoming its difficulties. Soon, however, his mind becomes more and more familiarised with the aspect of things, and he is enabled first to dissect, and finally to comprehend, his sensations. And thus he is prepared to enter upon an examination of those art-triumphs which have become the glories of the world; thus is he enabled to trace the various schools of painting by their own inherent peculiarities, from the distant period when the picture over the great altar was the poor man's Bible and teacher, to the latest expositions of art-progress in the galleries of London, Paris, and Dresden; and thus in the end he becomes a disciple and lover of Art,—being initiated into its mysteries, and becoming familiar with its many phases—rather than an outward gazer upon things incomprehensible.

Now it must be understood at once—for without this understanding both reader and writer will be apt to go astray—that the illustrations of the painter's art are not merely calculated to charm and gratify the senses, but that they are capable of refining and elevating the mind, and inspiring the heart with every good and noble sentiment. What poetry is to the ear painting is to the mind. Indeed, every painter must be more or less a poet, a creator; bringing to the surface the hidden greatnesses of human motives, and instilling into the human mind, by the exercise of his art, a love of order and harmony of design,—in fact, an admiration of the beautiful.

These are the highest manifestations of the artist's power; but if we take a somewhat lower standard of excellence,—if we look upon the painter as simply appealing to the universal heart of mankind through the feelings and sentiments common alike to the learned and the ignorant, we shall still find that every agreeable impression made by a beautiful and truthful picture, every remembrance of a natural object reproduced on the glowing canvas, every representation of the figures and countenances of those whom we have been taught to consider as among the world's great—exerts upon the mind a benign and salutary influence. Cicero, speaking of the Fine Arts, declares that "they nourish us in our youth and invigorate old age; they embellish the most fortunate situation, and console us under disasters of persecution; they accompany us day and night in our journeys and in our retreat from the world; and even when our minds are not disposed to profit by their instruction, we ought still to hold them in a just admiration, finding that to those who possess them they afford the most delicious gratifications."

If we search through the mazes of antiquity, we shall find that the art of painting exercised an influence superior even to that of poetry; for the simple reason, that the understanding is sooner reached through the eye than the ear. The empire of art has extended through every age and over every country—the savage and remote, no less than the refined and familiar.

In the rudest period of existence—it has been well observed—the love of imitation seems to have been inherent in the nature of man; and the variety of colours and forms appear to have been among the primitive sources of his enjoyments. The desire of imitating naturally led him to trace—coarsely enough, perhaps—the objects which most interested his ments, and make choice of such shells and stones as are of the most brilliant and varied hue with which to decorate their persons. Of course the union of colour and design have in no cases been simultaneous; but it would appear that no sooner had the rudest barbarians made the discovery that they were capable of imitating natural objects in colours, than the germ of painting took root in the soil of human ingenuity. And the seed, having once fallen on good ground, has fructified amazingly.

It would be somewhat beyond our purpose to trace the progress of this beautiful art from its first rude beginning—among the people of India, China, and Egypt, probably—to the comparative perfection it attained in ancient Greece, Etruria, and

THE SYREN OF THE RHINE. BY CARL BEGAS.

observation. Hence, instead of attempting to attribute the origin of design to any precise period or particular nation, it may be more reasonably presumed to have been indigenous in every country where human reason has in any degree developed itself, and may be said to have been coeval with our existence.

In this way only can the origin of painting be really described. The most untutored among the savages of various parts of the world—men who seem to have possessed but few ideas of clothing, building, or even the rudest forms of cookery—have been found, almost invariably, to be sensible of the attraction of colour and design. They select the most beautiful plumage of their birds wherewith to embellish their vest-

Rome; we may rather, therefore, turn our attention to its state after its revival in Europe after the downfall of the Imperial Empire.

Poetry, painting, and sculpture, says Allan Cunningham, are of the same high order of genius; but, as words provide at once shape and colour to our thoughts, poetry has ever led the way in the march of intellect: as material forms are ready made, and require but to be skilfully copied, sculpture succeeded; and as lights and shadows demand science and experience to work them into shape, and endow them with sentiment, painting was the last to rise into elegance and sublimity. In this order these high arts rose in ancient Greece, and in the like order they rose in modern Italy; but

none of them reached true excellence till the light of knowledge dawned on the human mind, nor before civilisation, following in the steps of barbarism, prepared the world for the reception of works of polished grace and tranquil grandeur.

From the swoon into which the fine arts were cast by the overthrow of the Roman empire, they were long in awakening: all that was learned or lofty was extinguished;—of painting there remained but the memory, and of sculpture, some broken stones, yet smothered in the ruins of temples and cities. The rules which gave art its science were lost; the knowledge of colours was passed away, and that high spirit, which filled Italy and Greece with shapes and sentiments allied to heaven, had expired. In their own good time, painting and sculpture arose from the ruins in which they had had preached down the altars and temples of the heathen, and rebuked their lying gods into eternal silence.

Though sculpture and painting arose early in Italy, and arose with the mantle of the Christian religion about them, it was centuries before they were able to put on their full lustre and beauty. For this, various causes may be assigned. The nations, or rather wild hordes, who ruled where consuls and emperors once reigned, ruled but for a little while, or were continually employed in expeditions of bloodshed and war. The armed feet of the barbarians had trodden into dust all of art that was elegant or beautiful:—they lighted their campfires with the verses of Euripides or Virgil; they covered their tents with the paintings of Protogenes and Apelles, and they repaired the breaches in the walls of a besieged city with the

JUPITER AND THE GOAT.—JACOB JORDAENS.

been overwhelmed; but their looks were altered; their air was saddened; their voice was low, though it was, as it had been in Greece, holy, and it called men to the contemplation of works of a rude grace, and a but dawning beauty. These "sisters-twin" came at first with pale looks and trembling steps, and with none of the confidence which a certainty of pleasing bestows; they came, too, with few of the charms of the heathen about them:—of the scientific unity of proportion, of the modest ease, the graceful simplicity, or the almost severe and always divine composure of Greece, they had little or none. But they came, nevertheless, with an original air and character all their own; they spoke of the presence of a loveliness and a sentiment derived from a nobler source than pagan inspirations; they spoke of Jesus Christ, and his sublime lessons of peace, and charity, and belief, with which he statues of Phidias and Praxiteles; the desires of these barbarians were all barbarous. Painting and sculpture had to begin their labours anew; all rules were lost; all examples, particularly of the former, destroyed; men unable, therefore, to drink at the fountains of Greece, did not think for centuries of striking the rock for themselves. The Christian religion, for which art first wrought, demanded sentiment rather than shape; it was a matter of the mind which was wanted; the personal beauty of Jesus Christ is nowhere insisted upon in all the New Testament; the earliest artists, when they had impressed an air of holiness or serenity on their works, thought they had done enough; and it was only when the fears of looking like the heathen were overcome, and a sense of the exquisite beauty of Grecian sculpture prevailed, that the geometrical loveliness of the human form found its way

into art. It may be added, that no modern people, save the Italians alone, seem to share fully in the high sense of the ideal and the poetic, visible in the works of Greece.

The first-fruits of this new impulse were representations of Christ on the Cross; of his forerunner, St. John; of his Virgin Mother; and of his companions, the Apostles. Our Saviour had a meek and melancholy look; the hands of the Virgin are held up in prayer; something of the wildness of the wilderness was in the air of St. John, and the twelve Apostles were kneeling or preaching. They were all clothed from head to heel; the faces, the hands, and the feet, alone were bare: the sentiment of suffering or rejoicing holiness alone was aimed at. The artists of the heathen religion wrought in a far different spirit; the forms which they called to their canvas, and endowed with life and beauty, were all, or mostly naked; they saw and felt the symmetry and exquisite harmony of the human body, and they represented it in such elegance, such true simplicity and sweetness, as to render their nude figures the rivals in modesty and innocence of the most carefully dressed. A sense of this excellence of form is expressed by many writers. "If," says Plato, "you take a man as he is made by nature, and compare him with another who is the effect of art, the work of nature will always appear the less beautiful, because art is more accurate than nature." Maximus Tyrus also says, that "the image which is taken by a painter from several bodies, produces a beauty which it is impossible to find in any single natural body, approaching to the perfection of the fairest statues." And Cicero informs us, that Zeuxis drew his wondrous picture of Helen from various models, all the most beautiful that could be found; for he could not find in one body all those perfections which his idea of that princess required.

So far did the heathens carry their notions of ideal beauty, that they taxed Demetrius with being too natural, and Dionysius they reproached as but a painter of men. Lysippus himself upbraided the ordinary sculptors of his day, for making men such as they were in nature, and boasted of himself, that he made men as they ought to be. Phidias copied his statues of Jupiter and Pallas from forms in his own soul, or those which the muse of Homer supplied. Seneca seems to wonder that the sculptor having never beheld either Jove or Pallas, yet could conceive their divine images in his mind; and another eminent ancient says, that "the fancy more instructs the painter than the imitation; for the last makes only the things which it sees, but the first makes the things which it never sees." Such were also, in the fulness of time and study, the ideas of the most distinguished moderns. Alberti tells us that "we ought not so much to love the likeness as the beauty, and to choose from the fairest bodies, severally, the fairest parts." Da Vinci uses almost the same words, and desires the painter to form the idea for himself; and the incomparable Raphael thus writes to Castiglione concerning his Galatea: "To paint a fair one, it is necessary for me to see many fair ones: but because there is so great a scarcity of lovely women, I am constrained to make use of one certain idea which I have formed in my own fancy." Guido Reni approaches still closer to the pure ideal of the great Christian school of painting, when he wishes for the wings of an angel to ascend to Paradise, and see with his own eyes the forms and faces of the blessed spirits, that he might put more of heaven into his pictures.

Though abundance of figures of saints were carved, and innumerable Madonnas painted throughout Italy, in the earlier days of the Christian church, they were either literal transcripts of common life, or mechanical copies or imitations of works furnished from the great store-rooms of the Asiatic Greeks. There were thousands—nay, tens of thousands—of men, who wrote themselves artists, while not one of them had enough of imagination and skill to lift art above the low estate in which the rule and square of mechanical imitation had placed it. Nicola Pisano appears to have been the first who, at Pisa, took the right way in sculpture; his groups, still in existence, are sometimes too crowded; his figures badly designed, and the whole defective in sentiment; but he gave an impulse—communicated through the antique—to composition, not unperceived by his scholars, who saw with his eyes and wrought with his spirit. The school which he founded produced soon after the celebrated Ghiberti, whose gates of bronze, embellished with figures, for the church of San Giovani, were pronounced by Michael Angelo worthy to be the gates of Paradise. While the sister art took these large strides towards fame, painting lagged ruefully behind; she had no true models, and she had no true rules; but "the time and the man" came at last.

From out these rude materials the art of modern painting had its rise; and that we may the better understand the various characteristics that distinguish the several "schools," it may not be out of place to run rapidly over the history of each.

THE SCHOOL OF FLORENCE,

the earliest of those which are considered as among the modern, claims to have been founded by Giovanni Cimabue, who is hence called the restorer—though he may be more properly styled the founder, of the Italian or Epic style of painting. Cimabue was the first of his time who dared to step out of the beaten track and follow the bent of his own inclinations. Instead of reproducing the merely mechanical forms of the Greek artists, he began to group his figures with a bold sublimity, and astonish his patrons by his daring conceptions and vigorous style of colouring. All his compositions are of a scriptural or religious kind, for in truth, the church of his day—he was born in 1240, and died in 1300—was the artist's only patron. Cimabue gave tone and character to the paintings of his time, and the school of Florence, as the paintings of his successors are termed, is known and distinguished by the first intelligible symptoms of the grand and epic in their composition—Cimabue being the earliest of the modern painters to bring the art of design into anything like a system.

To Cimabue, the Michael Angelo of his age, succeeded Giotto the Raphael. Everyone knows the romantic history of this artist; how, from being the son of a shepherd, he lived to be patronised by princes and prelates, and how he became famous throughout Italy as the first painter and sculptor of his day. It would appear that to an intense love of the beautiful and really good natural talents, Giotto united a study of the antique more searching and comprehensive than had before been attempted. He painted historical pieces, in which groups of figures and architectural ornamentation were fittingly introduced, with backgrounds of Italian skies and blue hazy mountains; but, beside subjects such as these, his pencil was employed upon Madonnas and Apostles, and a series of pictures from the life of St. Francisco, the composition of which, says Lanzi, appear to be most surprising to one who examines them with attention. Giotto died in 1336, and the Florentines erected a statue in commemoration of his achievements.

About the period at which we have now arrived, other cities of Italy, stimulated by the example of Cimabue and Giotto, established schools of painting, which soon became characterised by peculiarities of their own. In Florence, however, the transition from the formal style of the earlier periods to the epic and historical manner of the moderns certainly took place.

Contemporaneously with the rise of power, grandeur, and wealth in the church, arose the arts of painting and sculpture in Italy; and patronised by the followers of the lowly Nazarene, the arts at length emerged from the darkness of ignorance, to become the glory of the fourteenth century and all succeeding time. The academies of art—or, more properly speaking, the schools of painting—established in Italy after the death of Cimabue are generally considered to be the Florentine, the Siennese, the Roman, the Neapolitan, the Venetian, the Mantuan, the Modenese, and the schools of Parma, Cremona, Milan, Ferrara, and Genoa. These together form what is called the Italian school of painting; and to these must be added the German, the Dutch, the Spanish, the French, and the English schools—the latter terms being, however, rather complimentary than actual.

Among the celebrated artists of the school or style of paint-

ing thus established, Stephano Florentino and his son Thomaso take rank next to Giotto. These with Taddeo Gaddi, Paolo Uccello, Manetta, Panicale, Masaccio, Raffaellino del Garbo, Domenico, and Corradi, carried the art far beyond the style in which they found it. In their hands painting became a living art, and to such a height did Massaccio rise in his profession, that Vasari avers of him that "what was executed before his time might be called paintings, but that his pictures seem to live, they were so true and so natural."

But the crowning triumph of Florence was yet to arrive, in the person of the celebrated painter, Leonardi da Vinci, who, without reference to colours, produced some of the finest designs that the world had hitherto seen,—one especially, "The Last Supper," yet remains unequalled and unapproachable in simplicity of treatment and grandeur of composition: This great artist was born in 1452, and died in 1520. During his life-time he had the satisfaction of knowing his fame to be acknowledged all over Italy and civilised Europe; but he had also the mortification of perceiving a rival rising up to dispute with him the patronage of kings and prelates, and to court the popularity which, at that time no less than now, seems ever to attend the steps of genius. This rival was the famous Michael Angelo Buonarroti, a man of whom it was said that he resolved to conquer fame by force, and to do nothing as other men had done before him.

After the death of Michael Angelo, which took place in 1563, many painters of eminence arose in Florence, but none approached the "regal and stately step" of their great master. None since have produced works in which anything like the grandeur and sublimity of Da Vinci or Angelo is observable. It is true, that the influence of their peculiar styles was felt by, and influenced the productions of, a host of painters who flourished after them, even to the time of Carlo Dolci, with whom the long line of Florentine artists may be said to have closed; and it is equally true, that the school of which they were well-known pupils, was for many years the most famous in Europe, but no great names succeed; and in the middle of the seventeenth century, when Pietro da Cortona was invited by Ferdinand II. to visit Florence, the great historical style of painting introduced by Cimabue may be said to have departed from the "fair city" for ever.

THE SCHOOL OF SIENNA

has been aptly termed the sister of the Florentine, displaying "a peculiar talent for invention, animating with glowing images the stories it represents, filling them with allegory, and forming them into fervid and poetic compositions." This school of painting, the second in Italy in point of time as well as fame, had its origin, say its panegyrists, in Greece and Rome; but more modest writers and truer friends to art do not go further back in their account than to the time of Mino, who lived in the days of Cimabue, and to whose talent and success the little state of Sienna owes, doubtless, the measure of fame she enjoys as one of the springs whence flowed the stream of genius which fertilised Italy and Europe during the fourteenth and few succeeding centuries. Bernardo da Sienna, who flourished in 1370, and painted saints and angels with much taste, Taddeo and his disciple and nephew Domenico Bartolo, Matteo di Giovanni, the first who painted in oils in Sienna, Razzi, and Francesco Vanni, who is said to have been the best artist of the school, are the most celebrated painters of Sienna; but their works are now little known or appreciated.

THE ROMAN SCHOOL

is little known before the days of its great master, Raphael, who gave to it, and to the works of all succeeding painters, a character of his own. "The historians of art," says Allan Cunningham, "on approaching the bright days in which Raphael, Michael Angelo, Corregio, Giorgone, and Titian, all flourished, pause to inquire why such men were sent into the world in clusters; and having settled that nature had a grand meaning in it, hasten to describe the wonder which they performed." But it would scarcely appear wonderful that an age so replete with wealthy patrons should have produced so many and so great painters. Raphael, the prince of them all, was born at Urbino, in 1483, and studied under his father, an artist of great abilities. It is not necessary in this place to record the events of the eminent artist's life, or to tell again how, with Da Vinci and Michael Angelo, he enjoyed the patronage of Leo the Great, and produced those amazing pictures which have won the admiration of all succeeding ages.

The Roman school, in which religion, poetry, philosophy, and romance, have each an honourable place, boasts of possessing among its painters such men as Julio Romano, the pupil of Raphael; Pellegrino Modena, Polidora, Caravaggio, who, from being a mechanical labourer in the Vatican, rose to be an artist of great celebrity; Zuccaro, and Carlo Mariotti. Many other names of fine painters might be mentioned, but by these will the Roman period of painting be principally known. Some broad lines of distinction mark the various schools of Italy at about this period, which it is as well to remember. The Florentine, Roman, and Bolognese styles are celebrated for their bold epic and historical grandeur of composition, being most of them paintings fitted only, by their extent of canvas, for the walls of palaces and churches. The school of Venice is known by its height of colour, and that of Sienna by its high poetic temperament and careful treatment. Of

THE NEAPOLITAN SCHOOL

of painting but little need be said; for though the wealth of Naples brought thither many artists from other cities of Italy, it had properly no school or style of its own before the time of Salvator Rosa and Giordano. These two names, however, are sufficient to give glory to any city. The style of Salvator Rosa is well known. He delights in savage magnificence and ruined grandeur; and in his pictures we see no summer clouds that are not lit up with streaks of fire, and no winter scenes that are not made gaunt, bare, and miserable. This great artist was famous for producing "savage scenery, broken rocks and caves, and desert plains." "His trees," says Lanzi, "are shattered, torn, and dishevelled, and in the atmosphere itself he seldom introduced a cheerful line, except occasionally a solitary sunbeam. His style was original, and may be said to have been conducted on a principle of savage beauty." Though perfect in itself, the style of Rosa has seldom been imitated with success.

Giordano, on the contrary, excelled in pictures of a more cheerfully animating description, in which numerous figures of men and horses were introduced, though he was no less successful in his saints and angels; a "Holy Family" of his at the Court of Spain having frequently been mistaken for a painting of Raphael's. With Paolo de Matteis and Francesco Solimene, the Neapolitan school, greatly famed as it once was, may be said to have expired.

THE SCHOOLS OF VENICE, MODENA, PARMA, BOLOGNA, FERRARA, AND GENOA,

though less celebrated than those we have already mentioned, have produced some famous painters. Among them may be mentioned Bartolemino and Giorgione, Sebastian del Piombo, and the world-known Titian; Tintoret and Bassano, Maritegna and Julio Romano.

Then again, in the sixteenth and two following centuries, we have, among the painters of these lesser schools, artists of undying reputation and undoubted genius. Such were Corregio, the glory of Parma; Baccaciano, the Montagna of Cremona; Ferrari, the Da Vinci of Milan; Sabbatino, the Raphael of Bologna; Domenichino, the pupil of Caracci; Guido, the "heaven-taught" painter of Ferrara; Barbieri, Girolamo de Carpi, Cambiaso and Castello of Genoa, and numerous others, of whom much might be written. But we must pass on to a very brief notice of

THE GERMAN SCHOOL.

Of the antiquity of Germany as a school of art, and of her claims to be considered a liberal patron of the artists of the thirteenth century, we shall not stop to inquire; for, till the time of Albert Durer, Germany can scarcely be said to have possessed any distinctive character in the arts. This celebrated

painter—who was born at Nuremburg, in 1471, and died in 1528, the wonder and pride of Germany, and of the whole artistic world of his day,—was destined not only to create for his native country a character for art, but to carry her fame into distant regions where her claims as an art-patron had not hitherto been recognised. Besides being a painter of no ordinary skill, he was famous as an engraver on various metals, the impressions from some of them being extremely valuable even in the present day. After Durer—who may be said to have created the German school, the chief characteristic of which is an allegorical and poetic treatment—Felix Meyer, Mathew Elias, Gaspard Netscher, Joachim Beisch, Rudoph Huber, Antony Faistenberger, Mengs, and Zoffang, are the prominent names. In this present day, German art, in spite of the efforts of her best artists, is apt to run into a kind of mysticism which by no means promises well for its future fame. Of the

DUTCH AND FLEMISH SCHOOLS

enough has been already said in the preceding papers in this sheet to give the reader a good idea of their leading characteristics. We may therefore pass on to

THE SPANISH SCHOOL.

Murillo, the chief boast of Spain, may be taken as a good specimen of the kind of paintings patronised by the Spanish people. From the semi-civilisation which, even now, exists in the Peninsula, it is easy to guess the kind of pictures which are tolerated by the priests and rulers. Hence, we find that Madonnas, Angels, Saints, and Scripture subjects for altar-pieces, are the only really good paintings in Spain. Some of the finest of these came into the possession of Soult during the great Peninsular war,—in what way it is not very difficult to imagine,—and now serve to decorate the mansions of the rulers of France.

Our space warns us that we must be brief. We have looked through the list of Spanish painters, and, not discovering one worthy to stand beside Murillo, we pass to a hasty consideration of

THE FRENCH SCHOOL.

As we approach the present time our gossip becomes of a rather more dangerous nature; though fortunately our acquaintance with the works of the French artists will not allow us to be very critical. We may content ourselves, therefore, with a mere mention of some of the most prominent of the French painters.

VIEW IN THE CAMPO VACCINO, THE ANCIENT ROMAN FORUM. BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

The first really national efforts to establish a school of art in France were made by Francis I., who encouraged John Cousin—born 1538, died 1641—to paint Scripture pieces for church altars with much success. To him succeed Vouet, Gaspard Poussin, and the famous Claude Lorraine—an excellent engraving from one of whose paintings graces this page. The names of Le Brun and Watteau complete the list; though among the living artists of France are to be found some of the most profound and excellent in the world. Our engraving, "The Syren of the Rhine," from the celebrated legend of "Undine," is taken from a picture by a well-known French painter; it is full of grace and beauty, and tells its story unmistakably.

Of the English school of painting we shall take another opportunity of speaking, merely premising that, with a commerce-loving people, it is not devotional.

RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS BY FERDINAND AND ISABELLA IN THE "CASA DE LA DEPUTACION," AT BARCELONA.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

The discovery of America, in the fifteenth century, surpassed in importance all other events that have ever occurred; and now, after the lapse of three hundred and fifty years, we find that, great as were the expectations and hopes that were grounded upon it, the prospects of the new continent bid fair not only to realise but surpass all that the wildest dreams of an ardent and imaginative age ever pictured. If we could, in the small space we have at our disposal, write the history of the western world, we should tell a tale more romantic, and in appearance more improbable, than any pleasant fiction that ever made a winter's evening pass swiftly and cheerily away: the proceedings of the Spaniards in South America, from the foundation of their empire to its recent overthrow, is a tragedy full of deeper horror than the wars of Timour, or the ravages of Attila. All that romance or history has ever fancied or recorded, all the remorseless ambition, the gloating avarice, the unrelenting cruelty, the pride, the treachery, the hatred, the intrigues, misery, ruin, and despair, which in old world chronicles are scattered in agreeable variety over a long course of ages, and through the archives of divers kingdoms and nations, are here crowded into the lifetime of two generations. Travelling northward, we light upon a community which has set at naught all the lessons which historians would teach us, and bids fair to falsify all the prophecies of the sagest politicians. It was easy to fashion out an *Utopia* or a *Republic*, but neither More nor Plato could have imagined an *United States*,—with all the experience of the past, with few of its burdensome prejudices and traditions; with vast resources, immense energy, Spartan bravery, and deep-rooted love of liberty. Here are wonders enough to dwell on, if the time or the occasion permitted. Whatever the world has learnt from all this, and whatever it hopes and expects from it in the future, is due to the energy, courage, and self-denial of one man. To him the world owes an asylum for the poor and unsuccessful, the commerce which supports in comfort so many thousands of its population, the boundless field for enterprise, the support against the assaults of tyrants and despots, and the sympathy with all great and good movements, which America now affords us. His history is one of the most remarkable examples on record of what sincerity of conviction can achieve.

Christopher Columbus was born in all but the lowest rank of life. His father was a woolcomber of Genoa. Even for that day his education was limited, though it was as good as the scanty means of his parents would permit. At an early age he could read and write. He then got some knowledge of arithmetic, drawing, and painting, and was sent to the great school of Pavia,—a very good one, no doubt, as schools went in those times. Here he acquired some knowledge of grammar and of Latin; but his attention, fortunately for the world, was directed principally to studies bearing upon the maritime profession, which he intended to follow. He was instructed in geometry, astronomy,—or, as it was then called, astrology,—and navigation. He, like many youths, had an irresistible inclination for the sea—a circumstance, probably, owing in some degree to the maritime habits of the population amongst whom he was brought up in his native city. Many years afterwards, when he saw the success which attended his career, he ascribed it to an impulse from Deity, but he probably did not know how much of it was due to the circumstances of the times. At the present day, his love for a "life on the ocean wave, and a home on the rolling deep," with all the courage, genius, and skill that he could combine with it, would probably raise him to no higher rank than the command of an Indiaman, or, mayhap, of a transatlantic steamer. We shall never have another Columbus, because there remain no more Americas to be discovered; or another Cook, because there is no other Polynesia. The age of great navigators is gone by. The duties of a skilful seaman now lie between the engine-room and the dining-table.

The state of things in Columbus's time was widely different. Geography was then "all the rage." Fine ladies poked their

COLUMBUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL AT SALAMANCA.

noses into charts and atlases, and fine gentlemen thought it "ton" to patronise sea-faring men. The world was just beginning to recover the lost geographical knowledge, limited as it was, of the Greeks and Romans, and was astonished to find how little it knew. While monks and churchmen were raving in the attempt to discover how many angels would stand upon a needle's point; or whether a lie, under certain circumstances, was not truth; or whether black might not, taking many things into consideration, in all verity be sometimes said to be white—the Arab philosphers assembled at Senaar were taking the measurement of a degree of latitude, and calculating the circumference of the earth. Some portion of the results of their researches found its way, as a matter of course, into the minds of Christian people, who readily perceived that however detestable the creed of the unbelievers might be, their science was not altogether to be despised.

The works of Ptolemy and Strabo had also just then been translated into the Latin, the language of the learned in the western world, and excited that peculiar state of public feeling which in these days would be called a "sensation." These, and many other circumstances, gave a great impulse to maritime enterprise. The discoveries of Prince Henry of Portugal along the coast of Africa had inspired all the nations of Western Europe with the hope of lighting on some as yet unknown region, upon an immense tract of territory abounding in all the riches of the Indies—the gold, the jewels, the spices, the precious stuffs, and silks, with which the Venetians then supplied the dames and nobles in scanty quantities, and at enormous prices. "The hour" had come, and Columbus was "the man."

He left the University of Pavia at a very early age, and some say he then began to follow his father's trade. Others, who ought to be well informed on the matter, deny it. He himself says he began to navigate at fourteen years of age. In this simple statement there is a world of meaning. To navigate at that day meant to sail from one port of the Mediterranean to another, hourly exposed to the attacks of roving pirates, or the war vessels of hostile states, and obliged at any moment to engage in mortal combat in defence of life and property. Not only were "ships but boards, and sailors but men," but in good truth "there were land rats and water rats." The most dreaded amongst the latter were the Barbary corsairs. Once fallen into their hands, the sailor had little hope of aught better than spending his life in the most dreadful kind of slavery.

In the midst of these dangers and difficulties was the early life of Columbus passed. We could hardly have felt any surprise if, with his scanty education, he had been overcome by circumstances, and sunk down into the coarse, ignorant, and superstitious mariner of the fifteenth century. But he had within him the seeds of greatness, in a fine tone of thought, an ardent imagination, and a loftiness of aspiration which he nursed and kept alive amidst all the hardships of his situation. In every leisure hour he was endeavouring to wrest from fortune, by diligent observation and close study, those educational advantages which she had in his early life denied him. Few men could have passed through such an ordeal without faltering. To have done so denoted the capacity for great enterprises—the energy, courage, and faith in self, which enables a man, about once in a century, to make himself the exponent of great ideas, and hand down his name covered with honour to posterity.

In the year 1470 we find Columbus at Lisbon. He had been drawn thither, like hundreds of others, by the fame of Prince Henry's discoveries, and the desire to hear something more of those unexplored regions of the fiery south, where the rocks were said to be red-hot, and the ocean to be for ever boiling. He was now in the prime of life, tall, muscular, and of a commanding aspect. His hair, light in youth, care and anxiety was turning prematurely grey: at thirty it was white. He was simple and abstemious in his diet, affable and engaging in his manners, and generally grave in his demeanour. But under this gravity was concealed an enthusiasm like that of Peter the Hermit, or of Loyola, but loftier, more solemn, and reined in by study, and reflection, and science. He was a devout Catholic. A man of his ardent, imaginative temperament in those days could hardly have been otherwise. He was strict in the performance of all the duties enjoined by the church, and often repaired to mass at the convent of All Saints at Lisbon. A lady of rank saw him here, fell in love with him, and they were married. His father-in-law, Don Bartolomeo Moñis de Palestrello, an Italian cavalier, had been one of Prince Henry's most distinguished officers, and the use of his maps, plans, and charts was a godsend to Columbus. He now gave his attention to geographical pursuits more thoroughly than ever. He corresponded with all the learned men of the day. He began to trace charts of his own, correcting the popular errors and traditions by the aid of his own greater knowledge and experience. Rumour, backed up by the absurd accounts of ancient geographers, had studded the ocean in the mysterious west with wondrous islands, on one of which seven Christian bishops, escaped from pagan persecution, had founded seven splendid cities. Other stories told of a lofty mountainous country, which on clear days could be discerned at the Canaries, afar off towering to the clouds; and Plato had recorded the existence of an island, Atalanta, which, in ancient times, had been sunk beneath the waves. Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, had told of the great wealth of the realms of Cathay and Cipango, which he said could be reached by any voyager sailing westward from Europe.

All these statements, added to his own conclusions, could not fail to produce a profound impression on Columbus. He felt thoroughly convinced that in the west there lay an unknown region, which he conceived to be part of Hindostan, or the East Indies, and that he had received from God a mission to discover and explore it. His whole life afterwards was devoted to carrying out this conviction. No hazard, nor obstacle, nor disappointment, for a moment daunted him. He first made known his plans to the Portuguese court, giving the leading grounds of his belief in the existence of an undiscovered country in the western ocean, and asking for the means of ascertaining the truth of it. His proposals were received with lukewarmness, and, by the combined influences of jealousy and intrigue, were finally rejected. He next turned to his native state, but Genoa was at that time on the decline, exhausted by internal discord and foreign wars, and could do nothing.

Downcast, disappointed, and almost in destitution, Columbus now begged his way to the court of Spain. He arrived on foot, holding his little son by the hand; and the first thing we hear of him there is, that he was seen craving a little bread and water at a convent door. The prior saw him, entered into conversation with him, became interested in himself and his projects, and offered to introduce him at the Spanish court. Columbus appeared before the Cardinal Mendoza, first minister and confidential adviser of the crown. The cardinal, a man of extensive information and liberal mind, perceived the value of his theories, and introduced him to the king and queen, the far-famed Ferdinand and Isabella. The king was too good a judge of men not to appreciate Columbus' character, but was too wary to embark hastily in an enterprise of such magnitude and importance. He determined to call together a council of all the most learned astronomers and cosmographers in his kingdom, to send Columbus with his maps and charts before them, and be guided by their decision.

This council met at Salamanca. It was entirely composed of friars, priests, and monks, who monopolised all the learning, both secular and religious, of that age. Some were men of large and philosophic minds; others, narrow bigots; but all were imbued with the notion that geographical discovery had reached its limits long previously. Before this learned body had Columbus, a simple seaman, strong in nothing save the energy of his convictions and the fire of his enthusiasm, to appear, and defend a scheme which to them must have appeared little short of the dream of a madman. The difficulties of his position may be guessed from the nature of some of the

objections made to his undertaking. If Columbus supported one of his statements by a mathematical demonstration, he was met by quotations from the Book of Genesis, the Psalms of David, the Prophets, the Epistles and the Gospels, St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Basil, St. Ambrose, and, last and greatest, Lactantius Firmianus. Columbus quoted Pliny to show that many of the wisest of the ancients entertained a belief in the existence of a southern antipodes. But Pliny was ably rebutted by Lactantius, who, renowned doctor and learned theologian that he was, thus speaks :—"Is there any one so foolish as to believe that there are antipodes with their feet opposite to ours; people who walk with their heels upwards and their heads hanging down; that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy; where the trees grow with their branches downwards; and where it rains, hails, and snows upward? The idea of the roundness of the earth was the cause of inventing this fable of the antipodes with their heels in the air; for these philosophers having once erred, go on in their absurdities, defending one with another." Let clerks, shopmen, gold-diggers of every class, and adventurous young ladies, hearken to this reverend father, and beware! Better bear those evils that you have in old England, than fly to a region where you hang with your heels uppermost, and where the trees, like cows' tails, grow downwards!

St. Augustine was next quoted, but he combats the doctrine of the antipodes in a calmer strain, and by arguments which have their weight with some persons at the present day. He declares that to assert that there were inhabited lands on the opposite sides of the globe, would be to maintain that there were nations not descended from Adam, it being impossible for them to have crossed the intervening ocean. But this would be to disbelieve the Bible, which expressly declares that all men are descended from a common parent; *ergo*, &c.

Columbus' simplest and fundamental proposition, that the earth was spherical like a ball, was met by the passage in Psalm civ., where the heavens are said to be extended like a hide (*extendens coelum sicut pellem*); and Paul compares them to a tabernacle,—all clearly showing that the heavens are flat. Others of the council admitted the rotundity of the earth, but denied the possibility of circumnavigating it—firstly, on account of the scorching heat of the torrid zone, and secondly, because it would take at least three years to do so, in which time the explorers would perish of hunger, it being impossible to carry provisions sufficient for so long a period. Others said that suppose a ship did reach India, she could never get back, for the rotundity of the globe would place a hill in her way, up which the strongest wind could not blow her.

It would be useless to enumerate the arguments by which Columbus refuted all these absurdities. They were those which every schoolboy is acquainted with at the present day; but our admiration of his talents and courage is increased, when we remember that so intimately were questions of science connected with religious belief in that day, and particularly in Spain, that he ran imminent risk of being charged with heresy.

After a long consultation, no final decision was arrived at.

The war with the Moors of Granada now called away all attention from his enterprise, and from the year 1487 till 1492 Columbus followed the court through the mountains, amidst the perils and dangers of the campaign, sick and weary with hope deferred. At last, in the month of April in the latter year, his wish was granted; an agreement was drawn up, making him viceroy and governor-general of the lands to be discovered, and admiral of them all, and a number of ships and men were placed at his disposal. The grand object of his life was now all but achieved; but the prime of it had been wasted in a terrible struggle with poverty, ridicule, and disappointment. He was in his fifty-sixth year when he sailed for the discovery of America.

Under the auspices of Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus set out on his voyage; and a memorable morning was that 3rd of August, 1492, when he and his companions weighed anchor before the little port of Palos, in Andalusia. Once upon the waves of the Atlantic, he boldly set the prow of his vessel westward, and proceeded on his voyage. In a few days he reached the Canary Islands, the then western boundary of the known world. Beyond, all was speculation. But of all the inhabitants of that little world of ships, there was but one man who had earnest faith in the object of their enterprise, and that man was Columbus. As to the crew, they, poor ignorant men, fancied that when they lost sight of Europe, they must perish inevitably; and many of them knelt down and wept at the thought of their desolate future. For days and weeks they sailed onwards, the discontent and murmurs of the crew increasing with the length of the voyage. At one time, indeed, the men actually proposed to each other to seize their commander and throw him overboard; but Columbus alternately calmed their discontent by promises of rich rewards, or awakened their fears by threats of immediate punishment. And in this way the first sixty days of their voyage was accomplished. Now, however, new hopes began to revive the hearts of both captain and crew; for strange birds were discovered wheeling about in the air, and settling on the rigging of the ships; and on the sea floating plants and pieces of drift wood were every now and then discovered—certain indications that land was near. Presently, one who leant musingly over the side of the vessel, fished up a curiously carved instrument, and a branch of a tree filled with red berries. There was doubt no longer. Land! land! land! On the faces where discontent and doubt had hitherto prevailed, congratulations and tears of thankfulness appeared. The auspicious news ran through the little fleet, and the commanders visited and welcomed each other, and so inspired the crew with something of their own hopeful spirit. Night and morning succeeded each other, and the same signs became more and more apparent; till, on the 8th of October, 1492, after sixty-five days of navigation on unknown seas, they discovered land. The little island of St. Salvador, in the Bahamas, was the first Columbus visited. He found the shore covered with naked and astonished Indians, who, however, received him kindly. The object of his life was accomplished—the dream of his youth was fulfilled—a western world was at length discovered!

Subsequently, Columbus visited other of these numerous islands, which he surnamed the West Indies, from the mistaken idea that they formed part of India or Cathay.

We need not dwell further on the particulars of this his first voyage. There are few of our readers who are not familiar with them. We have been catching occasional glimpses of him in his heroic struggle with adverse fortune; let us now be present at the full blaze of his triumph.

It was in the month of April, 1493, on a fine spring morning, such as shine on Catalonia, and Catalonia alone. On the city walls and housetops of Barcelona waved clouds of banners and ensigns, and every ship in the harbour was dressed with flags from stem to stern. Every minute the prolonged roar of the cannon burst amidst curling smoke from battlement and deck, mingled with merry ringing of bells, the high notes of the trumpets, and the cheers of the gay multitude; and, at intervals, the great bell of St. Eulalia, the patroness of the town, sounded an air of grave triumph, and was answered by the chime of Santa Maria del Mar. Through the streets, the cynosure of all eyes, the admired of all admirers, rode Columbus. Not in miserable plight, as when he came crestfallen to the convent of Rabida, but surrounded by more than royal pomp. In front of the cortege marched a band of soldiers to the sound of the fife and drum; then a troop of Castilian guards, distinguished by the splendour of their accoutrements and their martial and haughty air; and then came the admiral himself, clothed in sumptuous array, and mounted on a Spanish charger that seemed to spurn the ground he trod on, in honour of his burden. Seven Indians, who had been brought from the distant islands of the New World, and had survived the voyage, marched in two ranks, decked out in all their trappings—rings of gold on their legs, and crowns of feathers on their heads. The first carried birds of strange but gorgeous plumage, which mingled their dis-

cordant screaming with the shouts of the people. Then came the crews of the vessels which had formed part of the expedition, bearing crowns of gold presented by Guacanagari; stone idols, whose rude figure and hideous visages excited the horror and disgust of the faithful; sculptured masques, with golden eyes, found in the island of Cuba; beautiful flamingoes, rudely stuffed, but still glittering in the most brilliant hues; alligators, with open throats, land tortoises, and *Eguanos*, which had lost their green and sky-blue; branches of the palm tree, with the dried fruits still hanging to them. Others followed with the bows, and long reed arrows winged with vulture's feathers, which had been taken in the skirmish with the Caribbees; and in the midst of the arms and branches proudly waved the banner of the Green Cross, with the arms of the two kingdoms, which had floated over the newly-discovered territory. More humble, but more attractive by far, was the admiral's flag, bearing on it in golden letters,

"Por Castilla y por Leon
Nuevo Mundo Hallo Colon."*

This simple legend explained the heraldic devices composing the arms which had been granted to him. They were those of the Spanish kingdom, quartered by a group of islands surrounded by billows, and anchors of gold upon a field of azure.

The cortege at last arrived before the Casa de la Deputacion, in which the kings of Arragon took up their residence when they came to visit their subjects in Catalonia. Two thrones had been erected in a vast hall open to the public, under a rich canopy of gold brocade. Around the walls hung the portraits of the ancient Counts of Barcelona, so celebrated for their courage and gallantry, and nearer the thrones waved thirty Moorish banners captured at Malaga and Granada.

Here the king and queen awaited the arrival of the great voyager. He entered at last, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of Spanish knights, amongst whom he shone conspicuous by his lofty port and his grey hairs. The sovereigns rose up to receive him, and a murmur of applause burst from the haughty and highborn crowd around. Columbus bent the knee before the throne, but Isabella bid him rise. He then asked to be permitted to kiss the hands of their highnesses, who, after God, had most favoured him. Having gone through this ceremony, he took his seat amongst the nobles and grandees. He then gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, exhibited the gold, the spices, and other productions of the countries he had discovered, and then declared that all this was but the harbinger of still greater marvels.

His words were listened to with profound emotion, and when he had finished, the sovereigns fell on their knees, and with streaming eyes returned thanks to God for so great a providence. All present followed their example, and immediately afterwards the choir of the royal chapel peeled forth the *Te Deum*. Every voice in the room took up the words of that glorious hymn, and "it seemed," says Las Casas, "as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights."

The fact that a few years afterwards this same Columbus was brought to Spain in irons, that the malice of his enemies outweighed his splendid services, and that he died in disgrace and neglect, is a signal proof, if none other existed, that no multitude was ever so fickle as kings. Many great men have disregarded the admonition, "Put not thy trust in princes." How few of them did not afterwards find cause to deplore their error; Columbus had found a better hope, and a surer refuge from the desertion of friends and the slander of enemies, when, on setting out on his last great voyage, the only one from which there is no return, he exclaimed, "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum!"

But the honour of giving his name to the country of his discovery was not accorded to Columbus. Amérigo Vespucci, a subsequent adventurer, also an Italian, claimed, and claiming obtained, this great distinction. After the death of the great Genoese, however, the spirit of enterprise seized on the people of Europe, and various voyages were immediately undertaken, which further confirmed the original views of Columbus. Thus, in the year 1500, Yanez Pinzon reached Brazil; and three months afterwards he was followed by Cabral, who transferred the sovereignty of that extensive country to Portugal. The discovery of Labrador by Gaspard Corteréal was followed, in 1512, by the landing of Prince Leon in Florida. An hitherto unknown world (abounding with all that was calculated to excite curiosity and stir up the energies) was opened to the astonished eyes of Europe, and the riches of Mexico, Guatimala, and Peru, were poured with a lavish hand into the treasuries of Spain and the Netherlands. Cabot, Cortez, Alvarado, Nunez de Balboa, Diaz de Solis, Magellan, and Pizarro, are the names which we connect with the discovery of the New World and the great Pacific. What there may be yet in the hidden future, and whether there be really a great southern continent, as many *savans* confidently affirm, it were idle to speculate upon.

* For Castile and Leon Columbus has discovered a new world.

"THE STARRY HOME."

The greenwood wild, to the roving child,
With its brake and deepen'd dell,
With its fitful gleam in the pale moon beam,
Seems the work of magic spell.
His pleasures here are found—no care
Steals o'er his lightsome soul—
For the spangled sky, with its dome so high,
Presents him the promis'd gaol;
And he looks and laughs for his home so bright,
Which should come ere the morrow descends in night,
And the thick groves ring as they hear the song
Of the roving boy while he strolls along.

He has seen the spring, and the young birds wing
Their way to the tallest pine,
Has watch'd their nest 'neath the mother's breast,
Still his hand's unstain'd by crime.
No spoiler he of their liberty—
Or else for the rover wild,
Those scenes so dear of the greenwood here
Soon would lose their solace mild.

The Spring is gone, and the Summer come,
Fields wave high their golden sheen,
And the harvest cheer of the rip'ning year
Is spread on the village green.
But he seeks the brook with anxious look,
For his soul still longs to mount,
And lists to the rill, while rippling shrill,
For call from the fairy fount.

The trees have now shed their leafy head,
And the wind is cold and chill,
And the garner'd store on the well-thresh'd floor,
With the heavy crashing mill,
Bid all prepare for the close of year;
But the child still seeks the grove,
And his voice full strong is fir'd with song
In praise of his greenwood love.
And the cheerful hearth he seeks that night,
Telling his mother, with proud delight,
That ere the morrow shall dawn in day,
In a starry home he'll be far away.

She has laid him down in his russet gown,
And his tabor pipe put by;
The berries red hang o'er his head,
But his eye's towards the sky;
And his bed with leaves and strowen sheaves
She has made near the oaken tree,
For the hectic flush, like a summer blush,
Says the spirit soon will flee.
But to soothe her grief, as the ebb of life
Is passing strong—with emotion strife
She cries, while the birds still near him sing,
"Why weep?—I shall return with spring."

D. M. E.

THE TOUCAN.

Few persons not naturalists would suppose that the formidable-looking creature depicted in our engraving, and the beautiful little humming-birds whose portraiture we so lately introduced into these pages—ante p. 249—belonged to the same tribe. Yet both birds are varieties of the genus *picæ*, or birds of the pie kind, the second order in the *Systema Naturæ* of parrots; the *ramphastos*, or toucan proper; the *buceros*, another variety of large-billed and plentifully-feathered birds; the jackdaws, crows, and their affinities; the *coracias*, *gracula*, *paradisæa*, and *cuculas*—the thrush of the tropics, the jackdaw and similar birds of China, the various sorts of birds of paradise, and the cuckoo. Besides, there are contained in the

THE CRESTED TOUCAN, AND THE SPOTTED FISHING MARTIN.

innæus. The *picæ*, scientifically speaking, are "birds which ave the bill a little compressed and convex;" but the tribe ill be better known when it is stated that it comprises that nmense number of the feathered tribe which stands between ie *occipetres*, or vulture kind, and the *anseres*, or poultry kind f birds. Thus, in this class we have the whole family of same classification the several kinds of woodpecker—*picus*—the kingfisher—*alcedo*—the bee-eaters and the choughs, the humming-birds—*trochilus*—and the pigeon.

Now, although these are rather dry details, and although it is not our intention to attempt a scientific notice of the various animals we from time to time introduce into our pages,—a

book devoted entirely to natural history being the more proper vehicle for such information,—we have thought it necessary to say thus much, in order that our readers may be placed in the right path when they wish to study the habits and characteristics of animals—one of the most interesting kinds of reading imaginable; "as interesting," as Johnson said of "Goldsmith's Animated Nature," "as a Persian tale."

And this mention of Goldsmith brings us naturally back to our immediate subject. Speaking of the birds of the pie kind, he says that they are the least useful to man of all the feathered creation, contributing neither to his pleasures or his necessities. In making this sweeping assertion, Goldsmith most unaccountably overlooked the crows, the "farmer's best friends," and the pigeons, fit eating for a king; but then, in Goldsmith's time, the crow was generally believed to be a grain eater and a thief, and the pigeon was not a particularly favourite dish at the dinner-parties in Covent-garden. With these exceptions—and it really appears something like literary treason to say anything against poor Goldy's writings—his enumeration of the characteristics peculiar to the pie kind are extremely happy.

He goes on to say, that though, as a class, the "pies" are rather noxious than beneficial to mankind, and that they are false, noisy, and troublesome neighbours—he being within ear-shot of a rookery near Canonbury-tower, probably, while he was writing—they are yet, with respect to each other—having the rookery full in sight perhaps—the most social, ingenious, active, moral, and industrious of the whole family of birds. As a bachelor he could fully appreciate their domestic qualities, and therefore he tells us, that while the vultures and other birds of prey drive out their young before they are fit to struggle with their ills of bird-life—that while the ducks, the geese, and other birds of the poultry kind are faithless spouses and indifferent parents—and that while the sparrow tribe are noisy and careless of their home duties—the picæ are uniformly good husbands, good fathers, and first-rate nurses and nest makers! often living together in companies, and managing matters in a way that should be quite a pattern to mankind.

And then he grows eloquent upon the instinct displayed by this family of birds, instancing the teachable capabilities of ravens and jackdaws, hinting at the story of the "Maid and the Magpie," as something really surprising in the general family picture; and winding up his introduction by stating, that all the tribe, from the crow to the pigeon, agree in certain general particulars, namely, the possession of "hoarse voices, slight active bodies, and a facility of flight that baffles even the boldest of the rapacious kinds in the pursuit!"

But as Goldsmith says little of the toucan,—never having seen one, probably, out of a bird-shop window, and that one, most likely, barbarously "set up,"—we must go to better authority for our notice of this remarkable bird.

The toucan, then, belongs to the order *Picæ* and the genus *Ramphastos*, and may be described as having a monstrous hollow convex beak, serrated outwardly, with the nostrils behind the jaws, the tongue shaped something like a feather, and the toes, two before and one behind. It is known by various names, being sometimes called the Brazilian pie, and at other times the Bill-bird. In some kinds, the nostril is altogether wanting, the large hollow bill, which is seldom closely shut, serving the purpose instead. It is a native of South America, and the different kinds are arrayed in brilliant plumage, with which the ladies of Brazil and Peru decorate their heads and persons. The size of its body is about that of a jackdaw or pigeon, with a large head fitted to receive its enormous pair of mandibles. Like the aracaris of Brazil, which it very much resembles, the toucan is capable of being tamed, and several stories are told of its extreme vivacity and fondness for human society. At different times living specimens have been brought to England, but the coldness of the climate have generally proved fatal to them. In 1825, Mr. Broderip presented one to the Zoological Society of London, which lived for a considerable time. Its food was indifferently small birds and seeds; and it is not certainly known even to this day whether the toucan is carnivorous or gramnivorous. It is a nest builder, and would appear, from the formation of its beak and its strong talons to be tolerably well provided against the attacks of its numerous enemies—the serpents, monkeys, and other voracious animals of tropical forests.

The most surprising part of this curious bird is, of course, its enormous beak, which, in some species, is nearly as long as its body. But the specific gravity of this formidable-looking appendage is so small, compared to its size, as neither to impede the upward flight of the bird, or prevent its seeking its food with great activity and vigilance; while the eyes are so placed as to be in no way inconvenienced except in one direction. This remarkable beak, says La Vaillant, forms almost as curious and wonderful an example of peculiar organisation as the trunk of an elephant; and—quoting Mrs. Barbauld's well-known and exquisite lines—may we not exclaim, on gazing on this curious and wonderful bird,—

> "I hear the voice of God among the trees,
> In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,
> In every creature own His forming power,
> In each event His providence adore."

The specimen of the Toucan shown in the engraving is called the Crested Toucan; and the smaller bird is called the Spotted Fishing Martin, also belonging to the *picæ* family.

INTELLECT AND IMAGINATION.

A PREVAILING idea, more widely diffused, and far more difficult of refutation a century since than at the present time, has still sufficient vitality to demand a few words on the opposite side of the question. Its nature is briefly this: that there exists such an essential incongruity between the practical intellect and the imaginative faculties—between those mathematical functions which take an exclusive cognizance of the real and demonstrable, and those higher characteristics which reach to the ideal—that the possession or cultivation of the latter implies an inaptitude on the part of their possessor to bear an active part in the business of the world. It is only within the memory of the present generation that a very general protest has been entered against this fallacy, and that an organised movement has been made in favour of the principle that there is nothing really antagonistic or incongruous in the association of the practical ability, industry, and zeal, which are necessary to carry on the affairs of commerce or the business of social and political life, and the imaginative or poetical power which can see and appreciate the beauty, fitness, and suggestiveness—the ultimate qualities and spiritual views of mere commodity. The marvellous increase of books, read chiefly by those who are active workers in the busy hive of men, and who exhibit no deterioration, but rather an increase of the qualities most essential to success in life—and the numerous instances in which the finer faculties of the mind have sought and found expression, even amid the roar of the factory machinery, or the routine of a public shop—are arguments as incontrovertible as they are suggestive. The whole high-class scientific literature of our day is a noble example of the human mind rising gradually through the stages of mere demonstration, and taking its stand upon the ultimate verge of the proved, reaching forward, with a hopeful gesture, into the illimitable fields of speculation and faith. And this feature of the mind of the age must not be confounded with that sentimental indolence of the intellect that is satisfied with random guesses, when it might be convinced by demonstrative reasoning; but is more truly a proof how the investigation of facts leads to a perception of analogies and uses, which, when logic has exhausted its power, lifts the contemplative soul to a higher mood of reasoning, and suggests yet nobler relations and adaptations—system indicated by system, and beauty and order, which the mind can rest assured of, though it cannot define, sanctifying the perceptions of the intellect to yet loftier uses.

It is utterly to mistake the nature of the human mind, as much as it is to misapprehend the established order of provi-

dential government, to suppose that the cultivation of the mental powers in their entirety can be prejudicial to the strength or efficiency of any one part. It is an equal mistake to imagine that the purpose of life is accomplished by a limitation of the mind to such pursuits as result only in the effective carrying on of the trade or profession in which one is placed, or in the acquisition of position, wealth, or influence. In an intellectual view, the education is greatly defective which is confined to the investigation of such subjects only as are capable of strict scientific definition and demonstration. There is ever at work an active mental principle, which is satisfied only by an indulgence in speculation, by outward forms of beauty, by inward suggestions of something lovely and elevated. It cannot be doubted that those emotions which have found an expression in art or poetry are integrally portions of the mind of man, bear an intimate relation with the other parts of his mental constitution, and have equally to perform a work necessary to the full and vigorous development of his mind. We see an analogy in the other works of nature. It cannot be denied—for it rests upon universal evidence—that beauty is an essential element of the universe; and this, too, as a distinct attribute, whose influence is not apparent upon the merely utilitarian qualities of things. There are a thousand flowers on the earth, which, so far as research can trace, contain no higher quality of nutrition to the armies of insects,—nay, in many cases, seem to afford none whatever, —give no richer elements in their decay—and yet bear a transcendent beauty, which nature will not allow to perish; for when the dead leaves of one generation strew the earth, fresh flowers spring to life, renewing the beauty of myriads of their predecessors which have bloomed since the world began, and their species will be perpetuated through the ages yet unknown. The grandest operations of nature are often the most beautiful. Were beauty useless, the earth might revolve, and meet the morning sun, and man have no knowledge of the fact, but by the recurrence of light; but a golden dawn is shed upon the earth—the sky, the fields, the hills, the waters, wear a robe of beauty—and we know the poets of all ages spake a truth when they sang of the splendour of Aurora, or the early dawn, for we see the same still recurring with the regularity and precision of an eternal law. The same sun which rises in beauty sets in glory, amid crimson clouds and radiant splendours; and during its passage from the east to west, a myriad birds, with plumage of the most brilliant hues, sing to it in exquisite modulations amid forests whose trees are beautiful in form, and of infinite variety of foliage; the hills wear a crown of glory in its rays, and the waters reflect back the brightness of the beams. Whence is all this? Is it a phantom in the mind? If so, then are all men maniacs. Is it not rather a pre-ordained law of the universe? and is not man so constituted that—in accordance with the universal principle that an effect has an inevitable relation with its cause—he perceives this beauty, seeks after it, delights in it, because by some subtle law of his being it is necessary for his full development and happiness that he should do so?

It is the mark of the really great mind that it does possess this poetic power allied to the purely intellectual functions. Other men might have seen an apple fall, as Newton did,—might have calculated the varying densities of bodies, the different rates of momentum,—in a word, have worked out the laws which regulate the gravity of ponderable bodies; but no lesser mind would at once have surmised that there was the secret of a great principle of creation, in obedience to which the planets hold their appointed paths, worlds hang suspended in the trackless void, and systems each bear their appointed work in the divine order of the universe.

We may be sure of it, then, that there can be no real inconsistency between the intellect and the imagination. Each has its own work, but their union makes up the perfect man. It is but their relative imperfection that makes the shadow of a collision. Exactly in proportion as the imagination acquires strength and vigour, it perceives its proper work, and its relation to the reasoning powers. We have proof that there is nothing incompatible in the exact sciences and their loftier results. So is there a harmony, and that a true one, between the routine of life's business, and the creations of art, of poetry, and faith. The noblest proof of manhood is the doing heartily what is necessary to be done; and the labour of the workshop, of the desk, the toils and anxieties of life, will be best supported and strengthened by an assurance, grafted on the intuitions nurtured and strengthened by a disciplined imagination, that these are not the end of life, but that it has a nobler use, and an infinitely greater tendency and purpose.

FORMATION OF ÆTHER.

The decomposition of alcohol into æther and water is not interesting merely by the production of æther, but is especially so as an example of a particular kind of decomposition, which cannot be so well followed with any other substance, and which is manifested in the formation of some important products, for example, in that of alcohol itself.

M. Mitscherlich, the well known chemist, has endeavoured to elucidate the phenomena of this decomposition by the following experiments:—Take a mixture of 100 parts of sulphuric acid, 20 of water, and 50 of anhydrous alcohol, and heat it gradually until its boiling point becomes 284 degrees Fahr. Alcohol is then allowed to fall gradually into the vessel which contains the mixture, and the current is to be so regulated that the heat of the mixture remains constantly at 284 degrees. If, for example, the operation be conducted with a mixture of six ounces of sulphuric acid, $1\frac{1}{3}$ ounce of water, and 3 of alcohol, and if the density of each two ounces of product as it is obtained be taken, it will be observed that this density passes gradually from 0·780 to 0·788 and 0·798, and afterwards remains constantly at the last mentioned density, which is exactly that of the alcohol employed.

If the operation be properly conducted, an unlimited quantity of alcohol may be converted into æther, provided that the sulphuric acid does not change. The distilled liquor is formed of two distinct fluids; the upper one is æther, containing a little water and alcohol; the lower one is water, with a little alcohol and æther. Its weight is nearly equal to that of the alcohol employed, and it is composed of æther, 65; alcohol, 18; water, 17—100. If into six ounces of concentrated sulphuric acid six ounces of pure alcohol are suffered to flow gradually, a product of constant density is not obtained until the sulphuric acid has taken its proportion of water. Take, on the contrary, three ounces of sulphuric acid and two ounces of water, and let alcohol be added, drop by drop; the first two ounces distilled are merely spirits of wine of specific gravity 0·926, containing scarcely a trace of æther. The density decreases until the quantity of water of the sulphuric acid is reduced to its proportion, and the product of the distillation has acquired the density of the alcohol.

If concentrated sulphuric acid be added to anhydrous alcohol in excess, pure alcohol distils at first; but when the temperature reaches nearly 260 degrees, the first traces of æther begin to appear; the production of æther is at its maximum between 284 and 302 degrees. It results, from the preceding observations, that alcohol, when in contact with sulphuric acid, is converted into æther and water at a temperature of about 284 degrees.

A great number of analogous decompositions and combinations are known, which may be attributed entirely to the influence of the contact of bodies. The most remarkable example of this kind is that of the conversion of oxygenated water into water and oxygen, by the slightest trace of the peroxide of manganese and some other substances. The decomposition of sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid, the oxidizement of alcohol when it is changed into vinegar, are phenomena of the same kind; and so also is the conversion of starch and sugar by means of sulphuric acid. M. Mitscherlich, observing that in the preparation of carbureted hydrogen by means of sulphuric acid and alcohol water is formed at the same time, attributes this decomposition of alcohol to the influence of mere contact, and not to the affinity of sulphuric acid for water.

JEAN JACQUES PRADIER.

Jean Jacques Pradier was born at Geneva, in the year 1790. He is, perhaps, the only native of a mountainous region who ever attained any eminence as a sculptor. It would seem that the contemplation of the grandeur and sublimity of mountain scenery is but ill calculated to encourage the statuary in his art; for however grand the design and delicate the workmanship, his productions must only appear to him paltry and trivial when compared to the magnificence of the Alps and Pyrenees.

Pradier was a Genevese by birth only; he had no other resemblance to Rousseau but that of bearing the same Christian name. He was still a child when the union between France and Switzerland took place. His inclinations and aspirations were opposed to the wishes of his parents, who intended to make him an engraver. M. Denon, having noticed this interesting neophyte at the municipal school of Geneva, predicted for him a brilliant career, and in order to his advancement placed him in the atelier of Lemot, who perfectly understood the mechanical part of his art, but whose productions were devoid of all pretension to sentiment and ideality. His forte was beauty of workmanship, but he failed in the poetic development of his subject.

SAPPHO—THE LAST WORK OF PRADIER.

Two others beside his master exercised a powerful influence over the genius of Pradier. The grace of the compositions of Prudhon, a painter long unappreciated, and the statuettes of Chlodion, made a vivid impression upon his mind. These two artists, who were the last representatives of the flippant school of the eighteenth century, attracted him from the correct and classical style of David, to that of the voluptuous age of Louis XV. Pradier, by the character of his works, has united that age with the present.

Towards the close of the French empire, in 1812, he became a competitor for the great prize, and obtained an honourable mention, which exempted him from taking part in the bloody triumphs of that period. The following year the young artist eclipsed all his rivals in the conception of the subject given for competition, Ulysses and Neoptolemus in the Isle of Lemnos. After this, Pradier set out for Italy, that land so dear to all artists, and which he had so ardently longed to behold. The works of ancient art, and those of Lucca della Robbia, impressed him most deeply. At that time Greek and Roman art was almost exclusively admired; Pradier partook of this enthusiasm, without troubling himself to form an opinion of his own. He dwelt with delight on the figures of Jupiter, Bacchus, Neptune, and Amphitrite, Venus, Love, and the Graces; he even asserted that he had discovered a new explanation of the history of these symbolic deities; in short, mythology had never a more ardent admirer. Consequently, he earnestly studied the statues executed by the great masters of the pagan art. He remained unmoved before the stern productions of Michael Angelo; his soul was not capable of attaining the heights reached by the superior and more vivid imagination of the Florentine sculptor. The exquisite grace and nature of Lucca della Robbia were more to his taste, and he copied all the casts by the hand of this most admirable master which are to be found in the capital of Tuscany.

At this time Pradier was probably entirely occupied in study, for the whole of his productions, during his stay in Italy, consist of a head of Orpheus, and some plaster casts, which he brought into use at a later period. He did not positively make his *debut* until the year 1817, when two works in marble, one representing a nymph, the other a centaur and a bacchante, were exhibited. A new era in the history of French literature and art was now commencing; people now studied, and sought with poetic enthusiasm, for the original works of their writers and artists which had been so long sunk in oblivion.

Pradier's talents were of a high order. He had a perfect

knowledge of anatomy, and possessed the power of imparting to marble the appearance of flesh; besides this, he had a lively sense of grace and feminine beauty, with the power of embodying his ideas. Thus he had within him the essentials of a great sculptor; for in order to attain a high and glorious position in art, it is not sufficient to carry one or two qualities to a high standard of excellence. To judge of an artist scientifically, a critic should point out his faults, and compare him with the absolute ideal of perfection;—this is not generally done, even in history; carried away by the real charm of a work, the public do not like to destroy the illusion, by ackowledging any defect. Pradier possessed many of those qualities which insure popularity, and thus render success easy.

In 1812, he was admitted into the National Institute of France. In the same year he produced the statue of "Prometheus," which is now to be seen in the gardens of the Tuileries. It is a very remarkable work; the body, the arms, and the legs, are executed with great care and skill; but in spite of the open wound in the side, in spite of the contraction of the muscles, the figure wants life, and the expression of the face is heavy and prosaic. The eyes of Prometheus are turned towards heaven, but it is not to curse his persecutor, he appears only to be gazing into space. In the statue of "Phidias," placed in the same garden, we have none of that elevation of feeling and power of thought which we look for in one so gifted. It should suggest to our mind the "Minerva" of Athens, "Jupiter Olympus," and the statues and metopes

PORTRAIT OF PRADIER.

of the Parthenon. But this is not the case, and the statue of that artist who so excelled in the drapery of his figures, is most deficient in this particular.

Pradier's statues have the same characteristics as his statuettes—they are equally graceful and possess as little loftiness of conception; they are only to be distinguished by their dimensions. "Phryne" and "Poetry," which many artists consider his most successful pieces, only require reducing to be in perfect harmony with his collection of little casts. It may be questioned if the figures of "Tragedy" and "Comedy," which adorn the Moliere fountain in Paris, have the dignity of monumental style, or the elevation of sentiment which the genius of the great man demands; they scarcely offer symbolic images of his drama, in which so much reason is blended with so much wit,—in which laughter veils so many secret sorrows.

In 1842, a group by Pradier, representing the Marriage of the Virgin, was placed in the Church of the Madeleine, in Paris, but the capacities of the artist were not suited to a subject of so serious a nature.

Besides the works of which we have here spoken, Pradier executed a multitude of others, which, if collected, would form quite a gallery of mythology. Among these would be remarked the "Wounded Nymph," which is in the Palais-Royal; a "Venus of the Shell;" the "Venus of the Butterfly," which adorns the Luxembourg; the "Three Graces," "Psyche," "Chloris," "Nyssia," "Spring," the "Satyr and the Nymph," "Anacreon and Love," "Love and Venus," and three "Sapphos;" an engraving from the most recent of which, and his last production, is now before the reader. His statuettes and other pieces are too numerous to be here specified.

In the Great Exhibition of 1851 Pradier obtained a council medal for his exquisite marble statue of "Phryne," which excited the admiration of all visitors,—the only other council medal being given to Professor Kiss for his "Amazon and Tiger;" Baron Marochetti for his "Richard Cœur de Lion;" and the late Richard Wyatt, Esq., for his admirable statue of "Glycera."

On Friday, the 5th of June, 1852, as Pradier was walking at Bongival, surrounded by friends and pupils, he fell down in a state of insensibility. All attempts to revive him were unavailing: an apoplectic fit suddenly terminated his life.

POPULAR ERRORS, PREJUDICES, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

A VERY singular popular error, is the belief in the DIVINING-ROD. This rod, it was formerly supposed, was capable of pointing out the position of minerals in the earth, of hidden springs of water, and even capable of manifesting the guilt of criminals, and discovering stolen property. It is, however, no longer used in the latter capacity, the advance of knowledge having led men to require stronger proofs against an accused party than could be furnished by the divining-rod; but it is even yet employed in some very distant parts of the world, as a means of ascertaining the presence of water or metals. The divining-rod is a forked stick, generally of hazel, the limbs of the fork measuring about eighteen inches each; and about a quarter of an inch in diameter. To use it the diviner grasps the extremity of the limbs, one in each hand, the palms being turned upwards and the fingers inwards towards the body. Moving cautiously and slowly onwards step by step, with the rod held in this manner, the diviner on becoming aware of the action of hidden power, tightens his grasp of the fork; but, in spite of this, and though the bark is frequently wrenched from the rod in the struggle between the influence of the force which bears it downwards, and the efforts of the holder to keep it tight—in spite of this, we say, the limbs of the rod become bent outwards, and ultimately the head of the fork points perpendicularly downwards to the spot where the metal or the water is supposed to lie. Now, that the rod really does turn in this manner is beyond all question, no end of persons having testified to their having witnessed it; and that it acts thus in the hands of men whose character prevents the least suspicion of imposture, is an equally well-established fact. These men have tried it, and, as we have said before, found the green bark fairly wrenched off in their endeavours to prevent the rod from turning in their hands. What, then, is the cause of this action of the rod? Some authors have attributed it to magnetism and electricity. But the only probable solution of the mystery we have yet met with is that given by an American writer—when we say a solution of the mystery, we, of course, allude only to the cause of the rod's motion; as to its pointing to water, &c., that is simply a superstition. The explanation given appeared in a number of Professor Silliman's "American Journal of Science." The writer tells us how he witnessed the action of a divining-rod, which, held in the hands of a boy, distinctly traced out the course of a subterraneous stream which was accordingly marked out as he went along. However, upon the boy being blindfolded, and led about from one part of the field to the other, although he frequently passed over the course of his newly-discovered spring, and though the rod kept continually pointing down in different places, it never pointed out the same spot twice; and the whole grass-plat was covered with marks until the course originally pointed out seemed completely lost. This looked very like an imposture on the boy's part. The writer, however, on a subsequent occasion, took the rod himself, and holding it in the diviner's manner, approached the bank of a rivulet, when, to his extreme astonishment, he began to feel the limbs of the rod crawling round, and saw the point turning downwards in spite of all the efforts his clenched hands could make to restrain it. So great was the struggle between the opposing forces, that he found the bark wrenched off the limbs of the rod, just as the diviners declare it sometimes happens. And yet, instead of its being really a contest, it is the very tightness and vigour with which the rod is held which alone causes it to move. He explains it thus:—Take the rod in the diviner's manner, and it is evident that the bent limbs of the rod are equivalent to two boughs tied together at one extremity; and when bent outwards they exert a force in opposite directions upon the point at which they are united. Held thus the forces are equal and opposite, and no motion is produced. Keep the arms steady, but turn the hands on the wrists inward an almost imperceptible degree, and the point of the rod will be constrained to move; and if the limbs be clenched very tightly, so that they cannot turn in the hand, the bark will burst and wring off. The greater the effort made in clenching the rod, the shorter is the bend of the limbs, and the greater the amount of opposing forces meeting in one point; and the more unconsciously also do the hands incline to turn to their natural position on the wrists. And this gives true ground for the diviner's declaration, that the more powerful his efforts are to restrain the rod, the more powerful are its efforts to move. Thus explained, the divining-rod we see is capable of deceiving the holder of it no less than those who put their trust in him, and we can well conceive how the motion is conveyed from his hands to the rod, not only involuntarily, but even against his will.

There are several erroneous notions entertained in relation to the influence of the MOON upon our earth, which it may be as well to notice. That the moon does exert certain influences upon our planet by the force of gravitation, is, of course, unquestionable; few persons in the present day have the hardihood to deny that tides are governed by the moon. But is it equally certain that the moon occasions fine or wet weather? The question, we doubt not, will astonish many. We know that it is very generally believed that a new moon always, or nearly always, brings a change of weather. We know that careful observers have kept tables to ascertain how often a change of moon brings with it a change of weather. And yet, in spite of all this, we would ask one simple question, "In what part of the world is this influence exerted? If on the same day (without regarding any part of the world but our own little island), it is foggy in London, stormy in Liverpool, raining in Manchester, and beautifully fine in Bristol, which

we know may frequently be the case, what becomes of the moon's influence on the weather? Is it likely that the same cause can produce such opposite effects in places but a few miles from each other?" There is another error in connexion with the moon's influence which is prevalent amongst gardeners. It is, that the moon which changes in April, and attains the full in the course of that month, or in the beginning of May, has the effect of freezing the young leaves and buds which are exposed to its light, although the thermometer stands at several degrees above the freezing point. The truth is, that the plants lose during the night, by radiation, a portion of the caloric which they have accumulated during the day; and as for this radiation to take place, it is necessary that the air should be clear, the gardeners attribute that to the presence of the moon which is, in fact, owing to the absence of clouds. It is by the same cause that meat exposed to the rays of the moon decays more quickly than it otherwise would. The radiation disengaging a greater amount of caloric, causes the meat to acquire a greater degree of moisture, and water is, as is well known, a great destroyer of animal matter.

A very prevalent belief is that caverns and other subterraneous places are colder in summer than they are in winter. This error arises from our judging of heat, as we do of most things, by comparison. The fact is that in places sheltered from the external influence of the seasons, the temperature scarcely varies at all throughout the year; but as we feel the heat or cold according as the surrounding temperature is greater or less than that of our own bodies, it follows that when we are cold the cavern appears warm, and *vice versa*.

Who has not heard it said that the "wind of a cannon-ball" is capable of wounding seriously, or even killing any one, when the ball passes sufficiently near. This is impossible. The air must indeed be displaced with a tremendous velocity by the passage of the ball, but the air has too little density to hurt any one. Do we not hear cases of soldier's hats being knocked off by balls? If the "wind" had the murderous power attributed to it, it would hardly have respected their heads.

To be born with a CAUL was formerly considered a sign of great good fortune. "Since nature takes such particular care of this infant's head," said the believers in this superstition, "she must have something in store for it." We have spoken of the absurd belief in the past tense, but we fear it is hardly yet eradicated; nor do we doubt that there are still sailors who purchase children's cauls to bear about with them as a security against shipwreck. To quote the advertisements which were once so frequently to be met with, when is this ridiculous error about "a child's caul, to be disposed of?"

Our readers may, perhaps, be surprised at our naming CRUELTY amongst popular errors, and say it should rather be called a vice. True, in many instances, but in many others it results more exclusively from a habit, from a want of reflection—in short from prejudice. A few instances will explain how cruelty may be looked on as a prejudice. To go no further back than one, or at most two generations, did not our fathers, or at any rate our grandfathers, consider it their bounden duty, in order to bring up their children properly, to administer plenteous doses of the horsewhip? How long is it since flogging was considered essential to a boy's education by the heads of our public and private schools? Indeed, has it yet entirely disappeared from schools or families either? How long has it been discontinued in the army? And yet, in all cases where it has been abolished, the change has been attended with the most happy results. In regard to animals, too, how much unnecessary cruelty is exercised! Horses are overloaded and beaten—beaten often without the driver's even thinking of it—by a mere mechanical habit of the arm; and yet it has been ever found that animals which are well treated do a much greater amount of work. Thanks, however, to the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," these instances are of much less frequent occurrence than they were.

We have glanced above at one or two species of cruelty resulting from error; but there is one prejudice of a nature peculiar to itself which has ever been the cause of the greatest cruelties and hardships. We allude to the prejudice against certain races of mankind, and certain professions. For how long a time did the greater part of Europe, while condemning the prejudices which prevailed in the East against the outcast tribes of Guebres and Pariahs, maintain the same persecution in their own lands against the Jews. In fact, even to the present day, how cruel are the prejudices against this ancient race. The negroes are even more hardly dealt by still than the Jews. In fact, the upholders of the system of slavery absolutely deny that the negro even possesses reasoning faculties. Even amongst our own countrymen there is a prejudice somewhat resembling this entertained by many persons against the Irish. How many advertisements for servants tell the reader that "No Irish need apply." Is not this a part of the same system of persecution? Whatever objectionable qualities some individual Irish persons may possess, is it fair for that reason to set our face against a whole nation? But there are certain professions, as well as certain races, against which strong prejudice exists—that of an actor, for example. This prejudice, we are happy to say, is disappearing. It is beginning to be acknowledged that it is not a disgrace to embody those master-pieces of genius which it is looked upon as so glorious to create; that the man of genius need not be scouted from society because his talent places vividly before our eyes the very form and feature of those great creations. The question is now beginning to take its proper individual character; and no actor or actress who is respectable in his or her private character (and amongst this list may be included the names of many of the brightest ornaments of our stage) is to be denied the esteem which such character deserves, from the cruel and absurd prejudice which was formerly entertained against their profession.

There have been several rather curious errors entertained in regard to the influence of NUMBERS. Several of the ancients have constructed tables showing the different bearings of numbers upon human affairs. Pythagoras advised:—"Cultivate assiduously the science of numbers. Our vices and our crimes are only errors of calculation!" Amongst the different writers, seven was the number to which they attributed the most supreme importance. A singular application of this number to human life is the theory of CLIMACTERICS, or the epochs in life in which our constitution undergoes certain inevitable changes. These periods were stated by the ancients to occur every seven years, and the different climacterics were all made to harmonize with the magical number seven. According to them the substance of the human body is entirely changed every seven years. An infant of seven months may be born alive. The first teeth appear seven months after birth; the second teeth at seven years. Twice seven, or fourteen years, is the age of puberty; at three times seven, or twenty-one, man has a beard, and ceases to grow n height: at twenty-eight, he has attained his full size; at thirty-five his greatest amount of strength; from forty-two to forty-nine his animal faculties diminish; at fifty-six, comes the commencement of old age and the loss of hair; and lastly, at sixty-three, or nine times seven years, comes the *grand climacteric*. This is the period which menaces man's life more than any other, or, if not his life, one authority tells us, his fortune is endangered. All these ingenious combinations of figures, have the dangerous effect of striking persons of weak imagination; and it has only too frequently happened that persons, by the influence of fear, have actually verified these absurd predictions, and looked forward with dread to the particular "climacteric" at which they have really died. The truth is, that these various changes in the human system are by no means subjected to fixed periods, but vary according to locality, climate, individual temperament, &c.; and, in one word, that the whole doctrine of climacterics can only be looked upon as one of the numerous class of matters we have been treating of, and must, therefore, be consigned to oblivion, or only looked upon as a relic of the past, and one of the curious specimens of Popular Errors, Prejudices, and Superstitions.

DANGAN CASTLE,

THE SUPPOSED BIRTH-PLACE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

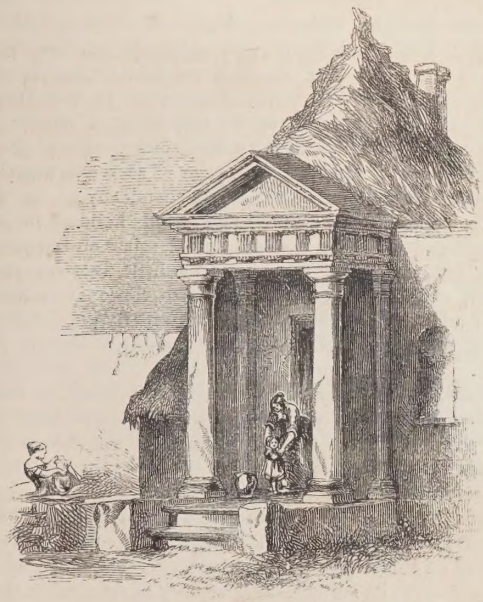
THE literary controversy which has for some time since existed with regard to the real spot where Wellington was born, naturally invests both Dangan Castle and the house at the corner of Merrion-square, Dublin, with peculiar interest. Both these places have their special advocates; and though it is curious that the birth-place of so illustrious a man as Wellington should not be correctly known, yet it appears that neither the place where, or the precise day on which, he first saw the light has ever been determined. Into the question as to whether he was born in his father's town-house in Dublin, or, as is generally believed, in the country-house at Dangan, we cannot enter; but it is at least certain that his youthful days were spent in the castle and its neighbourhood. Many anecdotes are yet in circulation concerning Arthur and his elder brother, Richard, afterwards Marquis Wellesley; but little remains to tell of the time when the family resided at the castle and the father of the future warrior beguiled the hours with music of his own composing, and made the place classic by the sounds of poetry and song.

Dangan Castle is situated about five miles from the town of Trim. In this town there was erected, many years ago, a granite column in honour of the Duke, who made his political *debut* as member for Trim in the Irish parliament. The Duke's recent death, and the enthusiasm which the memory of his great achievements has called forth, has lately caused the inhabitants of the town to *talk about* the completion of the column, which, with true Irish spirit, was begun in great haste and left to take care of itself when about half finished.

Long before the time when Wellington became an M.P., however, the family of the Earl of Mornington had vacated Dangan; and, at the death of that amiable and gifted man, the castle and demesne were let to a gentleman of the name of Boroughs, who resided there for a considerable time, and afterwards let it to Roger O'Connor, the father of the unfortunate Feargus. When the O'Connors took possession of the estate, the house was well furnished, and the grounds full of beautiful trees; but soon, political and domestic troubles arose in the family—and the furniture was sold, the rooms dismantled, and the trees cut down. It would be difficult now-a-days to point out a single tree under which the young Wellesleys played, but a room is still shown as the actual one in which Arthur was born. Whether he was really born here is, as we have said, uncertain, but that this room may have been used as a nursery is likely enough. After having

DISTANT VIEW OF DANGAN CASTLE, IN THE COUNTY OF MEATH, IRELAND.

remained for many years in a dilapidated condition, in spite of all legal applications to the Vice Chancellor, and all efforts



OLD GATE-HOUSE AT DANGAN CASTLE.

which friends made to regain possession for the Wellesleys, the castle was one day found to be on fire—an accident which determined the tenancy of the O'Connors. The castle is now a mere wreck or shell, and is inhabited by an ancient pair, who are only too glad to be able to show its naked walls to the stranger, and prattle on about "his honour and glory, the Duke."

An old gate-house, still standing, gives some idea of what the castle was in the days of its pride; but in this day, like many other fine places in Ireland,

"Its pride and its pomp are all naked and bare,
And ruin and pale destitution are there."

Mrs. Hall says, that, when she visited Dangan Castle in 1840, the only reminiscences of the great Duke—whom so many Irishmen are proud of calling countryman—were to be discovered in the affectionate allusions made by the simple peasantry to "the family at the castle."

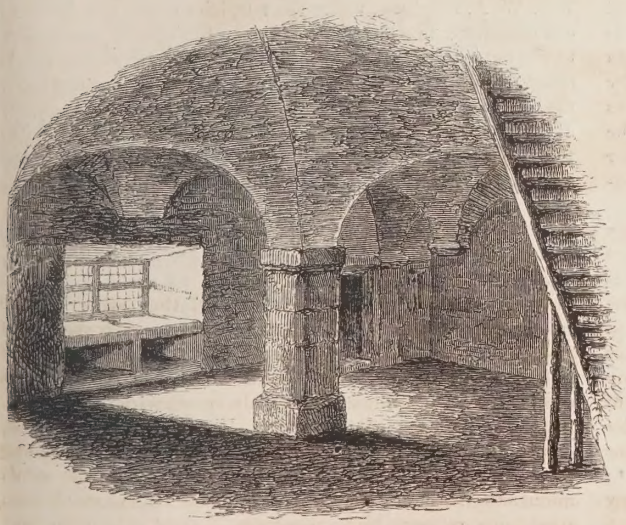
The neighbourhood of Dangan and Trim abounds in picturesque scenery and historical and antiquarian associations. One long summer's day in the beautiful vale of Meath will well repay the trouble of a visit. All around Dangan, as far as the eye can reach, are pastures as rich as any in Ireland. If the visitor be a lover of the picturesque in scenery, he will find it at every step; if he be an admirer of antiquities, he will discover them in all his paths; if he be anything of a poet, are there not thousands of eloquent lines which recal at once the glory of Ireland's past history, and suggest a moral for her future?

In the centre of the plain of Athboy, rises the "Forradh," the renowned hill of "Tara of the Kings," in whose halls the chiefs of Ireland met in council, where princes feasted and bards sang, where Ollamh wrote and Patrick preached. It is lonely now, and Moore's immortal dirge embodies the very spirit of desolation proper to the place:—

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at Night,
Its tale of ruin tells."

Of all its proud memories, there scarcely remains a vestige to tell of former greatness. There are little or no architectural remains, though the indefatigable Petrie has traced intrench-

ROOM AT DANGAN CASTLE, IN WHICH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BORN.



THE OLD KITCHEN AT DANGAN CASTLE.

ments and foundations sufficient to justify the belief that a lordly palace, besides other buildings, once crowned the summit of the hill.

A little further on, in the neighbourhood of Kells, are the ruins of Athlumne Church and Castle, and the round tower of Donaghmore; and at Navan, one of the earliest settlements of the English in the County of Meath, the confluence of the rivers Boyne and Blackwater is a sight worth seeing.

In fact, to hint at half the interesting sights and associations around and connected with the birth-place of the illustrious duke would, though a labour of love, be one of difficulty, too. And what matters it, after all, where or at what particular time a man is born, so that in his generation he rightly fills the station into which he has been called? Wellington belongs not to Ireland or to England individually, but to Britain in the widest sense of the term—for his name and his fame is European. Nevertheless, every little anecdote collected at this time, every new fact authenticated, and every original sentence written about the great duke, will have its weight and value hereafter.

MOSSES AND THEIR ALLIES.

THE LICHEN FAMILY.

No man who possesses any degree of taste or intelligence can fail, when passing through our richly-wooded country between the months of April and November, to be struck and delighted with the varied beauty of the foliage which adorns the trees; the soft living green which decks the oak, the elm, and the willow in early spring, their deeper tinting and fuller luxuriance during the heat of summer, and then the glowing reds and yellows, the deep purple and claret hues, which tinge the fading leaves, and give warning that their day of glory is past, the hour of their fall near at hand, —all are objects which call for praise and admiration. But is there nothing of beauty to be seen in the colouring of the woods during the winter season? Most of those who have to travel at that time of year have decided that there is not; or, at all events, they act as if they had so decided, for they muffle themselves in their warm trappings, busy themselves in a book, and hurry on from town to town, without casting so much as a cursory glance on those beautiful glades, the vistas of which are now by the falling of the leaf laid open to their view, or noticing the stately columnar groups of trees which exhibit their grave but rich colouring on every side. Did these careless travellers *observe*, they would perceive, that though the splendour of the summer tinting is departed from the country, yet at the most inclement seasons the otherwise bare branches of the trees are clothed with a delicate and varied foliage, and that their dark brown trunks are gaily painted with living greens, and yellows, and oranges, and a thousand other dyes most glorious to behold, and they would see that not only trees and shrubs are thus clothed, but that every stone wall and ruin, every gate or paling within their ken, is more or less decorated with this brilliant decoration, all the handiwork of the "Great Work-Master."

I have said, and truly, that few travellers notice these beautiful objects in the wintry landscape, and of those few whose eye, directed by good taste and a love of beauty, is attracted by their general appearance, there is probably not one in ten who is aware of the character and structure of the minute and simply-formed tribe of vegetable production to which all this beauty of colouring is to be ascribed—I mean the lichens. Let us then see whether, by dwelling a little on some particulars of the formation and characteristics of a few of the individuals which compose this widely-extended family, we cannot induce in some a more enlightened, and consequently a more satisfactory, spirit of observation than they have before possessed, and thereby add a zest to their enjoyment of a winter's walk or drive.

The structure of lichens is very simple, and they occupy nearly the lowest station in the scale of vegetation, the fungi alone ranking below them. Their origin in some situations is buried in mystery; some have supposed that certain kinds are of meteoric production, a theory which is supported by the facts (as stated by Foics) that the leaves of some pines near Dresden were suddenly covered, on the side next the wind, with a species of lichen, and also that on a hot summer day the sails and masts of a ship at Stockholm were instantaneously covered with a coating of a similar character.

Lichens are the first rudiments of vegetation found on many bare rocks in newly-formed islands. How their seeds can have been conveyed to such new and remote positions it is impossible to say; but truly "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy!" Even in the present day, when painful and diligent research has thrown light on so many subjects which were formerly wrapped in apparently impenetrable darkness, how much of interest yet remains to be elucidated; how many discoveries are doubtless yet in store to reward the earnest and sedulous student of nature! Yet, search as we will, depths will still remain unfathomed, for "who can search out the Almighty unto perfection?"

Lichens exist exclusively on atmospheric supplies, requiring only air, sunlight, and some degree of moisture, for their support. The simplicity of their structure enables them to exist at altitudes where the air is too thin for the support of plants of the higher orders of vegetation, so that they are found in abundance even at the very verge of the limits of perpetual snow. Lichens, with the mosses, serve as pioneers of vegetation, they having the power of secreting oxalic acid from the atmosphere, which, acting chemically on the stones and rocks below them, produces small hollows in which moisture collects; then comes the frost, seizes on the moisture which has forced its way into the little crevices already formed, and splits the rocks so as to cause it to moulder away; and this process, which is continually going forwards, by degrees prepares the surface of the soil to receive larger plants.

A lichen has neither root, stem, nor branches; it consists of a dry, scaly crust, which sometimes appears almost like a mere powder, but in others extends itself into broad curled surfaces called thalli, which have somewhat the appearance and perform the functions of leaves. It bears no flower, but abounds in what is called fruit; this consists in a multitude of spores or seeds, which are inclosed in cases differently disposed on the margin of the thallus, or else growing from or imbedded in its surface. It is usually in the form of shields, or of cup-like receptacles, which are called apothecia, from the Greek apothekê, which means "a repository," and are frequently raised on a sort of foot-stalk termed a podetia.

There are five tribes of lichens, 1st, the *idiothalami*, consisting of those whose apothecia or receptacles differ in colour from the rest of the plant, and are formed of a different substance; 2nd, the *cænothalami*, which are those where the apothecia is partly formed from the substance of the thallus; 3rd, the *homothalami*, where the apothecia is entirely formed of and of the same colour as the frond, or thallus; 4th, the *athalami*, whose fructification is unknown, they being wholly destitute of apothecia; and the 5th, and last tribe, which is called *pseudo-lichens*, are those where the apothecia is black and horny, and imbedded in a receptacle, their sporules in slender tubular cells lying in a pulp, and not spontaneously emitted; these have usually been classed as fungi, and are in many respects like them. There are numerous subdivisions of these tribes, which we must not attempt to describe, as it would lead us far beyond the limits of our space; neither would it avail us to attempt to follow the learned investigations which have of late been entered into concerning the formation and arrangement of the spores in the different genera, as detailed in a work lately published by the Rev. W. A. Leighton, under the auspicies of the Ray Society; our endeavour must rather be to open the eyes of our readers to the outward beauties of this minute tribe of plants, and to effect this purpose, we must aim at drawing their attention to the appearance and habits of a few of the most common and distinguished of the species. Let us, then, take a ramble together through those woods, and over the hill, down to the sea-shore, and I will describe to you the objects which we see.

Observe, as we pass that stone-wall, how very richly it is decked with colours; look at the dark olive and white granulated substances which in places coat its surface, and the broad patches of orange which vary its tinting, and are themselves so beautifully set off by the soft green of the tufted mosses, now all bristling with capsules; these are all lichens, and most of them to be classed under our first head as *idiothalami*, being formed of a scaly crust, with little receptacles growing out of it; among these are the leciddéas, gyrophoras, endocarpons, and some others; but although their colouring is very vivid and varied, this tribe is so minute that, without a powerful magnifier, the parts of fructification can scarcely be discerned. But this is not the case with those broad-spreading thalli which lie on the mossy

bank at the root of that old oak, weaving themselves into a mass with the dead leaves which have fallen from its branches; these belong to the genus pelticléa, and form a part of the second and largest tribe of the lichen family, the *cænothalami*, under whose banner are included the greatest number of the most beautiful, and conspicuous species of this extended family. These leaves, or fronds, or, as they are technically termed, *thalli*, belong to the species pelticlea aphthosan, or the thrush, so named from its having been considered by the doctors of ancient days a specific for that complaint; they are of a pale olive green, sprinkled over with brown warts, and underneath whitish, with brown branching veins; the edge of the thallus being fringed with white ciliæ or threads, with which it lays hold of the leaves and mosses below it, and which also probably serve it for the absorption of moisture. If we can find it in fruit, we shall see that some of the lobes of the thallus are drawn up into a sort of foot-stalk, bearing at the point a large red-brown receptacle. The pelticleas (fig. 1) are all much of the same character, broadly lobed and fringed, and bearing their fruit in the same manner on the summits of the lobes. Now let us hasten on to the wood. I told you that the trees even in winter were clothed with most delicate and lovely foliage; look, then, at that clustering bunch of grey filaments which grows on the branch above you, and observe the broader strap-like kinds—some sulphur-coloured, others grey, blackish, or pale green: these are all lichens, ramalinas, usneas, alectorias, cornicularias, or others, and all classed under the third head—the *homothalami*. There is a very curious species, rising in a huge tuft from the branch of that tree; it is the *usnea florida*, or flowering lichen. If you gather a piece of it, you will see that it is composed of long branches fringed with fibres of a sort of sea green, from which proceed at intervals large apothecia, nearly oval in shape and almost as large as a sixpence, flat and edged round with fine ciliæ or threads an inch long. Gerard calls this the "flouring branched moss," and says, "there is oftentimes found upon old okes, beeches, and such like overgrown trees, a kinde of mosse having many slender branches, which divide themselves into other lesser branches, whereon are placed confusedly very many small threads, like haires, of a greenish ash-colour. Upon the ends of the tender branches sometimes there cometh forth a floure, in shape like unto a little buckler or hollow mushroom, of a whitish colour tending to yellownes, and garnished with the like leaves of those upon the lower branches." A little beyond it we see the *usnea barbata*, floating upon the air like an old man's grey beard; and these are again met by other species, so closely clustering that from a little distance the whole tree appears as if covered by a glaucous coating of lichen. Now examine that beautiful branching liverwort (*sticta pulmonacea*) which runs up the fine dark trunk of that lofty elm. It exhibits a broad expanse of lobed thallus of a clear olive green, with a sort of raised veining, which leaves the general surface of the frond depressed and pitted; the under side is very beautiful, the colour a soft buff, the texture velvety, and the parts which form pits on the upper surface rising into rounded protuberances. The apothecia is set on the thallus a little within the margin, and is formed of circular shields of a red hue, and placed in groups of three or four together. The whole of one side the trunk of that lofty tree is densely clothed with this beautiful creeping plant. But let me now draw your attention to the groups of fine hawthorns which are round us: observe how every twig and spray is beset with a coating of green so vivid, so exquisitely bright, that you can scarcely believe it is not beginning to exhibit its own verdant spring foliage. Gather a branch, and you will find that this too is a lichen—one of the parmelias. It is green when young; but when mature, becomes of a brilliant sulphury yellow. Examine the branch you have gathered with a magnifier, and you will see the thallus of the lichen to be lobed and plaited, the lobes overlapping each other "in much-admired confusion." From the surface of this imbricated mass of foliage stand out very many circular shields, raised like little salvers, and plainly distinguishable by the naked eye, although more satisfactorily defined with the aid of a lens: these are the apothecias which contain the spores. But now let us proceed to the moor, only observing, that there is scarcely an object that we pass which has not more or less of lichen-growth upon it: the black patches on those stones, the mealy crust on that gate, the splashes of yellow, and black, and white, and grey, and the tufts of glaucous moss on the park palings, all are lichens, and all add to the beauty and diversity of the colouring which enlivens the aspect of the country in winter.

You will by this time be convinced that the family of lichens is by no means deficient either in interest or in beauty; but a tribe which awaits us on the moor, the *cladonias*, will, I think, delight you far more than any thing we have yet seen. Those of this tribe are of a character in some respects quite different from most of the varieties which we have described, inasmuch as they grow on the earth, and bear much the appearance as well as in general the name of mosses.

Closely matting the surface of the ground all over the side of the hill, and between the bushes on that little bit of coppice, lies the pretty and valuable species, the *cladonia-rangeferina*, or rein-deer moss. This is branched and hoary, growing many inches deep, and at this moment exhibiting a most exquisitely lovely appearance, as the half-melted hoar-frost glitters in the sunshine, and seems to tip its multitudinous points with clusters of diamonds. This species covers acres, indeed, successive miles of ground, in Lapland, especially on those tracts where pine-forests have been burned, and supplies food for the rein-deer throughout the long northern winters. Its fruit is borne at the extreme points of the branches in brown clusters. On the banks and walls which divide and flank the moor, are found growing in the peat several other varieties of cladonia. There is the beautiful grey-cups, or chalice moss, which sends up from a cluster of grey thalli lovely little cups each about large enough to contain a drop of water, and from the edges of these cups proceed, in the course of time, clusters of other and smaller cups, lifted on long foot-stalks, which again occasionally branch and bear more cups at their points, the edges of all of which are eventually furnished with branches of red-brown, shining apothecia. This is *cladonia pyxiclater;* and in the same situations we shall find another species *C. fimbriater*, even more beautiful than pixiclater, for its cups are elegantly fringed at the edges, and it is furnished with delicately crenate thalli, or leaves of a silvery greenish white, which cluster on the podetia, and on the outside of the cup (fig. 2). There are many other species of cladonia, all likely to be found on the moor. The autumn is the season in which they are in perfection, although we still find them *in situ*, for lichens are very slow in growth and in decay, and will remain for years with very little variation in their appearance. Several of these tribes bear fruit of the most brilliant scarlet hue, as bright as small coral beads, and the silvery grey of their setting makes them more admirable than the jewels of a bride; indeed our jewellers have overlooked a tribe which might furnish many a beautiful type for ornaments, either for a fair lady's dress, or for the decoration of her room or table. The varied forms of these cladonias deserve some special notice: some, as we have seen, are cup-like; one takes exactly the form of the horn of the stag, this is *C. cervicornis*, and is found on the Pentland and other high hills; another, *C. bellidiflora*, or "daisy-flowered" (fig. 3, *b*), grows in stiff scaly tufts on the tops of lofty mountains; whilst another, *C. deformis* (fig. 3, *c*), is sulphur-coloured, and grows in branching tufts three inches high, and bearing scarlet fruit, at the roots of trees. But we must forbear, for to attempt to enumerate the varied and capricious appearances of all the species of this interesting genus would be in vain, and we must content ourselves with giving figures of a few other varieties, for there remain two of the five tribes of lichens which we have as yet not noticed. The fourth, the *athalami*, contains but one genus, the lepraria; these are all yellow, and form a sort of leprous crust on rocks, old pales, or trees, the mode of their fructification being as yet unknown.

The fifth tribe, or *pseudo-lichens*, contains some very interesting species: the first genus, or opégrapha, is named so from

two Greek words signifying "a chink," and "to write," because the shields or apothecias are cracks upon the surface of the thallus, which look like strange Oriental characters on a pale ground. They are almost always found on the smooth

Fig. 1.—Pelticlea Scutata.—Shielded Lichen.

bark of trees, varying in colour, some being black, others white, olive, grey, green, or yellow. There is another genus, *graphis*, which is even more remarkable for its resemblance to written characters than the opégrapha; *graphis scripta* (fig. 4),

Fig. 2.—Cladonia Fimbriata.—Fringed Cup-moss.

and *graphis serpentoria*, but especially the former, being strikingly like the Chinese character.

But in our admiration at the external character of lichens, we must not forget to take a glance at their hidden qualities, nor withhold our praise to Him who has given to such simple,

Fig. 3.—*a*, Borrera Furfuracea; *b*, Cladonia Bellidiflora; *c*, C. Cleformis; *d*, Sphærophoron Coralloides.

and often unnoticed plants, qualities which render them exceedingly valuable to man, and make some of the species highly important articles in commerce.

We have noticed the value of the rein-deer moss, or, as it is frequently called, *Lapland* moss, as the main food of the rein-deer; and there is no necessity to say much of that well-known kind, the Iceland moss, *cetraria icelandica*, which is sold in all chemists' shops, and so frequently used as an article of diet for consumptive and weak patients. The roccellu-tinctoria, or "true-dyer's lichen," is the orchall of commerce, celebrated for yielding a fine purple dye, for which the cudbear *parmelia tartamea* (fig. 5), is but a poor substitute, though one which is, nevertheless, in much request, and by collecting which many an industrious peasant in the Highland districts gains his living. The lichen is scraped from the rocks with an iron hoop, and sold in large quanties to the Glasgow merchants; and it is no easy process to do this, for to dislodge lichens of the crusting growth which have once established themselves on rocks and stones is hard work;

Fig. 4.—Graphis Scripta—Written Lichen.

they not unfrequently take up their position on grave-stones, and effect in a few years that which, without their aid, would scarcely be accomplished in centuries, namely, the total obliteration of the name, dates, and other inscriptions which had been on the stones. The simplest and surest mode of dislodging the foe from such positions, is to cover the stone on which they have congregated with earth, turf, or other matter, which by depriving them of their main supporters, air and light, will soon clear off the incumbrance, and make the inscriptions legible. There are several lichens besides the orchall and the cudbear which are used as dyes, and others besides the Iceland moss which are eaten; the tripe de rocke (*umbilicavia pustulatu*) is one of these; it is very beautiful in appearance, but one would scarcely suppose it possible that any nourishment could be obtained from such a mere scaly

Fig. 5.—Parmelia Tartamea—Cudbear.

sort of crust as it forms. It is, however, a valuable article of diet to the Canadian hunters; and some English travellers (Dr. Richardson and his company) were for a long time sustained by this strange food alone, when wandering amidst those northern snows in pursuit of scientific objects.

On rocks by the sea we find many species of lichens, particularly such as belong to the genera lecidéa, endocarpon, urceolavia, &c.; but some of the beautiful genus ramilina are also found in such localities, and among them that very pretty one the *R. scopulorum*, or the ivory lichen.

We must now leave the consideration of this interesting but almost unknown family; but before we do so we would remind our readers, that there is no branch of knowledge which does not hold out some reward which he who studies it with care cannot fail to attain; and that the health and pleasure which is gained by the brisk and varied walks to which the pursuits of mosses and lichens invite their votaries, at a season when some incentive to leave the fire-side is especially needful, will well reward them for a little effort in the pursuit of this branch.

WYCLIFFE.

THE history of Wycliffe is intimately connected with that of the stormy period in which he lived. He was born in the year 1324, in the parish of Wicklif, a village upon the banks of the Tees, near Richmond, Yorkshire, His name, taken from the place of his birth, like that of many of his contemporaries, is spelt in a variety of ways; thus in the document which appointed him papal delegate in 1374, we find it as John Wiclif; and in other places as Wickliff, Wiclef, and De Wycliffe.

WYCLIFFE, ATTENDED BY THE DUKE OF LANCASTER, APPEARING IN ST. PAUL'S, AT THE CITATION OF THE PRELATES.

Long before Wycliffe had attained any celebrity as a divine, he had won for himself a high position at Oxford as one of the first scholars at that famous university. At a comparatively early age he had entered as a commoner at Queen's College, founded by Thomas Eaglesfield, confessor to Queen Philippa; but he soon removed to Merton, where he distinguished himself as a laborious student of law and philosophy. In the subtleties of the Aristotlean school he is said to have been perfectly familiar, ere he turned his attention to the study of the Latin fathers, and the few celebrated writers of his own time. But, besides this, he made himself so thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures as to obtain for himself among the eminent divines of his day the title of Evangelical Doctor.

The first public recognition of his talents, however, was obtained by his famous controversy with the mendicant friars. These friars were divided into four principal orders—the Dominicans, established by St. Dominic, the founder of the Inquisition; the Franciscan, or Grey Friars, founded by St. Francis, of Assisu; the Carmelites, or White Friars; and the Augustinian or Austin Friars. Among these friars the ecclesiastical government of many cities was divided, and thus, in London, the districts where they were licensed to beg are to this day known as Black-friars, White-friars, Gray-friars, and Austin-friars. Their authority for mendicancy was derived, they said, from the example of their great Master, who was himself of poor and low estate. But, unlike Him, they soon began to arrogate to themselves enormous power and privileges, and vast estates were made over to them as death-bed gifts by the superstitious wealthy.

Into the controversial warfare on behalf of the university, in which he held the post of Divinity Professor, Wycliffe entered heart and soul; but on the death of Simon de Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury, he was deposed from the wardenship of Baliol, in exchange for which he was presented with the living of Fillingham in the county of Lincoln,—an exchange which he did not submit to, however, without an unsuccessful appeal to the Pope.

It is not necessary for us further to enter into the history of this remarkable controversy than to mention, that while it was going on, a war of principles seemed to have commenced between the King of England and the Pope. Urban V. demanded of Edward that the tribute promised by the weak-minded John, in token of submission to the papacy, should be paid. This demand, however, came a day too late, for the House of Commons, just then erected into a real political estate and power in the realm, united with the monarch in resisting the claim. To bring the dispute to an issue, an embassy was sent to meet the Pope at Bruges, composed of Englishmen of the highest rank and station. Among them were the Bishop of Bangor, Wycliffe, and his future patron, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. To this celebrated man, the third son of Edward III., was confided the task of defending the English Commons before the pontiff; and much of the real business of the state, during the end of this, and the beginning of the next, reign, was committed to his management. The immediate effects of the mission to the fine old continental city of Bruges were a species of reconciliation between the King and the Pope, and a partial settlement of some disputed points concerning church government; but of the steps which led to these changes no certain records remain.

It would be beyond our scope to trace the disputant Wycliffe through all the changes of opinion his mind underwent during his residence at Bruges, or to speak of those writings, full of invective, which assailed the principal doctrines of his church, and charged its propounders with corruption in doctrine and depravity in practice,—with pride, avarice, tyranny, and usurpation, and which, in the one word "Antichrist," hurled defiance at its head. We should rather follow the Christian Wycliffe to his quiet living at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where, from the old pulpit, yet preserved, he preached the truth on Sundays to the poor and unlearned; and from the altar chair—a relic yet among the village valuables—he dispensed that "good and comfortable" doctrine which inculcates charity with all men. We would rather linger amid the shades of that retirement, where, like Chaucer's good parish priest, he went about preaching and teaching in the way-sides and waste places of the world, visiting the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and keeping himself unspotted from the world.

But we cannot, if we would, linger in this quiet village. Wycliffe's out-spoken opinions were far too plain and honest for his enemies; and scarcely had he settled at Lutterworth, ere he was cited by the prelates to appear before them at St. Paul's, to answer for alleged false doctrines and heresies.

From Lutterworth to London was no day's journey in 1377; but the summons of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London was by no means to be neglected, and so Wycliffe was, perforce, obliged to appear. The wise old king had died ere the message had arrived, and the child-sovereign, Richard II., sat upon the throne. But Wycliffe had a firm protector in the Duke of Lancaster, and so to him he appealed for aid in this extremity; and John of Gaunt, as regent during Richard's minority, had perhaps many reasons besides friendship which induced him to lend his countenance to the Reformer; and so, supported by Lancaster and Earl Percy, the Marshal of England, and attended by a vast concourse of people, the venerable divine appeared before his judges in old St. Paul's.

Courtenay, Bishop of London, attended by a great crowd of ecclesiastics, was there to meet him, as he entered escorted by the Duke and his armed retainers; and hundreds of the "common people" pressed forward to catch a glimpse or request a blessing of the defender of their rights. It was a matter of no small difficulty for Wycliffe to make his way through the people, and the Earl Marshal demanded of the Bishop that honourable place should be accorded to the divine. Then the Bishop, annoyed to find Wycliffe so attended, exclaimed,—"Lord Percy, if I had known what maisteries you would have kept in the church, I would have kept you from coming hither."

But John of Gaunt was ready to beard the Bishop in his stronghold, and so he tauntingly replied, with a loud voice,—"He shall keep such maisteries here, though you say nay."

Lord Percy. Wycliffe! sit down; for you have many things to answer to, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat.

The Bishop. It is unreasonable that one cited before his ordinary should sit during his answer. He must and shall stand!

The Duke of Lancaster. The Lord Percy his motion for Wycliffe is but reasonable. And as for you, my lord bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down the pride, not of you alone, but of all the prelacy in England!

The Bishop. Do your worst, sir.

Duke of Lancaster. Thou bearest thyself, so brag upon thy parents [Courtenay's father was the powerful Duke of Devonshire], which shall not be able to help thee; they shall have enow to do to help themselves.

The Bishop. My confidence is not in my parents nor in any man else, but only in God, in whom I trust; by whose assistance I will be bold to speak the truth.

On this the duke exclaimed in great wrath, "Rather than I will take these words at his hands, I would pluck the bishop by the hair out of the church!"

This last inconsiderate expression, though spoken in undertone, was caught up by the bystanders, and a great tumult ensued, by which the trial was suspended.

The mob, ever prone to act upon impulse, immediately proceeded to violence. Spreading themselves over the city they committed several acts of depredations: "broke open," says Fox, "the Marshalsea, and Fleet, and all the prisons and, not content with this, a vast number of them went to the duke's palace at the Savoy, where, missing his person, they plundered his house."

But the tumult did not end here. While the mob were rioting in the town, murdering a clergyman in mistake for the Earl Marshal, and committing various other acts of unwarrantable violence, the duke proceeded to the house of peers, and preferred a bill against the City of London to deprive it of its privileges, and alter its jurisdiction. In the midst of the tumult Wycliffe escaped from the city.

Once more Wycliffe sought the retirement of his favourite Lutterworth. But not for long was he allowed to repose amidst its quiet scenery. The church, baffled in its first endeavour to punish the boldness of the divine, resolved to make another attempt to exterminate both him and the new doctrines which he taught. New summonses arrived from Rome, and Wycliffe was again called to appear. Once more therefore—this time at Lambeth, and fortunately without the protection of Lancaster and his soldiers—the aged man appeared: but, in the midst of the explanation and defence of Wycliffe, a mandate from the queen-mother, the widow of the Black Prince, stopped the proceedings. The legal proceedings were set aside, and the notion of imprisonment for opinion alone, as being contrary to the laws of England, rejected; and Wycliffe was dismissed by the prelates, with the injunction "not to preach any more those doctrines which had been objected to."

But a nobler work than defending himself from factious accusations now engaged his attention: no less a work than the translation of the Bible into English. The "Gospel Doctor," despite of the opposition of Courtenay and the ecclesiastics, succeeded in his design; and, though Bishop Arundel declared it "a dangerous thing to translate the Holy Scriptures out of one tongue into another, for in a translation the same sense is not easily kept," the English Bible of Wycliffe was eagerly sought for and perused by the people.

Courtenay, Bishop of London, was strenuous in his opposition to Wycliffe; and, as the Reformer himself was protected from the effects of his power, he violently persecuted his followers, who were called Lollards. This name is supposed to have been derived from Walter Lollardus, one of the teachers of these truths on the continent, or from a German word which signifies psalm-singers. Many of them travelled about the country, in the simplest manner, barefooted, and in common frieze gowns, preaching and teaching in the market-places with so much zeal and success, that in a few years their numbers were very considerable and it was calculated that at least one-fourth of the nation were really or nominally inclined to their sentiments.

Richard II. countenanced Courtenay in persecuting the Lollards, and a proclamation was issued against all persons who should teach or maintain these opinions, or possess any of the books and pamphlets written by Wycliffe and his followers. Many suffered imprisonment, and were required to do penance under the most degrading circumstances; although it does not appear that any were actually put to death during this reign.

Having finished his translation of the Scriptures, Wycliffe again became obnoxious to the clergy. It had long been a political tenet among certain of the clergy, that ignorance is the mother of devotion; and, therefore, the Bible had been locked up from the common people. But Wycliffe was not satisfied with exposing this religious tyranny: he ventured to attack the grand doctrines of his opponents in what he called his "Sixteen Conclusions." These conclusions being reluctantly condemned by the Chancellor of Oxford, at the instigation of Courtenay, at this time primate, Wycliffe appealed to the king and parliament; but being deserted by his fickle patron, the Duke of Lancaster, he was obliged to make a kind of recantation at Oxford, before Courtenay, six bishops, and other clergymen, who had condemned his doctrines as heretical; and by the king's order was expelled the university, where he had annually read lectures on divinity.

Once more, and finally, the persecuted Wycliffe found an asylum at Lutterworth, but giving fresh provocation by his writings, he was again exposed to the vengeance of his enemies; but Providence delivered him from human hands. He was struck with a palsy soon after, but still attended divine worship; till a repetition of this fatal malady carried him off, in his church at Lutterworth, in December, 1384, and he was buried in its chancel.

The malice of his enemies, however, sought him in the grave. The council of Constance, in 1415, passed a decree, condemning forty-five articles of his doctrines; and, pronouncing him to have died an obstinate heretic, ordered that his bones should be dug up and thrown upon a dunghill. The execution of this act of malice was deferred till the year 1428. But in that year, Fleming, then Bishop of Lincoln, sent his officers to Lutterworth; the grave of Wycliffe was opened, and his bones taken out and burned. The ashes being carefully collected, were thrown into the Swift, a brook which flows near the town: his enemies thinking, no doubt, that his name and doctrines, as well as his remains, would perish for ever. But they have been disappointed; for, as Fuller observes, "the Swift conveyed his ashes into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, and they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe were made the emblems of his doctrines, which have been dispersed all the world over."

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

FROM THE "LITERARY FABLES" OF YRIARTE.

A country squire, of greater wealth than wit
(For fools are often blessed with fortune's smile)
Had built a splendid house, and furnished it
In splendid style.
"One thing is wanting," said a friend; "for, though
The rooms are fine, the furniture profuse,
You lack a library, dear sir, for show,
If not for use."
"'Tis true; but, zounds!" replied the squire with glee,
"The lumber-room in yonder northern wing
(I wonder I ne'er thought of it) will be
The very thing.
"I'll have it fitted up without delay
With shelves and presses of the newest mode
And rarest wood, befitting every way
A squire's abode.
"And when the whole is ready, I'll despatch
My coachman—a most knowing fellow—down,
To buy me, by admeasurement, a batch
Of books in town."
But ere the library was half supplied
With all its pomps of cabinet and shelf,
The booby squire repented him, and cried
Unto himself:—
"This room is much more roomy than I thought;
Ten thousand volumes hardly would suffice
To fill it, and would cost, however bought,
A plaguy price.
"Now, as I only want them for their looks,
It might, on second thought, be just as good,
And cost me next to nothing, if the books
Were made of wood.
"It shall be so, I'll give the shaven deal
A coat of paint—a colourable dress,
To look like calf or vellum, and conceal
Its nakedness.
"And gilt and letter'd with the author's name,
Whatever is most excellent and rare
Shall be, or seem to be ('tis all the same),
Assembled there."
The work was done; the simulated hoards
Of wit and wisdom round the chamber stood,
In bindings some; and some, of course, in *boards*,
Where all were wood.
From bulky folios down to slender twelves,
The choicest tomes, in many an even row,
Display'd their letter'd backs upon the shelves,
A goodly show.
With such a stock, which seemingly surpass'd
The best collection ever form'd in Spain,
What wonder if the owner grew at last
Supremely vain?
What wonder as he paced from shelf to shelf,
And conn'd their titles, that the squire began,
Despite his ignorance, to think himself
A learned man?
Let every amateur, who merely looks
To backs and bindings, take the hint, and sell
His costly library—for painted books
Would serve as well.

THE FAMILIES OF PLANTS.

ILICINEÆ.—THE HOLLY TRIBE.

Corolla monopetalous. Stamens inserted into the base of the corolla. Ovarium free, fleshy, seed suspended. Embryo small. Radicle superior. Trees or shrubs.

Fig. 26.—The Holly.—Ilex Aquifolium.

"Among all the natural greens, which enrich our home-borne store," says Evelyn, "there is none certainly to be compared with our holly (fig. 26). I have often wondered at our curiosity after foreign plants, and expensive difficulties, to the neglect of this incomparable tree, whether we propagate it for use and defence, or for sight and ornament." And who, that thinks on the subject, will not join with the celebrated author of "Sylva," in advocating the claims of this aboriginal denizen of our woodlands? It boasts not, indeed, the massive strength of the oak, nor the majestic dignity of the beech, nor the towering elegance of the ash, nor does its light and airy foliage equal that of the elm. But then it has charms peculiarly its own. Ever green, and ever brilliant, now enwreathed with snowy clusters of star-like flowers, now clad with glow-

Fig. 28.—Anacardium Occidentali, or Cashew-tree.

Fig. 27.—The Poppy.—Papava Somniferum.

Fig. 29.—The Pistacia.

ing masses of deep scarlet berries, and beauteous in every season—

"It weathers every changing hour,
And welcomes every sky."

And then, while one tree after another resigns, at the touch of an irresistible power, its "leafy honours," and stands "barren as lances" and utterly naked in the blast; it is

"The holly that outdares cold winter's ire."

Amidst the chilly sleep of winter, from which so many plants and trees suffer, until bereft of every charm which arrayed them from spring till autumn-tide, the holly-bush may attract the wandering eye, and cheered by the lustrous greenness of the under growth, we may forget the dread and dreary scene that stretches all above and around it. And if it thus appears beauteous and inspiriting, even in its most diminutive and bushy state, how much greater is the effect produced when it is beheld in some more open spot, where it stands in the perfection of its growth, an enormous tree, all

"Glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun;"

displaying, in fact, the rich verdure of summer amidst the desolation of a winter landscape, while well do the brilliant clusters of scarlet berries which enrich its outer branches, contrast and embellish its cone-like mass of enduring greenness! We sympathise, then, with Miss Twamley, as she sings:—

"Though flowers desert us, and roses die,
A wreath we'll twine beneath winter's sky;
A wreath whose glories unfading last
Through the snow-drift's chill and the withering blast.
Then twine we the holly's unfading leaf,
Nor mourn for flowers, their reign is brief,
But hey! for the holly, with berries so bright;
Haste! twine we the holly for Christmas night."

This was far more plenteously done in days that are past than it is now. Thus Stowe says:—"Against the feast of Christmas, every man's house, as also their parish churches were decked with holme, ivy, bayes, and whatever the season of the year afforded to be greene; the conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished."

But the practice is not entirely obsolete; for there are still places in which the words of our rural poet Clare are applicable:—

"Each house is swept the day before,
And windows stuck with evergreens,
The snow is besomed from the door,
And comfort crams the cottage scenes:
Gilt holly, with its thorny pricks,
And yew and box with berries small,
These deck the unused candlesticks,
And pictures hanging by the wall."

The lower leaves of the holly are wavy, strongly armed with spines, while the upper ones are entire, terminated with a single prickle. Of the uses of prickles in shrubs the celebrated and truly excellent John Ray thus speaks:—"The prickles secure them from the browsing of beasts, as also to shelter others that grow under them. Moreover, they are hereby rendered useful to man, as if designed by nature to make both quick and dead hedges." Pliny anticipated these remarks of our British naturalist, by observing,—"The plants have prickles lest the greedy quadruped should browse upon them, or the perching bird break them."

Our late poet laureate, Southey, pours forth a moral, in his own name, as he thus speaks of this interesting member of one of our families of plants:—

"O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed, the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view those things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after time.

Thus though abroad perchance I might appear,
Harsh and austere,—
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home among my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I, day by day,
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem among the young and gay,
More grave than they.
That in my age as cheerful I may be
As the green winter of the holly-tree."

The graceful muse of our friend Miss Twamley, already quoted, and to whose poetry in reference to plants and trees, we owe many delightful and grateful recollections, takes a still higher flight:—

"With berry red and leaf ne'er sere,
The holly greets the fading year:
A friend when summer friends do flee,
'A brother for adversity.'
But not to fond and faithful breast,
Alone, does it sweet thoughts suggest:
Oh no! To thee whom cares perplex,
Whom troubles fright, whom crosses vex,
To thee it speaks in loftier tone,
And breathes a moral all its own.
Come, then, and from the holly-tree
Learn what thou art, and what may'st be;
Mark how upon each earthward bough,
Edged with sharp thorns, the leaves do grow;
While those higher stems that grace
Bear of the prickly curse no trace;
As if to teach thee it designed,
With earth we leave the thorn behind.

Say thou upon whose brow is set
Care's thorn-entwisted coronet,
Oh! wouldst thou tear it thence, arise,
And seek communion with the skies:
The nearer heaven thou soar'st, the less
Shall that keen leaf thy temples press;
If once before thy raptured view
Faith open heaven, how faint and few
Will seem all earthly griefs and cares!
Until at last each disappears,
Like thorns from off the leaves which grow
Upon the holly's topmost bough."

PAPAVERACEÆ.—THE POPPY TRIBE.

Stamens eight, or some multiple of four, usually indefinite. Ovary solitary; style short or none. Fruit one-celled. Seeds numerous. Albumen between fleshy and oily, at the base of which is a minute straight embryo.

The British species of this family is one of the plagues of the agriculturist, growing up, as it does, rank weeds among his corn; and another yields the opium, often perverted to the most pernicious purposes (fig. 27). The white poppy is cultivated in gardens from the showy appearance of its flowers.

All the papaveraceæ have narcotic properties in some degree, but they are only manifested by those parts of the plants which abound with a milky juice. Thus, a syrup is made from the petals of the red poppy, but it has no medicinal property whatever. Hence it is used to give medicines a beautiful deep-red hue. The syrup obtained from the white poppy, it should be observed, is narcotic in its influence, and should, therefore, be used with intelligence and care.

TEREBINTHACEÆ.

Petals various in number. Ovarium single, or superior. Cells one to five or six. Fruit usually drupaceous. No albumen. Seed sometimes solitary, but various.

This family contains several sub-orders, and hence the diversity that prevails. Here are the *Anacardieæ*, which have an acrid and astringent juice. The varnish of Sylhet, and of Martaban, are obtained from species belonging to them. These varnishes are at first white, but afterwards become black, and are dangerous to some constitutions. Mastich is the produce of a species of the *Pistacia*. The fruit of some kinds, as the Mango, the Cashew-nut (fig. 28), and the Pistacia-nut (fig. 29), are eaten.

THE TOWER CLOCK OF THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE AT PARIS.

Clocks entirely constructed by the laws of mechanics only date from the tenth century.

It is true that several historians relate that the celebrated Haroon-el-Rasheed, caliph of the Abassides, once sent Charlemagne some very valuable presents, among which was an inlaid brass and bronze time-piece, on which a great many allegorical figures were moved by wheel-work; but then this machine, which was very wonderful for the times, was nothing else but a clepsydra, or water-clock, its motive power being formed by falling water, which was renewed, at least, once a day.

It is also related that about the middle of the ninth century, Pacifecus, Archbishop of Verona, made a magnificent time-piece, which marked, besides the hours, the day of the month, the days of the week, the rising and setting of the sun, the signs of the zodiac, &c. It is, however, very probable that this machine was moved like the one of the successor of the Prophet, by hydraulic force, thus being merely a clepsydra, and not a time-piece constructed by the laws of mechanics.

If we are to believe Haften, Moreri, Marlet, President Hénault, and *Les Annales Bénédictines*, Jerbert (Pope Sylvester II.) invented the first time-piece which went without the aid of water, by means of a compact mass of lead, brass, or iron, suspended by a cord to the first wheel of the works, and which, by communicating with a series of wheels working into each other, set the regulator, that is, the escapement, in motion.

In the eleventh century, no mechanism had, as yet, been invented to make time-pieces strike; it is, however, certain that the means by which to make them do so was known at the beginning of the twelfth century. The first mention made of clocks furnished with a striking-part is to be found in "Les Usages de l'ordre de Citeaux," in which book, compiled about 1120, the sacristan is enjoined so to regulate the clock that it may strike and wake him up before the matins. In another passage of the same book, the monks are ordered to continue reading until the clock strikes.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, clocks worthy of notice as monumental objects already existed in Germany, in Italy, and in many parts of France; but Paris, the capital of the kingdom, and where the fine arts, the sciences, and manufactures had made such progress, did not possess, in 1380, a single public clock. It is, however, right to mention, that a few sun-dials, rudely traced upon the walls, pointed out the hour to the passers-by; but then this could only be done when the sun was not hidden by atmospheric vapours. It is also true that hour-glasses and clepsydras of more or less costly manufacture were found in most houses; but these machines, which bore a strong resemblance to those used by the Romans in the time of Augustus, were incapable of measuring time with anything like precision. It is, in fact, very probable that when one of these machines marked twelve, another marked two o'clock, when it was really but ten in the morning.

In the fourteenth century, however, a few small clocks furnished with weights were seen in the mansions of the aristocracy; but they were nothing more than curiosities, for they did not mark the hour with any more precision than did the hour-glasses and clepsydras.

Charles the Fifth of France, who well deserved the appellation of the Wise, neglected nothing which might prove useful to the inhabitants of his good city of Paris, and he, therefore, bethought himself of having a clock constructed, and placed in the tower of his palace, so that the public might know the hour both day and night. But as there was no mechanician skilful enough in Paris to undertake such a work, the king sent to Germany for Henry de Wyck, a celebrated clock-maker, with whom he made an agreement for the construction and erection of the precious machine.

The German artist, say the Memoirs of the times, had apartments assigned him in the tower where the clock was to be placed, and he received six sous a day from the king for eight consecutive years—that being the time it took him to execute his work.

Jean Jounence, a celebrated bell-founder, received the order to cast the bell against which the hammer of the clock was to strike the hours; and the clock itself, which, two centuries later, gave the signal for the St. Bartholomew massacre, was carried to the upper part of the tower, and fixed there in the most satisfactory manner.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the wheel-work of the clocks of the fourteenth century was as complicated as the wheel-work of those of the latter part of the sixteenth century. Froissart, who was contemporary with Charles V., has left a very curious and very exact description of the clocks of his time, and, by the aid of this document, we shall now enter into a few details concerning the primitive construction of these machines.

The Amorous Clock is the title given by Froissart to his description, which is as follows:—

" Ou, vœil parler de l'etat de l'horloge
La premeraine roe (roue) qui y loge,
Celle est la mère et li commencemens
Qui fait mouvoir les autres mouvemens.
Le plonk (poids) trop bien à la beauté s'accorde.
Plaisance s'est moutrée par la corde,
Si proprement qu'on ne pourrait mieul y dire;
Car, tout ainsi que le contre-pois tire
La corde à lui et la corde tirée,
Quand la corde est bien à droit attirée,
Retire à lui et le fait émouvoir.

* * * * * * *

Après, affiert à parler dou dyal (mouvement diurne),
Et ce dyal est la roe journal,
Qui en surg jour naturel seulement,
Se moet (ment) et fait mi tour précisément.
En ce dyal, dont grans est li mérites,
Sont les heures XXIIII d'écrites.
C'est le derrain (dernier) mouvement qui ordonne
La sonnerie, ainsi que elle sonne;
On faut savoir comment elle se fait,
Par deux roes ceste oeuvre se parfait.
Si porte o li (avec elle) ceste premeraire roe,
Ung contre-pois par quoi e se roe (elle se ment),
Et qui le fait le mouvoir, selong m'entente,
Lorsque levée est à point la destente,
Et la seconde est la roe chantore (roue de la sonneril)."

"But the clock's structure I soon will reveal:
The chief thing within is the principal wheel;
This is the spring and the mother of all,
And moveth the others, both large ones and small.
The weight with the nature of beauty agrees,
And pleasure's the cord which holds beauty with ease.
For what I assert I have full and just cause,
For in the same way that the well-balanced weight
Draws down the cord, as soon as 'tis drawn,
The first weight, again through the smooth even groove,
Once more pulls the cord back and makes the clock move.

* * * * * * *

At present, 'tis fitting I mention the face,
Which marks, without failing, old Father Time's trace.
The hands that go round in a certain fixed way,
Revolve only once in the space of a day;
And on this same face, which is worthy indeed,
The hours XXIIII you may easily read.
The last movement doth all the striking direct,
And makes the clock strike to a minute correct;
But if the whole process perchance you should ask,
I answer two wheels do effect the same task.
Within the first wheel does contain, you must learn,
A balance which causes it always to turn;
When raised fully up, then the hammer rebounds,
And straightway the second wheel loudly resounds."

In the above lines, Froissart describes the principal functions of the balance and the watchwheel. He says that clock-makers ought to raise the weights up often—that is, to wind up the clock.

It is evident from the description of the learned historian that the clocks of his time were composed of two sets of wheel-work very simply constructed. The first set, which moved the hands, only comprised three wheels; one to which the weights were suspended, one which communicated with the hour hands, and the ratchet wheel, whose teeth kept up the oscillatory motion of the balance.

The second set belonged to the striking part, the first wheel of which had a weight and fly suspended to it, and acted on a pinion fixed in the centre of another wheel, which drew the flier, that regulated the whole wheel-work of the striking part, along with it in its rotatory movement. The pins that served to lift the hammer, which was employed to strike the hour on the bell, were placed at the extremity of the diameter of the first wheel, and perpendicularly to its plane.

We have entered into these details, because we know that several learned men, and various clock-makers of all countries, have been mistaken in the descriptions they have given of clocks of the fourteenth century. And, to mention that of the Palais de Justice only, we may remark that it has been the subject of a somewhat grave error, committed by a man whose name is an authority in the scientific world. We mean the celebrated Julien le Roi.

This skilful artist saw the clock at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and supposing that it was still in its primitive state, he described it as he then saw it, and accompanied his description with explanatory figures. This description, however, is that of a clock of the seventeenth century, and not of the one which was constructed by the clock-maker of Charles V.

When Julien le Bel inspected the clock, three centuries had passed by since it had been first placed in the tower of the Palais de Justice; and he did not consider that, in the course of so long a time, it had been repaired, modified, enlarged, and improved, some ten or twenty times perhaps. Neither did he perceive, on examining this correctly-made piece of mechanism, that it could not be the production of an artist of the middle ages, when clock-making was still in its infancy, when no tools fitted to make the teeth of the wheels and pinions had been invented, and when the artist, after many an effort, only just succeeded in making the rickety works, which then composed a clock, turn gratingly upon their pivots.

Besides, the clock which he describes was not furnished with either weight or fly, of which one *ascends while the other descends*; it was wound up with a key like a modern clock. The dial-plate, too, was divided into twelve hours instead of twenty-four; while the striking part, the detent, the make of the wheels and pinions, the flier, and the parts that guided the hands, were all different in the clock described by Julien le Bel to what they were in the one made by Henry de Wyck. The balance is the only thing mentioned by him which was really contained in the latter machine; and this will be easily understood when it is remembered that the pendulum was only applied to clocks towards the middle of the reign of Louis XIV., and that all clock-makers did not immediately adopt this new kind of regulator, in spite of its incontestable superiority.

It is, therefore, evident that Julien le Roi was not acquainted with the construction of the first clocks, these machines being made, as can be proved on the best of authorities, in the manner described by the author of the "Amorous Clock."

We have but a few words to say with respect to the successive improvements made in the dial-plate of Henry de Wyck's clock. The most important ones took place under Charles IX. and Henri III. Charles IX. encircled it with frescoes and ornaments of the best possible taste. Germain Pilou executed two burnt clay figures, one of which represented Force leaning with one hand on a bundle of fasces, and holding in the other the tables of the law, while the other figure represented Justice, holding a balance in her left, and a sword in her right hand. The first figure was placed on the left, and the second on the right side of the clock.

Henri III. still further increased the splendour of these decorations, and Germain Pilou, who directed the works, finished them in 1585. The following is the description given of them by the historian Rabel:—

"Towards the end of the month of November, of the year 1585, the works of the dial-plate of the palace clock were finished. This clock, with its ornaments, is considered the handsomest throughout France. The director of the works was Germain Pilou, a master statuary, and one of the first in his art. He has executed such beautiful things in our city of Paris, and in other places in France, that his name will be for ever remembered.

"In the first place, there is, at the top of the dial-plate, the figure of a dove, intended to represent the Holy Ghost; beneath this, there is a crown of laurels, with two other crowns placed over the escutcheons of France and Poland; the whole of which is enriched with a collar of the order of the Holy Ghost, created and instituted by the present King Henri; while below is written:—

QUI DEDIT ANTE DUAS, TRIPLICEN DABIT ILLE CORONAM.

He who has already given two crowns will give a triple crown.

"On one side of the dial-plate, Piety is represented holding an open book, on which is written:

SACRA DEI CELEBRARE PIUS
REGALE TIME JUS.

O pious observer of divine law,
Respect royal right.

"And on the other is Justice holding a balance, (the figures are called by Corroget, *Force and Justice*). Underneath the dial-plate is written:

MACHINA QUÆ BIS SEX TAM JUXTA DEVIDIT HORAS,
JUSTITIAM SERVARE MONET, LEGESQUE TUERI.

"These inscriptions were written by Jean Passerat, Royal Professor of Eloquence."

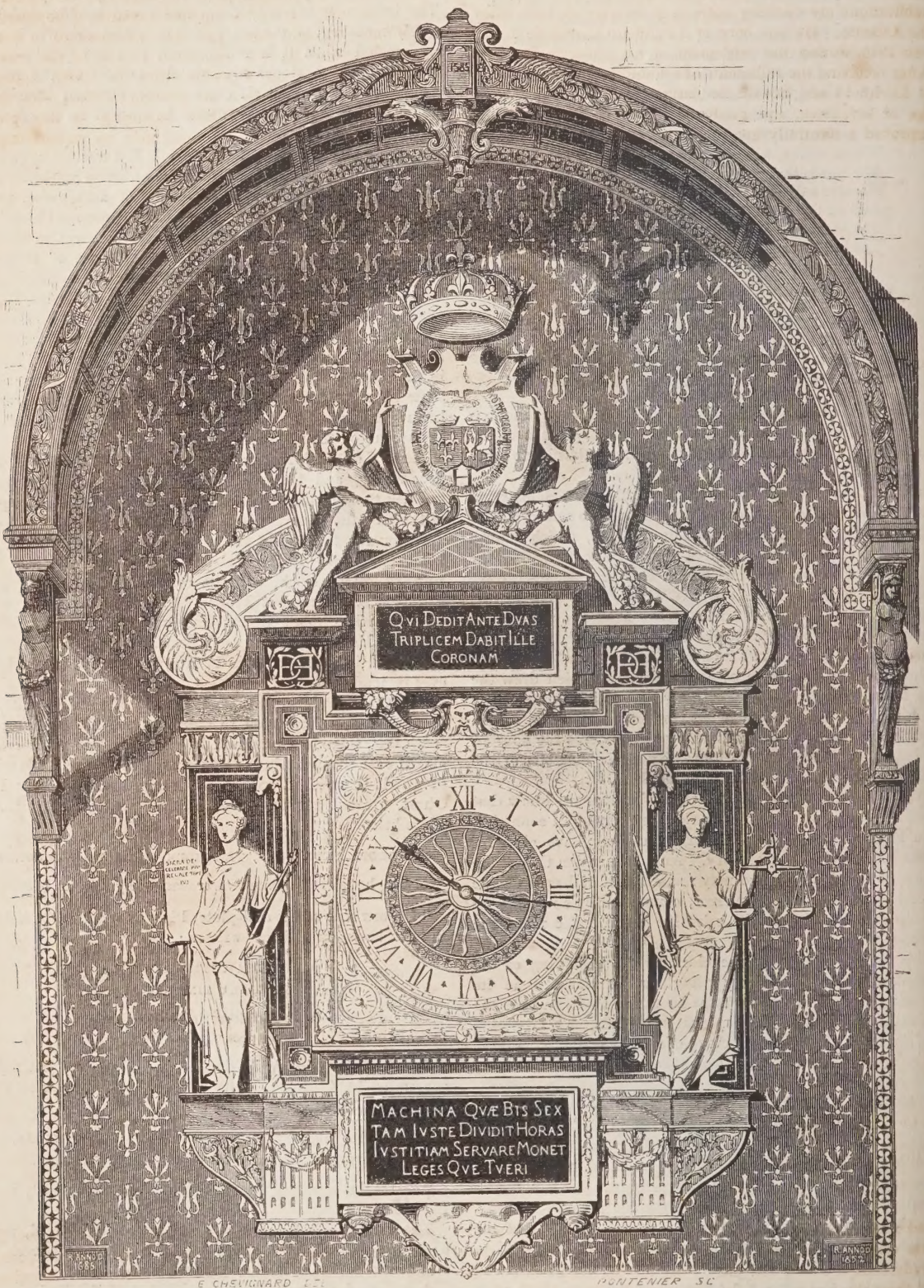
The last inscription is not quite complete. Rabel, moreover, does not tell us that the ground of the frame-work was studded with golden bees and fleurs-de-lis.

A hundred years later, Louis XIV. had the dial-plate of the clock again altered: but neither this prince nor his predecessors thought it necessary to mention, by an initial or inscription, that Charles V. had been the projector, and Henry de Wyck the constructor, of this monumental machine. Though the sovereigns who restore old monuments worthy of

being preserved merit our gratitude, yet those who have executed them merit it still more.

The clock which at present replaces that of Henry de Wyck was made by Monsieur Henri Leparete, and, judging from this gentleman's reputation, it is no doubt well constructed, and will not fail to keep good time.

The dial-plate is placed about twenty-three feet from the ground; and the diameter of the horary circle is four feet ten inches and a half. The bas-relief figures, which are placed on each side of the clock, are somewhat more than six feet high while the general decorations occupy a space above twenty-four feet high, and above eighteen wide.



CLOCK ON THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, PARIS.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, OF NEW YORK.

HENRY WARD BEECHER is a son of the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, and a brother of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose publications are exciting such deep interest on both sides of the Atlantic. He was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in the year 1813, during the settlement of his father in that place. After receiving the rudiments of a sound and liberal education at Litchfield and Boston, he entered Amherst College at the age of seventeen, and graduated there in 1834. Here he improved a naturally good constitution by strict temperance and numerous athletic exercises; while at the same time he was careful to improve his intellectual powers by the close study both of books and men. On leaving Amherst College, he spent three years at Lane Seminary, in Connecticut, where to his knowledge of mental philosophy he added a large and comprehensive knowledge of Christian theology. Having devoted himself to the Christian ministry, he was settled as pastor of an Independent Presbyterian Church in Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, in June, 1837; and after labouring in that place for rather more than two years, he undertook the pastorate of a congregation in Indianapolis, the capital of the State, in 1839. Here he pursued a course of popularity and usefulness for eight years, and was instrumental in forming a large church. He was appointed as one of the trustees of Wabash College, at Crawfordville; to which college his present people subscribed ten thousand dollars, soon after his removal to the east. While labouring in this place he delivered his "Lectures to young men on various important subjects," which he afterwards published. The novel, lively, graphic, and pungent style of these lectures secured for them a sale extending to nearly eighteen thousand in America, and they have recently been reprinted and extensively circulated in England. The importance of the subjects, and the mode in which they are treated, is likely to secure for them an increasing popularity; while they will remain as a monument of his Christian earnestness, and eminent talents and acquirements, to the latest generation.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The failing health of Mr. Beecher's wife rendered it desirable that he should remove her to the east. This was no sooner known than the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn sought his services; he accepted the invitation, and was settled over that church in the latter part of the year 1847. On his taking charge of this congregation he made a bold and explicit avowal of his sentiments, both as to religion and as to various popular movements and questions of the day, declaring his full determination to adhere to those sentiments, and to propagate them publicly, whatever might be the result. He soon succeeded to secure one of the largest congregations of any preacher in the United States. His congregation is composed mainly of those in early and middle age, who have been collected and trained by his labours, and who are distinguished by their liberality, their benevolence, and their zealous exertions to promote the well-being of all the region round about them.

Mr. Beecher's mode of preparation for his pulpit labours differs very materially from that of the majority of preachers. We have already stated, that when at college he studied *both books and men;* in his preparations for the pulpit he seems to study *men* rather than books. During the week he visits among all classes of persons, noticing their peculiarities of character, and ascertaining their mental and moral condition and necessities. On Sunday morning—so it is said—he draws out upon paper the outline of his sermon, and goes from his study to the pulpit, before the ink is scarcely dry upon his paper, and while his thoughts are fresh in his mind. An hour's nap and a slight repast in the afternoon being taken, he prepares in like manner for his evening sermon, and goes again before a congregation of upwards of 2,000 persons, the majority of whom lean forward in breathless silence to delineations of character, pathetic appeals, and exposures of popular evils, such as few besides himself can give.

Mr. Beecher paid a very short visit to the metropolis of England in 1852, and spent a few days also in Paris. During his stay in London, he won "golden opinions" from the few with whom he had intercourse. One of these few, an admirable judge of men and of preaching, says of him:—"Mr. H. Ward Beecher is by far the most amusing and fascinating American it has ever been our lot to meet. He is a mass of flaming fire—restless, fearless, brilliant—a mixture of the poet, the orator, and the philosopher, such as we have seldom, if ever, found in any other man to the same extent. He is vivacious beyond even the temperature of Paris, and mirthful even to wildness, seeming not to know that there is such a thing as care or sorrow in the world."

We rejoice to be able to present our readers with a good portrait of this interesting branch of a most interesting family, from a daguerreotype, taken expressly for this work, by Mr. M. B. Brady, of New York.

PHYSIOLOGICAL RULES.

It is as essential to health as to success in any lawful pursuit, that we should be governed by a principle of regularity and order. Besides the grounds of this rule, which are obvious to all, arising from the impossibility, without order carefully observed, of pursuing any system of dietetics and regimen, it will be evident that irregularity in the discharge of one duty or pursuit, must lead to the disturbance or total omission of all the other prescribed duties.

Secondly, when there is occasion (and when is there not?) for any mental application, it will be found that the mind is in fullest vigour for a few hours after breakfast. In fact, it is well known to all engaged in literary labour, that the period immediately succeeding this repast is what is called "the cream of the day." The reason is pretty obvious; all the wants of the system are by that time either sympathetically or actually supplied; and as the body may be compared to an instrument upon which the mind, as it were, plays, we should naturally look for the happiest efforts when the instrument is in full tone. Breakfast generally consists much more of fluid than of solid material. Beaumont has shown that most fluids are not affected by the gastic juice, but pass off from the stomach soon after they have been received. This accounts for why we are equal to either corporeal or mental labour so soon after breakfast; while owing to the more solid and heavy nature of the supply at dinner, we are naturally averse to any exertion either of mind or body for some time after this meal. It is well known that liquids recruit the strength, when received by the stomach, more quickly than if solids be taken under similar circumstances. It is obvious that the first effect produced by the ingestion of food is upon the nervous system, for the feeling of languor and weakness is removed long before either liquid or solid food could be absorbed. The stomach appears to exercise a discriminating power in such instances. It should also be recollected that the wants of the system in infancy are supplied at first by liquid nourishment.

Thirdly, avoid, if possible, prolonging your ordinary occupation beyond the moment at which you feel your attention flags; but you must not confound this feeling with indolence or an indisposition to exert that control and discipline of the mind which is so truly characteristic of the man of business, and without which you are the slave of each passing contingency. But there are occasions when an individual of the most industrious habits feels he is unequal to further energetic effort—when his attention can no longer be kept fixed, and his memory fails to be as faithful as usual; recollect the rule of *non quantum sed quam bene;* nor don't spur, when jaded the willing horse.

Fourthly, if your occupation should be of a sedentary nature, tax your ingenuity to find, if possible, without any material interference with your duties, a means of change, occasionally of your body, more especially of your lower limbs. The late Commissioner Parsons, when very much employed with chamber practice as a barrister, mentioned an ingenious mode of effecticting this object, which he had adopted. It was by placing the inkstand at one extremity of the study, and his books and briefs at the opposite side. This arrangement of course compelled him, of necessity, to walk to and fro when he required ink. A change of pursuit or study is often found to produce some of the relief obtained by absolute rest; which, if we recollect aright, was the only kind of relaxation Lord Brougham had permitted himself to enjoy before he attained the eminence his ambition had aimed at. Recollect we do not recommend this plan but as a substitute when there's no choice; nor do we think any individual should put himself into such a position as to render relaxation and out-of-door exercise during some portion of the day unattainable. We think that the end does not always justify the means, more especially when the latter leads inevitably to habits which undermine the health both of body and of mind.—*Hayden's Physiology.*

VOICE OF THE HUMBLE.

Though lowly my cottage, and frugal its fare,
Affection, and truth, and devotion are there;
And when evening arrives, and the day's toil is o'er,
My husband comes home, and I bar up the door.

He goes to the crib where his little ones lie,
And I know the sweet light that there beams in his eye;
Then he turns to his supper, though humble it be,
With a kindness of heart that is heaven to me!

I love him too well to repine at my fate—
Frugality still keeps the dun from our gate;
And I hope that his children may rise to repay
The toils and the sorrows that wear him away.

Oh, innocent, upright, and pure be their youth!
May they hear from my lips only kindness and truth!
And when Mercy's mild messenger bears me from life,
Leave my memory dear as a mother and wife.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER V.

"I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!"—*Shelley.*

We think it may be safely laid down as a sure evidence that civilisation is advancing in any age of the world, in which we see that microcosm, the domestic mansion, like the great world which it mimics, reduced from a state of chaotic communism, and divided into separate and independent kingdoms. It is a good symptom when the man of art first thinks of separating for himself an apartment where he can establish his workshop, the man of science his laboratory, the man of letters his studio; wherein each may fence himself in securely, and ply his craft or his brains without the risk of interruption or intrusion from those around him. Aye, it is even a great thing in its way, when the buttery and the cellar arise and are erected into acknowledged domains, with their own special rights and privileges attached to them; when the cook hath his kitchen wherein he may unmolestedly exercise his culinary alchemy, watching the moment of projection, delighting himself with his roast and his boiled, his fat things of the earth, and his cunning combinations of comestibles, and ruling imperiously over scullions; when the butler can tap his butt of wine in peace, smelling its odour and tasting its flavour, and there be none to see how he flirts with the flask, or what "love passages" may take place between him and the pottle-pot.

But we hold it that the highest point of economical polity (a science which we would have you to remember is totally diverse from that hallucination called political economy) is never attained until the rights of the gynœceum are conceded, and the lady's boudoir is an acknowledged empire amongst the domestic dynasties. When once the ruder inmates of the common dwelling begin to feel the sanctity that belongs to the fairer sex, and by common consent yield to them a portion of territory which they may hold as their own against all males—then, indeed, civilisation has reached the summit of its elevation. For ourselves, we confess that there is no portion of the human dwelling which we hold in higher estimation or love more to penetrate than the boudoir of the lady, especially if it be the bower of the intellectual and the beautiful. We love an excursion of the sort with all our hearts—whether it be in visiting the castle or the palace of the days gone by, where we still see, as it were, the traces of the footprints and smell the odour of the flowers that still floats and lingers in the atmosphere which the young and the fair once hallowed—or, furnished with the talismanic passport that admits us into the interior of the modern mansion, we find the monarch in her realms, the divinity in her shrine.

And in good truth, if man would really wish to know woman—and what man is there that would not aspire to that knowledge, difficult though it be?—we counsel him by all means to make acquaintance with her in her boudoir. There every thing is cognate and congenial to her mind, speaks her prevailing tastes, testifies to her nature and disposition. Talk to her if you will, and as you may, when in the ball-room, or in the park—yet, while you listen to her words or mark her looks, trust them not implicitly; remember that they may be in part the echo of fashion or the result of art. But when you enter her boudoir, her own private and congenial retreat, address yourself less to her than to the insentient things around you. See what they are that minister to her delights, or form, as it were, her necessities. Mark the book that she has last been reading—the song that she has last been singing—find what scenes her fingers love to sketch—whether she makes to herself friends of sweet-voiced birds, and bright-eyed flowers—scrutinise narrowly all around her, and discover if she loves the beautiful, the orderly, the pure; or if her heart be caught by the gaudy, the brilliant, the sensuous;—do all this, and trust us, you will know more of the fair mistress in her boudoir in one hour, than you would be able to find out in a year's superficial association when she is fenced around and disguised by the conventionalities and the formalities of life.

Well, now that we have given you our thoughts upon a lady's boudoir, step in with us after old Giudetta, out of the twilight air; for you remember that she and her young mistress, Bianca Morosini, have just left the balcony and passed into the chamber within,—pass in, we pray you, and you shall survey the boudoir of a Venetian lady of the fourteenth century.

The shadows of the evening were beginning to steal through the apartment as they entered; the young girl stept up to a table which stood in the centre of the floor, and taking up a small silver hand-bell, she rang it twice. After a moment's interval, a little Moorish boy, dressed in a long white tunic, trimmed with gold, and gathered in with a belt round the waist, entered from the farther end of the room, bearing in his hand a small lamp, and, at a sign from his mistress, he lighted a large massive chandelier that hung from the centre of the ceiling. As the illumination increased, one might observe the apartment, not indeed as accurately as in the daylight, yet, perhaps, to more advantage in some respects, for the rays from the chandelier threw out a soft light that fell upon the deep cornices, and projected long shadows of the columns and carving upon the wall and the floor. Let us, then, with such light as we now have, describe the chamber even as it existed at that period, and, for aught we know, may still exist—for he who visits the city of Venice, will see even yet in many of her palaces, now hired out to wealthy foreigners or converted into public hotels, much of the ancient splendour of their once princely possessors, intact or but little changed. A saddening sight, and fraught with that sort of painful interest with which one contemplates the form of some beautiful dead, arrayed in the ornaments of earthly grandeur, while the glory of life is departed from it for ever! In shape, the room was nearly square, measuring about three and twenty English feet in each direction—dimensions which showed it was not to be classed amongst the principal apartments of the palazzo, but was one of those delightful retreats, the position of which Italian architects so well understood in the arrangements of their domestic buildings.

We have already noticed, that from the centre of the ceiling a large chandelier depended. It was of massive bronze work, consisting of six pannelled facets, from which projected three tiers of arms branching out into numerous candelabra: in each of these last was a large waxen candle, a luxury with which the Venetians were at that time familiar. The lamp itself was suspended by a thick rope of crimson silk, and to the foliated boss in which it terminated was attached a shorter rope of the same colour and material, finished with a rich gland and tassel.

Nothing could be more tasteful than the window through which Bianca had just entered from the balcony. It stood in a recess in the southern extremity of the room, which one entered from the latter by an ascent of three easy, marble steps. The casement was divided into two valves separated

by a Corinthian column of red marble forming the style, at the foot of which reposed a water-god holding a shell, while at each side pilasters of the same material and order supported the semicircular arch which formed the top of the window. At the opposite extremity of the room the eye discovered an alcove, the front of which was richly wrought in arabesque. In this stood a sleeping-couch: the silken curtains were held up at each side by Cupids, and at the angles were plumes of ostrich feathers.

The furniture of the room was in keeping with its architecture. Beneath the lamp was a table covered with a cloth of crimson velvet, stiff with richly-wrought flowers, its fringed edges reaching to the ground. An ivory crucifix stood upon the table, and near it lay an open book of devotion, beyond which was a little casket of dark wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A large sofa or settee, with high back and sides stuffed, and upholstered in flowered silk, stood at some distance; while a few low-seated chairs with long, high backs of similar fashion were placed throughout the apartment. Upon one of the walls was affixed an octangular mirror; at either side hung three-quarter-length portraits, the one of a doge in his ducal mantle and horned bonnet, the other of a cavalier in full armour. A portrait of a woman, apparently a young and beautiful matron, surmounted the glass.

The floor was tesselated with small squares of white marble, at the intersections of which were inserted little corner-pieces of black stone, the entire being highly polished. The ceiling was elaborately beautiful. It was divided by a great number of transverse beams, whose gilded edges upon their white ground caught the rays of light, while the deep coffers or panels thus formed contained each a florid centre-piece of stucco-work, representing bunches of grapes, intertwined with the tendrils and leaves of the vine, that hung down almost to the level of the ribs of the coffers. Round the room ran a rich deep cornice, beneath which was an entablature, having antique bas-reliefs along it, and under this was a line of leaf-work that separated the whole from the walls. These last were painted of a delicate pale green colour.

We hope that our readers can now form a tolerably accurate notion of the boudoir of Bianca Morosini—an apartment where she spent much of her time, and one that was all the dearer to her that it had been also the favourite chamber of her mother, and one of the few memorials still left of the wealth and greatness of a family now somewhat reduced in circumstances.

The young lady sat down on one of the low chairs near the table, and opposite to the mirror, and after a little time proceeded to make preparation for what has been in all ages and climes a very solemn and important act with ladies—namely, her evening toilet. First, she removed the velvet band from her brows, and suffered the long masses of her brown hair to fall down her neck and backward over her shoulders; whereupon good old Giudetta took her place behind the chair of her mistress, and began to busy herself in arranging the tresses for the night, while the little page stood in readiness to supply from time to time such appliances as the fashion of the times rendered indispensible for the purpose of dressing the hair. We must, however, confess that we approach this interesting subject with much diffidence, seeing that, with the honourable exception of perruquiers, men are but little skilled in the details of the coiffure. Let it suffice, then, to say, that after a due application of perfumes and unguents, and when the brush had done its duty, the tresses were woven skilfully into large braids, and once more confined not ungracefully within the fillet. Other operations in the arrangement of the person, which we shall not attempt to describe, succeeded, and Bianca's evening toilette was completed. The old woman, in the meantime, renewed her gossip, and sought to amuse her young mistress with that description of familiar conversation, which it has immemorially been at once the province and the privilege of a favoured attendant to administer. Then came the evening meal, a solitary one, for Bianca was now living in almost conventual seclusion since the departure of her guardian, the Count Polani, from Venice. When the supper was concluded, the little page, at the bidding of his mistress, took up a lute, and played, not without a certain amount of skill and taste, some of the barcaroles which at that period formed the favourite subjects of song for the gondoliers upon the canals and lagunes, for the day had not yet come when the verses of Tasso were to be as household words with every singer. The boy continued to sing for a considerable time, but the lady appeared to give but little attention to him. In truth, her thoughts were not with the songs, nor the subjects of them, but had wandered away back to the happy days when she and Giulio sat, and sang, and played together beneath the summer skies. Giudetta at length perceived that her mistress took but little note of the minstrel's efforts, though, indeed, the boy did his best to win a smile of approval or a kind word from the young lady. Seeing this, the old woman, who, to say the truth, was no great judge of melody, set the matter down to the fault of the performer, and not to that of his fair auditress—a very natural and commendable conclusion in a loving old nurse. So, without more ado, she fell to rating the youth soundly.

"Beshrew thee, Hamet! I know not what has come over thee to-night! Why, boy, thy fingers fall as heavily upon the strings, as if thou hadst lead upon the tips of them. And thy voice; by my troth, 'tis as husky as old Lazaro's, the aquaiolo, that sells the iced water in the Giardini publici!"

The boy looked up with an angry flash of his dark eye, but ere he could speak, Giudetta continued:

"Che diavolo vuoli? What the devil dost thou mean, child, by thrumming all those old ditties that I remember since I was a little girl?"

"Nay, Giudetta, thou art over-hard on Hamet," said Bianca. "In good sooth, I do not think he sings amiss to night, though it may be that I am not of the mind to do him full justice. But tell me, Hamet, hast thou learned no new song of late? If thou hast, let me hear it; thou wilt do me a pleasure and Giudetta too, as she loves not old songs, it would seem."

"Giudetta loves nothing old, signora," said the boy—and then added, in a malicious undertone, just loud enough to be heard by her for whom it was intended—"Save herself."

"Ah, Birbone!" retorted the nurse in the same tone "marry but I shall mend thy manners for thee when next I meet thee in the *tinello*, I promise thee."

"So please you, signora," proceeded Hamet, "I learned this very day a new barcarola. I heard a Zingaro singing it to a vielle up the Riva dei Schiavoni, and I loitered after him till I got it off by heart. Is it your pleasure to hear it?"

"Yes, indeed, Hamet. Thou shalt sing it for me; and if thou art perfect in thy measure, I promise that Guidetta herself shall praise thee."

"Oh surely, surely, my dear child," replied the nurse, "he shall have his deserts from me; but if I catch him at a false note, why—"

The youth resumed his lute, and preluded the notes of a simple but pleasing melody, just then introduced into Venice, but which afterwards became very popular; indeed we have ourselves listened often to it on a fine autumn evening upon the Giudecca, and we doubt not that he who visits to-day the Sea-Queen, may find that the strain is still in fashion. The words are in the dialect of Venice; we shall essay to render the sense at least into our own language:

UNA BARCAROLA VENEZIANA.

"A black-ey'd maiden holds me
In Cupid's toils a prey,
Th' assassin's wile enfolds me,
And steals my heart away.
Alas! alas! I languish,
I die of love's soft anguish—
Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O.

All fair have bosoms chilling
To passion's kindling beam,
Their fickle hearts ne'er feeling
Love's faithful, steady flame.
Alas! alas! I languish,
I die of love's soft anguish,
Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O."

"What means, I pray, the spell
The spell thou chant'st to me?"
"It means—I dare not tell—
It means—that I love thee!
I love thee, dearest, ever,
I'll cease to love, oh never—
Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O."

"In faith thou hast sung bravely, Hamet," said Giudetta, when the song was concluded. "'Tis a rare pretty barcarola, and hath a very pleasant burden, 'Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O.' Per Bacco, the lover took an artful way to make the black-eyed beauty learn what he meant; but I think she was over slow at reading the riddle."

"Truly, yes, dear nurse," said Bianca. "It seems to me that she who had learned her hornbook could put the letters together and find that the youth sang to her 'Ti'amo.'"

"Ah! well-a-day! well-a-day!" said old Giudetta with a gentle sigh; "it brings back to my mind the days when I was a little girl—and the young men used to say to me, just as the youth did in the song, that I was cruel and faithless, and—"

"Nay, but Giudetta," asked the girl, smiling, "thou surely wert not all that?"

"Was I not! was I not, indeed! Ay, by my faith, but I was though, as well as the best donzella in the city, I can tell thee, my child—that is, I don't mean to say that I was so *very* cruel; but I was fickle and hoity-toity and hard to be pleased, as well as my betters, I promise you. Why, look you, my dear child, I remember it as if it were but yesterday; there was Giambattista Zucharello, the confectioner, in the Terra Nuova; well, when first he saw me at mass one Sunday at the Chiesa di San Nicolo, why, what do you think, but—"

At this moment the sound of the bell of the great clock of St. Mark's came borne from the city, striking the hour. The very first stroke had the double effect of interrupting an incipient yawn which was just beginning to distend the pretty mouth of the young lady, and of cutting short the narrative of the old woman, by causing her wrinkled mouth to open to the full width for the purpose of emitting an ejaculation of astonishment. Were it not for these two results of the iron tongue of old Time, it is hard to say what might have happened to either of those personages. The former might possibly have passed from the oscitant to the comatose state; and the latter, in all probability, would have lost herself in the labyrinth of her ancient memories, and gone wandering up and down through a long life of those little love-adventures which the ladies'-maids at Venice, unless they be sadly belied by all historians, ancient and modern, indulged themselves very freely in, even while they were faithfully attached to their mistresses.

"Santissima Virgine!" cried Giudetta, "why, I declare 'tis three hours since the Ave Maria. Bless me, who would have believed it? And here am I, talking away, just as if I had nothing in the world to think of or to look to. Well, well, I must hurry to the cucino, for I promised old Eufemia Zoppo to give her some of my famous unguent for her lameness, and her little daughter, Doris, will be waiting for it. Should you want me again, signora, you will ring and I shall attend you."

Giudetta, thus speaking, hurried out of the room, upon what further cares intent we take not upon us to investigate. Bianca smiled as she watched the bustling movements of her good old nurse, and after a few minutes she turned to the page, and said,

"And now, Hamet, thou too mayst leave me. I shall not need thy voice or lute again to-night, as I would read somewhat before retiring to rest."

So saying, she waved her hand kindly to the boy, and the next moment she was alone in her boudoir.

The young girl took up the illuminated missal from the stand upon which it was placed, and turned over the leaves to a page that was marked with a cord of blue and silver twist; then she crossed herself, and commenced to read, occupying herself for a time intently and devoutly with the evening service of the church.

It was a spectacle highly picturesque, and not without a solemn interest, to see that fair young girl, sitting alone in the still night, and in the midst of this rich apartment, withdrawing herself for a season from all worldly thoughts, and lifting up her meek, pure, simple heart to heaven. The soft light from the lamp fell down upon the masses of her thick, rich hair, and touched it as with streaks of gold, till she looked like a Magdalene, with all of her love and nothing of her sin,—while statue, and column, and pilaster, and all the rich carvings and antique furniture, flung strange, grotesque shadows over the walls and along the floor, stretching onward till they met, and chequered without mingling with the faint white starlight that flowed in through the still open window.

And thus Bianca read and prayed, but after awhile her thoughts apparently wandered from the contemplation of the mysteries of the divine nature to those scarce less engrossing mysteries of our own; for now indeed her heart turned to earthly things, while her eyes still rested upon the things that belonged to heaven. At length she suffered the volume to fall upon her knees, and she surrendered herself entirely to a reverie, half sad, half pleasing. The intelligence which Giudetta had brought from Venice of the return of Giulio Polani from his travels had awakened in her mind, in all their freshness, a thousand fond memories which time and absence had subdued; and she wondered at the fidelity with which the scenes of her life, from childhood to the hour when she and her brother-friend had parted, seemed to have been treasured up in her heart, and now re-appeared at the summons of *his* name, who in each and all of them bore a prominent part. But now for the first time there mingled with these thoughts a feeling of positive pain, though the contemplation of them often before brought a not unpleasing sadness. Despite of the estimate of the gossip of her nurse, and the silly boasting of Tommaso, she could not help experiencing a sensation of uneasiness, not so much at the thought that Giulio was courted by others, for, in truth, it appeared only natural to her that all should admire him; but the possibility that he might return the love of some of those fair admirers of whom she heard, or that, at all events, their charms might have weakened in his heart the love which she would have him feel for herself—was inexpressibly distressing to her. As long as she had been accustomed to think of him as one who had no regard for any other woman—whatever might be his feelings towards herself—she knew not the force or depth of her own passion. But now that the touchstone was applied, the throb of her heart told her how strong and how engrossing was her love. In vain she took herself to task upon a subject on which the human heart will not be schooled. In vain she said to herself again and again, "Why should I be jealous of a love which I know not that I ever possessed? Should I not be contented with the love that a brother gives to a sister? And have I not had that always, and shall I not have it still? What right have I to look for more? He can break no faith to me who has plighted none. Let me take heed that he shall not discover the weakness of my heart, lest he despise a love which was bestowed before it was sought." Idle casuistry! Who has ever found it availing? The springs of the heart will not thus be dried up nor its current arrested. Pride or vanity, a stern sense of duty, or the chilling breath of worldliness, or the voice of calculating prudence, may, and often does, enable us to hide the feelings we cannot destroy, as the ice clothes with a hard, and smooth, and even a bright surface the face of the rippling stream; but beneath it still the wave heaves, and flows, and runs on silently, unseen, unchangingly along its predestined course and in its accustomed channel. Trust not its cold and sluggish repose. The first beam of sunshine, the first rush of stormy rain, will break the hard crust in pieces, and give the living waters again to life and light!

In pensive musings such as we have attempted to describe the hours wore on with Bianca Morosini, till night was already somewhat advanced. Within doors all was silent. Without, the sounds of life came rarer and more rare on the ear, the plash of some fisherman's oar as he returned late from his evening's toil to haul up his boat upon the sand, or the wild sad cry of the lonely sea-bird, which the refreshing air of the night rustled through the awning of the veranda, and strayed

into the chamber through the open casement. Suddenly the sound of music rose upon the breeze—the sound of guitar-strings swept by no unpractised hand. Bianca listened with surprise; such sounds at such a time and place were by no means usual; the gallants of Venice rarely wandered so far from the lagunes, and Hamet, surely, was not up and about at such an hour as this. Her doubts on this head were speedily removed, for a voice now gave meaning to the music, and that voice was not Hamet's; it was fuller and deeper than the boy's, and breathed more tenderness and passion than he had yet learned to express. Bianca listened breathlessly, and with a feeling of timidity, that, notwithstanding, had a tinge of pleasurable curiosity mingled with it. The melody was one which she had herself sung a thousand times—the words were new to her, but each of them fell distinctly on her ear: one might render them somewhat after this manner in our own tongue:—

"ZITTI, ZITELLA, ZITTI."

"Deeply o'er Adrian's waters
The pale stars are spreading their light;
Brightest of Adrian's daughters
Look on the beautiful night.
The mariner home wending slowly,
Still blesses those lights in the skies—
I watch with a worship more holy
The stars of my love in thine eyes.
List, dearest, list to the measure
True love is breathing to thee,
Hush! while my heart tells its pleasure,
Zitti, Zitella, Zitti!

"See, o'er the still waters breaking,
The flushings of morning appear!
To thy lattice I look for the waking
Of a day-dawn more sunny and dear.
Night is all lustre and gladness,
If lit by thy presence it be;
While day seems but shadow and sadness
If thou art not looking on me.
List, dearest, list to the measure,
True love is breathing to thee!
Hush! while my heart tells its pleasure—
Zitti, Zitella, Zitti!"

The sound of the song ceased, and all was again still as before. Bianca knew not what to think of this strange minstrelsy. At length, after wearying herself with all sorts of conjectures, she concluded that some wandering musician, perhaps the one whom Hamet had heard in the morning, had found his way along the shore of the Adriatic, and, attracted by the light that streamed out of the open window upon the night, had made this essay of his "gay science" in the hope that his song might reach the ear of some yet-waking maiden. As she made up her mind to this solution, and was preparing to rise and make her arrangements for retiring to rest, a slight noise as of one in the balcony struck upon her ear. The sound alarmed her, yet she scarce knew why, for the thought of danger in such seclusion had never before occurred to her. She looked up, and perceived a figure muffled in a cloak standing between the window and the starlight. Starting from her seat in terror, she uttered a low scream, and was about to fly, when the figure sprang forward and caught her in his arms. The cloak is flung open, the mask cast aside, the guitar thrown on the table; and Bianca Morosini looks upon the smiling face and sparkling eyes of Giulio Polani.

It was some time before the young maiden recovered from the agitation, pleasureable though it was, which the unexpected appearance of Giulio caused her, for she fully believed he was at that moment at the further side of the lagunes beyond Venice. The first sentiment which her countenance expressed was, if we may be so imprudent as to make public a lady's emotions, that of delight. But then she speedily came to a due sense of propriety and prudery and so forth, which aided her marvellously in checking and concealing her natural feelings—a course which we think very commendable, and such as all discreet young ladies, especially in this our highly artificial state of society, should practise. So, herefore, after the cordial greeting and fond embrace—such as a brother and sister might share with propriety, though it was perhaps a little warmer and longer than those relatives always feel it necessary to indulge in—Bianca withdrew herself from the young man's arms, and assuming as composed a demeanour as she could, she again seated herself upon the chair. Giulio imitated her example, and sat down upon another, which he drew tolerably close to his sister.

"My dear Giulio," said the girl, after a pause sufficiently embarrassing, and assuming at the same time an air of maidenly severity,—"My dear Giulio, though I own I am very glad to see you come home again, yet indeed I am almost disposed to scold you for this very unexpected intrusion—and at such an hour too! You have really disturbed me very much."

The young man looked at her with an expression of mock penitence, beneath which she could perceive an air of easy gaiety that seemed to indicate that the young gentleman had an exceedingly good opinion of himself, and did not apprehend any serious results from the lady's displeasure.

The girl was piqued, and added with some spirit,—

"In truth, signore, the maidens of Venice have not yet learned the outlandish fashions of the dames of France and their courtiers, with whom I hear you have been consorting. We receive not gentlemen by night, save upon invitation, and that too in society. It is not considerate, nay, I will say, it is not kind of you to ——"

"Dear sister Bianca," said the youth, interrupting her with a tender seriousness, "if I have really offended or pained you, I entreat your pardon; for, believe me, your displeasure would be punishment enough for a greater fault even than that. But will you make no allowance for the eagerness of a brother's love? Could I be so near Venice, and yet wait throughout the long hours till day, when I might see you and speak to you by journeying a short space in the evening? You do not censure my affection, surely? You do not wish it to be less, Bianca?"

"No, indeed, brother," cried the young girl, a blush spreading over her pallid cheek. "Believe me, Giulio, I would not that time or distance or new friends should make you think less of the old ones."

"They have not, indeed they have not," said the young man, interrupting her.

"But then," continued Bianca with a pleased smile, "there was no need, you know, for coming to us in this masquerading fashion, and at such an hour, too. Why did you not come a few hours sooner, and knock at the front entrance beneath the portico, instead of stealing in through the window like a thief at midnight?"

"Why, in good faith, dear Bianca," replied Giulio, "as to coming earlier than I have come, that was impracticable, simply for want of time. When I sent Tommaso forward from Maestre yesterday, I had not intended to proceed further till morning myself, but the fellow had no sooner gone than I felt a home-longing come over my heart so strongly that I could not resist it. So I followed in a few hours after him, and reached Venice in the evening."

"Ah, Giudetta had left the Palazzo Polani before you reached it," interposed Bianca.

"She had indeed, and well freighted, I doubt not, with Tommaso's marvellous stories. Well, I found none but servants at the Palazzo, amongst whom my worthy valet had created quite a sensation, filling their heads with all sorts of traveller's tales about himself."

"And some about his master too, it would seem, Giulio."

"Oh, of course," replied Giulio, "a good servant, I warrant me, never loses an opportunity of magnifying his master. So while that gentleman was edifying the maidens and grooms in the *tinello*, I slipt quietly away, and stept into a gondola, with cloak, mask, and guitar, as you see, and found my way, quite naturally, hither and to your own balcony, dear Bianca; then I saw the light still burning, so I sang a song to find out if you were awake, and not receiving any response, which you must admit was rather unmannerly, why—I just stept in the shortest way (clambering up the carved work, as I used to do

when a boy) to receive your thanks for my minstrelsy—and not to get a scolding, unkind sister, Bianca."

"And, indeed, thou dost well merit a scolding, Giulio, though thou hast not got it. What would the matrons of Venice say, if they were to know that Bianca Morosini listened to serenaders near midnight, or if some prying eyes had seen you clambering into the balcony?"

"Why, they would give their eyes, dear Bianca, for such a story, and they would run about with it through all the palazzi of the city, hobbling along on their *chopines* at the risk of their necks—and then they would find out the next day that it was only Giulio Polani—your brother Giulio—that had come home and did what he was wont to do when a boy, and so they would be ready to drown themselves in the Giudecca for vexation and disappointment."

Bianca smiled at the lively sally of the young man, but a sigh soon chased away the smile, as she said,—

"Ah, dear Giulio, you know we are no longer children, and so we must not do a thousand things that we were used to do."

"And why not, pray, most prudish sister?"

"Because we of Venice, Giulio, are more discreet, or more prudish if you will have it, than the fair dames and demoiselles with whom I hear you have been spending your time so pleasantly."

"Ah, diavolo!" cried the young man, "that cursed 'Maso has been at his old tricks again, I perceive: the rascal's tongue is never easy except when 'tis wagging. Come now, sister, tell me what the fellow has been saying about me."

The girl blushed deeply, and said, in a tone of reserve,—

"I assure you, Giulio, I am not in the habit of suffering the idle gossip of menials to be repeated to me. If you have made your valet your confidant, your secrets, so far as I am concerned, are in perfectly safe keeping."

"But I have *not* made the rascal my confidant, Bianca, and I have no secrets—at least none that I would confide to him. No, no; my secrets have all been kept for thy ear, my sweet sister. And now, shall I tell you one of them?"

"Nay, Giulio," said the girl—and her heart fluttered as she spoke—"that must depend entirely upon yourself. I am not your confessor, as Father Chrysostom was."

"Ah, dear old Father Chrysostom! Well, as he is not at hand, I will even confide it to your own ear. Listen, then. I have now been travelling some years, wandering up and down the world, in strange scenes and strange company; seeing many fair faces, and making some true friends, I hope; yet have I never forgotten those fairer and dearer ones whom I left at home behind me; and now that I have come back and seen *one* of them again, that one seems to have grown in my heart during absence, as she has grown in form and loveliness."

The young man spoke in a tone of much tenderness, that appeared for a moment even agitated with emotion; yet there was something of gallantry about the speech itself, and the smile which accompanied it, that made it difficult to determine how much of what he said should be attributed to a love beyond that of a brotherly character—how much to the conventional courtesies of a travelled gentleman.

Poor Bianca! her heart trembled and throbbed at the ardour of language whose sincerity or real significance she feared to interpret as that heart would have wished. And so she answered vaguely but kindly, and said, how happy she was to find that Giulio's love for all his old friends had not given place to newer objects, and that travelling had not injured his heart, as she felt sure it had improved his mind.

And thus they continued to converse, renewing a thousand sweet memories—evoking from the past those spells which ever bind the heart in the strongest bondage—the recollections of early life, above all, of childhood, that most beautiful moral spring-tide of our existence, when the heart's virgin soil is still rich as the unbroken glebe, when the affections germinate quick and vigorous, and, with a true instinct that no worldliness has as yet misdirected, strike their roots sure and deep, and wind their tendrils enduringly round all that is congenial to their nature. Ah, there is nothing, after all, like the friendships of our young life! In after years we may, and often do, meet those whom we feel to be in every way superior to the mates of our childhood, whom our soberer judgments more approve—our maturer esteem more honours; but our love consecrates and cherishes them never, never as it does the objects of our earlier affections. These we embalm in our heart of hearts, keeping them ever fresh with all sweet and tender retrospections, which are as fragrant spices and aromatic gums;—these lie in our bosoms, like the seeds in the tombs of the Egyptian kings, buried unnoticed through ages during which other loves and friendships have arisen and flourished and died, while *they* preserve their vitality, ready, when again placed in congenial soil, to spring up with the pristine vigour of their young-world life!

At length the waning lights in the chamber, and the faint reflection of the twilight, admonished the two friends that it was high time to terminate their happy converse; and Bianca blushed as she reminded Giulio how many hours had fled since first he entered the apartment. There was no denying the fact, however unwilling he might feel to notice it, and so he rose, and, once more embracing the girl,—though it must be confessed that there was somewhat more embarrassment on both sides than in olden times,—Giulio left the boudoir, and sought one of the sleeping apartments with which he was already familiar.

Whether he slept or not that night, or how soon he was able to enter upon that most desirable refection, we shall not trouble ourselves with investigating; but certain it is that poor Bianca pressed sleeplessly her pillow, for her thoughts had got too much matter to occupy them. She compared the Giulio of to-night with the youth that had left his father's house upon his travels, and she acknowledged that the intervening time had done as much as time could do towards his improvement. To her fancy she had never seen one with a franker or manlier bearing, or more accomplished and graceful manners; and, to say the truth, in these respects she formed no over partial judgment. He was now just entering that period of life when the grace and sprightliness of youth blends so harmoniously with the dignity and power of manhood,—when the down has not all passed from the cheek, though the manlier moustache is covering the lip,—when the locks are yet silken and wavy upon the head, the light yet glittering and vivid in the eye, and all the pulses beat full and round and cheerily through the veins, without one click or check that can indicate a hitch or a shake in the wheels and springs of life. In a word, Giulio Polani was a very fine young fellow, and so any woman in the world would have unhesitatingly pronounced him, whether such sentence were to be passed in the streets of Venice or in any other city of the world, at the time of which we are writing, or at any other age or time down to that in which we now write. Bianca, as we said, thought as much, too, as she lay awake; and, upon the whole, her thoughts were very pleasurable. True it is, that while she felt her own love all the stronger for being thus fed again from the fountain-head, yet she had no positive assurance that Giulio's was yet more than of old towards her, in its character at least, though assuredly it was in its intensity; and then she had the consolation of being certified that at all events no other woman had won his heart, though, as he had observed, he had doubtless met with many suited to captivate his fancy, if not to touch his affections. And this was a very great matter; for whatever be the operations one projects, it is exceedingly desirable to have a clear stage and an unoccupied field to work on. It takes a world of time and labour, often, to remove the *debris* of some former shrine before you can attempt to erect a new temple; but with ground unappropriated, and a reasonable monopoly of time and opportunities, he or she is but a clumsy artificer who will not be able to throw up a stronghold, and maintain it for a long time, if not, indeed, for ever, against all assailants. Thinking some of these thoughts,—though we dare say she did not refine upon her feelings, or those of him she loved, as far as we have done,—the fair Bianca at length closed her eyes, just about the time that morning opened *her* eyes upon the heavens above Venice; and so we leave her to her slumbers.

ART INDUSTRY.

The various exhibitions of industrial art which have taken place during the last few years—and more especially the Great Exhibition of 1851—have had the effect of so far improving the public taste as to compel, on the part of manufacturers, greater attention to beauty of form and superiority of workmanship. But more than this, the public taste has been educated, as it were, up to a higher point than it had ever before attained; and thus has the improvement in the object manufactured and the refinement of the purchaser been in some sort accomplished.

But while the search after novelty in design has produced much that is unique and beautiful in metal, papier mache, and other materials, it has also had the effect of causing the designers and manufacturers to wander, oftentimes, from the really beautiful, because useful and appropriate, to the merely strange, and sometimes grotesque. Much has been said, from time to time, of the artist studying at once from nature; but it must be submitted, that even natural forms are not always appropriate when attached to domestic utensils, merely in the way of ornamentation, without reference to the use of the object itself. Thus, who has not seen carpets with huge tropical plants blazoning with colour on a floor sixteen feet by twelve; and tables and chairs decorated with damask representing flowers too delicate to sit before or upon with any degree of comfort? And so through all the departments of manufacture, the designers seem to think nothing can be beautiful that is not *outré*.

SILVER SALT-CELLAR.
BY MARTIN BURKETT, OF CHELTENHAM.

We have here introduced a pair of designs in illustration of our remarks. First we have a silver salt-cellar; exquisite in design, perfect in artistic finish graceful in outline, and elegant in decoration—beautiful as a work of art, but quite beside its purpose as a salt-cellar.

Then glance at the object below it. There we have everything suggestive of fish and the sea—dolphins, bears, pelicans, salmon, shells, sea-weed, and water—but the thing itself, the dish-cover, is all too fine for use, and so covered with complicated ornament as to be fitted only to be looked at as a piece of very fine workmanship. In both these objects, however, we trace the right spirit—carried a little too far. We admire Cupids, and cornucopiæs, and shields, and dolphins, and so on, as much as any one, but we like to see them in their right places. We hail the movement in favour of art-education as a right one in the main, but we beg to put forward our earnest protest against its abuse. Good taste may be as easily offended by a too-great display, as by a too-meagre show of ornament; and the fear, just now, seems to be that we are likely to decorate our furniture and apartments overmuch

SILVER DISH-COVER FOR FISH.—CHRISTOLPHE AND CO., PARIS.

MONKEYS.

"Meddling monkey—busy ape."—*Shakspeare.*

MANDRILL, OR RIBBED-FACED BABOON; AND BARBARY APES.

Whoever is familiar with the travelling menageries,—once the almost exclusive depositories of Natural History,—and especially with the invaluable collections of our Zoological Gardens, need not to be informed that large, interested, and amused groupings take place continually, about the receptacles of the monkey tribes. In writing in reference to them, therefore, we

feel that our subject is an attractive one, and we offer it as an appendage to those personal observations which, happily, vast multitudes of the community have such abundant opportunity to enjoy and improve.

If any one now addressed will take down an atlas, open it at Europe, which forms a page of it, and then place a finger on the rock of Gibraltar, the only spot will be touched in this great division of the globe, where any one of these creatures is found in a wild state. The Barbary ape, an aboriginal of the opposite coast of Africa, appears to have become naturalised there; the present race being descended, most probably, from individuals which, at some period, have escaped from confinement, or have been purposely introduced.

The genius *Simia*, as naturalists designate the ape and monkey tribes, are exclusively confined to the warmer latitudes of the old and new continents, thronging in multitudes the deep forests of the torrid zone, and occasionally wandering into the more cultivated portions of the adjacent districts for fruits or grain.

New Holland, abounding with singular animals, has no monkeys, and they are as yet unknown in the Island of Madagascar. The monkeys of the *Old* and *New* World are, therefore, regarded as forming two *subgenera*, each including numerous groups. And it is particularly worthy of remark, that these two divisions of the globe possess their peculiar tribes; the Simiæ of the Old World being never found in America, and those of the New World never appearing anywhere else.

The American species may always be distinguished by the lateral position of the nostrils, between which there intervenes a considerable space. Another peculiarity is as easily remembered; for no transatlantic species has ever been discovered in which the tail is wanting; on the contrary, in many of these animals that organ is endowed with the singular power of prehension,—the tail acting as another hand,—a circumstance which never occurs in any species proper to Asia or Africa. The spider monkeys, for example, are, when on the ground, indescribably awkward and embarrassed, dragging themselves along with difficulty and pain, while their loosely-jointed limbs appear to yield them no support. But they were not formed to live like tortoises. Their proper sphere is not on the ground, but on the trees of the wood and the forest. There, as well as in the miniature representations of them which are now so accessible, they appear all life and agility; traversing the smallest branches with the utmost ease and rapidity, suspending themselves, at pleasure, by the tail, and swinging from one bough to another far beyond with the most consummate address. One other peculiarity occurs in what is popularly termed the thumbs of the Simiæ; that part being, in some instances, very partially developed, in others reduced to a mere rudiment, and in others entirely wanting.

Of the imitative powers of these creatures there are innumerable instances. The Indians, aware of this, wishing to collect cocoa-nuts and other fruits, go to the woods which are generally frequented by apes and monkeys, gather a few heaps of produce from the trees, and then retire. As soon as they have withdrawn, these animals fall to work, imitate eagerly everything they have observed, and when they have gathered together a considerable number of heaps, they fly to the trees as they see the Indians approach, and the booty is carried home by those who did not collect it.

These animals are often put to a still greater disadvantage. As some of them are fond of spirituous liquors, a person places within their sight a number of vessels filled with ardent spirits, pretends to drink, and then retires. The monkeys, all attention to what has been going on, now descend from the trees, imitate what they have observed, become intoxicated, fall asleep, and—like humanity itself in similar circumstances—become an easy conquest to their cunning adversaries.

A baboon, possessed by the celebrated traveller, Le Vaillant, was rendered serviceable by him in more ways than one, and that without any loss to the sagacious animal. The name given to this creature was Kees. Kees drew roots from the ground by a method which was, at once, very ingenious and amusing. He laid hold of the herbage with his teeth, placed his fore feet against the ground, and, drawing back his head, gradually pulled out the root. In this expedient, Kees tasked his whole strength; but, if it did not succeed, he laid hold of the leaves as before, as close to the ground as possible, and then threw himself heels over head, which gave such a concussion to the root, that it never failed to reward his device.

Nor did Le Vaillant omit to turn it to advantage. "I made Kees," he says, "my taster. Whenever we found fruits or roots with which my Hottentots were unacquainted, we did not touch them till he had tasted them. If he threw them away, we concluded that they were either of a disagreeable flavour, or of a pernicious quality, and left them untasted."

But Kees, like the rest of his race, gluttonous and inquisitive, without necessity or appetite, wishing for everything that fell in his way or was given him, was sufficiently sagacious, whenever he pleased, to make a broad distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. Thus Le Vaillant says:—"I often took Kees with me when I went a hunting; and when he saw me preparing for sport, he exhibited the most lively demonstrations of joy. On the way, he would climb into the trees to look for gum, of which he was very fond. Sometimes he discovered to me honey, deposited in hollow trees, or the clefts of rocks. But if he happened to have met with neither honey nor gum, and his appetite had become sharp by his running about, I always witnessed a very ludicrous scene.

"In those cases he looked for roots, which he ate with great eagerness, especially a particular kind, which, to his cost, I also found to be very well tasted and refreshing, and therefore insisted on sharing with him. But Kees was no fool. As soon as he found such a root, and I was not near enough to seize upon my share of it, he devoured it in the greatest haste, keeping his eyes all the while riveted on me. He accurately measured the distance I had to pass before I could get to him, and I was sure of coming too late. Sometimes, however, when he had made a mistake in his calculation, and I came upon him sooner than he expected, he endeavoured to hide the root, in which case I compelled him, by a box on the ear, to give me up my share. But this treatment caused no malice between us; we remained as good friends as ever."

The mandrill, or ribbed-faced baboon, is the most conspicuous of the three animals presented to the eye in the annexed engraving. It usually measures five feet in height, when full grown. The head is very large in proportion to the size of the body. The face, which is naked, presents a very remarkable appearance, in the cheeks being of a clear violet-blue colour, with various oblique furrows. This elevation is produced by a singular development of the bone, which forms a socket for the roots of the immense canine teeth, furrowed also obliquely. A bright vermilion line begins a little above the eyes, runs down the nose, and spreads over the lip. The eyes are small, but acute and sparkling, their irides being of a fine hazel colour. The hair on the sides of the head is long, mostly growing upwards, and terminating on the crown in an acute pointed form. The beard is long, erect, and of a yellowish hue. The whole body is covered with stiff bristly-like hairs, each of which is annulated with black and yellow. The hands are small, taper, and well made. The arms and chest are extremely muscular.

The food of the mandrill, like that of the monkey tribe, generally consists of fruit, grain, and roots. It manifests, however, a fondness for animal diet. On one of these animals being tried with a live bird, he destroyed it by a bite, and devoured it, after stripping it of its feathers. A rabbit was then given him, which he instantly killed by a bite across the back, and he was about to devour it, when the dead animal was removed. Nor is this taste one merely of maturity. A young mandrill in one of our collections, relished exceedingly the boiled meat which was added to his vegetables.

One of these creatures, which was exhibited in Wombwell's menagerie, was fond of carrots, fruits, potatoes, and bread; and was very partial to nuts, which he cracked. He liked fermented liquors, and ginger-beer was one of his favourite beverages. Though much indulged, he never lost his treacherous disposition. "On one occasion," says Captain Brown

"when Mr. Wombwell was shewing me the consistence of the callosity on his nose, I happened to put my face too near the bars of his cage, when he forced his hands suddenly through them, and had nearly deprived me of one of my eyes."

The menagerie of Mr. Cross also presented a similar specimen of the mandrill, which was subsequently transferred to the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Jerry, for so he was familiarly called, was far more domesticated, and became, in fact, a great favourite. In his cage a strong arm chair was placed; on this, when directed, he was accustomed to sit, and with great gravity and evident satisfaction, he smoked his pipe and drank his porter. All his manœuvres were performed with great slowness and composure. His keeper having lighted his pipe, presented it to him; he inspected it minutely, sometimes feeling it with his finger, as if to know it was lighted, before inserting it in his mouth. It was then introduced, almost up to the bowl, but with that part generally downwards, and it was retained without any appearance of smoke for some minutes, during which time Jerry filled his cheek-pouches and capacious mouth, and would then exhale a volume, filling his cage from his mouth, nose, and sometimes even his ears. He does not appear, however, to have greatly relished this process, for a bribe of gin-and-water was in general promised before its commencement, and at its close it was duly paid by a goblet of this liquid being handed to him, which he lost no time in discussing. He preferred for his diet, cooked vegetables, with meat; and on one occasion he is said to have dined at Windsor on hashed venison, in the presence of King George or King William IV. But he was still the mandrill; his voice was harsh and guttural; and however calm he might be, his eyes betrayed the savage of the forest.

JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA.

BY JOHN BONNER.

Autumn was approaching as three small vessels rounded the cape which has since been named Point Levi, and came in sight of the bluff peak on which Quebec now stands. They were Frenchmen,—a sturdy band of sailors, equally prepared to face the terrors of the climate, or the fury of the savages,—well disciplined, and having full faith in their commander, Jacques Cartier, whose flag floated from the mizen of La Grande Hermine. Some of them had undertaken the voyage from a reckless spirit of adventure; others, because the narrow-minded police of France interfered materially with their comfort at home; one or two from a vague hope of gain, and as many from disappointed love. There were several gentlemen of good old Breton blood among the number, eager to verify the marvellous stories which Cartier had told of his first voyage. On the deck of the Grande Hermine stood Raoul de Mornac, as brave a Breton as ever trod a plank. On him the grandeur of the scene was lost; he gazed listlessly at the bold peak of Stadacona, the gloomy forests of pine and fir stretching as far as the eye could reach, the mighty river rolling slowly between the cliffs, and the silver line traced down the precipice by the falls of Montmorenci. For, though the perils of the sea and the arduous nature of his duties had for a time diverted his thoughts from the past, the sight of land had recalled to his mind with a painful freshness his native Brittany, the terrible image of a father's curse, and his broken-hearted Marie. She is no doubt by this time, thought he, another's bride. Beside him, a rough weather-beaten face, with receding forehead and protruding teeth, stood in bold contrast; a sad reprobate, in truth, was Jean Truchy, and well it was for him that Cartier waived his scruples to his forbidding physiognomy, and enrolled him among his crew. Lost in rapture at the novelty and grandeur of the scene, Ernest de Mony, nephew of Cartier's protector, and a welcome guest at the court of Francis I., had forgotten everything he had sworn to remember, even the cross hung round his neck by his devout mother, and the diamond ring which the beautiful Duchesse de Livray had, with many a prayer and many a tear, placed on his finger, as he tore himself from her arms. Here stood a reputed son of Louis XII., endowed with all the mildness and *fainéantise* of his father; he was no willing sharer in the toils of the voyage, but high birth, even when tarnished by the bar of bastardy, often involves heavy penalties. On the deck of La Petite Hermine, two brothers, natives of Normandy, looked heavily over the side, seemingly engrossed in their thoughts. Ruin had overtaken the house; their father, the old Marquis d'Evreux, had poured all his wealth into the royal coffers after the disaster at Pavia; and, as not unfrequently happened in those days, prosperity effaced all recollection of the service in the royal mind, and the old man died a beggar, leaving his sons houseless with a great name. Nor did the Emerillon bear less noble sailors among her crew. Her commander, Guillaume le Breton, owned a pedigree, and descended, if he was to be believed, from the oldest house in the Province. The second in command was a Provençal, a man of immense bodily strength, imperturbable good temper, and a love for music which had frequently jeopardised the friendly relations existing between himself and his captain. Marc Jalobert, whom we ought to have mentioned before, commanded La Petite Hermine; he was, like Cartier, a mere sailor from St. Malo, but infinitely superior, in point of experience and judgment, to the nobles who served under his orders. The rest of the crew—amounting altogether to 110 men—were, as we said, a heterogenous assemblage. Vice and depravity were stamped on as many faces as youthful ardour and enterprise. Men who had murdered their rivals, who had fled their creditors, who had held office as farmers of the revenue and tampered with the funds entrusted to their care, had smuggled themselves on board the vessels. One trait of character—and one only, perhaps—was common to all; and that was an unquestioning faith in religion. The most hardened criminal of the band had listened with devout awe to the pious prayer of the Bishop of Malo, as he implored the blessing of God and St. Mary on the daring mariners.

Such were the first Europeans who ascended the Saint Lawrence. Cartier, their leader, had already made one successful voyage to America, and carried home, from the territory bordering on the gulf, two of the natives, whom he called Taignoagny and Domagaia. Stimulated by his own ambition, and encouraged by the representations of these Indians, he had resolved to endeavour to penetrate the continent by sailing up the great river he had named St. Laurent; and, through the support of Admiral Chabot and Charles de Mony, Seignior of Meilleraie, had succeeded in obtaining an armament of three vessels from the king. With these, well equipped and manned, he sailed from St. Malo on 19th May, 1535, reached the coast of America about the close of July, and slowly ascended the stream. As soon as he reached the Saguenay River, he began to hold intercourse with the inhabitants through his native interpreters, and received on every side marks of goodwill and kindness. While he lay at anchor some twenty miles below Quebec, the Agouhanna, or chief of the country, named Donnacona, visited him with twelve canoes, and presented the travellers with fruit, fish, and bark. So high was the chief's consideration for Cartier, indeed, that on parting from his distinguished visitor, the French sailor was requested to suffer his arm to be kissed, in Indian fashion. Thus pleasantly occupied in a reciprocal interchange of civilities with the Indians, the expedition were overtaken by symptoms of the approach of winter before they had thought of preparing for their return. Some were terrified at the stories which were told of the rigour of the climate; others, among whom the gentlemen were foremost, rather relished the idea of the new sensation of extreme cold; the Indians were loath to part with their new friends; and, after mature deliberation, Cartier resolved on wintering

in the harbour of Quebec. He drew his vessels as high up as the water would allow him, in the mouth of the small river now called St. Charles, and there his ships remained seven months and a half.

As soon as La Grande Hermine and her consorts were safely moored, Cartier resolved to push on westward as far as the great village of Hochelaga. After some discussion, Guillaume le Breton persuaded Cartier to allow his vessel to accompany the boats with which he had intended to perform the journey; and the party left accordingly in the Emerillon and three large boats. Most of the gentlemen obtained permission to join Cartier: the only ones who remained were de Mornac, who had been seized with a slow fever, and was lying ill in an Indian wigwam at Stadacona, and Ernest de Mony, who, rather to the surprise of his chief, declined the honour of serving as Cartier's first lieutenant on the expedition. Donnacona, the Indian chief, was very unwilling that the strangers should depart; he painted the terrors of the journey in terrible colours, and the Indian women displayed the utmost grief at the loss of their new friends. Tenara, the beautiful wife of the chief Wakanse, implored Cartier to wait for the approach of spring; and Olenaray and Riassay, daughters of the former Agouhanna, whose hearts were sought by the bravest of the young warriors, left no means of persuasion untried to shake the purpose of the travellers. Nor were they unaided in the task. Young and old, matrons and maidens, warriors and children, hung round Cartier and his comrades, and evinced, by their lamentations, both their grief at the obstinacy of the Frenchmen, and their gloomy apprehensions regarding the issue of their daring expedition. Nasaki alone, the dark-haired daughter of Donnacona, held aloof from her tribe, and could not be persuaded to join her intreaties to those of her father and her friends.

The Emerillon sailed. No sooner had her white sails disappeared behind Stadacona Cape, than the whole village relapsed into tranquillity. The disappointed Indians did not murmur: they trusted to the *maniton* of the foreigners; and while they invoked the aid of the Great Spirit to guide and protect the absent, turned all their attention to please and comfort those who had remained behind. Of these, a large proportion, comprising several trusty men, with a few of the worst of his crew, had been strictly ordered by Cartier to remain on board the ships; but the others, enjoying more liberty, and rightly preferring the hospitality of the Indians to a dreary life on ship-board, were easily persuaded to take up their quarters among the natives. Every resource was put in requisition by the Indians to amuse them. Games requiring agility and strength were displayed every evening, and resulted generally in the defeat of the foreigners. Hunting expeditions constantly sallied forth into the woods, and the young strangers were always welcome companions. Dances and music whiled away the long evenings by the blazing fires of pitch-pine. The Frenchmen were delighted with their allies, and soon became as friendly with Donnacona as though he had sworn allegiance to his majesty Francis I. Ernest de Mony especially was attached to, and a great favourite with, the chief. The younger warriors rather despised him on account of his reluctance to join their hunting parties, and the contempt he did not disguise for their wrestling-matches and contests of strength; but there was a calm firmness in his eye which (even had the duties of hospitality suffered it) effectually deterred them from any open expression of their sentiment. The exile from the court at Paris preferred the society of the fair Nasaki to the more manly occupations of his comrades: by her side he would wander day after day over the frowning hills, through the dense forests, and often watch the setting sun gild the surface of the bay. Or she would seat him in her frail canoe, and paddle rapidly up the silver stream of St. Charles; then, when her bark had reached some silent secluded spot, where the overhanging branches met, and nought was heard but the chirrup of birds and the subdued roar of the distant cataract, she would turn its prow to the east, and float slowly down the stream, singing the melancholy songs of her native land to an enraptured listener.

His friend De Mornac, meanwhile, lay unconscious on an Indian bed in the wigwam of Wakause. His hostess, Tenara, was unwearied in her attentions; but bodily pain, and long mental suffering, had disabled De Mornac from appreciating her kindness. In his lucid moments, he would have welcomed death. Blighted, as he believed, by the curse of an unjust, ambitious father,—degraded from his military rank by the perfidious influence of his rival,—betrayed, finally, by her on whom he had built all his earthly hopes,—for him the world could contain no possible happiness. Death was his only cure; and death in a land of strangers, without a friend to remind him of the past, seemed the best suited to his temper. So time passed, until Cartier returned from Hochelaga, laden with presents, and bearing with him a little girl, whose father had presented her to the adventurous traveller. He reached his vessels on 11th October, and soon afterwards the cold weather began to set in. With its first approach commenced the misfortunes of the Frenchmen.

Strange to say, the extraordinary kindness of Donnacona and his tribe had not persuaded Cartier that their friendly assurances were sincere. He fancied the Indians meditated an attack on his vessels during winter, and had them fortified and surrounded by palisades. He seemed reluctant to continue his intercourse with the shore. On the other hand, the Indians were justly indignant at the brutal conduct of many of Cartier's crew. Nothing but the superior strength of the red men had, on several occasions, protected their women from insult; and too frequently the cunning Frenchmen had overreached the simplicity of the natives. Donnacona, with noble magnanimity, refused to credit the tales brought him by his warriors, and could not understand the cautious policy of Cartier. With rude eloquence, he bade the interpreters assure the Frenchmen that they had smoked the calumet of peace, and that the hatchet of war was buried beneath the the sod: his wigwam, he said, would always be open to the white man. Still Cartier remained incredulous; and to the general surprise of his men, as well as the Indians, he suddenly resolved to cut off all communication between his vessels and the shore. Orders were forthwith issued to the crews that they were not to wander beyond a certain line traced on the ice round the ships.

The Indians were thunderstruck at the news. Donnacona visited Cartier in person, and reproached him with his suspicions; but in vain. Cartier was inexorable, and the chief returned after renewing his assurances of friendship. The Frenchmen, who had acquired a relish for the society of the Indians, obeyed the stern mandate with reluctance. Their commander was resolute, and even De Mornac, whose incipient recovery was likely to be checked by a removal and exposure to the cold, was carried on board in a hammock. De Mony and one of the interpreters alone were missing at the first muster. Inquiry being made for the the former, his friend, D'Evereux, announced to Cartier that the young Parisian had resolved on adopting the Indian life, and settling at Stadacona. Enraged at the desertion of a valuable counsellor, and already picturing the indignation of the old Chevalier de Mony at the loss of his nephew, Jacques Cartier instantly dispatched a file of men, under the command of Le Breton, to bring the absentee on board, by force if necessary.

They found him in Donnacona's wigwam, surrounded by the leading warriors of his tribe. Nasaki was by his side, following his every movement with looks of love, and the missing interpreter crouched timidly at his feet. Le Breton explained the object of his visit with the bluntness of a sailor. De Mony sprang to his feet at once, and replied briefly, but firmly, that he renounced his country, and abandoned the expedition: that henceforth he was an Indian, and would not leave his adopted land. The only answer of the Frenchman was a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, and a sign to his men to seize De Mony. The first who approached him was felled to the earth; the second fared no better; and even when overpowered by numbers, the young nobleman dealt such sturdy blows right and left that his captors won no bloodless victory. They were too numerous, however, for the contest to last

long, and were dragging him off, when the Indian warriors, apprized by the interpreter of their design, fell upon the Frenchmen with the fury of savages, and scattered them in a twinkling. Short would have been their triumph over their prisoner, then, if the warriors had been uninterrupted. Powerless in the brawny hands of the powerful men of the forest, the sailors would soon have expiated their audacity in violating the Indians' hearth. Tomahawks were already brandished in the air, and scalping knives flashed before the eyes of the bewildered Frenchmen. Already was an iron hand twisted in the hair of Le Breton, and a heavy knee planted on his chest. A happy thing it was for them at this crisis that a sonorous voice rang through the air, domineering the din of the conflict, and ordering the Indians, in imperious tones, to desist from the conflict.

The voice was Donnacona's. It was promptly obeyed. Le Breton was allowed to arise, and his companions released from the terrible grasp of their assailants. A few seconds longer, and it had been too late.

In a few brief words, delivered in an authoritative manner, the chief explained to his subjects that they had no right to interfere in the concerns of the strangers; that the authority of the white chief over his warriors was as sacred as his own; and that while he would welcome to his wigwam any of the Frenchmen who chose to become members of their tribe, he would not interpose between Cartier and his crew, or countenance any violation of duty in the latter.

With Indian taciturnity, the warriors resumed their seats in silence. The Frenchmen, comprehending by their actions the purport of the chief's discourse, eagerly seized De Mony, who was taken by surprise, and could not oppose any effectual resistance to his captors. Nasaki sprang in to their midst, and clung round her lover's neck for a moment; but ere she had heard his brief adieu, her father separated her from him, and led her to the farthest corner of the wigwam.

An hour afterwards, the old chief was sitting moodily smoking his calumet. His daughter, whose eyes were swollen with weeping, was bitterly reproaching him with what she conceived to be his neglect of the duties of hospitality. Love lent an earnestness to her arguments, and the twitchings of the old man's face—a rare thing in an Indian—showed that he was not quite satisfied with his own conduct. Large whiffs of smoke rolled into the air, and followed each other in more rapid succession as Nasaki dilated on the virtues of the chief they had lost. For a moment the chief's hand grasped the handle of his tomahawk with nervous energy, and he seemed to meditate reprisals; but his sense of right prevailed, and, casting a reproachful glance at his daughter, he exclaimed: —"The white man must obey his chief: Donnacona cannot stain his honour by resisting his rightful authority." Nasaki fell prostrate at her father's feet. At that moment a shout was heard outside, a sudden noise of feet followed, and, with a single bound, De Mony stood before them.

CARTIER'S VESSEL IN THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER ST. CHARLES.

He had escaped from his captors, and was now, as he exclaimed in broken Indian, no longer De Mony the Frenchman, but Nagagin the Indian.

His countrymen soon abandoned the pursuit after him. The recollection of their narrow escape was sufficient to deter them from further expeditions of a like nature, and they frankly told Cartier that he must send his whole force, or renounce all hope of recovering the deserter. Their commander reluctantly adopted the latter alternative. He had, in truth, other motives besides fear for shunning an outbreak with the Indians.

Meanwhile De Mornac was at the point of death. Every day since his removal, Tenara, his late hostess, had visited

the ship with fruits and herbs for the sick man: her earnest solicitations had overcome the strict quarantine established by Cartier, and she alone was suffered to infringe the rule of seclusion adopted against her tribe. Much romance there was in her visits in the eyes of the Frenchmen. Though her lips were sealed, her deep affection for De Mornac was plainly enough apparent in her eyes and her gestures; and the sentinels who watched her depart at night, told strange tales of the Indian who frequently met her on the ice, and treated her with a savage brutality which might very possibly be the fruits of jealousy. Their surmise was soon to be confirmed. Early in January, Cartier ordered the rule of exclusion to be rigidly enforced against the pale Indian woman. When she met the sentinel next morning, she was gruffly given to understand by signs that she could not be admitted to the ship. For a moment she stood paralysed with astonishment and despair. Light soon breaking in upon her, she acted with a vigour and a promptitude peculiar to her race. With a stick she carried to assist her in crossing the cracks on the ice, she struck the Frenchman a heavy blow before he had the least suspicion of her design; he fell heavily on the ground, and flat as a deer; she passed him, reached the cabin, flew through the astonished sailors, and clasped De Mornac in her arms. All the efforts of the gentlemen to detach her from the invalid were unavailing; and partly from compassion for her, and partly in compliance with the entreaties of De Mornac, she was suffered to remain on board. Cartier consented to grant permission, on the distinct condition that she was not, under any circumstances, to return to Stadacona.

That day, Wakause, with several warriors, advanced to the side of Cartier's vessels, and demanded that his wife be restored to him. He was told through the interpreter that she preferred remaining where she was, and that the white men would not suffer her to depart. As he appeared dissatisfied with this reply, a couple of guns were discharged over his head, his companions took to flight, and he reluctantly followed their example.

He carried his grievances to his chief, and implored the assistance of the whole tribe to avenge his wrong. The warriors were eager to attack the Frenchmen whose conduct had effectually effaced all kindly feelings from their hearts. De Monj, or Nagogin, as we should now call him, volunteered to go singly to Cartier, and pledged his faith that he would drag the Indian Helen from the arms of her Paris. But Donnacona would not hear of any such rash enterprise. He called a council of his warriors, and in the picturesque language of his race (which we regret that we cannot reproduce), gave his calm opinion on the matter. "Tenara was gone," he said, "she had deserted her husband and her home; and were she to return, she would assuredly be put to death. Was the justification of Wakause's revenge on this poor woman worth the bloody encounter they must expect with the white men? "And oh, believe," he said, "the great spirit would avenge the Indian's wrongs. If, when summer came, they were still living, it would still be time to wreak their vengeance on the perfidious strangers."

This temperate council prevailed. Wakause rose moodily from the council, and was followed by a few of the younger chiefs. The elder portion of the assembly, though with clouded brows, concurred in Donnacona's sentiment.

The Indian spoke too truly. The piercing cold had already paralysed the Frenchmen. The snow rose in height around their vessels until they could no longer see the shore from the deck. Every thing which was not close to the stove became solid and hard as a stone. The clothes of the sailors were a contemptible protection; and, one after another, the best men were laid up with frost bites. To complicate their misfortunes, the scurvy broke out among them with unusual virulence. Jean Truchy lay helpless in his hammock. Both the brothers D'Evreux were unable to crawl on deck; most of the crew of the Emerillon were dead. Before January, no less than thirty men were attacked. Instead of diminishing, the disease increased in proportion to the attempts made to check it. All Cartier's sailor experience, and the medical science of a quack named Fisit, were at fault. Twelve men died in January, and were buried at night under the snow. Cartier himself was attacked and disabled. The little squadron was a hospital without physicians or nurses. An easy prey they would have been, had Wakause's sanguinary designs been carried out by the Indians.

In total unconsciousness of the lamentable condition of the foreigners, Wakause and a few of the warriors were meanwhile laying a profound plot for revenge. It created no surprise, therefore, among the Indians, when Wakause announced to his friends his intention of punishing the seducer of his wife, and wreaking his vengeance on the whole party of white men. A large number of warriors promised to join him in the attack, and emissaries were sent to tribes at a distance, requesting their aid. It was resolved to postpone the attack till the month of May, when the hunting season would be over.

Donnacona was not informed of these plans, but, as might be expected, they came to his ears. His authority, as we have said, did not extend far enough to prevent them; and he was penetrated with dismay when he thought of the certain issue of the conflict. His son-in-law, Nagogin, shared his fears; and, after an anxious consultation, it was resolved that the old chief should make one decided effort to save the Frenchmen. To appeal to Wakause they knew would be fruitless: Donnacona resolved to visit Cartier.

He set out at night alone with the interpreter. When he reached the vessels, he was struck by the death-like silence which prevailed. Taignoagny, the interpreter, called Cartier, but no answer was heard. He called a second time, and a faint groan issued from the cabin. Donnacona advanced at once in that direction, and the French commander staggered out, more like a spectre than the handsome stalwart sailor Donnacona had seen only a few months before. The Indian chief lost no time in conveying to Cartier, by means of the interpreter, the object of his visit. He warned him of his danger, and pointed out, in noble manly language, that it was the just retribution of the crime of his crew. If Tenara were sent back at once, he thought, the impending catastrophe might possibly be averted; but if the white men persisted in retaining her, no earthly power could save them from the Indian tomahawk.

"They must lose no time, then," replied Cartier, bitterly; "a few days hence, there will be no more lives here to take. Disease and cold have destroyed my crew. Twenty-six brave fellows lie frozen in the snow; eighty others are dying in the hold. Let the Indians hasten their work, if they would have our scalps. And learn," he added, steadying himself with both his hands, "that Jacques Cartier will never give up a woman who has sought his protection to be butchered by savages. The red men may come when they like: we know how to die."

Donnacona withdrew; the courage of Cartier touched his heart; he forgave his breach of honour, and only thought of his noble determination, to die rather than surrender the frail Indian girl, nor was he insensible to the pitiable condition of his crew. The scurvy was well known to the Indians, and with that instinct which was no mean substitute for scientific knowledge, they had discovered an herb which was an infallible remedy for its ravages. Donnacona's first thought was to restore the Frenchmen to health, in order, said he to himself, that if they are to be assailed, they may be able to defend themselves. Accordingly, on the following evening, the old chief visited Cartier a second time, and left with him a sufficient quantity of the herb to cure twice as many patients as were attacked.

Spring approached. The ice began to split and move. Huge flakes floated down the river with the ebb tide, and disappeared mysteriously. Though the flood was as impetuous and as regular as the ebb, it seldom restored what the latter had carried away. At length, to Cartier's indescribable joy the ships were freed from their icy moorings, and floated once more.

On the evening of the 15th May (old style), all was bustle on board the Grande Hermine. Old sailors were busily engaged

in splicing ropes and mending sails. Carpenters were hammering, and sawing, and fitting spars. One or two gentlemen were carefully examining a collection of rare plants and geological specimens which they had collected from the neighbouring shores. The cooks were inspecting the condition of the provisions, and the state of the water-casks. Jacques Cartier himself was in a feverish state of excitement. Superintending everything in person, he seemed to possess the gift of ubiquity; his cheerful voice was heard in every corner of the ship, encouraging his men, and jesting merrily on the perils they had overcome. "A few weeks more, *mes amis*," said he, "and we shall set our foot on *La Belle France*." Then suddenly changing his tone and manner, he accosted a young Frenchman, who was sharpening a sword on a grindstone, and sternly observed, "No bloodshed, Jules, recollect, I caution you."

A few hours before this dialogue, a strong party of Indian warriors had left Stadacona in their war dress. Wakause was at their head, scarcely containing his exultation at the prospect of his revenge being gratified. As he issued from the village, he turned angrily round, and, waving his hatchet above his head, muttered an Indian curse on his venerable chief, Donnacona, and his white friends. Good reason had he, in truth, for feeling dissatisfied. Not content with putting the Frenchmen on their guard, Donnacona had wrought vigorously to dissuade his countrymen from the enterprise: and so great was the regard paid to his wishes that many of Wakause's fellow-conspirators had relinquished their design. Unfortunately for Donnacona's humane scheme, the emissaries sent by Wakause to the neighbouring villages had performed their task so efficiently, that large reinforcements amply compensated the defections at home. Lest Donnacona's influence should throw any obstacle in the way of the attack, if the party set out in their canoes from the village, it was resolved that the warriors should rendezvous at the falls, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, some eight miles from Stadacona, and thither Wakause and his friends were hastening, when the largest boat of La Grande Hermine began to move noiselessly towards the shore.

She was manned by twenty-five stout men. Marc Jalobert was in command, and, in case of accidents, Guillaume Le Breton was ready to take his place. Stout Francisque, the Provençal, took the helm, and the oars were manned by powerful seamen, in whose faces disease had left no perceptible mark. The whole party were armed with cutlasses, and a few arquebuses.

The first thing to be done was to discover the object of the search—their late comrade, Earnest de Mony. For this purpose, Marc Jalobert and a Parisian, named Matthieu, who had served as Mony's valet, separated themselves from the party, and advanced cautiously towards the Indian fire. They scanned each figure in silence, but without success. All wore the Indian costume; to all appearance, there was no European among the number. Jalobert uttered an involuntary curse. At this moment, Donnacona ceased speaking, and a young man in the dress of a chief rose to stretch his hand to him, as if in gratitude for what he had said. Matthieu instantly exclaimed, "My master!" The exclamation was heard by the Indians, and one or two sprang to their feet. Marc Jalobert and Matthieu instantly fell to the ground, and remained motionless for a few moments. The Indians, attributing the sound they had heard to the children who were in the neighbourhood, resumed their debate. Cautiously creeping on all-fours to their companions, Jalobert and Matthieu hastily explained that they had discovered De Mony, and the former gave orders for the attack.

It was executed with promptitude. Two guns were discharged at a given signal over the heads of the Indians; and while the latter were stupified by surprise and terror, the whole party of Frenchmen fell upon them like a tornado. Every savage who did not take to flight was felled with the cutlass. Old Donnacona had risen to front the enemy, and the first sailor who approached him had reason to know that the vigour of the old man's arm was not yet impaired. He fell weltering in his blood. Le Breton, enraged at the loss of a valuable hand, instantly discharged his arquebuse into the midst of the Indians. The shot was fatal to more than one. The Indians, not yet familiarised with fire-arms, fled in all directions. When the smoke cleared, old Donnacona, De Mony, and Taignoagny stood alone. Seizing his heavy arquebuse by the barrel, and swinging it round his head, Le Breton sprang forward in the direction of the old chief: one moment and the deed was done. But rapid as was his movement, young De Mony was still more active: with a single bound, he grasped the heavy Frenchman by the middle and threw him to the earth. The next moment the giant Francisque had wound his iron arms round De Mony, and held him as in a vice. It was Donnacona's turn to rescue his preserver. A blow, which, had it not been parried, would have laid the Provençal in the dust, was followed by another, more fatal, on poor Matthieu's head; and Donnacona closed with the sturdy captor of his son-in-law. The three men were locked in each other's arms, and writhed like serpents twisted in each other's folds.

"Carry both to the ships, quick!" shouted Marc Jalobert. "Time presses, in a few moments we shall have the whole tribe upon us."

He was instantly obeyed; Donnacona and his son-in-law were lifted by main force, and carried off.

One hour after they reached the Grande Hermine the moorings to the stakes were cut, and Cartier's vessel, with the little Emerillon, began to drop down the St. Lawrence with the ebb tide and a fair westerly wind. Wakause, with indescribable feelings, saw them sail from the heights where Beaufort now stands. As they passed the village of Stadacona, a canoe came towards them, but was waved off by Cartier. As it still advanced, a shot was fired over it. It was motionless for a few seconds; then the sailors on deck saw a female form rise in the frail bark, and disappear with a piercing shriek under the waves. De Mony was in close confinement in the hold.

The Petite Hermine was left behind, for want of hands to man her. Our artist has given a sketch of her appearance as she lay locked in the ice in her winter quarters. It may add some interest to the sketch to observe, that in 1843 the wreck of the hull of a vessel, corresponding in every particular to our notions of La Petite Hermine, was discovered on the spot where Cartier spent the winter of 1535-6; and that, though some difference of opinion exists on the point, the weight of authority among antiquaries is in favour of the identity of the wreck with the vessel commanded by Marc Jalobert.

THE FALLS OF THE ROUMEL, NEAR CONSTANTINA, ALGIERS.

This picturesque cascade is caused by the junction of the several mountain-streams which water the valley behind the city of Constantina, in the eastern province of the kingdom of Algiers. The waters unite at the foot of the rocks on which the city is built, thus forming the river Roumel, more correctly called *Ouad el Roumel*. It is curious to watch the meeting of these waters; not having been able to overcome the obstacles which prevented them gaining their level, they have with difficulty forced a subterraneous passage through the rocks, the rugged aspect of which gives evidence of the convulsions to which the country has been subject. Our engraving represents the view of the deep gorges (called by the Arabs *el-Haona*, the precipice) where the torrent foams and roars as if infuriated by the many obstacles which impede its progress. The defile forms a natural moat to the city, which, in the ancient system of attack, rendered the position of Constantina almost inaccessible. It is formed of stupendous rocks, with here and there narrow ledges by which they may be ascended. The Roumel first disappears through a vast arch, to which the Arabs have given the name of *Dholma* (the Gloomy), and pursues its course through a rocky and subterraneous passage, above which rise the triple arches of a

bridge of Roman and Moorish construction, leading to the south-east gate of the city. This gate is called *Bab-el-Katara* (the door of the bridge), and forms the entrance to Bona and Philippeville. The bridge is of admirable construction; the gallery and columns of the arches are adorned with cornices and festoons, ox-heads and garlands, the key-stones being charged with caducei and other figures. A female figure treading on two elephants, with a large escallop shell for her canopy, is seen in bold relief between the two principal arches from a height of from 135 to 150 feet. When the river has been swollen by the rains, the aspect of these falls, surrounded by wild scenery, is truly grand. To the right, towers a huge rock, upon which is situated the highest part of the city: from this fearful height it is still the custom to throw criminals headlong into the river. Beyond the falls, the Roumel, being joined by its tributaries, continues its course for some distance through a winding valley. Although quite a small river, and unnavigable near Constantina, the Arabs, comparing it with

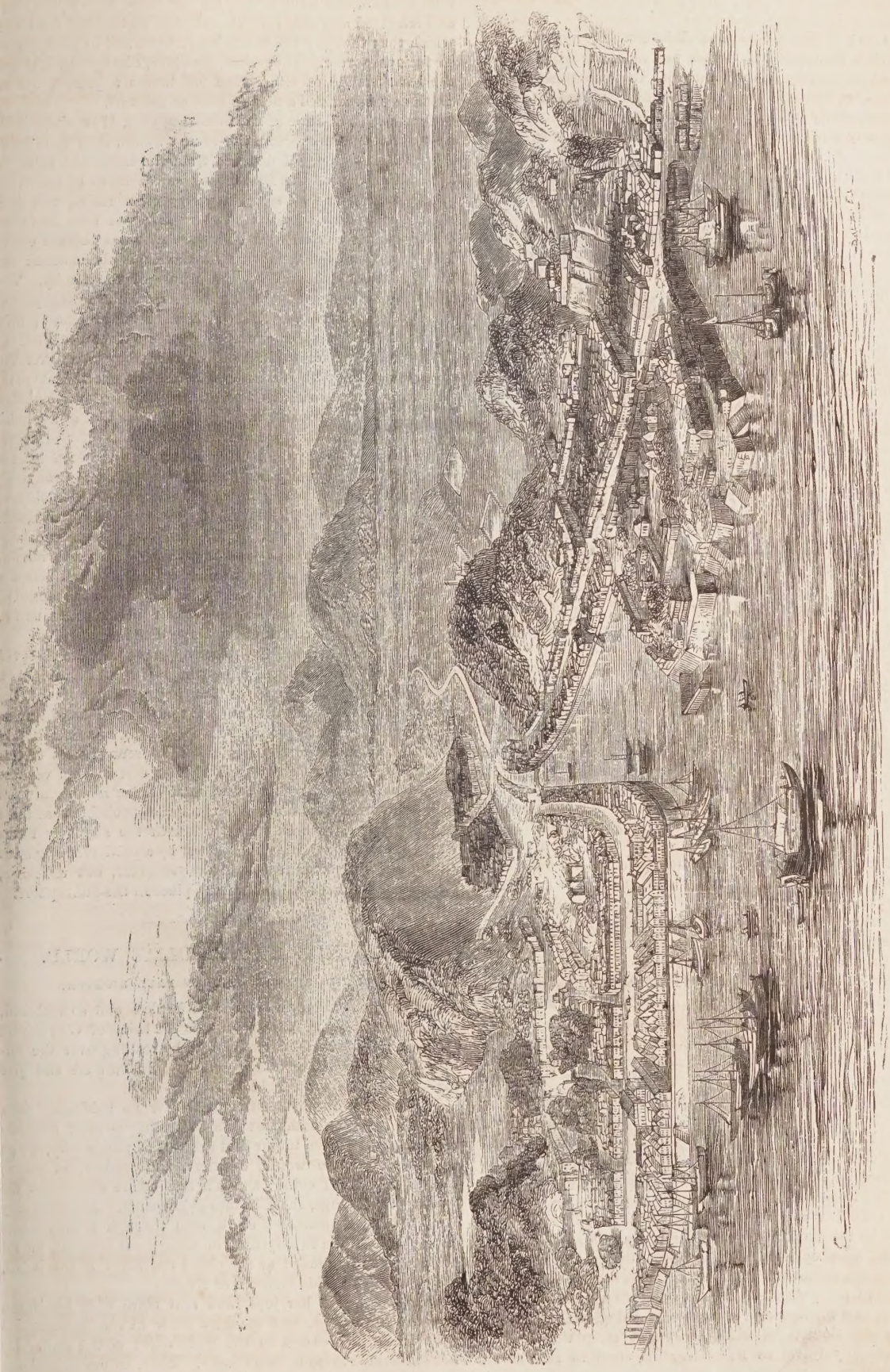
THE FALLS OF THE ROUMEL.

below the gallery. At some distance from the bridge the waters re-appear at the bottom of a little rocky basin; they then successively pass into two basins of greater size, and thence escape through the arch represented in our engraving, forming the cascade of the Roumel. This arch has been falsely supposed by many travellers to be the work of man, so closely does the arrangement of the stones resemble that in our buildings.

The cascade itself is divided into three falls, which descend

the neighbouring streams, which are still more inconsiderable, call it *Onad-el-Keblr* (the Great River).

The city of Constantina, formerly Cirta, is situated in the eastern province of Algiers, and was anciently a very considerable place. It was ruined in the year 311, by the conquests of Alexander; but was afterwards re-established by Constantine the Great, and took the name of Constantina. This name is still preserved in the west; but the people of the country call it Cucuntia.



THE CITY OF SIMONOSEKI, IN JAPAN.—SEE PAGE 316.

SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN, IN THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

This is one of those curious and interesting atmospherical phenomena, or deceptions, which proceed from one common cause, an irregularity in the tenuity of the atmospheric fluid. This fluid is commonly of an homogeneous, or equable tenuity, and consequently suffers the rays of the sun to penetrate it without any obstruction or change; but is at times irregular, and composed of parts or bodies of a denser medium than its general texture and constitution. Under these circumstances, the fluent ray, if it do not enter the denser medium in a direct or perpendicular line, will be either reflected, or refracted, or both; and the object surveyed through it will assume a new, and, not unfrequently, a grotesque or highly magnified appearance.

The spectre of the Brocken is an aerial figure which is sometimes seen among the Hartz mountains in Hanover. This phenomenon has been witnessed by various travellers, and, among them, by M. Haue, from whose relation the following particulars are extracted:—"Having ascended the Brocken mountain for the thirtieth time, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing this phenomenon. The sun rose about four o'clock, and the atmosphere being quite serene towards the east, its rays could pass without any obstruction over the Heinrichshöhe mountain. In the south-west, however, towards the mountain Achtermannshöhe, a brisk west wind carried before it thin transparent vapours. About a quarter past four I looked round, to see whether the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the south-west, when I observed, at a very great distance towards the Achtermannshöhe, a human figure of a monstrous size! A violent gust of wind having almost carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it; and in moving my arm towards my head, the colossal figure did the same.

"The pleasure which I felt at this discovery can hardly be described; for I had already walked many a weary step in the hope of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity. I immediately made another movement, by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more, but my colossus had vanished. I remained in the same position, waiting to see whether it would return: and in a few minutes it again made its appearance on the Achtermannshöhe. I then called the landlord of the neighbouring inn, and having both taken the position which I had taken alone, we looked towards the Achtermannshöhe, but did not perceive anything. We had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence, which repeated their compliments by bending their bodies as we did, after which they vanished. We retained our position, kept our eyes fixed on the spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third" (that of a traveller who then came up and joined the party). "Every movement made by us these figures imitated; but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, sometimes strong and well defined."

In Clarke's "Survey of the Lakes," a phenomenon similar to that of the spectre of the Brocken is recorded to have been observed in the years 1743 and 1744, on Souter-Fell, a mountain in Cumberland. It excited much conversation and alarm at the time, and exposed to great ridicule those who asserted they had witnessed it. The relation is as follows:—

Souter-Fell is a mountain about half a mile in height, inclosed on the north and west sides by precipitous rocks, but somewhat more open on the east, and easier of access. At Wilton Hall, within half a mile of this mountain, on a summer's evening, in the year 1743, a farmer and his servant, sitting at the door, saw the figure of a man with a dog, pursuing some horses along Souter-Fell side, a place so steep that a horse could scarcely travel on it. They appeared to run at an amazing pace, till they got out of sight at the lower end of the Fell. On the following morning the farmer and his servant ascended the steep side of the mountain, in full expectation that they should find the man lying dead, being persuaded that the swiftness with which he ran must have killed him; and imagined also that they should pick up some of the shoes which they thought the horses must have lost in galloping at so furious a rate. They were, however, disappointed, as not the least vestige of either man or horses appeared, not so much as the mark of a horse's hoof on the turf.

On the 23rd of June of the following year, 1744, about half-past seven in the evening, the same servant, then residing at Blakehills, at an equal distance from the mountain, being in a field in front of the farm-house, saw a troop of horsemen riding on Souter-Fell side, in pretty close ranks, and at a brisk pace. Having observed them for some time, he called out his young master, who, before the spot was pointed out to him, discovered the aerial troopers; and this phenomenon was shortly after witnessed by the whole of the family. The visionary horsemen appeared to come from the lowest part of Souter-Fell, and were visible at a place called Knott; they then moved in regular troops along the side of the Fell, till they came opposite to Blakehills, when they went over the mountain. They thus described a kind of curvilinear path, and their first, as well as their last appearance, was bounded by the foot of the mountain. Their pace was that of a regular swift walk; and they were seen for upwards of two hours, when darkness intervened. Several troops were seen in succession; and frequently the last, or last but one, in the troop would quit his position, gallop to the front, and then observe the same pace with the others. The same change was visible to all the spectators; and the sight of this phenomenon was not confined to Blakehills, but was witnessed by the inhabitants of the cottages within a mile. It was attested before a magistrate by the two above-cited individuals in the month of July, 1785. Twenty-six persons are said in the attestation to have witnessed the march of these aerial travellers.

It should be remarked that these appearances were observed on the eve of the rebellion, when troops of horsemen might be privately exercising; and as the imitative powers of the spectre of the Brocken demonstrate that the actions of human beings are sometimes pictured in the clouds, it seems highly probable, on a consideration of all the circumstances of this latter phenomenon on Souter-Fell, that certain thin vapours must have hovered round the summit of the mountain when the appearances were observed. It is also probable that these vapours may have been impressed with the shadowy forms which seemed to "imitate humanity," by a particular operation of the sun's rays, united with some singular, but unknown, refractive combinations then taking place in the atmosphere.

THE VISION OF A GODLESS WORLD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

If my heart should ever become so hapless and so withered, that every feeling in it which asserts the being of God should be destroyed, I would appal myself by reading over the following composition of mine; and it would cure me and give me back the feelings I had lost.

The aim of this poem is the excuse for its boldness. Men deny God's being with just as little feeling as most acknowledge it with. Even in our best systems of philosophy, we go on amassing mere words, counters, and medals, as misers collect cabinets of coins; and it is late before we convert the words into feelings, the coin into enjoyments. A person may believe in the immortality of the soul through twenty whole years; and in the twenty-first, on some great moment, be for the first time astounded at the riches contained in this belief, at the warmth of this fountain of Naptha.

Childhood, with her joys, and still more with her fears, resumes her wings, and sparkles anew in our dreams, and plays like a glow-worm in the little night of the soul. Do not extinguish these flitting sparks. Leave us our dismal and painful dreams; half-shadows that set off the realities of life.

I was lying once, on a summer evening, in the sun, upon a hill, and fell asleep. Then I dreamt I awoke in a churchyard.

The rolling wheels of the clock in the tower that was striking eleven, had awakened me. I searched through the dark empty sky for the sun; for I imagined that an eclipse had drawn the veil of the moon over it. All the graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were swung to and fro by invisible hands: along the walls shadows were flitting, which no one cast; and other shadows were walking upright through the naked air. In the open coffins nothing continued to sleep, save the children. In the sky there was naught but a grey sultry cloud hanging in massy folds, and a huge shadow kept on drawing it in like a net, nearer and closer and hotter. Above me, I heard the distant falls of avalanches; below me, the first tread of an illimitable earthquake. The church heaved up and down, shaken by two ceaseless discords, which were marring against each other within, and vainly striving to blend into a concord. At times a grey gleam leapt up on the windows, and at its touch the lead and iron melted and ran down. The net of cloud, and the reeling of the earth, drove me toward the porch, before which two fiery basilisks were hatching their venomous broods. I passed along amid unknown shadows that bore the marks of every century since the beginning of things. All the shadows were standing around the altar; and in each there was a quivering and throbbing of the breast instead of the heart. One dead man alone, who had been newly buried in the church, was still lying on his couch, without any quivering of his breast; and his face was smiling beneath the light of a happy dream. But, when one of the living entered, he awoke and smiled no more; toilsomely he drew up his heavy eyelid, but no eye was within; and his beating breast, instead of a heart, contained a wound. He lifted up his hands, and clasped them for prayer; but the arms lengthened and lowered themselves from his body, and the clasped hands dropped off. Overhead, in the vault of the church, stood the dial-plate of eternity, on which no number was to be read, nor any characters except its own name; only there was a black hand pointing thereat, on which the dead said they saw *Time*.

At this moment, a tall majestic form, with a countenance of imperishable anguish, sank down from on high upon the altar; and all the dead cried:—"Christ! is there no God?"

"He answered:—"There is none!"

The shadow of every dead man trembled all over, not his breast merely; and, one after another, their trembling dispersed them.

Christ spake on:—"I have gone through the midst of the worlds, I mounted into the suns, and flew with the milky way across the wilderness of heaven; but there is no God. I plunged down, as far as Being flings its shadow, and pried into the abyss, and cried:—Father, where art thou? but I heard only the everlasting tempest, which no one sways; and the glittering rainbow of beings was hanging, without a sun that had formed it, over the abyss, and trickling down into it. And, when I looked up towards the limitless world for the eye of God, the world stared at me with an empty bottomless eyesocket; and Eternity was lying upon chaos, and gnawing it to pieces, and chewing the cud of what it had devoured.—Scream on, ye discords! scatter these shades with your screaming: for He is not!"

The shades grew pale and dissolved, as white vapour, that the frost has given birth to, is melted by a breath of warmth; and the whole church became empty. Then—Oh! it was terrible to the heart!—the dead children, who had awaked in the church-yard, ran into the church, and threw themselves before the lofty form upon the altar, and said:—"Jesus! have we no father?" And he answered with tears streaming down: "We are all orphans, I and you; we are without a father."

Here the screeching of the discords became more violent; the walls of the church tottered and burst asunder; and the church and the children sank down; and the whole earth and the sun sank after; and the whole of the immeasurable universe sank before us; and Christ remained standing upon the highest pinnacle of nature, and gazed into the globe of the universe, pierced through by a thousand suns, as it were into a cavern, burrowed into the heart of eternal night, wherein the suns were running like miners' lights, and the galaxies like veins of silver.

And when Christ saw the crushing throng of worlds, the torch-dance of the heavenly *ignes fatui*, and the coral banks of beating hearts, and when he saw how one globe after another poured out its glimmering souls upon the dead sea, as a water-balloon strews its floating lights upon the waves;—then with a grandeur that betokened the highest of finite beings, he lifted up his eye toward the nothingness and toward the infinite void above him, and said:—"Moveless and voiceless nothing! cold eternal necessity! frantic chance! can ye, or any of you, tell me? when do you dash to pieces the building and me? Dost thou know it, O chance! even thou, when thou stridest with thy hurricanes athwart the snow-dust of the stars, and puffest out one sun after another, while the sparkling dew of the constellations is parched up as thou passest along! How desolate is every one in the vast catacomb of the universe! There is none beside me save myself. —O, Father! Father! where is thy world-sustaining breast, that I may rest on it! Alas! if every being is its own father and creator, why may it not also become its own destroying angel?

"Is that a man still beside me? Poor wretch! your little life is one of nature's sighs, or the mere echo of it; a mirror flings its rays on the clouds of dust from the ashes of the dead on your earth, and, forthwith, ye spring up, ye beclouded, fleeting images. Look down into the abyss, over which clouds of ashes are floating; mists full of worlds, are rising out of the dead sea; the future is that rising mist, and that which is falling is the present. Dost thou know thy own earth?"

Here Christ looked down, and his eye filled with tears, and he said: "Alas, I was once upon it; then I was still happy; then I had still an Almighty Father, and still looked with gladness from the mountains to the unfathomable heavens; and, when my breast was pierced through, I pressed it to his soothing image, and said, even in the bitterness of death—Father, draw forth thy son from his bleeding tabernacle, and raise him to thy heart. Ah! ye over-happy inhabitants of the earth, ye earth, ye still believe in Him. Perchance, at this moment, your sun is setting, and ye are falling on your knees in the midst of blossoms and radiance, and dew, and are lifting up your blessed hands, and, while shedding a thousand tears of joy, are crying to the open heavens: Me, too, even me, dost thou know, thou Almighty One, and all my wounds, and after my death thou wilt receive me and close them all. Miserable creatures, after death they will never be closed. The woe-begone mortal who lays his bleeding back in the earth, to sleep till the coming of a fairer morning, full of truth, full of goodness and joy, will awake amid the storms of chaos, in the eternity of midnight; and no morning comes, and no healing hand, and no Almighty Father. Thou mortal beside me, if thou still livest, pray to Him now, else thou hast lost him for ever."

And, as I fell down and beheld the shining world, I saw the uplifted scales of the giant snake Eternity, that had spread itself around the universe; and the scales dropped down, and it wreathed itself twice round the universe; then it twined in a thousand folds around Nature, and squeezed world against world; and, with a crushing force, compressed the temple of infinity into a village church; and everything grew dense, and murky, and dismal, and the clapper of a bell stretched out its measureless length, about to strike the last hour of time, and to split the fabric of the world to atoms——when I awoke.

My soul wept with joy that it was again able to worship God; and my joy, and my tears, and my faith in him, were my prayer. And, as I stood up, the sun was glowing low down behind the full purple ears of corn, and was quietly throwing the reflection of its evening glory to the little moon that was rising without a dawn in the east; and between heaven and earth a joyous short-lived world was spreading out its tiny wings, and living, as I was, in the presence of an Almighty Father; and from the whole of nature around me came sounds of peace, like the voices of evening bells from afar.

THE JAPANESE EMPIRE.

CHAPTER I.—A SHORT SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF JAPAN.

THE fate of the empire of Japan may be compared, with a certain amount of justice, to that of Nineveh, of Herculaneum, and of Pompeii. As the first of these celebrated cities lay for long ages buried beneath the accumulated soil which the hand of time had strewed over the former surface of the land; and as the second two were consigned to moulder in silence and night beneath the lava which Vesuvius had once vomited forth, liquid with heat—so may the empire of Japan be said to have been buried for now more than two centuries beneath a system of exclusion which has hitherto defied all the attempts made by various nations, at various periods, to break through it. Whether or no Japan is justified in thus shutting herself out from the great family of nations, is a question which we shall not discuss here, but as public curiosity has lately been greatly excited with regard to this extraordinary nation, we propose giving a short account of its history, government, laws, religion, social condition, &c., illustrating our description by engravings, which have been carefully executed for the express purpose, after the drawings contained in the celebrated work of Dr. F. Von Siebold, who was for some time physician of the Dutch factory on the island of Dezima. However much the reader may be struck by some of the facts which we shall have occasion to relate concerning the Japanese, he will be no less astonished, we believe, at the untiring energy and great tact displayed by such men as Siebold, Klaproth, and Kämpfer, who have written upon Japan. In spite of the strict prohibitory clauses relating to the intercourse of foreigners, our knowledge of Japan is far from being as limited as is commonly supposed. The writers we have just named, as well as several others, have published some most voluminous and interesting works on the subject, and satisfactorily proved—if, indeed, proof was necessary—that the Japanese might as well attempt, like the courtiers of the Saxon king, to set a limit to the ocean waves, as to stop the no less irresistible waves of human knowledge.

COURT COSTUME OF A JAPANESE NOBLE.

The Japanese empire consists of several islands of various sizes. In the language of the inhabitants themselves the largest island is called Nippon or Niffon, derived from *Nitsi* or *Nitsu*, the sun, and *Hon* or *Fon*, origin, rising; and meaning, therefore, the Rising of the Sun. The entire empire, including all the dependent islands, goes by the name of Daï Nippon, i.e. The Great Nippon. In the Mandarine language

it is called *Shé-pèn*, and by the inhabitants of Northern China, *Zippen*. From these names to the English *Japan* the transition is easy.

The early history of Japan, like that of every other nation, is a compound of obscurity and mythological fable. We propose to give some account of the latter in the chapter dedicated to the National Religion, but for the present we will confine ourselves to beings of ordinary flesh and blood. Passing, therefore, over their god-kings, we will come at once to the first mortal ruler of the empire of Japan, who is said to have been Zin-mu-ten-woo (the heavenly warrior, the heavenly enlightened ruler). This name, however, was not given him until after his death; the name he bore in his early youth being Sa-nono-mikoto (Lord of the narrow land). Although the youngest son, Zin-mu-ten-woo, like Napoleon in modern times, was destined to eclipse his elder brothers in position and fame. So superior, indeed, was he to them in the qua-

JAPANESE COUNTRY PEOPLE.

lities both of the body and of the mind, that, at the early age of fifteen, his father selected him as his successor on the throne.

At the age of five-and-forty, Zin-mu-ten-woo determined to undertake the conquest of Japan, and set out, for that purpose, at the head of a considerable army, commanded by his two sons and his three brothers. It is uncertain where his hereditary dominions were situated. Some writers assert that he originally came from China. If this was the case, we can fully believe the accounts handed down to us about the ignorance of his people in naval matters and the inefficiency of his vessels; for it was not until after a voyage of ten months that he reached land. At first, victory did not seem to smile upon him. His eldest brother met his death in battle from the wound of an arrow, while the two others, anticipating, as it were, the example of Marcus Curtius, threw themselves into the sea, in order to appease the ruling divinity of that element, who seemed determined on destroying the invading fleet. The fraternal sacrifice is said to have had the desired effect, for the waves almost instantly became calm, and Zin-mu-ten-woo succeeded in once more landing; although almost immediately he had done so he was exposed to fresh danger, in the shape of a bear, whose breath was so deadly that the hero as well as all his army fell to the ground completely overpowered by it. The bear does not seem to have been viciously inclined, however, for he returned to the wood from which he had emerged without hurting any one.

But although Zin-mu-ten-woo had many difficulties to contend with in his designs of conquest, he could also boast of several very peculiar advantages. He was lucky enough to interest the warlike Thunder-god, who gave him a wonderful sword, while a certain goddess sent him a raven that always preceded his army, and pointed out the nearest and best way to be pursued on the march. With such supernatural patronage, it is not surprising that Zin-mu-ten-woo should eventually have been successful, and we are only astonished that it should have taken him nearly six years to bring the country into a state of subjection to his authority. The date of his accession to the throne is B.C. 660, and the present *Mikado*, or spiritual hereditary ruler of Japan, pretends to trace his descent up through a period of more than two thousand years to this successful invader.

Zin-mu-ten-woo was succeeded by a long line of sovereigns entitled *Mikados*, or sons of Heaven, and who asserted that the spirit of the Goddess of the Sun was embodied in every successive *Mikado*. In the course of time, the *Mikados*, who were originally, in the fullest sense of the word, despotic rulers, and invariably led their armies into battle themselves, sank into a state of effeminate luxuriousness. They also adopted the practice of abdicating the supreme dignity in favour of the next legal heir to the throne, acting as regent for him, in case he was a child, until he came of age.

One of the *Mikados*, who had married the daughter of a very

great and powerful prince, abdicated in favour of his little son, who was only three years old. The boy's grandfather, who was a bold ambitious man, rose up in rebellion against the ex-Mikado, who was acting as regent for his young successor, and, putting him into prison, seized on the sovereignty himself. A distant relation of the royal race, named Yoritomo, now appeared as the champion of right and justice, and, after a civil war of some considerable duration, succeeded in defeating the usurper. As his reward, he was appointed *sio i dai ziogoon*, or commander-in-chief fighting against the barbarians; and knew so well how to take advantage of his new dignity, that he kept it for twenty years, and at his decease bequeathed it to his son.

In this manner did a second power spring up in the state. A succession of infant *Mikados* tended to fix the authority of the *Ziogoons* on a firm basis, and the latter, while nominally only the lieutenants of the *Mikados*, were in reality the governors of the empire. So universally indeed was this dignity recognised as hereditary, that even as early as a few years subsequent to Yoritomo's death, his widow left for a time the Bhuddist convent, to which she had retired to pass the remainder of her life, and assumed the regency for the infant *Ziogoon*. In the Japanese annals, we find frequent mention of the *Ziogoon* abdicating, like any other hereditary sovereign, and likewise of civil wars waged by the adherents of the various pretenders to the dignity.

In the year 1229, Mongol ambassadors were sent from the Emperor Kublai Khan to Japan. They brought a letter proposing an alliance between the *Mikado* and Kublai Khan, but they did not succeed in their purpose, as they were not allowed to see either the *Mikado* or the *Ziogoon*. Kublai Khan sent several other embassies, but all proved equally unsuccessful. He also appeared with a hostile fleet off the island of Tsuzima, but was obliged to sheer off again with considerable loss. In 1275, the Ziogoon informed Kublai Khan's ambassadors, that no Mongol subject would in future be allowed to put his foot upon Japanese soil under pain of death, and, as this warning was disregarded, every person composing the next two embassies, in 1276 and 1279, were beheaded. In order to take vengeance for this act, another Mongol fleet was sent to punish the refractory Japanese, who so strangely preferred their freedom to the yoke of a foreign conqueror. There were a hundred thousand soldiers on board the various vessels. The Japanese were ready to receive them, but they had no opportunity for the display of their valour. Like the celebrated Armada, centuries afterwards, the invading fleet was utterly destroyed by a violent tempest, and all that the Japanese had to do was to slaughter, without the least danger to themselves, the poor, unhappy wretches—the miserable and innocent instruments of a despotic conqueror—who had managed to gain the shore. Three only were spared, not from any motive of mercy, but in order that they might return and inform Kublai Khan with what determination the Japanese carried out their resolutions. As long as the Mongol dynasty over China and the neighbouring states lasted, all communication between the Japanese and the Mongol subjects was strictly forbidden; and it was not until the downfall of the barbarian conquerors, that the commercial relations between the two countries were once more replaced upon their former footing.

At length, in the year 1543, when Japan had enjoyed an uninterrupted succession of 106 princes, under whose rule, extending over more than twenty centuries, it had risen to be a mighty empire, it was accidentally discovered by the Portuguese. There is no doubt, however, that it was already known, under the name of Zi-pan-gu to Marco Polo, the celebrated traveller of the thirteenth century. The important fact of its discovery by the Portuguese is thus related in the Japanese annals, which are quoted by Siebold:—"In the twentieth year of the *Nengo** Ten-bun, on the twenty-second day of the eighth month, under the government of the *Mikado* Konara, and of the *Ziogoon* Yosihar (October, 1543), a strange vessel touched at the island of Tanega-sima, in the province of Nisimura, near Ko-ura'. The crew, which consist of about a hundred people, present a remarkable appearance. Their language is unintelligible, and their place of residence unknown. There is a Chinese of the name of Go-hou on board. He understands writing, and from him we learn that the ship is a *Nan-ban* ship (southern barbarians' ship). On the six-and-twentieth of the same month, the vessel is taken to the north-west side of the island to the harbour of Aka-oki, and Tokitaka, the commander of Tanega-sima commences a very severe examination, at which the Japanese Bonze, Tsyu-sju-zu, by the aid of Chinese characters, acts as interpreter. On board the *Nan-ban* ship are two commanders, Mura-syuksyu and Krista Moota. They carry fire-arms with them, and first teach the Japanese the use of the fire-weapon and the preparation of fire-powder."

The Portuguese did not neglect so favourable a market for their merchandise. Soon after the news of this unknown country was spread abroad, other Portuguese vessels followed in the wake of the first. The Japanese received them in the most friendly manner, and a very lucrative trade sprang up. The Portuguese, however, were not left for any very considerable period in undisputed possession of the field. They were followed, somewhere about 1585, by the Dutch, and in 1613 by the English. Not content, however, with having free permission to pursue their own affairs in Japan, the representatives of these three nations could not bear the idea of suffering a rival, and, consequently, did all in their power, both by cunning and calumny, to ruin each other in the minds of the Japanese.

The Portuguese merchants had not traded long with Japan before their priests also found a favourable opportunity of visiting it. A young Japanese of noble birth and cultivated mind, named Angero, having been pursued for the crime of murder, fled from Japan on board of a Portuguese vessel. Some time afterwards he became a convert to the Romish church, under the name of Paulo de Santa Fé, and if he did not actually originate the enterprise, was, at all events, the leader and advocate of a mission to his native country, which was, in 1549, undertaken by Franciscus Xaverius and a few other Jesuits.

Had these Jesuits never visited Japan there can be little doubt that the strict system of exclusion towards European nations, which has so long marked its policy, would never have been pursued, and that the merchants of England, as well as of all other nations, would at the present day have found a profitable market for their wares in the ancient empire of the Mikados.

From all the authorities that we have consulted on the subject, it appears very clear that it was not spiritual authority alone which the worthy fathers aimed at. The Japanese rulers were most tolerant in matters of religion, and offer an example of forbearance which might be imitated with great advantages by the princes of many countries calling themselves Christian at the present day. Every man who came to Japan was allowed to follow the religion that his conscience told him was the best. This is proved by the example of the first Englishman who ever visited the country, namely, William Adams, who passed there a large portion of his life. This worthy man, who enjoyed the favour of the Ziogoon, and all the great personages of the land—who possessed lands and other property—and who procured the privileges granted to the English traders—remained a member of his own church to the day of his death, without let or hindrance on the part of his hosts. Indeed, so great was the liberty of conscience allowed to every one, that when the native priests once besought the Ziogoon, Nobunanga, to expel the Jesuits from Japan, giving as a reason for their request that the latter were gaining so many proselytes to the new religion, the Ziogoon asked, "How many sects are there already in the country?" and on being informed that there were thirty-five, replied: "Very well, then; where there are thirty-five, thirty-six can well be tolerated; leave the strangers in peace."

But the disciples of Ignatius de Loyala—if we are to believe accounts worthy of credit, and we do believe them—were far

* *Nengo*, i. e. "year's name," is a title of honour by which the monarchs of eastern Asia designate various periods of their reigns.

from imitating the moderation of the Japanese. They were not contented with the mere exercise of their faith, with the power of building churches and celebrating the rites of their religion openly and in the face of day, but they would willingly have exterminated all those who professed any faith but their own. What they are at the present day they were then. As the child is father to the man, so was the Jesuit of the sixteenth century the same sly, crafty, and designing personage he is now. The sect has, since the period of which we are writing, been expelled from almost every country in Europe; and the Japanese were merely the first to do what others have repeated. The Japanese sovereign saw the insidious influence that the reverend fathers were daily gaining in his empire. He was aware of their overbearing demeanour; he had heard of the pomp and luxury in which they lived; he knew that, puffed up with pride and arrogance, they mimicked the splendour of the clergy of priest-ridden Rome, and, while professing to be the lowly followers of Him who made his entry into Jerusalem upon the back of an ass, that they disdained any longer to touch the ground with their feet, and caused themselves to be carried about in litters. With all this before his eyes, the course that he pursued cannot be designated as either tyrannical or unjust. He ordered them to retire to Firando within twenty days, as a preparatory step to their quitting the empire altogether. So just was he, however, that he expressly excepted from his edict all merchants and traders who had taken no part in the disturbances occasioned by the Jesuits, and who were, therefore, allowed to remain, as before, unmolested.

The imperial commands were disregarded. The Jesuits were not to be so easily ejected. They were, too, probably aware that the Ziogoon was harsher in his words than in his deeds. Fresh disorders, in which the missionaries were implicated, broke out, and the offenders were visited with very severe punishment by the authorities. The Portuguese Viceroy of Goa sent to remonstrate with the Ziogoon on the ill-treatment of his countrymen, as did also the Governor of the Phillipines, five years afterwards, in 1597. The Ziogoon did not refuse to see the envoy in either case; on the contrary, he received him with every favour, and condescended to justify his conduct with regard to the priests and their converts. He said that it was a strange and suspicious thing that whenever the Jesuits instilled their doctrines into the minds of their converts, the latter invariably showed themselves filled with sentiments of hatred and insubordination to the ruling powers of the state; that the priests of the new religion travelled about the country, followed by great quantities of disorderly people, and that they made no secret of their design of ultimately effecting the conquest of the empire.

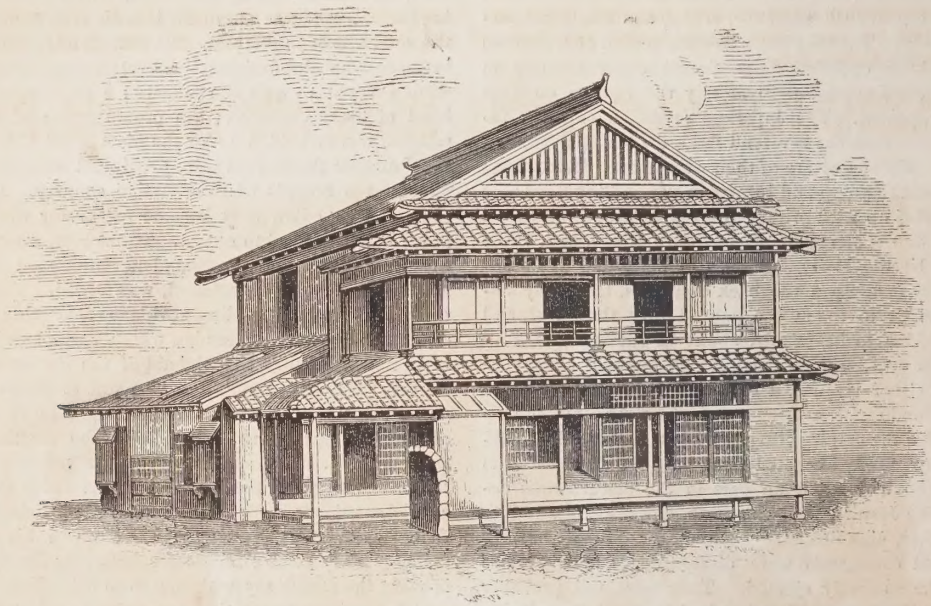
Matters remained in this state until the death of Taico Sama. During the reign of his successor, who was far from being so mild and moderate a prince as Taico Sama had proved himself, the priests were again ordered to quit the country, and the establishments they had formed to be broken up. Instead of obeying the edict, the Jesuits, under a number of various disguises, spread themselves over the country. Their professed object was still to make converts to the faith of Rome. It seems a very remarkable fact, however, that wherever they can be traced, their presence was followed by the Christian converts breaking out in open rebellion. Ogosho Sama was not a prince to bear this with impunity, and, accordingly, under his orders, one of the most fearful persecutions ever known in any country was forthwith commenced against the Christian converts. Neither age nor sex was spared.

And was it not very natural that the Ziogoon should feel greatly exasperated at seeing his kingdom torn asunder by dissensions and civil broils, all arising from the machinations and intrigues of a number of designing foreign priests, who requited the hospitality shown them by exciting treason and contempt for those at whose hands they enjoyed that hospitality? Such a line of conduct was not calculated to render the foreigners beloved. As we have before said, the Dutch were exceedingly jealous of the other nations who participated with them in the profits arising from the trade with Japan, and had, as we have likewise mentioned, endeavoured to undermine their credit by all kinds of calumny and falsehoods. At last, in the year 1637, they thought that the time was arrived for a masterstroke of policy. They produced a correspondence which they said had been carried on between certain parties in Japan and the Portuguese, inciting the latter, under pretence of espousing the cause of the native Christians, to send over a force for the conquest of the empire. The effects of this discovery were instantaneous and decisive. All Europeans, except the Dutch, were ordered to quit the country; a price was set upon the head of every Christian; the promulgation of the Christian religion was forbidden under the most dreadful penalties; and the Japanese themselves were prohibited from ever proceeding beyond the bounds of their native country. If they transgressed this edict, they became exiles for ever afterwards, never being allowed to return. It has been asserted, over and over again, that the correspondence produced by the Dutch, and to which we have referred, was forged. The Dutch deny this; and there is no direct evidence attainable by which we can with certainty determine which party speaks the truth. It is not impossible that the aid of the Portuguese may have been requested to enable the new sect to obtain the supreme power; but the character of the Dutch in those times was such as to justify us in believing the accusation brought against them. Diplomatists are never very particular about the means they use to effect their ends; and if the assertion of a celebrated professor of the art, namely, Prince Talleyrand, that "language is given to man to disguise his thoughts," be true, we have good grounds for believing the exact contrary of what the Dutch say with regard to this affair.

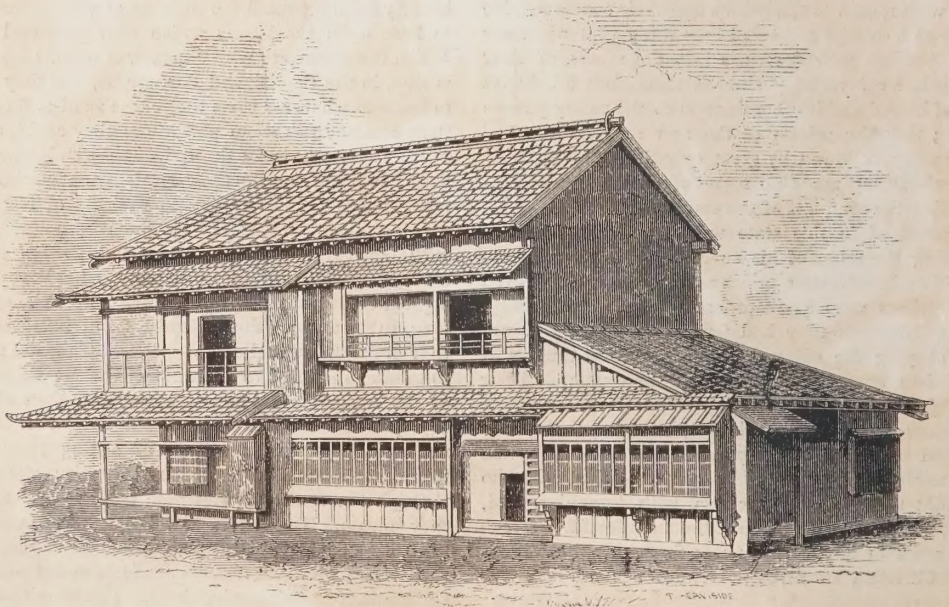
Other writers assert that the priests and their proselytes, the native Christians, were persecuted by a certain Iyeyas who had usurped the *Ziogoonship*, and who determined to exterminate them, because they had supported his rival, the just claimant of the throne. Be this as it may, however, after the most atrocious cruelties had been perpetrated on the conquered party, an edict was issued, forbidding all Europeans, except the Dutch, to put foot upon the soil of Japan. But although the Dutch were allowed to remain, they must bitterly have repented the success of their scheme, if we are to look upon the letters which they produced as forgeries. When the commerce with Japan was open, they had rivals, it is true, in the English and Portuguese, but they were allowed to trade to whatever ports they chose; and to find a market for their commodities when and where they could, and far better would it have been for them, had they endeavoured to prove themselves superior to their rivals by enterprise and perseverance, instead of descending to the arts of low cunning and calumny. Honesty is always the best policy. Their trade with Japan is, at present, almost nominal. Indeed, it has been affirmed by some writers, that they must have some ulterior object in view, otherwise they would not have continued it so long, subject to all the indignities and inconvenience which they are now compelled to endure. They are not permitted to send more than two ships annually from Batavia, the value of the cargoes not amounting to more than about £70,000. The profits cannot be large, considering that the Dutch do not even enjoy the privilege of selling their merchandise themselves, but are under the necessity of disposing of it through the agency of Japanese traders, who fix what price they please. The price, too, is not paid in money, which the Dutch are strictly prohibited from having in their possession, but in whatever natural products of the country the purchasers may choose to give them. The members of the Dutch factory are strictly confined to one spot, namely, the Island of Dezima, in the bay of Nagasaki. This island was originally assigned to the Portuguese, but when the latter were expelled, it became the residence, or rather the prison-house, of their successful rivals, who cannot have been very greatly pleased at having been obliged to exchange the liberty of residing in whatever part of the country they liked, for the privilege of being cooped up in a wretched island only 600 feet in length, and 240 in breadth. Dezima is entirely artificial, having been

raised from the bottom of the sea on purpose to accommodate—if we may be allowed to use this term of a place where there is so very little accommodation—the Portuguese traders. When the Ziogoon, who ordered it to be formed, was asked of what shape he desired it; he unfolded the inevitable fan, which all the Japanese, both men and women continually carry, and in the shape of a fan was it constructed accordingly, in obedience to his whim, as the Escurial was built in the form of a gridiron to gratify a freak of the sombre Philip II. In this narrow prison-house are the members of the Dutch factory obliged to linger out their existence; never being allowed to cross over to the mainland, save at stated periods, and furnished with a permission from the proper authority. Every time they leave the island, they are subjected to a most rigorous search. We shall, however, give in a following chapter a more detailed account of the forms and rules observed on such occasions.

For the present we shall content ourselves by stating that various attempts have been made, but all without success, to obtain the repeal of the law against foreigners; and the two Dutch ships, which annually anchor in Nagasaki Bay, are the only European vessels in whose favour its severity has ever been in any way relaxed. What effect the appearance of the American expedition may have in opening to the world the ports of this strange people, we cannot pretend to say. We only trust that it may not render the Japanese rulers more suspicious and exclusive than ever. All depends, however, on the manner in which the affair is conducted. If the American commander be a man of great talent, he may, perhaps, persuade them to relax somewhat of the stringency of the existing regulations; but, from all we know of the Japanese character, we should hardly say he will be successful, if he endeavours to force them to do so.



JAPANESE GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE.



JAPANESE GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE (ANOTHER VIEW).

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER III.

Qui voudrait vivre, mon fils, s'il connaissait l'avenir ?—*Bernadin de Saint Pierre.*

Ausserordentlich schwärmerische Menschen, Genies and Narren sollten gar nicht heirathen, aber die erste Liebe äusserst heiss, just bis zum ersten Kusse treiben und dann auf und davon gehen — Warte mit dem Zorne, die Gründe Kommen.—*Adalbert Stifter.*

HONORIA was reining in her white pony, and commencing a quiet return towards the old mansion, when suddenly a strange woman emerged from a coppice, and with wildly waving arms paused like some ancient Pythoness before the young girl. The affrighted pony reared, and infallibly would have thrown his rider, had she not been possessed of unusual presence of mind and an excellent seat on horseback. The hounds sprang towards the woman; Honoria's decisive tone of command, uttered in her clear, bell-like voice, instantly caused them to fall back; or, it might be, they fell back shivering, cowed more by a strange undaunted something in the woman, than even by the command of their mistress.

URSULA MORDANT IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Stand off, woman!" ejaculated Honoria, the blood with violence suffusing her transparent skin; "do you not see how you have startled my pony?"

"Vengeance! vengeance!" shrieked the woman, heedless of Honoria's danger and her own, "my Leonard! my Leonard! my son—he has been foully murdered, girl!—look here!" and the poor maniac held forth towards Honoria the little pictures and needle-book. Honoria, startled by these awful words, cast her eyes upon the childish paintings, and her keen spirit appeared instantly to comprehend the condition of the unhappy being before her.

"That is sad indeed, poor woman!" said she, soothingly, whilst she sought to curb in her fiery little steed, which still curvetted about in a manner perilous enough for Mrs. Mordant. "We will try and help you," pursued Honoria; "I will ride off for help;" and saying this she loosened her pony's rein, and fled like an arrow towards the house.

Soon Mr. Pierrpoint and Honoria's tutor, followed by a servant, might have been observed crossing the meadow towards the unhappy woman, who was restlessly pacing up and down upon the spot where Honoria had left her. Mr. Pierrpoint proffered his assistance, and poor Mrs. Mordant, in her frantic vehemence, mingling truth and miserable fancies, poured forth to him her distress of mind.

Mr. Pierrpoint obtained sufficient information from her incoherent speeches for his purpose. He discovered that she was the sister of Michael Stamboyse, and to the house of this well-known merchant he forthwith conveyed her.

The morrow's grey dawn saw her removed from Stamboyse's house to an asylum lying on the outskirts of the town.

And here for the present, in this house of woe, must we leave the miserable mother. Nothing could induce her to part with the scraps of paper covered with Johnny Wetherley's childish paintings. She had folded them in a pink-gauze handkerchief and carried them in her bosom, guarding them fiercely and ealousy, as if they were an untold treasure.

Her guardians, with a wise humanity, indulged her frenzied fancies by leaving her, undisturbed, this pitiful solace. Her madness had now sunk into a lethargic misery for the most part. For hours she might have been seen crouched in some corner of her sleeping cell, or of the common ward, with her head bowed in a wild abandonment upon her knees—like one of those extraordinary figures designed by that sublime madman, William Blake—or flung upon the floor with her face lying in the dust, in the attitude of oriental worship, oblivious to the blood-curdling cries that rose around her from afflicted souls torn by frantic misery, which now presented itself in awful ribald jests, in cries of bitterest anguish, or, more fearful still, in laughter such as never issued from sane bosom. But there were also times when poor Ursula Mordant woke up from lethargy, and flinging her treasure from her bosom, would blend her cry with other cries of agony, echoing through the white mournful corridors, and ascending up to God.

But this cry of anguish never reached Leonard. Where was he? Let us seek after him.

One morning the scholars of Signor Lambelli, assembled in the rotunda of his celebrated academy of painting in London, were addressed by their worthy master in the following little set speech:—

"Gentlemen! to-day a pupil will enter this Temple of the Muses, for whom I must, gentlemen, request your especial courtesy. Art, my dear youthful friends, we all believe, sublimates the meanest atom. As Jove, we learn, descended from the skies, assuming grovelling shapes of beasts and birds to bear away the prize of beauty, so now in common life—as in the case which I am about to lay before you, gentlemen—we perceive how the highly-born—if I mistake not—and the highly-endowed with genius, may stoop to perform the drudgery of slaves in order to gain admittance to the Temple of the Muses. Gentlemen, I bewilder you! In simple terms—casting aside the flowers of rhetoric—I will explain. A young gentleman last night besought admittance to me—his name, as given, is Leonard Hale—and, with a noble frankness, declaring himself unpossessed of worldly wealth, but burning with an inextinguishable ardour for the service of the Muses, he besought permission, upon any terms, to enter this Temple. He would, he declared, with eyes of pride, become a menial even, so that he might in the end attain to the rank of a disciple. I was"—pursued the kind-hearted, but pompous Lambelli, his voice becoming somewhat husky, his speech somewhat less florid—"interested, gentlemen, in the youth; his manner bespoke an earnest, steadfast love and ardour; his sketches, which he showed me, power. He would not receive his admission among you upon any terms but those of working out a return for my instruction. He will, gentlemen, henceforth perform the functions of that lazy dog, Peter; and, *gentlemen*, my dear young friends, you will evince yourselves in the reception of this *gentleman*"—concluded Lambelli, sonorously clearing his throat as if to drive away some lingering emotion.

The good signor's little address was received in a variety of ways: there were titterings and coughings, and there were also a few instances of noble and generous response to poor Leonard's action, which expressed themselves in murmurs of "By Jove, though, there must be stuff in the chap!"—"We must be up and doing, old fellow, or this Phœnix of servitors will sweep us out of the rotunda with the other rubbish!"

The door opening, Leonard entered, and murmurings and titterings ceased suddenly, although many glances, both bold and furtive, were cast upon him.

It was with no cowed or menial air that he advanced, but with so proud a bearing that the good signor's suspicions regarding the youth's noble birth might readily have been acceded to by all present. A keen fire flashed in his eyes as they rapidly glanced over the room prepared for study, with the light striking broadly upon the rows of large-limbed casts after the antique which in calm dignity stood around the walls. Then slightly bowing to Signor Lambelli, and the colour suffusing his usually pale cheek as he felt so many wondering, strange eyes riveted upon him, he said in a clear but low voice,—

"Is there any duty, Sir, which I shall perform before commencing my drawing? You will perhaps have the goodness clearly to explain to me here, before these gentlemen, what my duties are; I wish to arrange all my work methodically, so that the one kind shall not interfere with the other, in order that both you and I, Sir, may have satisfaction in each other."

Signor Lambelli, with a certain bustling excitement, and an undisguised deference, then explained the mysteries of straining paper upon the student's drawing-boards, of arranging the room for models, and various other duties of the same kind which would devolve upon the youth,—

"The brooms," observed the kind-hearted signor, lowering his voice and drawing Leonard aside, "for—hem—hem—my dear young sir, you will pardon my using such homely terms—for sweeping out the rotunda, and dust-pans, and such trifling matters, I will order up here, and they shall be kept in this closet; so that—you understand me, my dear young sir—that with the menials of my household you shall have no occasion to come in contact. As you gracefully observed last evening, 'the hand is never defiled by an action, however lowly, which is performed in a noble spirit;' we know that—we know that. But now let us set to work upon the nobler work—of course—of course, in a *noble* spirit." And the good man drew forth an easel, and arranging an anatomical cast in an advantageous light, with love and earnestness set his new pupil to work.

"And, gentlemen," pursued he, turning round to the considerably-surprised groups of youths who were scattered through the room, "you will not be unreasonable in your demands upon Mr. Hale's time. I rely upon your honourable feelings, gentlemen."

It would be needless, step by step, to follow Leonard through this portion of his career. Let it suffice to say, that he battled onward through difficulties, and through what to many a less truly proud spirit would have been humiliations, inspired by a fervent love of art, inflamed with a vast ambition, nerved up to endure all things for the accomplishment of his then sole

purpose in life—the development of his latent genius, and thereby the attainment of triumphant artistic success, which should be the sign of his love to his mother—his revenge upon his uncle.

He had, in the first instance, to run the gauntlet with various mean spirits amongst Lambelli's pupils; but the nobler ones speedily arose as his champions, and in Lambelli himself he had ever a true and steadfast friend, who not alone imparted freely and proudly all the practical knowledge of art of which he was possessed to his singular pupil, but, with a gentle thought inquiring into the poor youth's circumstances, put work into his hands which enabled Leonard, by unceasing toil at night and in the early mornings, to earn sufficient for his slender wants. But this evident pride of Lambelli in his pupil only in another way produced thorns for Leonard—jealousy and envy of him spread among the other students; but silently, earnestly, at times moodily, Leonard wrought on, performing his two spheres of labour, the lower for the love of the higher, and that, too, with a conscientiousness which would have been incredible to Michael Stamboyse, had he known of it. But where a strong love rules how easy become all things! Speedily, however, did the time arrive for Leonard to pass on to a yet higher school than that of the Rotunda—to the school of the Royal Academy, where Lambelli longed to see him entered as a student; foreseeing that much credit to his teaching would accrue to him through Leonard, and also from an unselfish interest in the youth.

And neither were master nor scholar disappointed in their expectations: Leonard's success was signal; his zeal and skill a constant subject of discourse both among teachers and fellow-students, and the highest expectations were excited regarding his career. This phase of Leonard's life was truly typified in a bold figure which he had once sketched in charcoal upon the wall of Lambelli's school, and which for long years was carefully preserved there by Lambelli, and by later generations of students, as a relic of "that clever fellow, Hale." It was of a strong youthful warrior hewing his way through the world with a huge two-edged sword, his breast heaving, his youthful brows knit with a strong determination.

And thus Leonard hewed his way boldly forward, and in the struggle and emulation of the combat he could not hear the wailing voice of his poor mother echoing through the desolate corridors of her abode of misery.

"I shall write to my mother on the day of my triumph!" said Leonard in his heart. And for the sake of the great joy to his mother and himself of this triumph, he silenced with a strong will the agony of his love for her, which at times threatened to overwhelm him and his ambition.

Let us now return to our poor little artist, Johnny. Before a month had passed from the day on which he had encountered Mrs. Mordant in the wood above the Hellings, that long-yearned-for happiness had arrived—a visit from the Pierrpoints; and then a yet more marvellous bliss—his translation from the cottage of his good old grandmother to the studio of Mr. Isaac Strudwicke, of Nottingham, a portrait-painter of much provincial fame.

On a clear-skied, joyous May morning, the carriage of the Honourable Jaspar Pierrpoint stopped at the turn of the lane, near to Sally Wetherley's cottage, and the old dame herself, now pretty nearly recovered from her accident, might have been seen at the door of the cottage supported on a crutch, which nevertheless did not prevent her from attempting various curtseys in reply to Mr. Pierrpoint's words, as he conducted away Johnny, who, attired in bran new clothes, and with a very crimson countenance, was grasping his grandmother's hand. Then one might have seen how the good old woman hobbled down, as fast as she could, to her favourite point of observation in the little garden, where, standing among the young cabbage-plants, through a gap in the hedge, she watched, with tears of pride and affection gathering in her eyes, the carriage roll away, with Johnny seated in the rumble.

And now commences, truly, a fresh chapter in the life of John Wetherley.

Often in after life did that first entrance into the temple of art recur to him and call forth smiles, but smiles mingled with a certain tenderness. John Wetherley's maturer judgment in later years declared the studio of worthy Isaac Strudwicke to have been but a dreary, barren temple. Great names, and much technicality and conventionality, certainly adorned the teaching and the life in the temple, and many a strictly correct and conventional picture of a gentleman standing before a crimson curtain, festooned between marble columns, the said gentleman holding in his hand an open letter, or leaning it gracefully upon a table scattered over with books and papers, did Johnny study; and as he progressed under the instruction of his worthy master, aid in the creation of.

Innumerable were the crimson Indian scarfs which he industriously dashed in for Isaac Strudwicke for the adornment of elderly ladies, both amiable and severe, who attired in brilliant black satin, were seated upon Grecian couches—innumerable the pale blue scarfs for the young ladies in white, who, with ringlets and pensive eyes, wandered through cinnamon-coloured groves, often bearing in their hands baskets of roses. Much labour also did blue coats, striped buff waistcoats, crimson curtains with ditto cords and tassels, and green table-cloths, and vellum-bound books, and massive ink-stands, afford him. But it was some time ere such delicacies of art were intrusted to the pencil of the novice.

Above all, in John Wetherley's memory bloomed two pictures of his life with Isaac Strudwicke—his presentation to his master, and the last day of his discipleship.

The carriage of the Honourable Jaspar Pierrpoint, upon the bright May morning already referred to, stopped abruptly at a house in the same street as that of Michael Stamboyse, and, like it, a house bearing the stamp of the reign of William and Mary. Johnny's heart beat faster and louder, and his breath came ever thicker and quicker, and his cheeks glowed ever hotter and redder, as he followed Mr. Pierrpoint, and the demure elderly woman-servant who ushered them up the well-carpeted staircase, and through a long gallery hung and carpeted with crimson baize, and adorned with copies after Rubens, Vandyke, and Rembrandt, made by Mr. Strudwicke when upon his continental tour. Now the door at the end of the gallery was opened, Johnny feeling as though certainly his loudly beating heart must burst his breast, and as though every one certainly must hear, as he did, a rush as of winds and waters—which was, after all, simply the circulation of his own excited blood.

The door opened, they entered, and he saw tall easels rising up around him, from which gleamed down the contented countenances of gentlemen and ladies; he saw light streaming in a blinding shower from the upper portion of a tall window at the end of the room, the lower portion of the window being mysteriously hung with a heavy green curtain. Everywhere he saw pictures, and books, and prints, and portfolios, and ghastly-looking casts of hands, arms, feet, and heads, standing about the floor or hanging upon the walls; he saw a hideous, huge doll bedizened up with a widow's cap and a crimson scarf; and he saw Isaac Strudwicke himself.

The good old gentleman had been inspired by one of the unusual flights of imagination which, upon two or three occasions of his long and indefatigable life, had visited him. He was painting a picture which, to employ his own words, he regarded as "idealised poetical portraiture." It was a picture of Niobe and her children; and in order to enjoy the full force of contrast, or maybe the picture originating in the fantastic contradiction inherent in human nature, he had chosen as the models for his poetical picture his newly-wedded wife, the matronly relict of Jeremiah Dale, formerly mayor of Sheffield, and her two little daughters, Phœbe and Emma. Possible, also, is it that Mrs. Strudwicke's poetical mind had influenced that of her "cherished spouse," for she was a lady with a vein of tender sentimentality running through her comfortable being; and now, rejoicing in a second and beloved husband, and in the possession of two remarkably healthy and pretty

little daughters, she poetically chose to have herself immortalised, by the pencil of her husband, as the unhappy Niobe, and Phœbe and Emma, clinging to her, in horror of Diana's arrows, as the last of her ten daughters.

Could Johnny have read the expression upon Mr. Pierrpoint's countenance when that gentleman's eyes encountered "the poetical portrait" in progress, and the group throned before Isaac Strudwicke, the lad would have read something there very dry and sarcastic. But Johnny was in no condition to read countenances or anything else; he was fairly bewildered—bewildered by the portly dame in classical drapery and whose plump arm, protruding from a flame-coloured tunic, was wound round the shaft of a broken column, against which her stout cheek reposed; he was bewildered by the two pretty little girls dressed in blue and pink gauze, who were amusing themselves, until commanded by their step-father to "pose," the one with eating queen's-cakes, the other with dressing her doll; he was bewildered by the vision of the painter himself, who was seated before his picture, palette and brushes in his hand, and attired in a green damask painting-gown. With the pair of round spectacles upon his nose, and with the powder he wore in his hair, altogether Isaac Strudwicke bore a certain resemblance to the well known portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds—a resemblance, be it known, especially cherished by the worthy man himself.

Everything bewildered the country lad, and a strange sense of humility overwhelmed him, also a feeling akin to that which had made him in the wood above the Hellings bury his face, wet with bitter tears, among the bright spring blossoms. What a world of new knowledge was opening before him!—how should he ever learn to understand all the strange things about him! And as he heard Mr. Pierrpoint's clear aristocratic voice in easy converse with this strange gentleman talking about the picture—that wonderfully *beautiful picture*, as Johnny thought, of the fat lady in the queer yellow shawl, Johnny called it—he felt how rough his own voice was, how clumsy his tongue, as well as his feet and his hands—oh were he only back in the turnip-field or with his dear old granny; but then the thought—the intoxicating thought flashed through him—"but I'm come to learn how to make beautiful pictures such as these around me! and I *can* make them too, I feel sure, some day!" And Johnny's head was very erect when Strudwicke observed, "And so, my dear boy, you would like to be a painter?" And his voice was not at all thick and husky, when he replied, "Yes, indeed, that I should, sir!" for it was his soul which spoke, and gave clearness of utterance.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Strudwicke, as I before observed, I trust you will find that I have discovered a 'Giotto,'" remarked Mr. Pierrpoint, with a smiling look at the blushing boy, whose face once more had sunk upon his breast suffused with blushes.

"A Sir Joshua, a Sir Joshua, let us rather say, my dear sir," returned Mr. Strudwicke, again peering good-temperedly at poor Johnny through his round spectacle glasses.

"I need not repeat my wishes regarding my young protegé, Mr. Strudwicke," said Mr. Pierrpoint, taking his leave. "All affairs were satisfactorily arranged upon my last visit; and now good bye, Wetherley, and let us hear satisfactory accounts of your progress!"

Some five years have calmly flowed away since this first picture was impressed upon the memory of our friend. He is grown into the youth of eighteen, and the second picture, which in maturer years called forth both smiles and a certain tenderness in John Wetherley's heart, shows him reclining in a pleasant shadowy garden upon grass and among flowers at the feet of a young girl.

To his enamoured eyes all that ever poets sang of love and loveliness, of nymphs, of goddesses, of shepherdesses, of angels, is embodied in the form and face of this girl, around whose soft brown hair Johnny has placed a wreath of roses. How his fingers are thrilled with a delicious faintness as he places the happy flowers upon that little head, every beloved hair of which has wound itself around his heart—how he feels a sharp pang of half-sweet jealousy shiver through him as he looks at her little dimpled fingers pressing the dainty little needle which sparkles in the warm afternoon sun—and if those sweet violet eyes would but raise themselves only for a half moment and gaze into his, and read there all the romantic devotion welling up into them from his throbbing, warm, intoxicated heart, would not that indeed and indeed be bliss! But they rest, those dove-like eyes, with the most provokingly bewitching demureness upon the delicate muslin which the little dimpled fingers are embroidering—and the sun-light flickers through the vine leaves upon the trellis-work covering the garden-house, at the foot of which this beloved goddess is embroidering,—and sharply penciled shadows fall upon her peach-like cheek from those long eye-lashes,—and roses of earth never wore such marvellous brilliancy as her red-lips, or breathed such perfume—and her white dress, catching the sun's rays, gleams with celestial radiance—and as Johnny lies dreaming before her, half supported by cushions, upon which he has enthroned his goddess, his soul dissolves into an ecstasy, then deepens into sadness, as he feels how in a few short hours he will have been borne away from her, his beloved idol.

London! London! fresh paths of study opening out before him! his debt of gratitude to the Pierrpoints! In this moment what were they? He had of late been seized with discontent at this eternal painting of sleek ladies and gentlemen wearing an eternal simper, and in his heart of hearts had scorned the skill of honest Isaac Strudwicke; and when thrills of intensest joy vibrated through his being at visions of gorgeous sun-set skies, of fresh dewy flowers unfurling their delicately-tinted chalices; of solemn and thickly-wooded landscapes, stretching away towards a vast horizon with ocean-like immensity—had not a new sense of artistic power been born within him, and had he not then burst the bonds which for years had bound him reverently to his good old master's teachings? And had not Miss Pierrpoint, as if divining this secret new-born aspiration, but a few weeks before, witnessing his flushed face and gleaming eyes, as he leant over a rare design by an old Italian master, which she had shown him, exclaimed, "Mr. Wetherley has staid long enough, too long, father, in Strudwicke's studio—he must have higher teaching—the true love of art is in him; we shall not after all be disappointed."

Yes, once more earnest, oracular words had been spoken by this cold, haughty Miss Pierrpoint, she whose beauty, decision, and harsh frankness throughout five years of unceasing thoughtfulness for him, their low-born protegé, had weighed upon him rather with pain than joy;—and once more in her he had recognised the angel who burst the dungeon gates for him, drawing him forth into the refulgence of day. His heart had bowed before her in gratitude, and for a space he had rejoiced over his approaching deliverance from the eternal delineation of vapid faces and forms.

But as his departure for London approached, John Wetherley had discovered how bands of a far more subtle bondage than those of Isaac Strudwicke's art had bound themselves stealthily around him. He believed that now, when it was too late to save himself from a great misery and mistake in life, the scales had fallen from his eyes, and he, in full consciousness of the calm and beautiful life he left behind smiling and beckoning to him from the shore, was plunging into an ocean of troubled waters, within whose depths lay fearful monsters awaiting his destruction. What at that moment to his soul were the pearls and the rare marvels he might discover within the ocean caverns, to the familiar joys of the meadow flowers upon the peaceful shores?

"After all," he repeated again and again to himself, "do not I believe Love to be nobler, more beautiful, than Art? Why, therefore, do I quit this beloved being? I have offended this good Mr. Strudwicke, her second father, by quitting him and his instruction at the very time when he has declared me, with noble generosity, to be his *son* and favourite pupil; even half hinting, also, how, perhaps, in years to come, I might take up his palette and step into his vacant place as second

emulator of 'Sir Joshua?'—and that good motherly, Mrs. Strudwicke, too, am not I also bitterly ungrateful to her? and Phœbe? and—Emma?" And his restless thoughts touching upon this enchanting goddess, and his eyes resting with bewilderment upon her radiant face and dimpled hands, he was tossed from all anchorage of reason; and yet, duty to the stern Honoria and her father, all, all might have been lost, but for dire necessity.

Yes, John Wetherley, and now, with these thoughts teeming within thy brain, with thy lips seeking to utter words which should bear them glowing to the silly little heart of thy goddess, much gratitude dost thou owe, although thou couldst not then acknowledge it, to thy Nemesis, who approaches through the bowery garden in the guise of Phœbe Dale, the sister of thy divinity, or *Il Penseroso*, as she is called familiarly. "Tea awaits us within the honeysuckle bower," with melancholy air says Il Penseroso, closing a large book which she has been perusing, and smiling faintly at the romantic pair; and the glowing words rush back to John's heart; and, blessed interference of Nemesis, oh, John Wetherley, thou art rescued from bondage for life to an empty, pretty face, with, either for thyself miserable mental deterioration, or for thy idol of clay bitter misery and injustice!

Slowly, very slowly, the three walked towards the bower, John silently and looking very pale, his eyes fixed upon the mossy turf, which yielded to the dainty footsteps of his divinity—he was jealous even of the happy moss which dared to kiss the tender soles of her dear little shoes! The large and handsomely bound volume, in which Il Penseroso had been reading studiously all that cloudless June afternoon, was her common-place book, and into it she copied, as she informed inquirers, "All the most melancholy passages from the most melancholy poets." Apparently she had this afternoon been perusing the most melancholy of all her extracts, for her countenance wore a pensiveness more striking than even that depicted in Strudwicke's celebrated "Poetical Portrait" of herself and Emma, from which the two sisters had derived their cognomens of Il Penseroso, and L'Allegro. Il Penseroso clapped her volume to her breast with nun-like air, her small head sunk upon it, her eyes resting on the earth,

THE LOVERS IN THE GARDEN.

and thus she walked to the left hand of our unhappy lover—Emma danced along upon his right—now she had flitted off like a butterfly to gather a rose, now she had stuck it into John's button-hole, looking up into his face with such arch smiles, that had not the melancholy figure been at his side—and Isaac Strudwicke and his worthy wife been seated beneath the bower in full view of the approaching trio—he must infallibly have seized upon that terribly beautiful little face, and pressed it to his heart instead of the rose. And then she chirped around him like a merry bird, and everywhere sunshine fell upon her—and he was bewildered—distracted—Alas! poor Johnny, thou wast in a deplorable condition! But kind irrevocable fate was saving thee from the syren. Yes, although the withered remains of the rose which she had

given thee for long months were cherished by thee as the most sacred relic of a saint; although in fantastic, heavenly dreams that divine face haunted thee nightly with a pertinacious madness for a long space; although with burning, passionate, and earnest heart, thou hadst implored from heaven the possession of her love through the long night of thy journey up to London, sitting upon the top of the coach, and gazing up into the calm sky, and towards the stern, indifferent stars—thou wast only learning one of the very earliest lessons in life's school—poor Johnny!—Heaven's wisdom in turning a deaf ear to many a mortal's prayer.

But spite of our friend's heart being tossed to and fro by the billows of love's ocean, and by the billows also of jealousy—for Mrs. Strudwicke, during the meal within the honeysuckle bower, with cold cruelty lacerated John's heart, intruding within its sensitive core the thorn of jealousy by lavishing, as she did, unbounded praise upon "that delightful Mr. Ellis Stamboyse, whose appreciation of her Strudwicke's genius was undisguised, and who having been so greatly struck by that lovely picture of her Strudwicke's, Il Penseroso and L'Allegro, was himself going to sit immediately,"—yes, spite of these tides of agitating love and jealousy, and of the self-condemnation also called forth by the cold and silent expression of good old Strudwicke's countenance, John Wetherley had much to arrange and think of this evening before his departure with the coach at nine o'clock.

He had to bid adieu to the kind but awe-inspiring Pierrpoints, now staying for a few days at their stately mansion in the town, Pierrpoint House, one of those handsome and dignified old houses belonging to old county families, of which Nottingham is—or was, perhaps more correctly speaking—very rich.

John, his senses in a feverish delirium, passed through the familiar streets, along which, bathed in the quiet golden light of evening, people moved gaily or loiteringly. Happy people, John thought, who to-morrow, and the next day, and the next after that, would wake up within the familiar town, and who would, lying down to rest or wakening, breath the same air as his beloved! That stately, gloomy mansion of the Pierrpoints, divided from the street by its court-yard, where grew the tall poplars which shivered in the breeze of this balmy June evening, as though Pierrpoint atmosphere even to them were chilling; and where the formal grass-plats, divided at right-angles by hard straight gravel-walks, were yielding as softest velvet to any insanely erratic footstep which should dare to cross them—and where the jessamine, festooning the rich iron-balustrade running up either hand of the stone steps leading to the tall portal of the mansion, gleamed forth in cold white stars from darkest hued leaves—all smote this night on John's burning breast, like ice upon a volcano.

The tall portal swinging back, whilst still the voice of the deep-toned bell vibrated through the air, and a grave, sable-clad servant replying to John's somewhat abashed inquiries, he was speedily ushered across the gleaming black and white marble floor of the hall—grim portraits of departed Pierrpoints and antlered heads frowning down upon him from the dark wainscoted walls.

And now he stood in the large dining-room. More generations of stately Pierrpoints gazed around upon him from the walls, also of dark, gleaming wainscot; and that extraordinarily beautiful, but bold-looking, Lady de Callis, whose face was Honoria's, and yet *not* Honoria's, looked forth from among the knots and festoons of carved flowers and fruits above the high mantel-piece. The slender, aristocratic, large blue-eyed boy, whose arm encircled her proud neck, seemed jealously to frown away all gazers upon his mother's strange, beautiful face, and that face seemed heartily to invite John's approach, then to repel him with a marvellous, enigmatical expression on her lips.

No sunlight was in the spacious room; and, though June, a fire burned upon the low, broad hearth beneath that heavily carved mantel-piece. But no fire-rays could warm up either the cold gleamings from the pictured faces, from the polished walls, from the polished Indian cabinets standing here and there, or from the polished oaken floor, which revealed itself where it ceased to be covered by thick and richly-tinted Turkey carpet.

Sunlight had also passed away from the square of stately garden which was seen through the broad plate-glass windows lying beyond a low terrace with stone balustrades crowned with balls. Sunlight streaked the cloudlets with rose and orange in the pearly sky which hung above the garden, but within it all was cold and duskily green; a chillness hung around the sun-dial that rose in the centre of the garden; it hung among the tall, dark cypresses, upon the thick tapestry of jessamine and ivy which clothed the high walls surrounding the garden, and crept over the soft velvety turf. A deep hush brooded over the whole place without, only rendered more perceptible by the chirp of noisy town sparrows,—within, by the loud ticking of an ancient time-piece all gold and enamel, and by the startling fall of cinders from the fire upon the polished steel hearth.

The remains of a rich dessert were standing upon a small table drawn up near to the fire-place. There were delicious hot-house fruits heaped up in rich silver and china baskets, and rendered yet more lovely from being wreathed with leaves and flowers; and through the crystal sides of antiquely-formed decanters shone golden and ruddy wine. In that chair, with its ebony back and crimson-cushioned seat, must that cold, awful Mr. Pierrpoint have sate, and there at his feet, upon that crimson velvet ottoman, must Honoria have nestled up to her father's knee. Could even a daughter, John thought, cling to so cold, so awful a being as Mr. Pierrpoint? or could words so cold and keen as his ever soften into love, even to this daughter?

But John was not long allowed to ponder upon the frigid Honoria, or the glowing Emma—a much more dangerous theme,—for in a moment more the grave servant was conducting him into a smaller adjoining room, lined with books up to the ceiling. Seated beside the fire was Mr. Pierrpoint, sipping coffee out of a tiny cup of daintiest china. Honoria, attired in a grey silk—now silvery as a gleam of moonlight—now dusky as a rain-cloud—and with her marvellously beautiful hair gleaming in the light, as if her head were surrounded with a golden glory, stood before a little table with quaintly-carved legs, pouring out coffee from a massive silver coffee-pot for an elderly lady, dressed in black, who sate beside her.

But neither the most courteous reception from this group, nor warm coffee poured from this quaint coffee-pot, worthy to have been designed by Benvenuto Cellini, and presented in a Sevrès cup by the fair hands of Honoria,—nor yet Mr. Pierrpoint's wise advice to John upon this, the new chapter in his art-life commencing for him,—could set the poor youth at ease, or thaw the ice within him;—no, not even Mr. Pierrpoint's parting gift of "Gilpin's Forest Scenery," nor yet, much more, the parting words and action of Honoria.

With a sudden glow, as of a reflected sunset upon her white brow and among her crisp golden hair,—"Father," said she, slightly turning towards Mr. Pierrpoint, "remember that our copy of Albinus, which Mr. Wetherley was so much interested in the other night, is to be lent to him, until he is rich enough to purchase one for himself. It is already packed; shall I order it to be carried to the coach-office?" and turning towards John with a certain swan-like action, as she drew up her noble figure—"Mr. Wetherley," she pursued, "my father imagines that Mr. Strudwicke has given you no anatomical instruction; now you must earnestly begin to study anatomy. Without such knowledge you can be no artist, and were I one, or wishing to become one, I would never rest until Science had yielded to me her strength, as Poetry should yield to me her beauty. Let '*thorough*' be your motto in art and in life. Old Albinus shall aid you. Neither books nor human beings have a right to waste their lives—both should ever be in useful activity; Albinus will be doing his duty more by accompanying you to London than by stopping to moulder in a rich binding upon our shelves. *You* do *your* duty by him. But

remember, he is only *lent*, not given. Take care of him, both because he is a loan and because he is an excellent work, worthy of respect from you. And now, Mr. Wetherley, good bye, we must not detain you!"

About an hour and a half later, the London coach rolling, along with Johnny and Albinus upon its top, was stopped by a little cart standing at the corner of a lane in the gathering twilight. An old voice cried out from the little cart, "Good bye, my dear lad—again, good bye! Samiwel brought me for a last word. Bless thee, my lad!—and here's a nice pasty for thee, poor chap!" And then a warm packet, wrapt up in a spotlessly clean blue and white checked handkerchief, was handed up to Johnny by the laughing guard. Away rolled the coach towards London, but the little cart stood in the dust until the last sound of this hurrying horses and wheels was heard. But neither Albinus, Honoria, nor the pasty, nor yet its giver occupied the thoughts of John, as he sped along towards London.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

We have met gentlemen in the south of Ireland who had never seen Killarney. They had visited the Lakes of Cumberland and of Scotland, had taken the grand tour of the continent, and had expatiated amidst the Alpine sublimities of Switzerland, but they were blind to the attractions of scenery in their native land, which for the exquisite combination and variety of its charms, is not surpassed in Europe. But that scenery was in *Ireland*, and it was a mark of high breeding among Irish gentlemen to despise everything Irish. But our good Queen, however, has graciously turned the tide of fashion in favour of that country. It is true she has not yet visited Killarney, or the Shannon, or the Blackwater, or Wicklow, or Roystrevor, or the Giant's Causeway, or Lough Erne, or the wild western coast, where stupendous cliffs roll back the proud impetuous billows of the Atlantic. But she has been to Cork, whither troops of tourists have followed in the train of majesty, and have then pushed into the country and revelled amidst the beauties and wild grandeur of the long-neglected scenery of Ireland.

Before visiting Killarney, we had met in the Highlands of Scotland gentlemen who were still under the excitement produced by Loch Lomond and the Trossachs, and who had been recently at the Cumberland Lakes; and, though Englishmen, they frankly acknowledged that Killarney, as a whole, surpassed them all in its magical effect on the mind of the beholder. We visited it under a promise to a fair lady to write a description of the scenery, but it so far surpassed expectation, and so intoxicated and bewildered the mind by its endless variety, that we gave up the task in despair.

Nor is this to be wondered at, when we find an eminent artist like Mr. Richard Colt Hoare writing in the following terms:—"What pencil can give an adequate idea of the supereminent beauties of the mountain and rockery scenery of Glena and Cromaglan—can express the transient and fleeting effects of the clouds upon them, or have their transparent reflections in the waters beneath? What pencil can imitate the various tints of the numerous lichens, shrubs, and plants that deck the rocky boundaries of these lakes, or give a faithful representation of the fantastic forms that these rocks assume? In the name of my brother artists, I will answer, None. The powers of the pen will fail equally in description; for when I say that the mountains of Toomies, Glena, and Torc are finely wooded down to the water's edge; that the river abounds with every variety that rocks, trees, and water can produce; that the eagle's nest towers up most majestically from its banks; that the surface of the Upper Lake is broken by numerous rocky islands and boldly indented shores; that it is backed by an almost endless range of the most picturesque mountains; that the rocks which bound the Lake of Mukross and the Lower Lake, have by continued beating of the waters assumed the most singular and fantastic forms, added to the most harmonious colouring, and that they are covered with arbutus, heath, and the greatest variety of plants imaginable—shall I convey any idea of this enchanting scenery? I answer, No. The collected beauties of this favoured spot are so great, and varied, and *superior to everything I have yet seen, either in Italy, Switzerland, or England*, that they can neither be delineated nor described,—to be understood they must be seen."

To the same effect is the language of Lady Chatterson, who exclaims: "A region of enchantments—a hundred descriptions of it have been written, thousands of sketches of it have been made, but no description that I have read, or sketch that I have seen, made me familiar with Killarney. The Upper Lake and the Lower Lake, Mukross and Innisfallen, must be seen to be understood. It is the colouring the gleam of sunshine, the cloud, the tone, the effect—what, in short, cannot be conveyed with the pen without the cant of art, and is beyond the power of the pencil, that gives a magic to the scenery of Killarney." The graphic pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall thus sketches the general effect: "The charm of the Killarney Lakes, however, does not consist in the varied graces of the foliage, the number of green or rocky islands, the singularly fantastic character of the island rocks, the delicate elegance of the shores, the perpetual occurrence of bays; but in the wonderful variety produced by the combination of their attractions, which together give the scenery a character inconceivably fascinating, such as the pen and pencil are utterly incompetent to describe. The shadows from the mountains perpetually changing, produce a variety of which there can be no adequate conception, insomuch that the very same spot will produce a different aspect twenty times within a day. Assuredly," she continues, "they far surpass in natural beauty aught that nature has supplied elsewhere in Great Britain; for with scarcely an exception the devoted worshippers of Loch Katrine, and the fervent admirers of the northern English lakes, have yielded the palm to those of Killarney."

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, in their "Week at Killarney," quote the following from Sir David Wilkie:—"I have more than once expressed my opinion, that the county of Kerry, so nobly indented with the bays of the Atlantic Ocean, and possessing a climate so favourable for vegetation, along with its mountains and inland waters, might without impropriety be pronounced, in point of scenery, *the finest portion of the British Islands*." When he visited the lakes in 1835, he said that for "beauty and grandeur" he had never seen them surpassed.

A century ago, Arthur Young, the celebrated traveller, summed up his impressions of Killarney thus:—"Upon the whole, Killarney, among the lakes that I have seen, can scarcely be said to have a rival; the extent of water in Lough Erne is much greater, the islands more numerous, and some scenes near Castle Caldwell of as great magnificence; the rocks at Keswick are more sublime, and other lakes may have mountains in which they are superior: but when we consider the prodigious woods of Killarney, the immensity of the mountains, the wondrous beauty of the promontory of Mukross, and the Isle of Innisfallen, the character of the islands, the singular circumstance of the arbutus, and the numerous echoes, it will appear upon the whole to be in reality superior to all comparison."

Mr. Inglis, who was no enthusiast, institutes a comparison between the English lakes and those of Killarney. After a particular description of the mountain scenery, he proceeds:—"Although the Lakes of Killarney are three in number, yet they are all contained in one mountain hollow; and certainly there is not within the same compass anything in England presenting the same concentration of charms. There is infinitely greater variety at Killarney. In form, and in the outline of its mountain boundaries, the Lower Lake of Killarney

is decidedly superior to Windermere; and although the head of Ulleswater presents a bolder outline than is anywhere to be found in Killarney, yet it is upon this outline alone that the reputation of Ulleswater depends. Elsewhere than at Patterdale the lake scenery is tame, and the same may be said of Windermere, which, towards its lower extremity, is almost devoid of attraction. On the contrary, throughout the whole chain of lakes, there is variety at Killarney; tameness is nowhere to be found; and I cannot think that the somewhat nearer approach to sublimity which is found at the head of Ulleswater, can weigh in the balance against the far greater variety in the picturesque and the beautiful which Killarney affords. It would be unfair to compare the Lakes of Killarney with Windermere, Keswick, and Ulleswater, for these are spread over a great extent of country, whereas the lakes of former being 3,414 feet, and the latter 3,200 feet, above the level of the sea; and Mangerton, which is 2,756 feet. On this there is a small lake, called the "Devil's Punch Bowl," 2,206 feet high. The other mountains are, Torc, Purple Mountain, Toomies, Eagle's Nest. The echoes of these mountains are most extraordinary. A gun fired under the Eagle's Nest will reverberate from mountain to mountain like responsive peals of thunder, and a tune played upon a bugle will be distinctly repeated till the softening notes die away in the distances, as if prolonged by aerial voices. The vast tracts of indigenous wood, among which the *arbutus*, peculiar to this region, flourishes with marvellous luxuriance, serve as cover for wild deer; and when the hounds are in pursuit of these the clamour of echoes they awaken is most exciting.

Among these mountains wind the three lakes, studded with

LOWER LAKE OF KILLARNEY; SHOWING INNISFALLEN, THE ROCK OF O'DONAGHUE, AND ROSS CASTLE.

Killarney are all contained within a smaller circumference than Windermere. But even if such a comparison were to be admitted, Killarney would outvie the English lakes in one charm, in which they are essentially deficient—I mean the exuberance and variety of foliage which adorns both the banks and the islands of the Killarney Lakes. Such islands as Ronayne's Island, Dak Island, Dinish Island, and Innisfallen, covered with magnificent timber and gigantic evergreens, are nowhere to be found among the English lakes. I think it will be gathered from what I have said, that I award the preference to Killarney."

The mountains in which the lakes are embosomed form part of the lofty range which occupied nearly the whole of the peninsula formed by the deeply-penetrating bays of Dingle and Kenmare. Among these are M'Gillacaddy's Keeks,—namely, Carran Tual and Caher, the highest in Ireland, the no less than forty-two islands, which are masses of mingled rock and foliage, all being covered with the most beautiful and luxuriant wood, while four cascades add to the charms of the scenery. There was great destruction of timber in this region sixty years ago, but Killarney still presents the largest extent of natural forest now remaining in Ireland. For many minds these vast primeval woods have a most refreshing charm, and it is gratifying to find that they are now carefully preserved by the Earl of Kenmare, Mr. Herbert, and other proprietors, who have added to them by fresh plantations of oak and fir.

Ross Castle, which is on Lord Kenmare's demesne, is famous in Irish history; and far more celebrated is the island of Innisfallen, in extent about twenty-one acres, and containing the ruins of an abbey founded in the year 600. Here the "Annals of Innisfallen" were composed, and preserved in the

abbey as amongst the most prized of the early historical memorials of Ireland. The original, the first portion of which

UPPER LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

is written over 600 years, is now preserved in the Bodleian Library. "From the paths which meander along the diversified outlines of this interesting island," remarks Mr. Frazer, in his valuable "Handbook," "the most lovely and ever-changing views are obtained, by the varied surface, and the alternation of the forest glades and thickets, of the Lower Lake, its magnificent shores, and surrounding mountains. From its situation, variety, beauty of surface, its magnificent single trees and shrubs, this is one of the most interesting of the numerous objects which this region of wonder and beauty

BAY OF GLENGARIFF, NEAR THE ROAD TO BEERHAVEN.

affords; it is the most delightful of islands, and, like Ross, forms an adjunct to the demesne of the noble proprietor."

It is a glorious thing to ascend one of M'Gillacuddy's Reeks, or Mangerton. Never shall we forget the sensation we felt when, after climbing the mountain heights under a melting sun, and then piercing a cloud that hid it from the view, we reached the summit and emerged into sunlight again, looking far down upon the heavenward side of the same cloud which cast its shadows upon the lakes, but shone towards us in the most gorgeous colours. After a while, the magnificent panorama was dispersed like a dissolving view, revealing an unrivalled prospect—

"Sweet interchange
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forests crowned."

The view from the mountain top is most enrapturing when the sun is setting—

"When many coloured evening
Lurks behind the purple woods and hills."

Then are seen to perfection all the wondrous varieties of light and shade and magical reflections:—

"The horizontal clouds,
With purple dyes, and fissures edged with gold
Streak the calm ether, while through the sparkling haze,
The faint hills glimmer."

THE PAINTER OF PISA.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.

The chapel of the convent of St. Augustine at Pisa had lately been decorated and repaired, till it now rivalled in magnificence the splendours of the cathedral itself. In place of the simple rails which had surrounded the great altar, there rose a costly screen around the sanctuary; pillars of variegated marbles, sculptured friezes instinct with noble forms, graceful columns, solemn monuments laden with the pride of heraldry, silver lamps, and all that art and wealth could devise to subdue the mind and enthrall the senses, was there lavished in full pomp and panoply.

It was mid-day. The chapel was deserted,—the air was yet heavy with perfumed incense,—the last tones of the organ vibrated through the aisles,—the echoing footfall of the latest loiterer had scarcely died in the distance,—then silence and solitude alone remained.

Yet one man was there. He was standing behind a pillar, occupied upon a fresco. His dress was of the humblest, and his work of the most unambitious description, yet there was a power in his face, and a dignity in his appearance that promised something higher than the serge doublet and ill-paid drudgery of the inferior workman; poverty, toil and discontent were written on that pale and thoughtful brow. He stopped frequently at his work, and seemed wrapt in gloomy thought—he resumed his pencil again and again with desperate resolution, and as often threw it down again with impatient scorn,—at last, as if overcome by his emotions, he descended hastily from the scaffolding, and paced rapidly the centre of the church. Then the agitation which possessed him appeared gradually to become quieted, his steps calmer, his brow clearer, and finally he sat down beside the reading desk, and laid his burning forehead upon the Bible which laid open before him. When he raised it the whole expression of his countenance had become changed, his cheeks glowed, his eyes seemed inspired with an unearthly brightness:—"Father!" he exclaimed, "I thank thee! Thou hast breathed Thy spirit into mine. Thou wilt aid me to portray Thy glory upon earth: the Bible in all its majesty, in all its power, shall be the subject of my labour: angels and demons in countless multitudes, heaven and earth, punishment and reward. Thy glory and the life eternal shall speak Thy praise from the canvas of Thy servant! I feel it—my hand will not fail me—the past shall be forgotten—poverty, neglect, fatigue shall not be remembered—envy and injustice shall touch my soul no more, in the brightness of the coming fame!"

A deep sigh near him roused Marcello from his golden dream, and, turning with alarm, he saw a brother of the convent standing by his side. This old man, austere and venerable, was regarding the painter with a look full of compassionate benevolence. "My son," said he, "I have heard you, and you are suffering."

"More than I know how to tell you, father."

"And yet you have invoked the aid of God? you have faith?"

"Faith, but not hope, my father," said the painter, "and without hope life is a long and weary day—a sterile land—an accursed tree whose fruits are dust and ashes when we gather them!"

"Alas! my son, you are young," said the monk, kindly, "and but a few moments since you dreamt of a future full of divine glory and prosperity! Dream and hope again."

"You mistake me—I am no longer young. Time writes the age of man upon his heart. I have desired, and it has been denied unto me; I have tasted of anguish and bitterness; my soul is worn with hope, as the lute of the minstrel is worn with age, and whose strings at length give forth but harsh and broken sounds. I have dreamed of a work which shall immortalise my name, but have I courage to undertake all that I design? Oh that, like my father, I had remained an humble fisher, casting my nets upon the ocean for my daily bread! Father, while yet a child, there came a painter to my lowly home; that man recognised in the rude outlines which the fisher-boy had traced with charcoal on the walls the germs of natural genius, and offered to become my protector. I fell at his knees—I kissed the hem of his garment—I worshipped him as a divinity, and prayed, with all the eloquence of passion, for the permission of my father. It was granted; sublime was the concession of that poor fisherman: he deprived himself of the active arms that aided him in his employ, that mended his nets, and cultivated his scanty garden. He had but one son, and he loved him well enough to part with him. But ere I went, my master said to me,—'Boy, hast thou courage and constancy?—canst thou endure hunger and cold, and vow thy youth to a martyrdom without rest or reward?—canst thou venture all for the love of thy divine art and the future glory? The bread of the artist is watered with tears.' And I have found it so. He died, and from an artist I became an artizan. The world believed me not when I sought to justify my claims. All that I had done had gone forth with the name of my master. I was branded as an ignorant pretender, when I pointed out to them my share in his paintings. Obstacles surrounded, disappointments met me at every turn, and the flower of hope withered in my heart. Still I have faith—still I believe in glory, and believe that it may yet be mine!"

"Glory!" repeated the monk, in a tone of sorrowful pity; and, without combatting the fatal delusions of that word, pointed solemnly to a grave-stone on which the painter was standing, and which bore this inscription:—

"HIC JACET CAPPERONI, PICTOR."

The characters were well nigh obliterated; soon they would be distinguishable no longer, and the spot would be forgotten. Marcello looked down upon them mechanically; but he was wrapt once more in his dream, and he comprehended them not.

PART THE SECOND.

Two years had passed away: the glorious luxuriance of an Italian summer clothed the earth with a gorgeous mantle of verdure and flowers. Pisa had all the appearance of a festival. Perfumes floated on the air; noble lords and ladies thronged the public walks; others, followed by their retainers, with falcons on their wrists, went forth to the chase; nobles and commoners, soldiers and peasantry, gave themselves up to pleasure and idleness. Every palace blazed with light in the calm evenings, and sounds of lute and serenade came wandering by on every gentle breath of air that stirred the orange blossoms in the moonlight.

The senate was assembled at the justice-hall to regulate the interests of the province, and all the wealth and hospitality of Pisa was employed to do honour to their visit.

During one of the sittings of the court, a letter was laid before them, written by a trembling hand, and signed *Marcello*. Its purport was as follows:—

"Illustrious Lords,—An humble and unknown painter, at the hour of his death, entreats your attention. For more than two years he has lived in solitude, alone with art and his own soul: he has sought to combat enmity and unjust criticism; and, in dying, he has no wish beyond the pardon of his God and the glory of his work. His hand, he believes, has not proved unfaithful to his thought; but, broken down with labour and sorrow, and the desire of fame, he feels that rest is near at hand. The prayer of the dying is sacred—deign, then, to send some members of the senate to judge his picture, and to declare if it be worthy of a space in the chapel of St. Augustine, to which he bequeaths it."

This strange missive became at once the subject of deep interest to all in the assembly. On the previous evening the artist was unknown, or, if known, despised; now he was reverenced and esteemed by all. Some of the senators who patronised the convent declared that they had observed the frescoes of Marcello, in which, despite many errors, they had recognised the hand of a master. These eulogiums produced a great effect upon the public mind. Within an hour the home of the artist was approached by a brilliant company, who descended from their equipages at the door, where they were met by a procession of monks, coming at the same moment to view the picture given to their convent. The friars passed in first, chanting a mournful hymn; the noble signors followed them in silence.

There was a poetic calm brooding over the death-chamber, which impressed the visitors with reverent awe. Stern busts, and silent forms of sculptured loveliness stood around; an ample drapery at the farthest extremity concealed the picture, and the daylight fell in rose and azure chequers through the stained glass of the lofty casement, and cast uncertain splendour on the bed where laid the dying painter, worn and wan, yet still with some appearances of life in the wildly brilliant eye and quivering lip. He strove to speak, but he could only point feebly to the curtain; then, supported by the aged monk in whom he had confided at the chapel, he raised himself on the couch, seized a cord beside his bed, and in a moment drew the drapery aside, and exposed the picture. One only word escaped from every lip: "Admirable!"

And admirable it was. In this narrow space of canvas the mind of the painter had assembled all ideas that are most noble and sublime in man. Religion was there; religion with all its heavenly aspirations and its heavenly glories. There he had represented in one part the heavens, in another the earth—here the dreadful judgment, there the eternal happiness. Now, upon an arid and stony soil, the Solitaries occupied in the austere labours of their lives—one excavating a cell in the hard rock, another digging his grave, a third in meditation before a cross and a skull—all inspired with the double activity of the soul and body, where all around is silence and desolation. Angels with glorious wings hover over the Fathers of the desert, and seem to guard their sanctity. Here is the Evil Genius presiding above the ruins of Pagan worship; and, in the empyrean heaven, above all, in the centre of Light and Peace, God himself was dimly shadowed forth, as if in a radiance whose beams enveloped him from the too daring gaze of mortal eyes. Above and around seraphic legions hovered, hymning praise in song. Such was the work before which the Pisan senate stood in breathless awe and wonder—such the triumph of the artist, to whom they turned with one accord, and cried, "Glory to thee, Marcello!"

The painter raised his head, and turned to them a countenance now paler than before; his lips trembled, his breath came quick and short—"Glory!" he murmured, and so died.

The next day Pisa was the scene of a solemn and touching event. Amid the deep clamour of the death-bells from every church around, an immense procession wound slowly towards the chapel of the Augustines. The whole city rendered homage to a painter. In life they had denied him every merit; in death they deemed no honours and no funeral pomp too great to glorify a sublime labour and a saintly death. Arrived at the chapel, the picture was installed above the great altar, and the corpse deposited on a magnificent bier, surrounded with lighted tapers. Clouds of incense float into the vaulted roof; the solemn chant swells and falls; the organ's noble voice rolls round in rich resounding harmonies; all the wealthy and noble of the land kneel there in prayer, and the light vapours of the incense curling up around the altar-piece invest the painted legions with strange life. The Solitaries seem to have new meaning in their stern features; the ministering angels appear descending to do homage to their Creator, and the ineffable glory shines forth more etherial and divine than before. On the morrow, Marcello is to receive the last sepulchral honours. Night clothed the city in its solemn mantle. Festivity for a brief space was suspended. The chapel, now empty and silent, was at length free from every curious visitant; by degrees the lights were extinguished, and, save the wax tapers around the bier, a profound darkness brooded in the aisles and galleries. Near the corpse a monk was watching. It was Friar Eusebius, the same who had two years before pointed to the gravestone over which Marcello's coffin rested: he had solicited this pious vigil, and, kneeling there, with his face buried in his hands, the good monk reflected bitterly upon the fate of the man whose thirst of fame had brough him misery and death, and of the homage which had been accorded only to his remains. While absorbed in these reflections, a light sound, almost resembling a sigh, attracted his attention. He rose and looked around—no creature was visible. He was too wise to be influenced by any dread of supernatural agency, and so, reassured, knelt down again and commenced his fervent prayers for the soul's repose of the only man in whom he had taken an earthly interest. At length the old monk's words came indistinctly, his head drooped on his breast, he was asleep.

ART INDUSTRY—ORNAMENTATION.

It has been well said, that "the scope of the ornamentist should come as nearly to the aim of the artist as it is possible for the work of one man's hand to approach the conception of another's mind;" or, to put the phrase into somewhat simpler language, it is desirable that the working-hand and the artist-mind should be united in one person. Having recently made a few brief remarks on the subject of taste in works of art and manufacture, we may well be excused if we speak a little more in detail on its immediate manifestation—ornament.

Now, it must be conceded, that nearly all kinds of ornamentation is necessarily traditionary;—from the acanthus-covered basket came the beautiful Corinthian capital, and from the bent branches of the peasant's hut proceeded the first notion of the Gothic arch. But the traditions of the past, good, bad, and indifferent, should not be allowed to influence either artists or manufacturers at the expense of truth and good taste. It unfortunately happens, however, that the indiscriminate use of traditionary ornament has led to the frequent abuse of beautiful forms: as when the sacred vessels used in the services of religion are imitated in utensils for domestic use, the funeral urns of the Greeks revived as drinking vessels, the columns of a temple turned into candlesticks, and sarcophagi into wine-coolers, while the decoration of ceilings are applied to carpets, and the carved friezes of Ionic churches made to ornament muslin curtains! all these errors arising from an indiscriminate use of ancient, though beautiful forms. The constant search after novelty,—says Mr. Redgrave in his Report on Design—is one of the sources of bad taste in modern ornamentation. The ornament of past ages was chiefly the offspring of handicraft labour, that of the present age is of the engine and the machine. This great difference in the mode of production causes a like difference in the results. In old times the artist was at once designer, ornamentist, and craftsman, and to him was indifferent the use of the pencil or the

brush, of the hammer, the chisel, or the punch; his hand and his mind wrought together, not only in the design, but in every stage of its completion, and thus there entered a portion of that mind into every minute detail, and into every stage of finish, and many a beautiful after-thought was embodied by the hand of the "cunning artificer," many a grace added to the work by his mastery and skill. He worked, not to produce a rigid monotony, a tiresome sameness, unknown in the works of nature, and peculiar to these artificial works of man; the varying mind has no share in their production, and man himself becomes only the servant of the machine.

Moreover, the old ornamentist worked generally from feelings of piety, from love of his labours, or from the desire of fame, motives hardly known to the artist of this class in

VASE IN PORCELAIN—FROM THE ROYAL MANUFACTORY AT MEISSEN.

sameness, but as Nature works: — she produces nothing exactly similar to its fellow, in every turn of every stage of growth, in every flower, and in every leaf, adding a changing grace, a differing beauty; so he varied his labours with every feeling of his overflowing mind. But this is not possible with the stamp, the mould, the press, and the die, the ornamental agents of our days; after the type or model is made, all the products are rigidly the same, whence arises a sickening our days, at least in this country. Who seeks fame from the ephemera of a season? Who loves a labour that is so soon to pass away? Who cares for a work that is not to be the child of his own hand, but to be produced in thousands by the aid of machinery? The toil of him of old times was spent upon the thing itself, and not upon a mere model for it: the chalice, the cup, the lock and key, the reliquary, were to be without repetition and without rivals: he sought to give them their

highest excellence, and labouring from one of the feelings we have described, threw his whole soul into his work, so that it became a thing for future ages to look upon and to prize. Not that handicraft or art-workmanship is utterly excluded from our manufactures; it is only partially so, making more painfully evident how greatly ornamental art has suffered from its new union with machinery. Wherever ornament is wholly

CENTRE-PIECE IN SILVER—WAGNER AND SON, BERLIN.

effected by machinery, it is certainly the most degraded in style and execution; and the best workmanship and the best taste are to be found in those manufactures and fabrics wherein handicraft is entirely or partially the means of producing the ornament, as in china and glass, in works in the precious metals, carving, &c. This partly arises from the facilities which machinery gives to the manufacturer, enabling him to produce the florid and overloaded as cheaply as the simple forms, and thus to satisfy the larger market for the multitude, who desire quantity rather than quality, and value a thing the more, the more it is ornamented. This state of modern manufacture, whereby ornament is multiplied without limit from a given model, by the machine or the mould, ought at least to awaken in the manufacturer a sense of the importance of the first design. One would think that what was to be produced by thousands and tens of thousands should at least be a work of beauty, and no pains be spared to ensure its excellence.

We have here introduced two designs illustrative of the good taste which seeks to embody natural forms and artistic treatment in the production of articles of every day use. The originals are to be seen, we understand, in the Irish Industrial Exhibition.

POPULAR ERRORS, PREJUDICES, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

ERRORS IN CONNEXION WITH MEDICINE.

Under the head of errors relative to medicine we cannot omit noticing those various books on medicine for popular use which, it has been well remarked, are written by mediocrity for the use of ignorance. We feel called upon to put our readers on their guard against these works. If the science of medicine is so complicated that many people cannot help believing that even those who have devoted years to the study of it, know but little about it after all, what possible good can be expected from the perusal of those books which profess to teach medicine as they would teach domestic cookery, by a series of recipes. Were these books written even by men of real talent, which, by-the-by, is a rare case, they could only in any case give very incomplete, and consequently dangerous, information to the generality of readers. In this case truly "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE.

It is a very common and erroneous practice for persons to undergo medical treatment while in a state of health, to guard against sickness which may come. Some persons take purgative medicines, which, by irritating the intestinal tube, increase the secretion of the mucosities which cover it, and, by ulcerating the digestive tube by the use of this unnecessary and injurious course of medicine, they produce in the body various noxious matters, upon the discharge of which they congratulate themselves, when in reality these matters would never have existed but for the physicking undergone. Other persons, preferring bleeding as a preventive against coming sickness, by this means deprive themselves unnecessarily of strength, and, if they are advanced in years, render themselves liable to dropsy. All, in a word, by this mistaken practice, contract a habit which it is equally dangerous to continue or to suppress. It is time enough to think of medicine when attacked by illness. The only safe and unfailing preventive medicine consists of abstemious and regular living, and temperate habits.

POISON.

It is not unfrequently believed that a coin or other piece of copper if swallowed is poisonous. This is not the case. The moisture of the stomach does not convert copper into verdegris. Neither is pounded glass poisonous, as it is said to be. Numerous experiments have proved that glass reduced to a very fine powder has no hurtful qualities; it is capable of irritating the stomach when in a coarser form, and when the stomach is empty; and if the pieces of glass are of any considerable size, they are liable to get stuck in the sides of the stomach, and cause first an acute pain, and afterwards more serious results; still, as we said before, the belief that powdered glass is poisonous is an error. We mention this, because cases have been known in which people have been, before now, suspected by their ignorant neighbours of poisoning others by means of glass-powder. Having spoken of a false poison, let us say a few words about a false antidote. It is generally supposed that milk is an excellent antidote against all kinds of poison; but we would not advise any one to trust to it, if they have taken any poison more dangerous than glass-powder. Milk, it is true, has been, and may be usefully, employed as an emollient; but before all things, a person having swallowed poison must be made to vomit, to free the stomach of the venomous substance; if there be no more efficacious emetic immediately at hand, the best method of producing vomiting is to tickle the throat with a feather. These remarks, however, will no doubt be more for the benefit of dogs and other animals than of mankind, for when a human being is poisoned, a doctor is always immediately sent for. Still, until the doctor arrives, the method we have mentioned should at once be resorted to. But the unfortunate dumb animals have no other doctor than their masters; and many a valuable dog, which has been accidentally poisoned, has been lost by the belief entertained by his master in the efficacy of milk as an antidote. And this belief still exists, although the animals to whom it has been given have constantly died, whereas they might have been saved by the timely use of an emetic.

SCURVY, KING'S EVIL, DYSENTERY.

It is a fact now established in medical science, that scurvy is not contagious; and, if it sometimes attacks a whole crew, it is because all the sailors are equally exposed to the effects of fatigue, damp, bad food, and bad water, which are the real causes of scurvy; for it is an error to attribute this disease to the sea-air and the use of salted provisions. Scurvy is found as much on land as upon the sea, in hospitals, prisons, camps, wherever there exist the causes we have just pointed out. King's evil is not contagious any more than scurvy. If we see several cases of it in the same family, it is because it is almost always the result of a hereditary defect. As for the mode of treatment, it is the same for scorbutic and scrofulous patients—pure food and drink, and bracing air; and not, as is too often supposed, under a groundless fear of inflammation, a weakening diet, and even issues applied to a body already covered with wounds.* There is another disease which is supposed to be contagious, with no greater degree of truth than the two preceding ones. We allude to dysentery. The causes producing this are often the same as those inducing scurvy—bad food, excessive fatigue, and the dampness of night. Soldiers, who are much subject to this complaint, almost invariably resort to brandy or other stimulants for a remedy. This is a most hazardous proceeding, it being entirely a matter of chance which way they may be affected by it. If the relaxation of the bowels proceeds from weakness, they may be benefitted by it; but if it is real dysentery, the result of the treatment will be the mortification of the stomach, and the consequent death of the patient. Surgeons are appointed in every regiment, and to their aid recourse should always be had.

SOMNAMBULISM.

It is not our intention here to enter into the question of mesmerism. All we would do, is to point out an error very commonly believed in. It is, that sleep-walkers are endowed with some superhuman faculty, by means of which they are enabled to walk, without danger of falling, along the steepest roofs or the narrowest parapets. The fact is, that they do indeed possess the confidence which springs from an ignorance of danger, and being free from giddiness and vertigo, they have thus less chance of falling than if they could see their peril; but if their senses do not lead them astray, neither do they guide them; therefore, it not unfrequently happens that the somnambulist walks right over the end of his path out into space, and falls.

SPITTING.

This filthy habit is no less injurious than it is offensive. In the normal state, the saliva, which is a fluid prepared by the glands which surround the jaws, is carried involuntarily into the stomach by the act of swallowing, and in regard to abundance it does not exceed the quantity necessary for the action which the food has to undergo before it is converted into blood; so that there is seldom any excretion of saliva. There are, however, some persons with whom the saliva is so abundantly secreted that it becomes a necessity for them to get rid of a portion of it. These, however, are an exception. Certain habits also excite the secretion of saliva, such as

* The supposed efficacy of the touch of a reigning monarch to cure this disease—from which it has derived its name of king's evil—we have not alluded to, for happily this absurd superstition is exploded. This practice was prevalent in England for many centuries, and a regular office for the ceremony was contained in the "Book of Common Prayer." The last English sovereign who "touched for the evil" was Queen Anne. Dr. Johnson said he had an indistinct recollection of having been touched by that monarch. Since her death, the prayers appointed for the ceremony have been silently allowed to drop out of the Prayer-book.

chewing tobacco or other irritating substances and smoking. Very often the excessive secretion is only a result of habits of this description. Now a very prevalent error amongst people who are ignorant of medicine is to suppose that the matters which are spit out whilst smoking, existed in the throat before the smoking commenced—and thus we hear of persons taking a pipe for the sake of "clearing their throat." They suppose, in a word, that the act of smoking, which is the most active cause of the formation of this saliva, has no other result than that of getting rid of it. The fact cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that the over-abundant excretion of the saliva is attended with injurious results, and, in consequence, that the substances which provoke this excretion are bad. By continually exciting the salival glands, the habit of smoking or chewing tobacco occasions a useless secretion beyond that which goes on during the time of mastication, and, in consequence, a loss of saliva, which we repeat cannot be without injurious results. This habit, also, in time renders the salival glands less susceptible of the stimulating action of the food, which, to be properly digested, must undergo the action of the saliva.

STAYS.

Of all the prejudices by which human nature suffers, there is scarcely any one which is more extensively injurious, more firmly rooted, or more dangerous than the use of stays. Spite of all that has been said and written upon the subject, women will wear these supposed helps to beauty with an infatuation that can only be likened to that which makes the Chinese ladies cripple themselves for life in order to have fashionable feet. We all are ready to abuse and ridicule the absurdity of this latter practice, and yet it may well be questioned, whether it be not better even to lose the use of the feet, than to suffer the serious derangements of the most important vital organs which are brought about by wearing tight stays.

Everybody knows that the natural shape of a woman's chest is conical, the smallest part being uppermost and the base lowest. Now the effect of stays is exactly to reverse this figure, compressing the base of the cone, the part which nature requires to be the largest, and thereby *improving* (!) nature's handiwork. The effect of this is, that the principal organs of the body are compressed and deranged, the parts which ought to occupy this restricted space being forced upwards into the chest, or downward into the abdomen. In the former case, the organs thus displaced crowd upon and interfere with the proper action of the liver, the spleen, and the stomach, pushing the diaphragm towards the chest. On the other hand, the parts which are forced downwards compress the no less important organs situated in the lower part of the body. The result of the compression of these different organs is, that all the functions of the body are seriously interfered with. Respiration is impeded by the pressure of the short ribs and the driving back of the diaphragm upon the lungs; the circulation of the blood is deranged, both by the restricted respiration, and by the compression of the heart and the great vessels. The blood is then retained in too great quantities in the vessels of the chest, the head, and other parts; and the result of this is, an overflow of blood, which, according to individual temperament, occasions palpitations, oppression, phthisis, vertigo, and even true apoplexy, hysterical affections, &c. &c. It is, however, especially to young girls that the use of stays is pernicious. It frequently happens, that with a view to rendering the figure beautiful (?) their body is entirely deformed, the growth impeded or fettered, and the seeds sown of those diseases to which must be attributed so many premature deaths. The effect of stays upon young girls is to prevent the development of the osseous framework of the chest, and the free exercise of the viscera enclosed within it. The lungs and heart are impeded in their action, and from this fact result pectoral irritations, which seriously affect the health, and frequently even cause death. The compression of the body, independently of the effects we have just pointed out, is very frequently the most active cause of spinal distortion, by compressing the muscles of the trunk, and consequently preventing their development; the result is, that these muscles have not then sufficient strength to hold up the spine in its natural vertical position. Many other evils connected with the use of stays might be pointed out, but surely we have said enough. And yet, we fear, it will be in vain. Would that women could be convinced that the most natural is ever the most beautiful; then, perhaps, would the compressed waist of the Englishwoman be looked upon in the same light as the crippled foot of the Chinese—not as a physical good sacrificed to beauty, but as, in itself, an absolute deformity.

VACCINATION.

Although a hacknied subject, it is impossible to omit vaccination in an article upon popular prejudices. How many times must it be repeated to certain obstinately ignorant minds that vaccination introduces no unhealthy germ into the human system; and that, if any diseases other than the small-pox make their appearance after vaccination, it is ridiculous to charge vaccination with them; for it is incontestably proved that it produces no evil effects of any sort, nor makes us in any manner pay for the inestimable service it renders in freeing us from the abominable scourge of humanity which either kills or disfigures for life.

VINEGAR.

An ancient historian has informed us, that Hannibal, wishing to cross the Alps, dissolved them by means of vinegar. This is too absurd to look upon in a serious light, and yet there are some readers, even in the present day, who are inclined to admit the fact. If, however, vinegar is not capable of dissolving the Alpine peaks, it is at any rate quite capable of destroying the strongest stomach, and of opening the way to the hostile armies of disease and death. Warning to ladies, who drink vinegar to make themselves thin and fashionably shaped!

WHITLOW.

As this species of inflammation is one to which the poorer classes, who only consult a doctor at the last extremity, are most exposed, and as it may be attended with very serious results, we invite their earnest attention to this article. We would impress upon them that they should not wait for a whitlow to come to a head before opening it. The pus once formed, it is useless to apply laxatives to the part affected; the dense and close structure of the fingers not allowing sufficient space for the inflammatory swelling, this swelling extends to the palm of the hand, then to the arm, and afterwards to the arm-pit, and causes enormous suppurations, which may bring on mortification and death. If the evil does not attain this alarming extent, it is at least to be feared that when the pus is formed and the skin broken, the tendons of the fingers in the bottom of the abscess may be gradually destroyed, and the part remain for the future rigid and immoveable. As soon, therefore, as the inflammation takes place, it should be rendered harmless by opening the swollen finger. Only blood will flow out, but this means will prevent suppuration, and, in consequence, will prevent the evil effects of it pointed out above.

WOUNDS FROM A SHARP INSTRUMENT.

Every wound has a tendency to heal itself. Like the spear of Achilles, which healed the wounds it caused, any instrument or weapon cutting or piercing into the flesh produces, by the very fact of penetrating it, a sufficient action of nature to form a cicatrice either immediately or by the intervention of suppuration. Therefore, when a wound is newly made and still bleeds, and the sides are not too much inflamed, beware of using any kind of balsam, which, rendering suppuration inevitable, prevents the sides of the wound from re-uniting. The use of such balsams is a popular error, and farriers, when a nail has entered a horse's foot, pour into the wound an irritating liquid, which causes the foot to swell, and changes an insignificant hurt into a very serious malady.

CHURCH OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

Dotted about here and there in the world, are evidences, various and unique, of the religious feeling of the past. And particularly observable is the fact, that what we call the middle ages of the world was a church-building and good-work-consecrating period. Between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries were built most of those venerable village edifices, ivy-crowned and grey, which are to be found in almost every town and village in Europe. To the first mentioned period the Church of the Templars at Luz is ascribed. It is now a mere ruin, or at best but an ill-kept building—half church half fortress, such as the military orders of ecclesiastics were in the habit of erecting in troublous times to defend the frontiers of France against the encroachments of the Moors. The time was, however, when to the duties of the priest the Templars in the church of Luz added the sterner offices of skirmishes, and a belief that through a single doorway, now walled up, the proscribed race of the Cagots were alone allowed to enter the edifice, where they occupied a space apart from the rest of the congregation. The Knights of the Temple spread themselves all over civilised Europe, and their deeds of prowess in the Holy Land are the themes of many a song and romance trolled forth even now by the simple peasantry.

Luz, the village in which the church was planted by the Templars, is poor and thinly inhabited; but it is surrounded by a highly cultivated and delightful district of France, in the South Pyrenees, near the town of Barrege. The only manufacture of importance carried on in the district is that of the crape or gauzy material for ladies' wear called, after the name of the district, *barege*. The little river Gave pursues its

CHURCH OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, AT LUZ, IN THE FRENCH PYRENEES.

the warrior, and thus the edifice, even now, partakes rather more of the nature of a fortress than of a church. Situated in the centre of the village of Luz, on the confines of the French Pyrenees, it was doubtless a place both of refuge and defence in the days when the swarthy Moors, having already overrun and taken possession of the peninsula of Spain, began to look with eager eyes upon the smiling fields of France that lay just beyond the mountains.

A relic of the past, the Church of the Templars is a highly interesting building, both with regard to its architecture and its associations. The former is of that mixed character common to the period—pointed windows, turreted walls, a square projecting tower, carved doorways, and so forth—and known to the scientific as the Romanesque; the latter consists of numerous historical and traditional stories of battles and meandering course through the village, and it is said that tourists commonly find a good day's fishing in its waters.

Behind the village, on a high grassy knoll, are the ruins of an ancient hermitage, from which a pleasant view of the valley on either side may be obtained. About half a mile from Luz is the little town of St. Sauveur, containing the most celebrated and best frequented baths in the Pyrenees. The name of St. Sauveur is said to have been derived from an inscription set up over the medicinal spring which supplies the baths. "Vos haurietes aquas de fontibus Salvatoris." This legend is ascribed to a bishop of Tarbes, but the period when it was set up is not known.

Behind the towns of Luz and St. Sauveur is situated one of the highest hills of the Pyrenees, the *Pic de Bergons*, the summit of which is 6,117 feet above the level of the sea.

WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS.

DAVID TENIERS THE YOUNGER.

"To contain all the pictures I have painted, it would be necessary to have a gallery two leagues long," Teniers used to observe.

"*Qu'on enlève tous ces magots!*" exclaimed Louis XIV., on perceiving at Versailles some *Bambocciate*, by Teniers.

Two leagues of grotesque figures!—'tis an entire nation; and yet there they are, the whole Flemish people, upon that

canvas. There they are smoking, throwing dice, and drinking beer. See them chatting within the taverns or at the doorways; see them dancing in the open air. Grotesque figures, quoth the king of gentlemen;—grotesque certainly in one point of view: dress one of them out, if you can, in the silken doublet of a great lord! It would be as impossible as to put a peasant's smockfrock on the aristocracy of Vandyck. The people at the public-house, or in the full swing of their fairs, the pipe and the pot, the cask and the clarionet, these are what David Teniers has represented, and all touched, by his pencil, are admirable; and yet how singular the subjects must appear to those who are acquainted with the life of this intellectual, opulent, and famous painter. Teniers lived in grand style. His château, between Antwerp and Mechlin, known as the Château of the Three Towers, had not only Three Towers, but pieces of water upon which floated swans and wherries, feudal avenues,* a bridge over a moat, a hillock for an observatory; and for a landscape the plain dotted with villages. It was, in sooth, an abode of so much pretension as to have filled the proprietor's breast with such honest pride, that he has embalmed it in his pictures upwards of twenty times, depicting it by turns in full front, three-quarter view, profile, in the foreground, in the distance; everywhere, in short, without omitting a single weathercock. Teniers at length even twisted his castle into a signature. That at home he led a life of elegance and ease, we may judge from one of his pictures, in which he is represented surrounded by his family, figuring in a satin vest, embroidered ruff, the majestic periwig and cavalier boots of the day, with his moustache curling

* See the *Catalogue raisonné* of M. de Julienne's pictures, by Pierre Rémy, 1768. Dutch School.

upward in the newest fashion. He holds a double-bass between his legs, upon which he is accompanying his son, who stands behind him with his mouth open, singing as doubtless was becoming in a young country gentleman. Madame Teniers, blooming in all her fresh and Flemish beauty, in a dress of Mechlin lace, holds the music-book, and a page is preparing to pour out a glass of cordial. A monkey perched on a piece of furniture, and the majordomo motionless in the doorway of the saloon, constitute to all appearance a highly gratified audience.

Such was the domestic establishment of Teniers. Thither flocked from all parts, attracted by the fame of the painter, and retained by the brilliant hospitality of the proprietor, the loftiest dignitaries of the age, whose names are for us at this day stars in the night of time. Amongst others, Don John of Austria, governor of the Low Countries, the same who carried off from Naples the daughter of Ribera, thereby causing the death of the Spanish painter through agonising grief. Don John, it is said, attempted, under the eye of Teniers, to paint the Flemish rustics, but found them still more rebellious to his pencil than to his sword. The Archduke Leopold, who had the honour of first bestowing on Teniers that courtly patronage he subsequently so universally enjoyed, saw his example followed by the Bishop of Ghent and by all the nobility who loved the arts. Christina, of Sweden, who had drawn Descartes to her court, was herself desirous of belonging to the court of David Teniers, and sent him her portrait with a gold chain. Finally, the King of Spain, Philip IV., the friend of Velasquez, caused a gallery to be constructed in the Escurial, specially designed for the *kermesses* of Teniers,—as if, after having lost his Flemish people, he at least wished to possess them in pictures. Teniers thus led a lordly life, with princes for pupils, kings for flatterers, and nevertheless, strange to say, his pictures represented nothing but peasants, and through the people alone he succeeded. If such a taste for exhibitions of the familiar life of the lower orders was singular in a painter, who was so courtly in his own person, it was still more singular and surprising in his royal patrons; for all these dancers, smokers, and gamblers of Teniers, what were they but those illustrious "*gueux*" of the Seven United Provinces who waged so fierce a war against the Spaniards? They were the *beggars of the woods*, the *beggars of the fens*, and the *beggars of the towns*, as they were called at that time; and the feeling that made them so joyous, that made them toss their glasses so high in their drinking, their feet so high in the dance, may not, after all, have been inspired by another pitcher of malt, but by the elation of victory. And young Teniers himself, commanding the admiration of the kings of Europe, is he not in a manner the William of Orange of his art? Both one and the other triumphed through the aid of the *beggars*.

David Teniers was born in 1610, the year in which Henry IV. of France was murdered. His father, David Teniers the elder, was a painter before him, the friend of Elzheimer and of Rubens. The first plaything of the child was a pencil, and like Blaise Pascal, his French contemporary, he daubed with precocious lines the walls of his paternal mansion. His native city was Antwerp, the cradle of Rubens, of Vandyck, of Jordaens, of Gaspard de Crayer, and of Porbus—the country of colour. David Teniers the younger was to enjoy the destiny of becoming greater than his father—a fate rare indeed amongst the sons of celebrated men.

In the early years of the seventeenth century, the Teniers family were far from being lords. Old Teniers, who then painted rustic figures, led pretty much the same life as his models. Tradition represents him as going with his son to market to sell his pictures, which were packed on the back of a donkey. The painter, his son, and his ass, went thus from Antwerp to Brussels, offering their merchandise for sale, and more than once they had the mortification of finding no purchasers. Probably the taste for painting small figures and popular scenes was imbibed by young Teniers from his daily studies in this humble species of commerce even more than from the example set by his father; great compositions, poetry, thought, and style, are rarely to be acquired at market. The donkey brought home the capital productions, and was only relieved of the inferior commodities. Thus Teniers was all his life addicted to traffic, for he wished his mode of existence to be as rich as his palette, and as easy as his talent, and we shall see that in this line of ambition he succeeded quite as well as in any other. He is, in painting, the creator of that extempore labour which bestows on all hands châteaus and footmen, satin vests, fine chests of carved wood, lustres of polished copper, and noble sideboards loaded with brilliant plate of gold.

One day, Teniers, then about fifteen years old, was painting in his father's studio, when Rubens unexpectedly entered. Everything was confusion at the sudden appearance of the great painter, and the young man trembled, not with fear but with enthusiasm. Rubens stopped before the easel of the student, and fixed upon the picture just commenced that eye which could frame a composition at a glance; then, taking the pencil of young Teniers, and instructing him at once with hand and voice, he gave him in a few moments a lesson and a picture. Would not that be a subject to paint? Teniers the student, Rubens the master, and the traditions of genius thus verbally transmitted. No doubt great artists convey their experiences to each other from age to age; thus serving as professors by the transfusion of thought, and though the tomb may separate, still their works connect them; but when a living lesson is imparted, this visible transmission is an additional emotion for posterity. We love these greetings in the past, amongst those who are to meet again in the future.

Enthusiastic imitation of the works of great masters is almost always the first form of inspiration visible in youth. To recognise the talent of others is the first intimation of that which the student may himself possess: but in the youthful labours of Teniers, imitation offers this peculiarity, that it is in truth originality. A copy made by Teniers is not a copy, but another specimen by the master. He does not, for instance, imitate Titian, or Paul Veronese, or Rubens, he renews them; and it certainly is not to Teniers that we can apply the remarks of the Chevalier de Jaucourt:* "Counterfeit painters more easily imitate those works which do not require much invention, than those which display the whole imagination of the artist. Painters of *pasticcios* † cannot counterfeit either the composition, the colouring, or the expression of the great masters. The hand of another may be imitated, but not his genius." "The power of his pencil was incredible; he knew how to adapt it to a variety of eminent artists, whose touch and colouring were exceedingly different; and yet he gave to his imitations so strong a character of originality, as to leave it doubtful whether they were not really painted by the very artists whose manner of thinking, composing, and pencilling they were only an imitation, or what the Italians call *pasticcios*." ‡

Teniers had the power of appropriating everything. His assimilation did not stop at the manner of handling the pencil, of laying on the colours, or of putting in the touches; so deeply did he enter into the mind of the painter, so profoundly did he imbibe his temper, that he reproduced at will the grave firmness of Titian, the fiery richness of Rubens, the luxury of

* Vide old "Encyclopédie," article *Pastiche*.

† The Italians apply this word, which signifies a pie, to a description of pictures which are neither entirely originals nor copies, and which are sometimes made up of different parts, taken from other paintings, as a *pâté* is composed of various kinds of meat. This appellation is likewise extended to such productions as are entirely the invention of the artist, but in which he has imitated the style of another master, in composition, design, and colouring. These imitations are usually confined to simple and limited compositions, and are seldom successful except in ordinary subjects. It would be necessary for an artist to draw like Raphael to be able to counterfeit his design. He must possess his mind, before he can imitate his expression, and be endowed with his genius, before he can equal the grandeur of his composition.

‡ Pilkington's "Dictionary of Painters."

his fresh carnations, the air of his heads, and the apparent motion remarkable in his compositions. To such a degree is this the case, that Teniers, this child of the city of Antwerp, may be regarded as the representative of the national spirit of imitation,—he a Fleming so excelling in counterfeiting Flemings as to deceive all Belgium. Rubens especially, who did not expect to make so faithful a pupil, was astonished at this unforeseen competition which thus translated him, as it were, in his own language; and truly the deception is most complete. Bryan relates "that he was present at the sale of one of the principal collections at Brussels, in which was a picture of Mary Magdalene kneeling in a grot, the figure as large as life, which had been regarded for many years by the most experienced judges as an admirable production of Rubens; some difference of opinion arising, the picture was taken out of the frame, when the name of 'David Teniers, jun.', with the date, was discovered at the bottom of the picture, which had been concealed by the border of the frame."* The cabinet of the Archduke Leopold was full of these original copies. Triest, Bishop of Ghent, the Queen of Sweden, and the King of Spain commissioned Teniers to paint several for them; and some amateurs, amusing to relate, in their delighted surprise, even manifested a preference for them over their originals. Is he not doubly fortunate who possesses a Rubens and a Teniers in one and the same picture?

It is to David the younger that we owe the celebrated collection of the Archduke Leopold, which was published for the first time in 1685, by Abraham Teniers, David's brother, who was a printseller at Antwerp. This publication having first appeard in separate plates, Abraham's successor made a volume of them, which he published under the title of "Theatre of the Paintings of David Teniers," with a preface, which in some copies was in French, in others in Spanish, and in the greater number in Latin. The pictures of the Archduke having been subsequently removed to Vienna, an engraving, which represented a perspective view of these pictures arranged in the imperial gallery, was added to the subsequent editions. But in the last reprint that was published of it, in 1775, and which is known under the title of "The Grand Cabinet of Pictures of the Archduke Leopold William, painted by the Italian masters, and drawn by David Teniers," the editors made a mistake in naming David Teniers the elder instead of David Teniers the younger. The learned Heinecken has noticed this error in his precious work.†

David Teniers treated nature with as much familiarity as he did the great masters. He counterfeited her also, and stole from her, not only her outward forms, but her secrets,—not only her accidents, but her spirit, with a mechanical facility and power of adaptation of no ordinary kind. "It was not, however, to his imitative faculties that Teniers was indebted for his greatest celebrity. He was a constant and faithful observer of nature, and in his favourite subjects, representing village festivals and merry-makings, Flemish fairs and *kermesses*, gipsies and incantations, he has displayed a characteristic originality, and a *naiveté* of expression, in which he is unrivalled. That he might have an opportunity of studying from life the rustic character of the peasantry, their rural sports and rejoicings, their quarrels and their combats, he established himself in a retired situation in the village of Perck, between Antwerp and Mechlin, where he could mingle with their pastimes, and observe with a painter's eye their character under the impulse of the various passions; and it is surprising that he has been able to give such an admirable variety to representations which in their nature appear confined and uniform."‡

A story is told of Teniers, that he arrived one day at the village of Oyssel, with his pencils and box of colours, returning doubtless from some sketching tour in the country. He was hungry, but without money; entering a tavern, however, he breakfasted with perfect confidence. When the bill was presented for payment, he took up his brushes, and in a very little time he transferred from the street to a canvas a beggarman who was quietly playing on the bagpipe, little dreaming that he was about to become a *chef-d'œuvre*. Lord Falston, an English nobleman, who was also breakfasting near Teniers, probably with not so good an appetite, though his pockets were full of guineas, approached the young Fleming, and seemed greatly surprised to see a meal thus provided for in painter's coin. At sight of the beggarman, who on the canvas no longer claimed pity, but admiration, the rich amateur gave the young artist the alms of enthusiasm in pieces of gold, and hastened to carry off the copy, whilst Teniers, in his turn, gave a breakfast to the original, and paid the astonished innkeeper munificently for both repasts.

This adventure of paying for a breakfast with a picture, repeated every day in various forms, must have constituted the whole life of Teniers. When his fame had increased, he made a luxury of it, and every picture paid for the whim of the day. Young, brilliant, and admired, certain of having his pencil always dipped in golden colour, Teniers the younger purchased the Château of the Three Towers, to entertain the princes his friends, and began to expend in hospitality the daily produce of his imagination. Two of his pictures, which only resemble each other by their talent, may perfectly represent the history of Teniers, his life of luxury, and his life of toil, the one supported by the other. The first of these represents the "Prodigal Son," not that of the Evangelist, but the "Prodigal Son" of the seventeenth century; that is to say, dressed as a gentleman of fashion, his hair falling in curls upon his lace collar, a waving plume upon his hat, and his heels decorated with spurs. His hat, his short mantle, and his sword and shoulder-belt are deposited on a seat. The scene is near the door of a tavern, in the open air, the sky is bright and the landscape serene. A table, surrounded by footmen and served by a page, indicates the luxury of the joyous feast, whilst in the foreground, upon the sand, two crystal flagons, full of liqueurs of golden hue, sparkle and are kept cool in a large copper basin artistically wrought. The Prodigal Son is seated between two ladies in silken dresses, fair, smiling, and formed for love; his hand clasping that of one fair dame. Her rival is seated on the opposite side of the table, and though her back is turned towards us, her beauty is still evident. We fancy she must have a clear fresh complexion and great sweetness of expression, judging only by the grace, the roundness, and the fairness of the neck, and also by that faint tint at the nape, which marks the commencement of the hair. Pleasure abounds, as it does in all Teniers's pictures, but on this occasion it is the gaiety of elegance and high life, in which delicate beauty mingles. As to the gentleman who does the honours of the feast, if it be not Teniers himself, it is perhaps his brilliant friend, that other prodigal son of glory, Don John of Austria.

Such is the expenditure. Let us now look at the receipts. In a gloomy cabinet is seen an alchymist bending over his mysterious work. The furnaces are lit, the retorts extend along the walls their cabalistic forms, the Gothic scrolls of science are unrolled, and the symbolical owl dozes in his corner. What is the learned doctor under his furred cap in search of? Gold, gold, and the "great secret." Pluck from this seeker of transmutation, from this wrinkled old man, bearded and blear-eyed, his spectacles,—take off his cap, and see if it is not Teniers the younger transmuting his colours into gold. Happy alchymist, whose alembic is a palette, whose "great secret" is a master-piece, and whose laboratory lies in the verdant plains of Flanders!

This, in fact, was his life—prodigality and toil; the two trays of a balance which did not always maintain a just equilibrium; and thus it was, that by these daily efforts of invention, he imperceptibly accomplished those two leagues of pictures, which have wearied no one, not even their author. We can now understand why a great number of these pictures have been called by amateurs the *after-dinner pieces* of Teniers,

* Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers."

† The Latin title was "Davidis Teniers Antuerpiensis Pictoris, etc. Theatrum Pictuarum, 1660. Antuerpiæ apud Henricum Ametsens," in folio.

‡ Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers."

a name which at once explains the time they cost him and the motive for which they were painted. The *after-dinner pieces* of Teniers are therefore the "quart d'heure" of Rabelais. Drinking-songs and joyous scenes at dessert constitute the subjects of these small easel pictures, which cost the painter so little trouble, and now sell at such high prices. To be properly judged of, they should be looked at on rising from table; then is the time for seeing them in their proper light.

"Show me a pipe," said Greuze, "and I will tell you if it belongs to one of Teniers's figures." What character! what delicacy of observation does not this imply in a painter! Thus to individualise everything, to fix his name on the minutest details, to be recognised in a pipe! Teniers, so clever in imitating his predecessors and friends, in purloining their peculiarities, the airs of their heads, their handling, their touch, their mind, himself possesses a personality so decided that his manner cannot be confounded with that of any other! Yes, this adroit robber is, when he chooses, the most secure and confident of proprietors. Just now he was the Proteus of painting: gliding into all studios, seizing upon all pencils, one after another, and even, if need be, that illustrious and redoubtable pencil of Titian's which an emperor had condescended to pick up; in his pictures he rivalled the Venetian colourists, he gave a satin texture to his flesh-tints with the brush of a Rubens; he was by turns Dutch or Spanish, German or Fleming; and yet when intrenched in his public house he is perfect master of all around him; not an artist shall design a jug, touch the light of a pipe-stem, but shall be immediately told, "This is not by David Teniers; I do not recognise in that his touch, at once so light, so intelligent, and so decided." No, in the whole history of painting amongst the moderns, we shall not find a painter of *pasticcios* so original, an imitator so completely inimitable.

"The fantastic tendency of Teniers has produced some very amusing scenes of 'diablerie' which claim the more observation, since all his strange hobgoblins have the same clumsy, stupid character as the crowds of boors in his pictures of a different class, and thus appear to carry with them a sort of ironical commentary on their own existence. Such pictures occur in many places. In the Schleissheim gallery there is one of a witch, who appears to be in the act of completing some magic spell. She kneels before a lamp, and ties up the throat of a little monster like a fish; wild goblins of the most fantastic forms have collected themselves round her, but at the horrid threats of the witch scamper away in grotesque hurry."*

How many painters of the Low Countries have devoted themselves to *bamboccíate!* † The two Van Ostades, Brauwer, Cornelius Bega, and many others, have made their names famous with the same subjects, and almost with the same personages that served as models for Teniers. But amongst so many masters, we can immediately distinguish a drinker, a smoker, or a beer-shop by Teniers. And these are at once easily known by the nature of the sentiment of *gaiety* alone which the painter has infused into them. David Teniers the younger is beyond everything a laughing philosopher, an arch observer, a painter full of mind, and in the most magnificent of his *after-dinner* pieces, we have a glimpse at the bottom of some intentional touch of familiar irony. Introduce into the same smoking-room, for instance, Adrian Ostade, Teniers, and Brauwer. None of them will view it with the same eyes, or under the same colours. Nor will they see the same faces. Adrian Brauwer will wait to study physiognomy for the moment of battle. He will take up his pencils when the

RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

* Kugler's "Handbook of the History of Painting."

† The Italians call by this name subjects representing fairs, drolleries, and village feasts. This appellation appears to have originated in the admiration excited at Rome by the works of Peter van Laer, a Dutch painter, who treated those subjects with great success, and who was nicknamed Tamboccio, on account of the extraordinary deformity of his body.

drinkers, heated with liquor, seize upon the pitchers, the benches, the chairs, and the brooms, to fling them at each other's heads. Adrian van Ostade will be struck by some artless position, by the quietude of a smoker, or by his silence. He will paint him peaceful, serious, meditative, taciturn, and in the fulness of his ugliness; whilst Teniers at the first glance will seize on the jovial side, the bantering smile; he will select the moment when his actors begin to chat on the prowess and adventures of the burgomaster of their locality. Here they are playing at tric-trac at a round table covered with a rug. The hostess makes one of the party, throws out a broad jest to excite laughter, and willingly allows herself to be taken round the waist, whilst the husband is scoring on a board the beer that he is serving. In another place they are toasting a village bride. Her father is cutting slices of ham, while the bridegroom is smiling with a silly air without observing that his friends are kissing the plump and rosy cheeks of his young wife. Five or six peasants

THE DRUNKEN PHILOSOPHER.

form the wedding party; one raises his glass, another cries out a toast, then they laugh, but above all they drink. Every body is satisfied; Teniers is delighted, for none of the details of the scene have escaped him, not an expression of the countenance, however fleeting it might be, has evaded his pencil or deceived his eye.

Touch and expression are the two great qualities in which Teniers the younger shines. The more grotesque the expression, the more pleased he is to work it out, and the better able he is to depict it. In this respect he is the Scarron of painting, and it may be said that he has equalled the inexhaustible imagination of the author of *Ragotin*. If Teniers's figures resemble so closely the hero of the "Roman comique," if they are stooping, bent, crooked, cut out with a bill-hook as it were, what truth of expression does he not give them to make up for it! If they are ill-formed by nature, how well they are designed upon canvas! What truth in the *ensemble*, what delicacy in the tints! With Teniers the tavern waiter has not the gait of the peasant, the farmer of Perck does not dance like the cit of Mechlin, and the village pedant has a fashion peculiar to himself in the lighting of his pipe, the holding of his cards, in pouring out his faro,* and in drinking it. Should you chance to recognise the "Village Festival" in the shop window of a dealer in old engravings, stop for a moment to study the expression of the old players at bowls. You will find in it a mind, a keenness of observation, a feeling for the burlesque, to which nothing is perhaps superior in this style. A king who is setting his crown on the hazard of a die, a lover who risks the loss of an adored mistress, a miser who is on the point of adventuring his treasure, are not more attentive, more fidgety, more anxious, nor on sharper thorns, or more burning coals, than this crafty bowler at the moment that he launches the long-poised bowl from his cunning hands. As it rolls along he will not suffer any one to speak to him, or rather to speak to his bowl, for he maintains that the breathing of a single hostile word might turn aside or arrest its course; —but for his own part he follows it with look and gesture, encourages it with his voice, scolds it if it deviates, caresses it with a few praises charily bestowed, until, avoiding the direction it was nearly receiving from the collision of a pebble, it reaches its destination, after having borne the cross-fire of a hundred eyes which had been levelled at it.

To express with so much nature and so much art these simple scenes, these pleasures of veteran pensioners, of gray-beard villagers in Sunday finery, was to the younger Teniers only one out of a hundred methods of evincing his talent. Sometimes he indulges in dignity, and elevates himself to the noblest expression. A picture of his was much admired at the sale of the pictures which belonged to Cardinal Fesch, at Rome, a "Crowning of Thorns," in which Jesus, half divested of his raiment, is represented within a military guard-house. He is seated on a stone, and bound with cords. "His long

* A description of Flemish beer.

hair falls in disorder upon his shoulders, his head sinking upon his breast, slightly inclines to the right, and his looks cast down towards the earth, express, like every feature of his face, a deep and resigned sorrow. All the patience of an insulted God, all the courageous tenderness of a man, breathe in that fine countenance profoundly impressed with a mysterious melancholy in which the suffering soul is all poured out." Thus speaks of this picture of Teniers an appreciator whose word may be taken on the subject.* The pliability, however, which Teniers the younger has evinced in this, and which he had already displayed in his *pasticcios*, does not prevent him from having a character which is perfectly his own, and which is easily recognised, not only by the shape of one of his pipes, according to Greuze, but in the generally inartificial composition of his subjects, and amongst amateurs by his touch.

The touch of Teniers is very remarkable, and it is perhaps of all his qualities the most characteristic. His delicate, transparent, and agreeable colouring, and his silvery tones, would alone be no doubt sufficient to distinguish him from other painters; but in addition to those excellences, his handling is so free, so light, and so easy, that it is by it that he is principally known. His manner, moreover, appears so natural that we can scarcely suppose at first sight that there is any other mode of painting than his. The common and academical method, which consists in rubbing in the shadows and laying on the lights with a solid *impasto*, is nowhere practised so simply, so clearly, and with less trouble than in the pictures of Teniers, which constitute true models of manipulation. Endowed with a sure judgment and a delicate feeling, David Teniers knew always, while preserving his individuality of method, how to so vary his touch according to the objects he represented as to give them solidity and reality when painting objects of still life, and the actual appearance of vitality when painting animated beings. His touch is therefore intelligent in the highest degree; and if we find it so firm and applied with so much decision and so free a hand, it is because he had reflected deeply, and that his pencil was guided not by routine, but by an exquisite feeling of form, of colour, and of the picturesque. He knows that the ivory of a clarionet ought not to be touched like the glaze of a stoneware pot; that the polish of a cuirass or the reflections from kitchen utensils ought not to be treated like a pimpled nose on the expansive visage of a country fiddler.

But there is a still more important peculiarity to remark in Teniers, which is his feeling for aerial perspective. His eye was so true, that by the effect alone of the gradation or strength of his tints, of the softening or the firmness of his touch, calculated with rare precision, he made objects advance or retire; thus avoiding the necessity for a recurrence to those expedients, those decided sacrifices, those cutting contrasts of light and shade, which no true artist need employ unless, like Ribera, he reduces his artifices to such a system as to wear the aspect of genius itself. To throw back, for instance, a figure dressed in a gaudy colour, or to introduce a red drapery into his background, Teniers has no occasion to deaden it with a cloudy grey; it is enough for him to give a proper tint to this red,—that is, to mingle with it a just proportion of that general air tone which learned connoisseurs call the vanishing tint.†

But even in the absence of colour and of touch, and only looking at Teniers through the medium of Lebas's engravings, in which he is so delicately reproduced, this painter still continues one of the most expressive and intellectual of his own school and of many others. Doubtless if we could stand before the pictures of Teniers, as Louis XIV. did, surrounded by a brilliant court, with their love for and habits of grandeur, the effect produced would be infallibly disastrous. The hero who offered his arm to the haughty Athenaïs de Montespan, or who might hold the hand of the Duchess de la Vallière, could not take a lively interest in the representation of scenes so grossly trivial, and the term "*magots*" would be the instinctive cry of ideality startled by reality. A governor of the Low Countries alone could comprehend the most frequent episodes of Teniers's paintings. When we are occupied with our artist, we must not forget that we are wandering between Mechlin and Antwerp alone, and that from thence to the Parthenon there are some twelve or fifteen hundred leagues, and these leagues of Brabant too! We must therefore close the sacred gates of the beau-ideal, and enter with a good grace the alehouse of Teniers, where, instead of the intoxication of nectar, we must content ourselves with that of strong beer, and for want of poetry put up with reality.

"The subjects which Teniers executed with the greatest pleasure and the most complete success, are scenes of peasant life. There is nothing pastoral in his conception of such scenes; he even exaggerates and borders on caricature, but he exhibits at the same time great power of humour, and knows well how to stamp on his characters, even when occupied in the most commonplace employments, an expression of peculiar seriousness and importance, and thus he frequently introduces the happiest contrast. But he does not always keep up this feeling of humour; in several pictures, particularly those of great feasts, we seem to meet with a certain coldness of observation on the part of the artist, and a deliberate selection of common situations, which combine to produce a mannered character and convey the impression of studied and conscious attention to mere outward effect. In these pictures it appears to have been the main object of the artist to exhibit his brilliant technical skill and his power of imitating accessories (such as old casks, pots, baskets, and different utensils), together with his bold and effective touch, his juicy, transparent chiaro-oscuro, and others qualities of the same kind."*

What clouds of smoke! The pipe in every mouth, the cards in every hand, pots and pans shining against the wall, a housewife who makes the frying-pan hiss and sputter upon a bright fire which attracts the most greedy and gluttonous—such is the interior. But who are these men in the foreground? Sailors perhaps, just arrived from the East Indies. One of them is playing the ten of spades; another with his elbows raised, is drinking at pleasure from a pitcher; a third is hanging up at a window-shutter a carricature of the village schoolmaster, sketched with charcoal on a dirty sheet of paper; another is kissing the female servant of the tavern, without observing that the hostess has opened a window, looking from the steps outside into the tap-room, doubtless to watch with a jealous eye, and a scowling brow, the stolen kisses of the kitchen wench; but no, it was to furnish Teniers with a ray of light for which he had occasion in the angle of his picture.

It is remarked by Dr. Waagen that one of the works which shows Teniers as the greatest man in his line, is contained in the collection of His Grace the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey. It represents a species of pic-nic. "In the foreground are seen the preparations for a rural festival. Four enormous kettles, six casks, and a quantity of provisions, are spread on the ground. The very numerous guests have already seated themselves in many picturesque groups, which extend to the background of the landscape, and are taking their morning beverage. In the whole there is extraordinary cheerfulness and freshness; the ordonnance manifests the consummate skill of the artist. Notwithstanding the variety and warmth of the several local tints, the whole is executed in a very delicate and harmonious silvery tone, and with a perfection of the aerial perspective in the gradations, a brightness and spirit in the touch, which are not common even with Teniers himself. The date, 1646, proves that it is of the best time of the master." †

* This picture, which would appear to be one of the capital works of Teniers, is minutely described by M. George, in his excellent *Catalogue raisonné* of the gallery of Cardinal Fesch. Rome, 1844.

† This also is the expression made use of by the learned M. Paillot, in his *Traité complet de la Peinture*, 10 vols. 8vo. with plates. Paris. 1825.

* Kugler's "Handbook of the History of Painting."

† "Works of Art and Artists in England," by G. T. Waagen.

Teniers had not only, in common with Molière, his contemporary, the title of gentleman of the bedchamber of a prince, he had also that comic imagination which irresistibly seizes on men and manners to transmit them living to the laughter of posterity. Gaiety never abandons either the author or his creations, but it is a true gaiety, internal, profound, and communicative. In the great village feast of Rubens, in the Louvre, his figures get drunk with passion, and embrace with fury; in those of Teniers they laugh, they drink, they dance, with an ease and freedom most perfectly natural. The gaiety of this painter is, however, always mingled with raillery and archness. If he paints a quack, who hawks his ratafia about the streets, if he represents a tooth-drawer advising his victim to ease with gin the dreadful pain he suffers from a grinder, which he assures his patient is to be extracted without pain, it is clear that the expression of his pencil will be that of caustic good-nature; but there is nothing even to heroism that Teniers does not seize upon its trivial side.

Here, for instance, is a picture bearing the title of "Military Preparations." What may we suppose that Teniers has introduced into it? A cavalier saddling his horse? No, that is the manner in which Wouvermans would have treated it. A nobleman seizing his helmet? That would have been the affair of Vandyck. Teniers, with a few strokes of his pencil, has painted an old woman dusting clothes. Dust is, in his eyes, the beginning and end of all human glory.

Gipsies telling fortunes in the fields and laughing at the credulity of their dupes; alchymists bending over their furnaces, and ridiculous in their "divine" science; apes dressed like gentlemen, with sword by side, and hat on head, standing before their master, like the grandees of Spain in the presence of the king, thus parodying human vanity; sorcerers preparing their cauldrons by moonlight; cats with open books before them reading music, and mimicking the gravity of virtuosos; these were the favourite subjects of Teniers—these were the scenes in which he embodied his caustic imagination; this was his comedy of life. Teniers, you will say, has also treated religious subjects? True; but in Catholic martyrology Saint Anthony has monopolised all his preference. What a happy opportunity for the painter's frolicsome fancy! Around this fervent hermit, absorbed in ecstasy, clinging to the ardours of mysticism, to spread the most irresistible distractions in order to disturb his attention and endanger his salvation, the most grotesque monsters, the most horned of nightmares, beasts that cannot be looked at without screaming; what a temptation for Teniers himself? And how often has he not renewed his onslaughts on the gravity of the saint. Kneeling in his grotto, the wrinkled and hoary recluse fervently clasps his hands, and fixes his eyes despairingly upon the books which sustain and save. Around him spring into life and swarm animals of the most unearthly anatomy. Flocking from every part, they climb the rocks by the shortest cuts. Those that cannot get in, poke through the fissures of the grotto the most incredible profiles, which sufficiently indicate their evil intentions. Owls with spectacles stand beside the sacred books, and read them with no less attention than the saint himself. Bats pinned against the sides of the cave in all directions leer down upon the hapless Christian, whilst pterodactyles and other impossible beasts, invented simultaneously by the fancy of Teniers and the imagination of Callot, before they had been reconstructed by the genius of Cuvier, are dragging behind at the robe of St. Anthony. Who would believe it? In the midst of this carnival the saint preserves his lenten visage, grimly illumined by that suppressed grin Teniers cannot help putting upon it.

The favourite "Temptation of Saint Anthony" was often painted by Teniers; the best of them all is in the Berlin Museum. The poor saint kneels full of anxiety before his stone altar, the corners of which are just shooting out into heads of monstrous beasts; besides him stands a devil in the shape of a Brabant beauty holding a goblet of wine; all kinds of imps, some in the shape of goats, others like apes or fishes, are twitching at his garments; others again form a circle round the picture, and appear to make the most horrible uproar by singing, screaming, or croaking! One blows a clarionet, which he has stuck into the hole for the nose in his skull. In the air above all is wild tumult. There are two knights who ride on fishes, and tilt with one another; one is a bird cased in an earthen mug for a coat of armour, and with a candlestick with a burning light stuck in it on his head instead of a helmet. He pierces the other combatant with a long hop-pole through the neck, and this knight, who resembles a dried-up frog, seems to set up a fearful scream, whilst he tosses his arms aloft. All kinds of reptiles are flying and creeping about. It would be difficult to match the mad conceits and the wild genius of this picture. In some of these works the humour of the artist breaks out with equal success, but in another form. Of this class there are some masterly specimens in the Schleissheim gallery, in which apes perform concerts, or sit at table dressed in all sorts of finery, and regale themselves with tobacco and beer." *

The Museum of Bordeaux possesses a fine picture by Teniers, and very rare for its unaccustomed vigour of effect. So lively an opposition of light and shade is remarkable in a painter who was in the habit, as Gersaint says, of producing his lights upon a light background.† This picture, which we reproduce here, bears the name of "The Incantation," but is it not rather some humorous new reading of "Saint Anthony?" It seems to us that we see some alehouse lout, with an otter-skin cap and a drunkard's nose, who has placed himself by stealth in the chair of the hermit, having at his feet the sacred books, and before him, on the table, the indispensable death's-head. On seeing himself surrounded by those cowled, winged, and inflamed monsters, who apparently mistake him for the cenobite, he laughs in his sleeve at the advances which the messengers of Satan are making to him, as if he did not already belong to them!

"The great secret of Teniers," very justly says M. Paillot de Montabert, in his "Treatise on Painting," "is his great knowledge of, and feeling for, perspective. This he possessed thoroughly, and applied it not only to his forms and lines, but to his tones, his tints, and his touch.‡ With this command of execution, the most indispensable in painting, Teniers understood the art of combining chiaro-oscuro, and, much better still in my opinion, the arts of blending his tints. Teniers's effects are never confused; they are simple, light, and airy. None of that haze which is only the resource of certain ignorant painters; none of that general darkness in the midst of which sparkles an acute point of light. His great art is to conceal art, to keep his secret. At the first glance, you observe no artifice; it seems as if any one might compose, dispose, and elucidate quite as well as he does, his system is so natural; but if we reflect for a time, we discover, in spite of his adroit good-nature, all the causes, all the calculations, all the artifices. Always sure of the result, or rather familiar with the principle of the unity of lights and shades, familiar also with the powers of opposition, able to interpose softness by half-luminous objects, or firmness by striking contrasts, sometimes he playfully paints a man dressed in white upon a white sky, sometimes he puts grey upon grey, and red upon red; nothing embarrasses him, and he amuses himself, so to speak, by diversifying his combinations."

"Teniers had a lively invention and ready execution; his pencil is free and delicate; the touching of his trees is light and firm; his skies are admirable, and, although not much varied, are clear and brilliant; and the expression of his figures, whether mirthful or grave, in anger or good humour, is uncommonly striking. His pictures are generally clear in all their parts, with a beautiful transparence; and he had the art of relieving his lights by the disposition of others, without employing deep shadows, which yet produced the intended

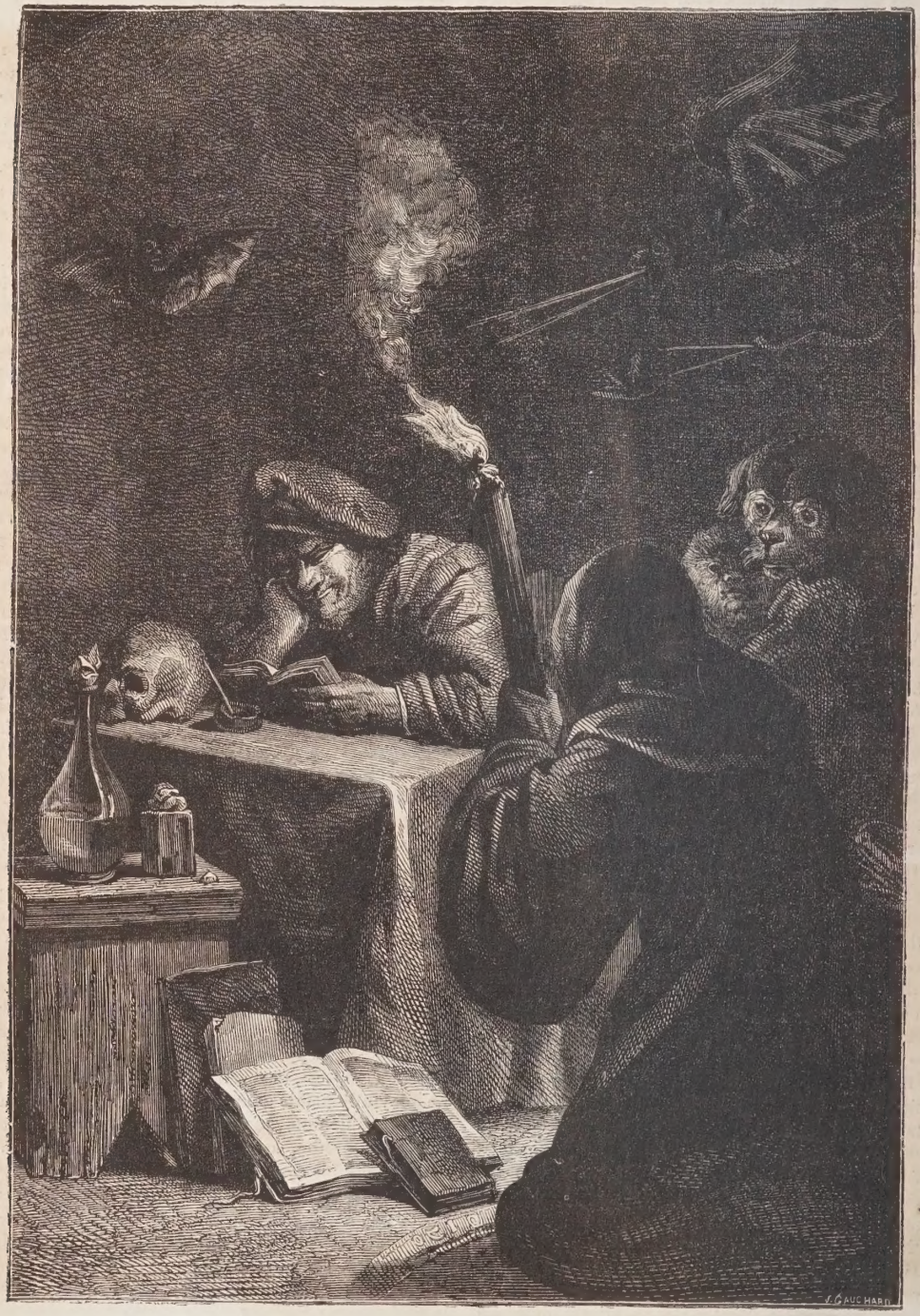
* Kugler's "Handbook of the History of Painting."

† Gersaint: "Catalogue de M. Quentin de Lorangère." Paris, 1767.

‡ "Traité complet de la Peinture," par M. Paillot de Montabert. Paris, 1825.

effect very happily. This practice he is supposed to have derived from Rubens, who remarked that strong oppositions were not always necessary to produce effect in a picture; which observation that great artist knew to be just, from his studying the colouring and tints of Titian."*

and in this way:—He had painted a picture of Hymen for a gentleman who was about to be married. In this work Hymen, full of roguery, as usual with the painter, seemed charming when seen at a distance, but morose when closely viewed. The Archduke Leopold had purchased this picture, and



THE INCANTATION.

It is desirable to know the opinion of Teniers, this practical philosopher, on the subject of marriage, and which in reality he followed of those two counsels proffered in turn by Panurge to his joyous friend Pantagruel. Teniers was twice married,

had placed it at the end of his gallery upon a sort of platform. To ascend this platform it was necessary to pass a very slippery step, on this side of which was the charming point of view, but as soon as the step was passed, the charms all vanished. Now, there was a young lady at Antwerp, Anne Breughel, daughter of the celebrated painter John Breughel

* Pilkington's "Dictionary of Painters."

surnamed Velvet Breughel:* when Teniers began to think that he could not thus continue single all his life, Anne Breughel was a minor, and had no less than three guardians, Cornelius Schut, Van Balen, and Rubens. Anne Breughel must have been an enchanting young lady and a precious treasure, if we may judge from these three illustrious painters whom the worthy magistrate had given her for guardians. One day when she paid a visit to the gallery of the Archduke Leopold, and was shown the painting of Teniers, the latter asked the young lady if she would *pass the step*. She laughed: the matter was referred to the guardians; and they thought proper to unite the beauty of their ward with the talent of their rival. And thus it was that Teniers became the husband of Anne Breughel.†

THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY.

† The name of Velvet Breughel was given him on account of his being generally clothed in velvet, an expensive habit at that time. Some authorities deem it more likely that he was called *Brughel de Velours*, from being an eminent flower-painter.

It may be seen, with reference to Teniers, how rare good

* M. Arsène Houssaye has written on the subject of Teniers some fluent and charming pages, which in their nature are historical, though they border on romance by their fanciful development. —"*Histoire de la Peinture Flamande et Hollandaise.*" Paris, 1845. Vol. ii.

works on painting really are. Assuredly if there was any artist who might lay claim to a just appreciation by the clearness of his style, the decided character of his subjects and of their physiognomy, or rather by the truth of his expression, it was David Teniers the younger. Nevertheless, we may search through books on art, and especially historical works, and we shall not find a page of interest on a painter who had given interest to so many models. D'Argenville has scarcely devoted six lines to Teniers the younger in the biography of his father. Felibien does not say a word about him, not even in the edition published in 1706, sixteen years after the death of Teniers. De Piles, who has spoken so handsomely of Rubens, has bestowed upon Teniers only three or four insignificant lines.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his "Journey to Flanders and Holland in the year 1781," says, "The works of David Teniers, jun., are worthy the closest attention of a painter, who desires to excel in the mechanical knowledge of his art. His manner of touching, or what we call handling, has perhaps never been equalled: there is in his pictures that exact mixture of softness and sharpness which is difficult to execute."

In his "Observations on some Great Painters," Taillasson has ably drawn, in a few strokes, this portrait of Teniers the younger. "Teniers," says he, "paints the *morale* of his peasants as well as their *physique*. Their passions, in fact, should not have the same physiognomy as those of other men. In his pictures we hear them reason, discuss and talk politics. When he paints them playing at cards, with what justice and vigour he has seized on the expression proper to this description of gamblers! He knows how to distinguish the different conditions of the inhabitants of the country, and from the beggarman to the great man of the parish all the social grades are clearly marked. The tones of his colour are true and rich, vigorous and silvery; his compositions are always harmonious without the affectation of sacrificing anything. In his interiors, and in his open-air scenes, the light and shade seem to be so easily felt that we might almost deem the painter had not thought of them. Teniers's talent is especially characterised by a rapid and spiritual touch which playfully sheds on every part light, colour, life, and expression. His works, full of truth, appear to have been dashed off in a moment; nothing seems to be constrained, nothing servilely copied, all seems to be created." However, if a just appreciation is rarely to be found in books, tradition has made amends by preserving it amongst amateurs. Teniers, of all those painters whose pictures go through the ordeal of sales, is one of those in most esteem with true connoisseurs, but he is also one of those whom the half-learned have the pretension to know the best from having heard him cited at every turn, from having seen him figure at the theatre in vaudevilles, and in short from having seen a hundred imitations of him by Ashoven, Zorg, and others.

Mrs. Jameson, in her "Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art in and near London," thus characterises Teniers:—"In considering the works of Teniers, we are struck by an apparent contrast between the character of the man and the class of subjects he treated, and between the subjects themselves and the manner in which he treated them. Teniers was an accomplished gentleman, a chosen companion of princes, refined in his manners, dress, and personal appearance; yet as an artist his predilection was for the humorous and grotesque scenes of common life, the merrymakings and courtships of boors; the interior of surgeon's shops and guard-rooms. These, while he represented them with the utmost truth and spirit as regards character and expression, he touched with such an exquisite and felicitous pencil, so light, so airy, so silvery delicate, that the vulgarity of the subject is redeemed by the consummate elegance of the execution, and the *mind* everywhere displayed in the conception as well as the treatment. He had, however, three different *manners*. At first he began by imitating Brauwer (whose boor-subjects were then much in fashion), and painted forcibly in rather a brownish tone; this he softened into a golden tone, and at length adopted that sparkling transparent touch and cooler tone by which his best pictures are distinguished. This delicacy of colouring sometimes, in his later pictures, verged on coldness and flatness, particularly in his landscapes; but the finest of these are wonderful for their airy brilliance. * * * The Queen's private gallery, and the collection of Lord Ashburton, contain the finest specimens of his talent I have seen in England."

Teniers had one very remarkable talent rather essential to an artist's prosperity—that of selling his pictures. An anecdote which, if true, has perhaps inspired La Fontaine with his fable of the cat, which counterfeited death to catch the mice the better, would prove that the seventeenth century was in no respect behind our own. The paintings of Teniers, we have said, were eagerly sought for; but a period occurred when the supply was greater than the demand. They already occupied two leagues in Europe, but expences increased more rapidly even than the produce of his labours. Alarm appeared in the Château of the Three Towers. How to maintain the luxury and the generous hospitality to which the painter and his illustrious friends were accustomed, was now the question. To produce more, to produce incessantly, to gather up with rapid pencil all the peasants who pass, or who dance, all the smokers who drink, all the drinkers who smoke, and put them upon canvas, would be to lower their value and to glut the market. Teniers seeks a remedy, and sees no salvation but in death, which is a wind up to admiration. He dies accordingly! The sorrowful news is spread; this spiritual painter will paint no more, happy are they who possess any of his pictures. He has, however, left a few which are masterpieces. Every one runs to get them; gold pours in and the market rises. Meanwhile, secluded within his dwelling, pencil in hand, and a smile on his lips, the painter labours on at his posthumous works. People purchase, and are astonished at the supply, till at length Teniers comes to life, and the joy is universal, even amongst the amateurs, upon whom the contribution was levied. The living were fleeced by the dead.

"The dates on some of his best pictures are from 1643 to 1653, though there are many fine ones painted during the same period, and others ten years later that are not dated. Indeed, there are no dates between 1653 and 1665, when he was in his full vigour. The last that have been discovered are 1678-9; these are one or two small pictures not more than nine inches by eight. It is not likely that he studied under Brauwer, who was his senior by only two years, though he imitated that master's style in some of his pictures; nor is there any proof that he practised in the school of Rubens, though, no doubt, he profited by observing his principles of colouring and general arrangement. His outset was not so very flattering; for it is said that he had the mortification of seeing the works of Tilborgh, who was his pupil, and others preferred to his; it was not until he was patronised by the Archduke Leopold William that he became distinguished. With regard to his imitations of Italian masters, or what is termed *pasticci*, there is now very little danger of passing them but for what they are; some are very clever, and the best resemble Paul Veronese, or the Bassans, in little. His attempts at Rubens are failures; the monkey is always discoverable. The number of authentic pictures by him, of which there are records, may be fairly reckoned at 1000, and of spurious at least 500 more. Smith's "Catalogue raisonné of the Works of the Dutch and Flemish Masters" (vol. iii. and supplement), contains descriptions of 900, all of which may be considered as genuine. Add to these about 100 in the galleries at Schleissheim and Munich, sixty-five mentioned by Cumberland as being in the royal collection at Madrid, and nineteen spoken of by Descamps, and we have a total of 1,089, from which a few errors and repetitions may be excepted. Perhaps there are many more in existence of which there is yet no written account; if so, the enormous value his pictures now bear will be sure to bring them to light. Some of his pictures are of large dimensions; one at Schleissheim is 13 feet 6 inches by 10 feet, and contains 1,138 figures, those in the foreground being about 12 inches high; others also abound with figures, such as the 'Fair at Ghent,' No. 103 of Supplement, 340; a

Village Fête,' No. 104, 93; No. 137 of Vol. III., another Village Festival,' contains 150; and numerous others might be quoted. Many of his pictures have been sold in public sales at sums varying from 300 to 1,500 guineas, and some in royal and public collections have been estimated at 2,000 and upwards. It is certain that he etched, but so did his father; the difficulty is in distinguishing their several works in this way, and, as far as regards the merits of the etchings, it is of no importance. A French engraver, G. De Vivier, etched some imitations, after pictures by Teniers, and marked them with the monogram used by that artist, though he has in other instances attributed the subjects to Anton. Van Heuvel, a scholar of Gaspar de Crayer; others are the acknowledged work of Coryn Boel. They who are curious in the matter may see a collection in the British Museum. The best authorities concur in placing his death in 1690, at the age of eighty."*

After some years of happiness, Teniers lost Anne Breughel, and sold the Château of the Three Towers. This manor, which he had made illustrious, was purchased by John de Freme, a councillor of the parliament of Brabant. But Teniers had a prospect of recovering it, by marrying the daughter of the new proprietor. One of Teniers's sons entered the church, and has left us some writings on the life and death of his father,—the joyous painter of smoking-rooms and village feasts, of apes in doublets and storks in spectacles, monks under temptation and alchymists at the *great work*, who died this time in good earnest at the age of eighty.

The recital which the clerical Teniers has left of the death of his father is altogether lugubrious and fantastic. It would seem that the octogenarian painter died in the midst of visions, thus commencing as it were in this world a dream from which he only awoke in the other; but some have narrated in a more lively manner the death of our country-gentleman and philosopher. At the moment he had finished the portrait of a lawyer, he felt himself dying, and in allusion to the ivory black that is used in painting, he exclaimed, "I have burned my last tooth to paint my attorney!"

There is scarcely a gallery or a cabinet that does not contain some pictures by Teniers, and a collection without them would be justly deemed incomplete.

Independent of his beautiful *kermesses* and his animated village weddings, Teniers has treated with wonderful spirit and warmth of imagination interiors of *cabarets*, smoking-rooms, rustic subjects, alchymists, *diablerie*, apish subjects, battles, animals, subjects of profane and sacred history, landscapes, and still life; in all of these he has displayed that lightness of execution and that delicate and spiritual touch which has never been surpassed.

The best engravers of all countries have outvied each other in reproducing the compositions of Teniers. We shall mention Hollar, L. Surugue, T. Galle, P. Pontius, Philip Lebas, Tardieu, T. Major, an excellent engraver but little known, F. Basan, P. Chenu, J. Beauvarlet, F. Van Steen, Muller, Coryn-Boel, Van Bruggen, Alliamet, Aveline, Lépicié, Moitte, de La Barthe, Laurent, Truchy, N. Lemire, Daullé, Levasseur, Canot, Baron, Chedel, Schwab, F. Boëce, Couché, Boutrois, Guttenberg, Niquet, &c. &c.

Not one of them, however, has entered into the spirit of the painter like the celebrated Lebas, whose prints after Teniers are more than a hundred, and who has infused into them the delicacy of touch and the silvery tone of the pictures of the celebrated Fleming.

David Teniers himself etched several pieces, and he has left some black-lead pencil sketches, treated, like his pictures, with great delicacy and spirit.

In every country imbued with the love of painting we find pictures by Teniers the younger. Out of the proverbial "two leagues" we can do little more than enumerate some of the more striking ones in the public galleries of Europe.

The Imperial Gallery, in the Belvedere Palace at Vienna, contains not less than nineteen compositions of this master collected in the 6th room. Amongst these are comprised—"A Peasant's Marriage," signed and dated 1648. "Abraham and Isaac on the Mount." "A young Girl cleaning Kitchen Utensils." "The Sausage-maker." "A Village Fête:" figures of the painter and his family. "Interior of the Picture Gallery of the Archduke Leopold William at Brussels," of which Teniers was keeper. The pictures here represented are for the most part now in the Belvedere. It was this picture, in which he imitated the particular style of the most distinguished masters of the Italian as well as of the Flemish school to such perfection, that obtained for him the name of the Proteus of painting. "Shooting at the Popinjay" in the Place du Sablon, Brussels, 1652, Teniers himself in the foreground. "A Kermess," &c. &c.

The ancient and celebrated Dusseldorf gallery only contained one picture by Teniers—"A Village Festival."

The Pinakothek of Munich is very rich in compositions of this master, all of which are deserving of especial praise. We can only mention—"An Italian Fair." "Monkeys smoking," a very witty and amusing picture. "A Guard-room, Boors Merrymaking." "A Country Wedding." "Boors Smoking and playing at Cards." "Boors Quarrelling." "Monkeys engaged in Cooking, some of them are masked. "A Concert of Cats and Monkeys." The collection is only deficient in a "Temptation of Saint Anthony."

The Royal Gallery of Dresden possesses twenty-three paintings by Teniers, amongst which—"The Backgammon Party. "Flemish Kermess." "Boors playing at Cards." "An Old Woman to whom appear fantastical beings." "Saint Peter delivered from Prison." "A Guard-room." "Two Landscapes." "A Chemist." "Temptation of Saint Anthony." "Drinkers playing at Dice." "Boors Dancing." "Another Temptation of Saint Anthony." "An Old Dentist who has just drawn a Tooth. "A mountainous Landscape." In one of the two "Temptations of Saint Anthony," it is almost inconceivable, observes M. Viardot, that the animated egg should be wanting. This is the only instance, adds the amateur, to his knowledge, that Teniers has omitted his pleasant conceit.

The Royal Museum at Berlin has only four David Teniers's, none of which are very striking; the most noticeable are "An Alchymist" and a "Temptation of Saint Anthony," large, beautiful, and important amongst a hundred others.

In the Imperial Gallery, in the Palace of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, amongst the forty-seven pictures forming the contingent of Teniers, are found every description of subject which he has treated; landscapes, *cabarets*, smoking-rooms, *kermesses*, guard-rooms, temptations of Saint Anthony, interiors, grotesque scenes, musicians, alchymists, fishermen, drunkards, smokers, and apes; amidst the small pictures which Teniers finished in an evening, and which have preserved the name of "After-dinner pictures," are seen some striking works, conspicuous among which are two "Village Festivals," formerly in the collection of Voyer d'Argenson; a very fine "Guard-room;" an "Interior of a Kitchen," full of game, fish, and vegetables; "The View of his House," in the village of Perck, between Antwerp and Mechlin; but Malmaison has given up to the Hermitage a matchless and priceless work; this is a great picture painted in 1643 for the fraternity of Crossbow-men, and which is called the "Sharpshooters of Antwerp," in which there are not less than forty-five small figures from 8 to 10 inches each. The arrangement of this crowd in perspective is marvellous, as is the rendering of all the details. Descamps justly describes it as Teniers's finest work. Nothing more striking or more perfect has issued from the pencil of this fertile master.

The Royal Museum at Madrid contains not less than seventy-six pictures by Teniers. A detailed enumeration of these would offer no interest; but we deem it useful to mention those which from their excellence or the nature of their subjects, are out of the ordinary way.

In both these respects we must first cite "A Picture Gallery visited by Gentlemen." In signing this picture, Teniers wrote, after his name, "Pintor de la camera" (instead of "camara") of His Serene Highness. The following is the explanation of this subject and the Spanish device:—The

* Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers."

Archduke Albert, governor of the Netherlands, for Spain, had commissioned our painter to compose for him, not the cabinet of an amateur, but a princely gallery. When he had completed this delicate mission to the satisfaction of his patron, Teniers conceived the idea of perpetuating its recollection by a picture. In it are seen the Archduke accompanied by some gentlemen entering the gallery, where Teniers, who has also represented himself, presents to him designs spread out on a table. Along the walls are ranged pictures of his choice, faithfully copied and reduced to microscopic proportions, but in which, nevertheless, besides the subject, the touch of each master is very clearly distinguished.

We may further mention among the fancies of Teniers, an excellent animal painting, which would have excited the envy of Paul Potter, and "The King drinks," a charming representation of a scene at table of a frank and communicative joyousness.

The Museum of the Louvre contains fourteen pictures by Teniers, all of fine quality, and some of them capital works. Amongst these we may enumerate a "Temptation of Saint Anthony," a picture of admirable execution and delicacy of touch. "The Prodigal Son at table with courtezans." "The Seven Works of Mercy." "A Village Wedding." "The Interior of a Smoking-room." "The Knife-grinder;" and "A Heron Chase."

Numerous as are the specimens of our great master scattered through the private collections of England, our public collections are but scantily stored with them.

The National Gallery contains but three of his works. "The Misers" (or "Money-changers"), described by Mrs. Jameson to be "in point of execution, one of the most remarkable pictures of this versatile, lively, and most accomplished painter," "A Music Party," and its companion picture, "Dutch Boors regaling."

Dulwich Gallery is better provided, containing twenty-one of Teniers's works:—"A Winter Scene." "A Small Landscape with a Magdalen." "A Small Landscape with a Hermit." "An Innkeeper standing at his door." "A small Landscape." "Interior of a Guard-room. "A Cottage in a small Landscape." "A Village on Fire." "A Sow and Pigs, a Peasant standing by." "A Man seated opening Mussels." "An old Man." The companion, "An old Woman." "A Cottage with Figures." "A Landscape." "Brickmakers at work." "A Winter Scene." "A large Landscape." "A Landscape, with the Château of Teniers in the distance." "Head of an old Man." "Head of an old Woman." "A Landscape, with Gipsies." "The Chaff-cutter."

At Hampton Court there are three pictures by the younger Teniers: "Judith and Holofernes," a small copy after Paul Veronese; "Inside of a Farm-house;" and "St. Francis with a Skull" after an Italian picture.

At Windsor Castle there are four specimens of our great artist; viz.—"A Rocky Landscape with Figures." "A Virgin and Child," a small copy after Titian. "A Holy Family," likewise a small copy after Titian; and the "Interior of a Grange or Barn."

Notwithstanding the innumerable quantity of Teniers's works, the prices of his pictures have equalled those of the choicest productions.

In 1744, at the sale of M. de Lorangère made by Gersaint, several pictures by Teniers were put up.

"A Kitchen Subject," says the catalogue, was knocked down for £2 10s.; "A Smoking-room," for £5 10s.; "A Landscape," very fine, for £15. "The Studio of Teniers," adorned with several pictures, fetched as much as £13 5s. A year after, at the sale of the Chevalier La Roque, "A Smoking-room" only realised £4; and another picture of the same subject was driven up to £17 5s.; a beautiful "Landscape," engraved by Lebas, under the title of "The Rainbow," was knocked down at £6.

In 1767, at the celebrated sale of M. de Julienne, matters went differently: "A Village Dance" went up to £245; "A Village Wedding" fetched £300; "A Landscape with Figures," was sold for £64; "The Château of Teniers," which some years previous had been sold for £9 5s., now realised £37 10s.; "The Terrestrial Paradise" was sold for £33 5s.; "The Interior of a Kitchen" for £26 5s.; and "Card Players," containing fourteen figures, for £83. This upward movement was maintained. In 1770, at the sale of M. de la Live de Jully, "A Flemish Fête," from the gallery of the Countess de Verrue, was sold for £283; "A Chemist in his Laboratory," engraved by Lebas, fetched £145. At the sale of l'Empereur, in 1773, "A Flemish Fête," also from the collection of Madame de Verrue, was knocked down at £417; "A Flemish Tavern," at £335; and "A Marine Subject," engraved by Lebas, at £106.

At the sale of the Marquis de Brunoy, in 1776, "A Flemish Fête," engraved by Lebas, under the title of "The Environs of Antwerp," was sold for £250; two other pictures representing "Flemish Fêtes," likewise engraved by Lebas, under the title of "Flemish Concord, and the Day after the Wedding," reached the price of £458. At the sale of the Prince de Conty, in 1777, "The Seven Works of Mercy," the fine picture now in the Museum of the Louvre, and which had successively adorned the galleries of M. de Gaignat, and the Duke de Choiseul, was knocked down at £438. At the sale of M. Blondel de Gagny, in 1776, the magnificent composition of "The Prodigal Son," which now adorns the Museum of the Louvre, and of which every one knows the admirable engraving executed by Levas, was sold for £1,210. "A Village Fête," with upwards of fifty figures, realised £458; another picture, engraved by Lebas, under the title of "The Fishermen," fetched £200. "The Jealous Wife," engraved by the same, £48. "The View of Flanders," engraved by the same, £100. We must pass over several of the pictures of Teniers disposed of at this sale, of which there were not less than thirty-one.

In 1777, at the sale of M. Randon de Boisset, we find again ten pictures of Teniers, nearly all important ones, brought to the hammer. "A Farm-yard" fetched £462; "A Ham Breakfast" (in front is seen a table laid out, on which is a ham, around which are four figures, of which there are in all twenty-six in the picture) was sold for £835.

At the sale of M. de Choiseul-Praslin, in 1793, the pictures of Teniers, to the number of thirteen, realised tolerably high prices. "A Kermess," engraved by Philip Lebas, was knocked down at £1,220. This composition comprises four hundred figures, forming various groups of various attitudes. "The Small Flemish Tavern," a picture likewise engraved, was sold for £92 at the sale of Vincent Doujeux, in 1791, at which there were not less than nineteen pictures by Teniers; "The Five Senses," which had been knocked down at the sale of the Count Dubarry, in 1744, for £42 10s., went at this sale for £158. In 1802, at the sale of Robit, a picture of the highest merit, known to the curious under the title of "A Ham Breakfast," a capital composition of twenty-six figures, which had formed part of the collections of Randon de Boisset and l'Empereur, and previous to that of the collection of the Prince of Rupembré, was knocked down for £750; that which is called "The Fair of Ghent" realised the sum of £530; the other, "A Flemish Fête," fetched £188; "A Landscape," £230; and finally, "The Interior of a Smoking-room," £180.

At the sale of Lapérière, in April, 1817, at which four pictures by Teniers were put up, "A Village Fête" was sold for £296; and "An Interior of a Smoking-room" (two men playing at cards on a plank placed upon a cask, near them three spectators looking on; further, near a chimney, two peasants, one of whom is asleep) was sold for £271. At the sale of M. Robert de Saint-Victor, which comprised not less than thirty-one pictures by Teniers, "The Rainbow," engraved by Lebas, was sold for £122; "The Farm," engraved by the same, £116.

At the second sale of M. Lapérière, a "Temptation of St. Anthony," on copper, was sold for £365; "The Four Seasons," represented in four pictures, were driven up to £1,250; an "Interior of a Guard-room," on copper, reached

£540. At the sale of the Chevalier Erard, in 1832, there were twelve pictures by Teniers; "The Prodigal Son," on panel, fetched £712; "The Four Seasons," of the sale of M. de Lapérière, were withdrawn at £1,000.

£1,020 to M. Demidoff, who, for fourteen pictures which he purchased at this sale, expended the sum of £9,380. "The Man with the White Shirt" passed into the hands of Mr. Hope for the sum of £750; "The Rural Concert,"

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

At the sale of the Duke de Berry, in 1837, there were five of the choicest pictures of Teniers; "A Ham Breakfast," which, as we have seen at previous sales, had respectively realised the sums of £835 and £750, was knocked down for

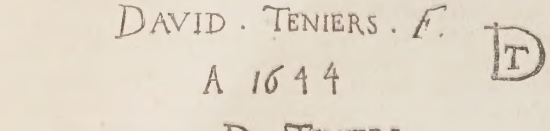
engraved by Lebas, fetched £252; "A Kermess," which at the sale of Robit had been sold for £325, at this sale went for £328.

M. de Las Marismas possessed a fine picture by Teniers,

representing "A Guard-room," which, at the sale of his gallery in 1843, was sold for £638.

We will close this long list with the sale of the extensive collection of Cardinal Fesch, which took place in Rome in 1845, and in which, out of the four pictures by Teniers, only one was worthy of arresting the attention of amateurs; this was a large religious composition, "The Crowning of Thorns," which was knocked down to the Prince of Canino for 4,500 scudi, somewhat more than £1,000.

D. Teniers has signed nearly all his pictures by the following marks, which were likewise those of his father:—



THE PAINTER OF PISA.

PART THE THIRD.

The night advanced, the old man slumbered profoundly; a second sigh echoed in the dim silence of the church. The coffin stirred—there was a movement within—can it be he who raises himself with a labouring effort as if chained down by a magnetic influence? Yes, he lives—he breathes—he feels! It is Marcello himself—a living corpse issuing from the tomb! For an instant he hesitated—he shuddered: the immensity of the church, and, by a fleeting comparison, the immensity of life weighed heavily upon him. He wished to extricate himself from the bier, but he wanted courage: at this fearful moment of resurrection, when he might, by a slight effort, free himself from the panoply of burial, he experienced so much difficulty in the passage from death to life, that a horrible foretaste of the transition from life to death seemed presented to his imagination.

"O God!" he murmured, "must I live?"

Unbroken silence laid on the monuments and columns—darkness and midnight chained all things in a solemn harmony—his courage returned, he raised himself softly, and extinguished all the lights but one which he retained in his hand.

Then he went towards his picture, his beloved picture, and gazed upon it in that high and holy station which he had dreamed and hoped for. Bewildered, weeping, joyful, yet sad, Marcello cast himself upon his knees, and prayed aloud in a voice broken with emotion.

"Merciful Father! an ardent desire of glory led me to employ deceit—led me to strive for pity when I deserved it not—led me to feign death, and mock Thine awful summons. Pardon, O Lord, pardon! I go to other lands, where, perhaps, I may never hear even the echo of my fame! I go to live a stranger and a pilgrim, to expiate my sin, and end my days in thanksgiving for all Thy mercies!"

Day dawned faintly at the windows—Marcello turned towards the door. The monk slept on. The picture was hidden in darkness—the morning came on apace, and with it would arrive the busy throng, the funeral rites, the priests and senators. He paused no longer, but unlocked the door. The morning air blew freshly on his brow; he wrapped himself closely in his mantle, and fled hastily away.

Still day crept slowly over the skies; the grey dawn came over the picture, and dimly revealed the angels and the evil spirits. The coffin was empty, and the monk slept on.

In a dark and meanly furnished room, in an obscure quarter of Amsterdam, an engraver was bending over his solitary work. A single lamp, by whose light he laboured, cast its rays upon his haggard countenance, his grizzled beard, his thin and trembling fingers, his attenuated form, his neglected dress, and the plate upon which he was employed with minute and laborious industry. It was a cold and wintry night. A thick fog pervaded the damp and narrow streets of the unwholesome city, and penetrating through door and window, hung a murky canopy around the ceiling of the fireless room, and filled it with damp and darkness. The engraver shuddered, coughed a hollow echoing cough, and then strove to warm his frozen fingers in the breast of his doublet.

"Cold!" he muttered, "cold and dreary, as my heart! Oh, Pisa! oh, my sunny Italy! why did thy son depart from thee? But the punishment of fraud has fallen upon him. Penury and sorrow cling to him to the last! Famous and unknown, honoured and neglected, reverenced and withal toiling and despised, he lives an exile in the dark land and chill servitude of the stranger. Lives, and is yet dead to thee and to his glory!"

Marcello rose abruptly and approached the casement. The faint beams of the oil-lamps in the street below struggled feebly through the dense atmosphere; not a star was to be seen in the black sky; not a footfall rung upon the pavement. Sounds of distant mirth came at intervals from the shipping in the neighbouring canal, and the great bell of the cathedral, with slow and solemn tongue, boomed forth its deep summons to the evening prayers. The Italian shuddered again, glanced round his cheerless apartment, drew his hat over his brows, extinguished his lamp, and descended rapidly into the street.

In a few moments he had entered the cathedral, and was crouching on a low seat in a dark corner near the stove. The worship there was not that of his native land, but he was nevertheless a frequent visitor in the Protestant temple. The curious and elaborate carvings in stone and wood, the stained heraldic windows, the bannered walls, the superb screen of Corinthian brass, the majestic monuments, and the wondrous organ with its almost human voices,* had a charm and a consolation for the unhappy painter, and inspired him with devotional awe. Soon the church became filled, the sonorous tones of the minister reverberated through the fretted roof; the simple psalmody of the Calvinistic service filled Marcello's soul with a glad hope; he listened no longer to the preacher, preaching in a foreign tongue; he pictured an angel-vision in his soul, and heart sweet angel-voices mingling with the deep music of the hymn.

"I will do it," he murmured to himself, while the large tears rolled down his cheeks, "I will do it. Another vast and holy painting shall crown the glory of my name. With it I will return to thee, O Pisa!—with it I will claim a renewal of those honours which thou didst render to my corpse—with it reveal the truth, and return, a living glory, to thy maternal bosom. Remorse and concealment have embittered my days: fame unenjoyed is fame no longer. I have no pleasure and no pride in laurels showered on my tomb. What is posthumous reputation to daily privation? If, in the stranger's land, I hear the distant rumour of my great triumph, I have no share in the splendour which is mine own, and no joy in its possession. Better that I had remained unknown, than have the weight of sin and sorrow for ever on my heart. I will return, and return with new claims upon the love and gratitude of my native land!"

He returned to his solitary lodging. The false dream once more controlled his being—once more he seized the palette and the brush—once more he devoted nights and days to a work which should surpass all former and all future glory. But the painter himself was not the same: penury and privation had done their utmost on his frame. His arm was weak, his eye dimmed with the minute labours of the graver, his hair was tinged with grey, his figure prematurely bowed and wasted. Even climate was against him: he no longer painted beneath the glorious sky of his native Italy; he was inspired no longer with the sublime enthusiasm of youth; his soul alone remained the same. But ambition is not all-sufficient: the picture, alas! betrays the physical debility of its creator; it wants the energy of genius, and it is impressed only with the fevered exaggeration of his brain.

* The organ of this cathedral has a row of pipes which represent a chorus of human voices. At the period of this tale it was the finest instrument in the world.

But Marcello knew not the change. The picture was completed, and with it he departed for Pisa.

His first care, on entering the city, was to inquire of a passer-by if the memory of Marcello was yet respected in the country. He was told, in reply, that his name was the glory of the province; that, so holy had been his life, that his body had been carried to heaven by angels on the night that it rested in the church; that the Pope had canonised him as a saint, in honour of the miracle; and that pilgrims from all quarters of Italy came daily to kneel before the shrine of the great picture.

"But supposing that he never died—that he lives? He may, perhaps, yet return to those who deplore his loss!"

The man smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and passed on.

The senate were seated in the justice-hall, when a stranger craved a hearing for a few moments on a matter of the highest import. It was granted; and Marcello, way-worn and travel-stained, appeared, trembling, before that powerful tribune which had consecrated his name, and from whom he now came to demand honour for his person. He leaned feebly against a column, and began:—

"My lords,—Once you beheld and honoured an artist named Marcello. He was humble, and you gave him greatness; he was unknown, and you made him famous. But he never tasted the delight of that fame; for, knowing the words of the Evangelist, that 'a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country,' he feigned to die, and, by drinking a soporific, deceived you with the appearance of death. He was borne in triumph with his picture before him, and left in the church by night. . . . With that night the painter departed, no man knew whither. Alas! his heart never departed—he returns living from the sepulchre—he is before you—do you not remember him?—it is I!"

And, casting his mantle on the ground, the painter raised his head and bared his brow.

There was but one cry:—"Down with the impostor! the impious impostor!" The senators, in their holy indignation, rose altogether; the crowd which thronged the court pressed forward, mocking and reviling; the halberdiers advanced to take the blasphemer of the new saint into custody. At length, when the tumult was somewhat hushed, one of the judges demanded of him on what title he grounded his pretensions.

"On a painting," said Marcello eagerly—"on a painting which is worthy of the artist's name, and of a station beside the other, in the chapel of St. Augustine."

This reply awoke a storm of exclamations. The senators descended, and approached the stranger, crying derisively,—"Where is this *chef-d'œuvre?* Produce it!"

"Willingly, but my canvas is rolled for travelling."

"Unrol it."

"Where, my lords?"

"On this very spot."

Marcello was forced to obey, and, with the aid of some standers-by, fixed his picture against a pillar.

Meanwhile the populace of Pisa, attracted by the quick report of some great impiety, came pouring in, and the senate crowded round the column. A smile of contemptuous indignation curled every patrician lip as they beheld this feeble and unworthy production of the painter's genius, and turned away, repeating the fatal word, "Impostor?" "Impostor!" echoed the crowd—the fickle crowd—so easily swayed to celebrate a victory or revenge a defeat! Angry faces glared upon Marcello from every side, oaths and rude laughter assailed his ears, menacing hands approached his picture and himself. He felt the gathering storm. Calm, pale, and motionless—with fixed brow and folded arms—he waited for its coming with the stony courage of despair.

The mass swayed from side to side. "Down with him!" "Down with the traitor!" "Impostor!" "Blasphemer!" "Down with him!" A hundred hands seized upon the picture—a picture no longer! Its fragments strew the floor, are trodden on by savage feet, and scattered to the winds!

The furious populace, not yet satisfied with the ravage of their hands, would have extended their vengeance to its author: pitiless faces press round him, mocking eyes glare into his—he will perish, and perish miserably;—when, suddenly, an aged monk steps forth and interposes his sacred person and the uplifted cross between the multitude and their intended victim.

The crowd fell back—the painter was saved!

That night beheld the wanderer and the monk in earnest converse within the convent chapel, where the great work looked down in glory from the altar.

Eusebius had just emerged, with his penitent, from the confessional, and was pointing once more to the grave-stone, whose inscription, worn by the passing footsteps of a few short years, was now wholly illegible.

"My son," said he, "behold the fame of the painter! he labours, he dies, he is forgotten."

"But his work," said Marcello, earnestly—"his work lives after him?"

"Yes," replied the monk; "his soul is immortal, and returns to the God who gave it, and the child of his soul is immortal upon earth. The name of the artist may pass away, but his Thought—his pure and Divine Thought—can never pass away. Such is the true fame for which the soul should aspire. Its work is a seed of lasting beauty, which bursts forth and blooms long after the hands which sowed it have returned to dust. It blooms and bears fruit in the hearts of the pure and the just; it breathes the love of art and imagination into the young; it is reproduced perpetually in the stone of the sculptor, on the canvas of the painter, in the glowing song of the poet. Artist, dream no more of the gross harvest of pride and pleasure upon earth; live only in the eternity of the future. MAN dies, and is forgotten; but THE BEAUTIFUL survives him, and is immortal!"

* * * * * *

On the following day the Convent of the Augustines received into its bosom a new brother. He was a silent and a gloomy man—solitary in the midst of society—sad and drooping among his brethren. Day by day, year by year, he languished and consumed with inward grief; and, after a brief interval of pain and weakness, they found him, one morning, lying at the foot of the great altar, cold and lifeless—his glazed and fixed eyes turned, even in death, towards the picture on which they had rested to the last.

THE DONKEY RACE.

WHAT an exciting scene is that which our engraving represents! By voice and gesture the rustic jockeys are urging on their donkeys—donkeys which seem to take as much interest in the sport as the youngsters on their backs. Surely the foremost one will win by something more than "a neck;" his rider snaps his fingers in anticipated triumph, and while the rival waves his bonnet in the air, and pats the neck of his almost exhausted animal, it is clear at a glance that victory is not for him. There is a crowd of people watching the race ready to shout a welcome to the winner, and to bestow on the successful candidate the promised reward.

What a struggle for victory! what painstaking for a triumph! it seems a matter of small importance who wins the race, but there is the same panting for success, the same strenuous exertion in the lads, as we notice in the higher and loftier struggle of life. In the same spirit men engaged of old in the Olympic games; to win applause gladiators fought within the Colosseum of proud Rome; the poet sings, the painter paints, the soldier faces danger and death. A palm of victory in the distance is the object ever kept in view, a goal starred and luminous to be attained. And the same spirit which animates and governs the world astir, is seen here in the donkey race.

Gainsborough, whose biography at some future period we intend presenting to our readers, has pictured a truly English scene, and has done so in his own inimitable style. Nature was his teacher, the woods were his academy, and he was an apt disciple, an ardent lover of art, a keen observer of all that

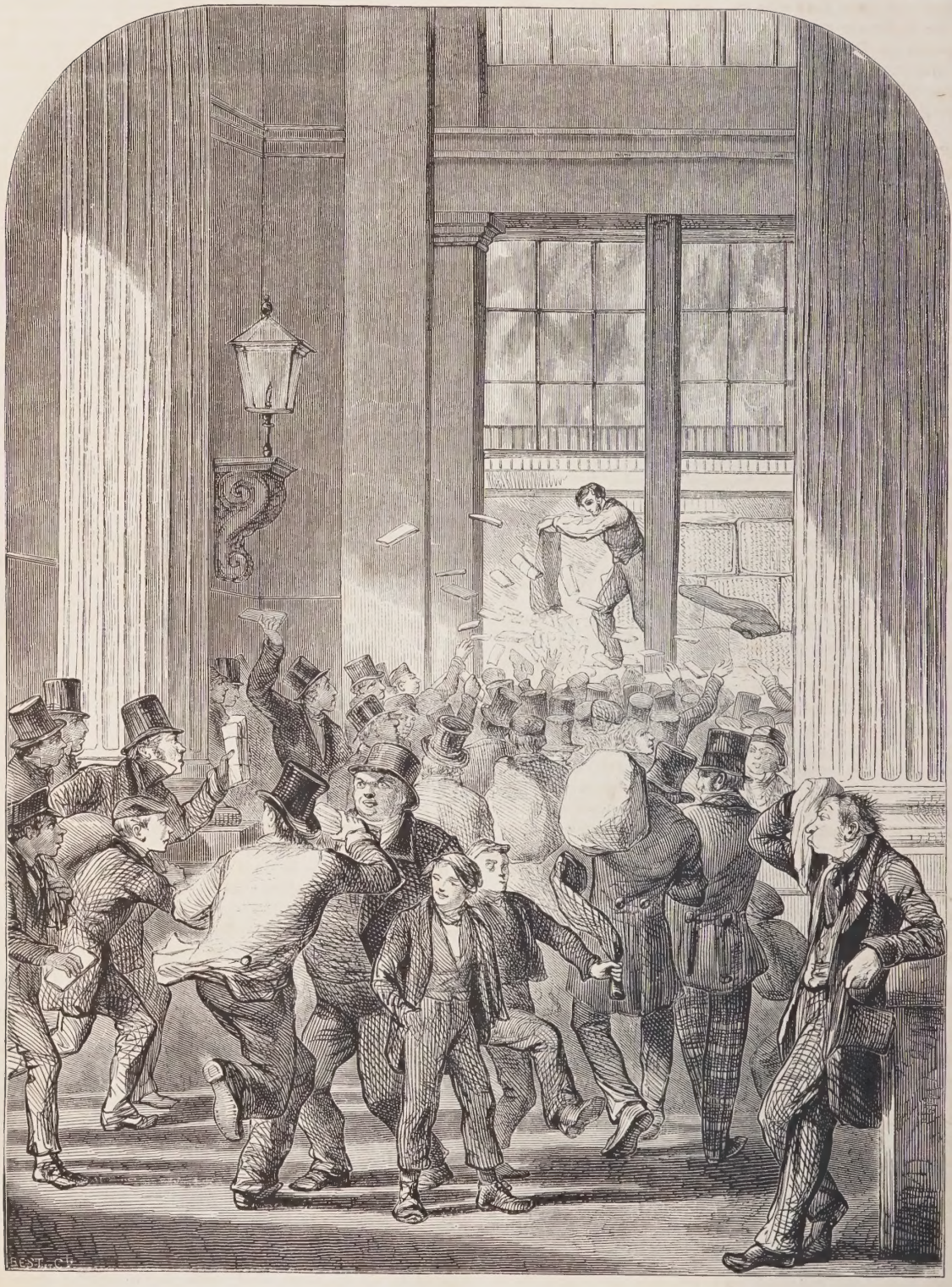
surrounded him, and an accurate copyist of his models. His models came not from the antique; they were found in villages, and fields, and poor men's homes. His excellence was his own, the result of his own particular observation. Whatever he undertook he executed in a manner peculiar to himself; and whatever might be the object of his study, whether diately from the objects. He even framed a kind of model of landscapes on his table, composed of broken stones, dried herbs, and pieces of looking-glass, which he magnified and improved into rocks, trees, and water; all exhibiting the solicitude and extreme activity that he had about everything relative to his heart, so that he wished to have everything

DONKEY RACE. FROM A PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH.

the form of a woodcutter, a peasant child, or a girl attending pigs, he did not attempt to raise the subject, nor did he lose any of that natural grace which was so eminently characteristic of his designs. If, in his excursions, he found a character that he liked, and whose attendance was to be obtained, he ordered him to his house; and from the fields he also brought into his painting-room stumps of trees, weeds, and animals of various kinds, and drew them, not from memory, but immembodied, as it were, and distinctly before him, neglecting nothing that could contribute to keep his faculties alive.*

He was ardently devoted to his pursuits: this feeling he cherished even to his dying day. Art and artists occupied his thoughts, and the last words he uttered were characteristic of this love:—"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is of the party."

* Pilkington.



GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON, AT SIX O'CLOCK, P.M.

THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

A REMINISCENCE OF TWO VISITS.

Two days in the month of March, in this year of grace, 1853, have been red-letter days with us. On the evening of the 9th being the fortunate possessors of an order addressed to the "Inspector on Duty," we paid our first visit to the Post-office, and on the morning of the 15th, at about ten minutes past five, while the lamps were yet alight in the streets, and the raw gusty breath of winter was abroad in the town, we found ourselves—in both cases the writer and a literary friend—at the door of the Inland-office, opposite Goldsmith's-hall, armed with written authority to inspect the various processes going on inside.

Now it must be understood that a personal inspection of the interior of a government office is no small matter—a favour not to be had for the mere asking, even by the "gentlemen of the press;" and that admission to the Post-office is accorded very charily even to the "upper ten thousand,"—five persons in one evening being the greatest number admitted. Our appreciation, therefore, of the favour will be readily understood. Everybody in London knows the appearance of the General Post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand—a large building, divided into two halves by a wide public way, on either side of which are great slits and windows for the receipt of letters and newspapers, and at the south-east corner an office in connexion with the electric telegraph. The southern half of the building is devoted to the business of the London District Letters, and the northern to the "Inland Office," whence, in spite of its name, all foreign and colonial letters are received and despatched. Well, on the evening of Wednesday, the said 9th of March, we formed part of that "general public" inside the portico, whom Serjeant Activo and Police-constable Z 80 were vainly endeavouring to keep "moving on" through the building. But we didn't "move on," for we, together with some hundred other inquisitive people, had come expressly to witness the scene that is nightly enacted at about ten minutes before the Post-office clock strikes six.

A strange sight. As the hour of six draws near, men and boys, with great bags of newspapers upon their shoulders, come quickly in, and, passing onward to the wide open windows, deposit their bags upon the sill, whence they are taken by the men inside, and their contents are speedily shaken into a basket and carried into the interior of the office. Then for a minute or two there is a lull. A boy with a newspaper passes lazily to the window; then, perhaps, a well-dressed person or two go forward to the window for general post letters; then a man with a large bag of newspapers on his shoulders, and another boy and another man, and so on. Five minutes to six, and the excitement really becomes intense: cabs and light chaise-carts come driving wildly up, out of which hot, bustling men and boys drag huge bundles and bags of newspapers, which they bear rapidly onwards to the windows, and thrust bodily in. In a minute or two the crush of newsmen and boys becomes excessive, and the crowd about the windows get as excited as its better-dressed counterpart used to do at the pit doors of the Opera-house on a Jenny Lind night, only in rather a different way. Adventurous individuals, braving the crush and scorning the trouble, shoulder their way towards the windows, and deposit their loads of newspapers. The stream of coming and departing newsboys gets thicker and thicker, and the *mêlée* becomes more and more noisy and outrageous. Young men, and old men, and boys with bright laughing faces, fling single papers boldly through the window, as though they were aiming at the officials inside the windows, who, you may be certain, have their hands full. Bags of newspapers are received, and the bags turned out and thrown back empty to their possessors, with a celerity quite astonishing; and the stream of newspapers continues, without pause or lull. A moment more, and the long hand of the clock is on the first figure of the twelve; another, and the first stroke of the hammer falls upon the bell. As the sound booms through the building, the excitement reaches its height. Rush, push, drive, hurry on—there's yet a second's space. In go the full bags, and out come the empty ones: a shower of single papers obstructs the sight for a moment, and the post-office officials are up to their knees in news—*Times*, *Chronicles*, *Daily News*, *Advertisers*, *Posts*, and *Heralds*, with specimens of all the weeklies—literally overwhelmed in a deluge of news. Out booms the clock—one, two, three, four, five, six! and down go the remorseless windows with a crash, and shut out half a score of bags and parcels just arrived.

In another five minutes, the bearers of the news having wiped the perspiration off their faces, have departed; the public quickly disperse; Serjeant Activo and Policeman Z 80 shake themselves into their ordinary self-possessed, authoritative manner, and the place assumes its usual quiet, do-little-or-nothing aspect.

We now proceed about our proper business—the writer and literary friend aforesaid—our visit to the Inland Department of the General Post-office. So we inquire of one of the gentlemen with the gold-banded hats, where we shall present our credentials, and we are forthwith conducted to the back of the building, and introduced into an apartment—part office, part warehouse—with a little glass box in one corner. We address its occupant, and deliver to him our letter of introduction from Rowland Hill. Being politely received by the gentleman in the glass box, we take a seat while he goes into the office to deliver our credentials to the inspector on duty—who must by no means be confounded with an inspector of police, however. While we wait in the outer office, our conversation turns naturally on the scene we had just left, and on postal communication generally, when the literary friend observes that the idea of the penny post was not altogether original, there having been a private speculation for the delivery of penny letters in London established nearly two hundred years ago, in fact in 1680, by one Robert Murray, an exciseman, and William Dockwra, a custom-house searcher.

The relation of this fact leads, naturally too, to other conversation on the subject, which though not carried on in the little glass box in the outer office, may be repeated in substance in this place, as relevant to the matter in hand.

It appears, then, that previous to the year 1635 there was no regular Post-office in Great Britain, the carrying of letters before that period having been the speculation of private persons. About 1663, however, the government of Charles I. discovered a new source of revenue in the carriage of letters to and from London and the provinces; and one Thomas Withering, the first postmaster-general, had a receiving-house in Sherborne-lane—a narrow turning leading from Lombard-street to the river, and now the continuation of Abchurch-lane—where he initiated the system by which letters are now conveyed from London to all parts of the world. Of course, the mail of that day was rather a "slow coach;" but the merchants were not quite such "fast men" as they are now, and thus the government arrangements were thought quite improvements on what had gone before. In an account of London, written by Delaune five years later, the fact that a letter might be written to, and an answer obtained from, a place three hundred miles distant, in the short space of five days was considered amazing! For many years a single receiving-house was sufficient for all London—court, city, and suburbs; and only one really good channel of intelligence existed in all England—that from Dover and the adjacent towns to London, whence letters were received daily, to be despatched once a week to the other parts of the three kingdoms!

To trace the gradual rise of the great establishment called the Post-office would be a work of no small trouble, for no regular history of the system has as yet been attempted. It

was soon found, however, that one office or receiving-house was quite inadequate to the wants of London, a city growing daily in commercial and political importance; and, in 1680, a penny post was set on foot by the individual above named. The speculation succeeded immediately; "it being," says Roger North, "put in complete order, and used to the satisfaction of the public for a considerable time." The projectors, however, quarrelled—as all projectors and speculators seem to have a great aptness for doing—each setting up a post of his own; till the Duke of York, afterwards James II., to whom the revenues of the regular Post-office had been assigned, seized on the private speculation, and carried it on for his own benefit and advantage. Dockwra would not submit himself to the court, we are told, "but insisted on his right to the last; otherwise, it was thought he might have secured to himself a good office by being commissioner for life to manage that revenue." He was, however, appointed comptroller, but was dismissed from the office for alleged mismanagement, in 1698. Receiving-houses multiplied rapidly; and the London Penny Post continued in operation till 1801, when it was advanced to twopence,—the carriage of letters beyond London being extremely dear,—till January 10th, 1840, when the uniform penny rate of Mr. Rowland Hill was finally adopted, with what success we shall presently see. Dockwra was the first to stamp letters with the hour at which they left the office. The idea so widely disseminated was originated in the house of Dockwra, in Lime-street, Fenchurch-street, in which house he died, September 25th, 1716, being nearly a hundred years of age.

In the reign of King William III., the Post-office first began to be made a really national concern, and regular receiving-houses were appointed in London and the principal provincial towns; though as recently as 1826 there was only one office for letters in Pimlico, and only two in the large district of Stepney. In 1784, Mr. Palmer originated the system of mail coaches, by which a great impetus was given to postal communication; and at the present time the Post-office system is universal all over the three kingdoms—no village, however insignificant, being without its receiving-house.

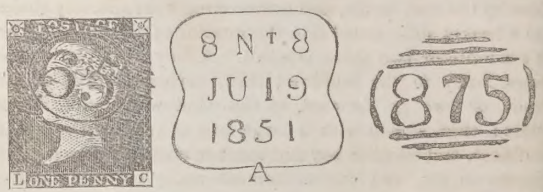
The present building, which stands on the site of the collegiate church of St. Martin's-le-Grand, was built between the years 1825 and 1829, from the designs of Sir Robert Smirke. When completed it was thought spacious enough for the public service for at least a century; but the business of the Post-office has already outgrown its splendid home; the money-order department has been for some time past conducted in a separate building on the opposite side of the street, and plans are under consideration for enlarging the present chief-office. The entire business of postal communication for London and the provinces is conducted by a Postmaster-general, two secretaries, an assistant secretary, a receiver-general, and a whole army of clerks, sorters, letter-carriers, &c.

It must not be supposed that we had time to make this long digression in the little glass office; for we had not sat there above two minutes before its occupant returned, and ushered us into the presence of the gentleman denominated the inspector on duty for the night. We take off our hats "in honour of the Queen," and in another instant find ourselves in a well-lighted apartment about as large as the great room at Exeter Hall, and in the midst of a scene of operations, the meaning of which we have yet to learn.

We can compare the scene before us to nothing better than a great bee-hive, in which we two are the only drones.

From end to end of this great room are ranged rows of tables, divided in the centre by an upright board; and at these are standing, side by side like soldiers on duty, scores upon scores of individuals engaged in the several occupations of stamping, sorting, counting, and dividing, the letters just arrived. We are rather late, or we should have witnessed the arrival of some thousand sheepskin bags, the products of the several metropolitan and district collections. As it is, we are conducted by our polite friend, the inspector on duty, to the top of the room, where on a great round table are piled apparently countless heaps of letters. Letters of all sizes, and shapes, and appearances, directed to all parts of the world, far and near—Kensington and Kamtschatka, Newington and Nepaul, the pestiferous courts and alleys of St. Giles's no less than to the splendid saloons of Paris and Berlin. These heaps of letters have all been received at the windows in the great hall within the last two hours. Standing round the table are some dozen officers, some in red coats and some in their own unofficial garments, engaged in the important business of facing; that is, bringing all the letters with their directions upwards into a condition fit for the next process. It is easy to distinguish the character of the various epistles from their outside appearances. There are the large, blue-paper, oblong, plainly-directed, and thickly-wafered letters from the government offices, bearing on their faces, some of them, the printed words, *On Her Majesty's Service;* the square, massive-looking missives from lawyers to clients and country attorneys; the ordinary enveloped letters of business from merchants and traders; the delicate cream-laid and wire-woven correspondence of the well-to-do; and the rough, cheap letters of the poor and ignorant, with here and there a specimen sealed with a thimble and covered with grease. Oh, what a heap of original writing from unknown authors! what secrets of business, and pleasure, and friendship, and love! what kind promises and cruel threatenings! what hopes, and fears, and heart-burnings, and nobilities, and littlenesses, are concealed within these fragile covers!

It must not be supposed that while we have been philosophising business has been standing still. Not a bit of it, as a rather fast young friend of ours would observe: on the contrary, it has been going on all the more quickly. At each of the little pigeon-hole departments of the butter-shop-looking counters, busy hands are plying the especial trade of the hour. Next the facing-table is a man stamping the letters with a block which shows the place and the hour at which they were received. Beside him is another, whose business is to separate the stamped from the unpaid letters—a very small proportion of which latter pass through the London post since the last regulation, which renders it compulsory that letters shall either be stamped or unpaid altogether. Then at an opposite table is an assistant going through the process of obliterating the queen's heads on the letters. The rapidity with which



this obliteration is performed—dab, dab, dab, thump, thump, thump, taking ink from a pad beside him—is quite astonishing. And as he obliterates he counts. Separating the letters, with a push of his stamper, into fifties, he makes a mark on a sheet of paper beside him, and the heads of the office are thus enabled to get at the number of stamped letters which pass through the Post-office by simply counting these marks. Thus on the evening we were present the number of letters which passed through the chief office on the inland side—the other side of the building being devoted exclusively to the London district, which comprises a circle of twelve miles round St. Paul's—were

Stamped letters	174,440
Paid do.	4,024
Unpaid do.	5,239
Letters from public offices	8,534
Making a total of	192,237;

while the number of newspapers was—a very small number compared with the Friday nights, for instance, when the weekly newspapers are published for the country—82,300.

On the night preceding our second visit, March 14, there were 256,945 letters and 105,000 newspapers sent by post. On the Friday nights there are generally about 100,000 extra newspapers. Of course, many London letters pass through the inland office by mistake; but the latter department includes all letters sent into the country, the colonies, and to foreign parts. In the process of stamping and obliterating, the quick eye of the official detects in an instant any letters which are insufficiently stamped. These are taken to another officer, who weighs them, and marks on them the deficiency of postage to be paid by the receiver—in all cases double the rate for stamped epistles.

In the little diagram in the previous page, we have first the queen's-head postage label obliterated, next the stamp on the face of the letter which shows the day and hour of its departure from the office, and then a specimen of the obliterating stamps. Each office and town whence letters are forwarded to their destinations without coming to London—as Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, &c.,—is furnished with an obliterator of its own; and by that and other means it can always be discovered where and when a letter was posted, received, and finally sent from the office.

The next process is the sorting. Each department of each officer's table is divided into a number of pigeon-holes, with a special place for the main lines of roads, and a corner division for the blind letters, of which more hereafter. After being roughly sorted according to the lines of the several railroads, the letters are again divided into towns and districts, and again subdivided into bye-roads and villages. It may be noticed here that the business of the officials who accompany the railroad post-office is to receive the letters from the several stations they pass through, and either to sort them into the towns on their onward way, or to drop them into a bag for London, whence they are despatched in the ordinary course. An ingenious apparatus is brought into action during the process. The bags are exchanged by means of a joint lever projecting from the side of the post-office carriage, on which the bag to be left at the station is suspended, and which, on arriving at its destination, is caught in a net; while that to be sent forward by the train is caught in a similar manner in a net attached to the train.

Under the conduct of a polite official, we were next introduced to the superintendent of the foreign office. Here a superior set of officers are employed—young men of education and respectability; though every person employed, from the red-coated postman to the heads of the department, are necessarily acquainted with the entire routine pursued. Here we were inducted into the mysteries of French and German, Spanish and Austrian, Asiatic and colonial, correspondence, with their different modes of payment and repayment for the inland postage through the several countries. And here, for the first time, we examined the portrait of Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, on a postage label. Instead of being made the "ugly fellow" he was pronounced to be by the Parisian workman, his face looks rather handsome than otherwise, and essentially French. Most of the continental states have adopted the use of the postage label; and even Spain, the last country to succumb to an innovation, has a queen's head for her letters; though, by the way, only about one per cent. of the postage is so prepaid. In the foreign office all the letters are weighed, a ledger account being kept with each country in the currency common to each. This is a most troublesome and tedious duty, and it struck us that if an universal system of decimal coinage were adopted,—or even if all foreign letters were prepaid in the country in which they are posted, and the accounts were simply kept weight for weight,—the business of the Post-office would be greatly simplified. The recent determination of the government to reduce the postage between England and her numerous colonies to sixpence strikes us as one of the greatest reforms of modern times. We have all of us some relation or friend in India, America, or Australia, with whom we like to correspond occasionally; and, certainly, the fact that we shall soon be enabled to send a letter 16,000 miles or so, and obtain an answer in a few months, for "the small sum of one shilling," is a highly important one. Though the committee and members of the International Postage Association seem to think that anything less than ocean penny postage will not meet the requirements of the age, and inquire, reasonably enough, why a pound of letters should cost more in carriage than a pound of gold or a pound of silk, including the insurance on each article,—we see no cause to complain of the concession promised, feeling certain that the sixpenny rate must eventually be reduced to a penny one.

While in this office we were favoured with a sight of an actual letter sent by our gracious Queen to her mother, the Duchess of Kent. It was in a largish envelope of cream-laid paper, addressed in a good, bold, lady's hand, and stamped with a queen's head like any ordinary missive. The Royal Family, the cabinet ministers, and some other great personages, have their letters forwarded daily in special letter-bags.

But it is time that we should look to the newspaper department. We saw how the newspapers arrived in shoals at the window of the outer hall, where, at the same time, clerks were busy receiving foreign letters through half windows with moveable slides, like scenes in a pantomime, and where the public were dropping letters through slits in wooden windows as fast as they could get near enough,—those same newspapers have been carried meanwhile—whole packets of the news of the day—up a practicable lift, worked by machinery, to the room above, there to be sorted into districts, roads, &c., just as the letters have been in the room below. We step upon the moving platform and ascend too. A momentary glance at the busy scene as it appears below us is curious indeed. Every inch of space at the tables is occupied by a silent, though busy, crowd; and as we pass upward by the ascending and descending platform, we cannot help thinking that when folks complain of the remissness of Post-office officials they do so without much thought of the care and trouble taken for the public benefit.

We step off this novel staircase, which is simply an endless chain fitted with a series of wooden platforms, and a new sight presents itself. Like the apartment below, the newspaper room is partitioned off, as it were, into departments, with the names of certain great divisions, such as Edinburgh, Dublin, Manchester, Liverpool, &c., painted on the walls, and, like it, has several narrow sorting-tables running from end to end. From an apparently inextricable confusion,—masses of news upon counters and upon the floor, news in all shapes and sizes, news contained in the *Daily Thunderer* and in the little circular of the Society of Arts, news for all appetites and all ages, fresh and stale, good, bad, and indifferent,—order is eventually to arise. Nearly 190 tons of newspapers—190 tons of politics, religious controversy, crimes, railway accidents, police reports, shipwrecks, murders, births, marriages, and deaths,—to say nothing of the advertisements; in fact all the news of the time in almost every shape in which the English language can shape it—pass up and down the lift every week—to be thence transmitted to the remotest corners of the civilised globe.

Description fails—as penny-a-liners say when reporting a fire—when we attempt to deal with all the curiosities of this most busy of public offices *en masse*. In its details, however, the arrangements are simple enough, and as admirable as simple. For instance, we often hear complaints of newspapers not reaching their destination, and sometimes an irascible "Pater Familias" writes to the *Times* to say that the Post-office keeps back his copy of that famous journal for its own private reading. If, however, he were to witness the extreme care which is taken by the officials to forward each paper to its proper owner, he would not be disposed to complain quite so readily. The wrappers of newspapers will get off sometimes in spite of the most careful fastening, and newsvenders' boys *have* been known, sometimes, to *sell* the papers instead of posting them. In the latter case there is, of course, no remedy, as far as the Post-office is concerned; in the former, however, everything is done that care, intelligence, and a desire to act fairly and honestly can effect. If a newspaper comes out of its cover,—a nightly occurrence, by the way,—the cover is

brought to a gentleman, whose duty it is to enter the fact in a book and send a paper to the person indicated, and with the newspaper an intimation to this effect:—

"Several Newspapers having escaped from their Covers in the Newspaper Office this *Evening* from the imperfect manner in which they were inclosed in them, they have been replaced as correctly as possible; but as the accompanying Paper may not be the one originally intended for you, I beg to explain, that the inconvenience you may be subjected to, has not been occasioned by this Department. W. L. MABERLY, *Secretary*.

General Post-Office.

It is estimated that upwards of 80,000,000 stamps are issued yearly to the newspapers, and that at least 70,000,000 pass through the post. It must be recollected, however, that while many of the morning newspapers are made up into parcels and sent into the country by the early trains,—the post not being quick enough for them,—thousands of others pass and repass through the office many times; a fact which will account for the small excess of newspapers printed over those sent by post.

There is a peculiarity about this room which is quite a triumph of architectural skill. When the lofty apartment below was built, the addition of a story over was not anticipated. Business increased rapidly, and consequently more room was wanted; so it was determined to erect an apartment over the inland letter office. But how to accomplish the work without interfering with the over-busy folk below; how carry on the affairs of the office while the roof was off and the place was filled with bricklayers, and scaffold poles and carpenters, and dust and noise and dire confusion? It was a knotty problem, and many anxious hours were spent by the architect, surveyor, and builders ere it was solved. But it *was* solved at last, and satisfactorily too; for, finding they could not build another room over the roof of the lower one without injury to the public service, they resolved at last to *suspend it*. And so, by means of iron girders raised from the earth, and embracing the outer walls, the upper room is actually hung over the lower one.

As the time for making up the bags for the country draws near, we descend the practicable lift,—like the vampires in a pantomime—and again make our appearance in the rooms below. We are reminded that we have not yet visited the *blind clerk*, so we forthwith make his acquaintance. The business of this gentleman is to decipher those badly directed letters which carelessness and ignorance send through the Post-office. We find the blind clerk a gentleman with all his senses perfect, as will be evident when we see that he can decipher such an address as that of the Duke of Wellington's, which is a fac-simile of a direction in the undoubted autograph of the iron warrior (fig. 1).

Or of such an one as that depicted in the next page (fig. 2), which is addressed to "John Thorsell, near the Gashouse, in the County of Cheshire," or the *fac-simile* beneath it (fig. 3).

To say nothing of such a very plain direction as,

Mr. Taft
Nutefort Csecer

by which the writer meant — Knutsford, Cheshire. The two next specimens are evidently by one hand, and that a German's:—

M Konrad Laubach
Masieci
Brade Band in
Dambretschwelsh

A little improvement is observable in the next letter addressed to Mr. Laubach, Master of the Parade Band, though the way of spelling Tunbridge Wells is certainly peculiar:—

Au Conrad Laubach
Royal Barade Band
Dampridgewelt
Kent

Miss or Mrs. Eliza Clark, staying at the Saxon Hotel, St. Leonard-on-Sea, is thus addressed, in a by-no-means bad hand:—

elixa clarck
saxton hotel
saint lnord
hon se

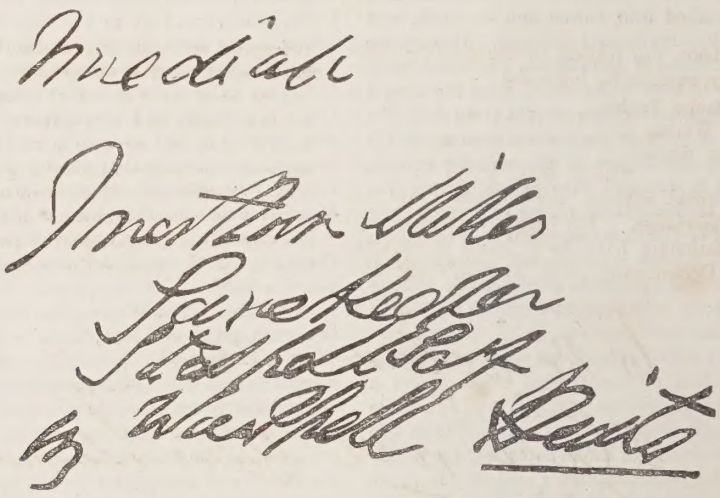


FIG. 1.

The next is curious, being a compound of English, Dutch, and some unknown language; but no tongue or style of writing, or outlandish place, is of any consequence to our friend the blind clerk, who, while we are looking over two or three curious addresses, is busily engaged in adding such matter to the letters before him as will render them intelligible to the less practised eye of the postman. For this purpose he has before him a small library of "Directories," "Guides," and such like books:—

Willem Lskern a malroos
oan boord op het Cook ship
de Sckelde Ka Pt Penduse
near Z Wax zie in de
briizons Kanaal

Who but the blind clerk would be able to discover that this letter was addressed to William Liskern, mate on board the good ship "Scheld," Capt. Penrose, near Swansea, in the Bristol Channel?

The two following will complete the list; we selected them from about a couple of dozen, the whole of which the gentleman of the blind letters had traced from actual letters which had come before him at different times—

to lackey igo of Sambige
Post office England
Shishere (Cheshire)
to be forwarded to
Francis Keaney

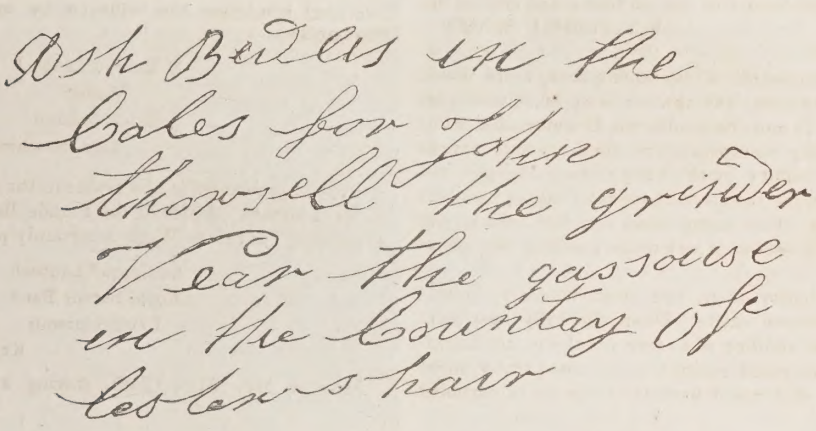


FIG. 2.

The lower one we leave our readers to translate for themselves; it is a complete exercise for ingenuity:—

Shu fauhe Taphe
Warkit ill
Wise Coruse
Wile of Witk

Sometimes letters come without any address at all, and sometimes without fastenings. The adhesive wafers and envelopes of the stationers have been found a constant source of trouble. Occasionally, nay, almost every day, in Town;" or when a young lady in America addresses "Thomas Smith in the town of England;" it can hardly be expected that the letter will reach the person intended.

While we have been amusing ourselves in the Blind Room, the business in the various large rooms beyond has gradually been drawing to a close, and is now going on at a rate perfectly furious. The letter-bags are presently made up, sealed and sent off; and in another half-hour, the place recently overwhelmed with letters and newspapers, is quite clear; the thumping, and stamping, and sorting, is all over, and by half-past eight the offices are deserted, and the clerks gone home—except such as stay for the night post, who are presently reading books and newspapers, or indulging in a kind of leisure quite at variance with their former occupation. So we wish our polite conductor good night, and go home too, highly pleased with all we have seen and heard.

We may, however, observe in this place that the processes peculiar to the London district post, carried on in the southern half of the building, differ in no material respect from those

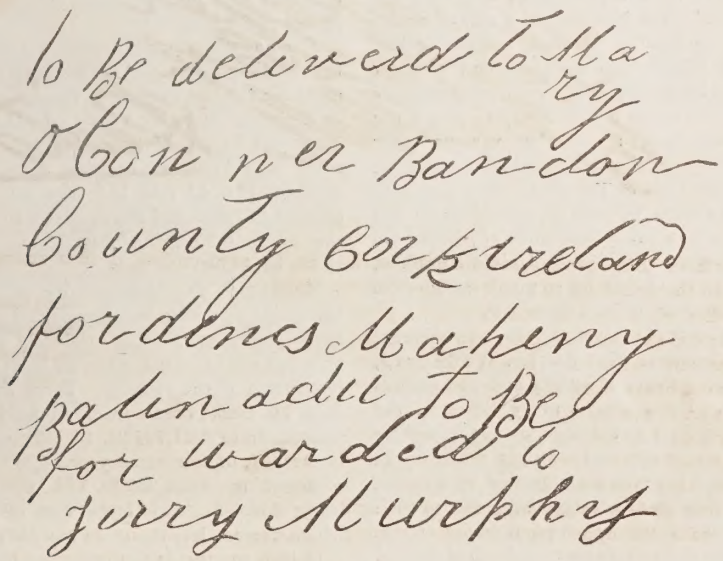


FIG. 3.

letters containing money are sent to the post so badly directed, that they cannot be forwarded, and in the Dead-Letter office thousands of pounds are annually discovered, most of which are eventually, though with infinite trouble, returned to their writers. More than £40,000 in Bills of Exchange were lying in the Dead-Letter office in 1847: many of the bills being probably the result of advertisements addressed "To Gentlemen in Difficulties." Ignorance, idleness, and simplicity find plenty of work for the eyes and hands of the blind-clerk. Of course, when a son in the country writes—"To his Father we have attempted to describe. The same order, regularity, and business-like arrangements are common to both. Each department is committed to the care of experienced gentlemen acting under the immediate direction of the two able secretaries, Colonel Maberly and Roland Hill, to the latter of whom we owe most of the modern improvements in postal communication.

But we have not seen or heard quite enough; so on the next Tuesday morning we rise from a restless, dreamy sort of sleep, in which we have been going up and down in the move-

able room, and have been sorting all sorts of letters to all sorts of places, and find ourselves in the star-lit streets by four in the morning. An hour's walk through the deserted town—our footsteps on the flagstones awakening the echoes far and wide, and the advent of a market-cart or the appearance of a policeman being quite an event—brings us again to the Inland Office. By the dim light of the grey morning, we see great bags brought into the front office from the mail-omnibuses outside. The correspondence of the United Kingdom and America—for the mail from the United States had arrived at Southampton only yesterday—is being carried on men's backs, and thrown bodily down upon the floor, and checked off by a clerk in waiting, and taken into inner offices, there to be opened and sorted and sent off everywhere—a process which is going on day after day, and week after week, and month after month, and year after year, continually—the number of letters and newspapers increasing beyond all hope or calculation.

We step inside, and are again politely received by the inspector on duty—not the same gentleman as before—and stand beside the "opener," and watch him as he receives bag after bag, and cuts the seals and fastenings with a sharp knife, and empties each one of its contents, turning it completely inside out—for a fine is enforced for every letter left in the bag; and we perceive that his first duty is to seek for the postmaster's letter of advice, which accompanies the registered and money letters; and we see how—this process going on in various parts of the crowded room—the letters and newspapers are again stamped, weighed, sorted, and finally taken by the letter-carriers to a gallery up stairs to be sub-sorted into walks, to suit their own convenience. We perceive that the parcels containing post-office orders are laid aside by themselves, and that the registered letters are taken at once to a glass-enclosed office at the other side of the room. We follow the latter. Here in various large parcels are sums of money from country bankers, amounting in the whole to an almost fabulous total. What a temptation to hardly-worked and poorly-paid postmen must it be to have constantly passing through their hands letters containing bank-notes and valuables, we observed. "Yes," said our conductor, "we have certainly frequent examples of men yielding to such temptations; and they are almost always found out." We had noticed a sort of architectural ornament high up against the wall, something like the front window of an Elizabethan mansion, and we now learnt for the first time an invisible pair of eyes were constantly looking down upon the busy scene below, ready to detect the slightest indication of dishonesty; and that various other points of observation were distributed about the building, quite unknown to the main body of the men. It is a painful thing to think that there should be such frequent lapses; but when we come to consider how many thousands of persons are employed in the various post-offices in the United Kingdom, our wonder is, not that there should be so many instances of want of principle, but that there should be so few.

On again entering the Foreign Department, we were inducted into the mysteries of the American Mail Service. We then saw, for the first time, how the parcels of letters and newspapers arrived in this country. From almost every State in the Union, but most from New York and Boston, come fortnightly parcels of letters. They are neatly and strongly made up in yellowish-brown paper, and are each accompanied by a sort of invoice, showing the proportions of postage chargeable to each country. The India-rubber mail—so called from its arrival in various large bags made of India-rubber cloth—had arrived the night before at Southampton. In the *Times* of the previous day—thanks to the persevering activity of its agents—the public were made acquainted with the principal news from America, and in about three or four hours hence, the multitude of letters comprising the mail would be in the hands of their several owners. The mail had come in an American vessel, and most of the letters were pre-paid — Brother Jonathan receiving by far the best half of the postage, of course, including the ocean carriage. Here again, we were impressed with the necessity of a further reform; for if the accounts were kept simply weight for weight, instead of money for money, much very troublesome book-keeping would be saved on both sides the Atlantic. But,—"There's a good time coming, Boys!"

After spending some three hours in the building, during which the morning mails had been made up and sent away, and in which we had witnessed some of the curious facts that are constantly coming before the officials, and in which we had seen specimens of the curious things which people send in letters—garments of various descriptions, gloves, boots, samples of tea, sugar, and various seeds, being the most common,—we again took our leave, and went home to breakfast. But not before we had had put into our hand a certain parliamentary return, from which we became acquainted with many interesting statistical facts relating to postal communication.

From this we learn, that in the last year previous to the reduction of the rate of postage the total number of letters delivered was 75,907,572, besides 6,563,024 franks; the next year, 1840, the penny rate came into operation, and the number increased immediately to 168,768,344. By the new regulation, all franks and free letters were abolished, except for those letters especially sent from the government offices. The *use* of franks had become an *abuse* of so alarming and increasing a nature, that Mr Rowland Hill's suggestion for their abolition was at once acceded to. But while the number of letters had increased more than 130 per cent., the net revenue had fallen in the first complete year from more than a million and a half to less than half a million. But both the number of letters and the gross revenue have gone on increasing—the former to 379,500,000 in 1852, and the latter to £2,422,168 4s. 1½d. for the same year—nearly £100,000 more than the gross revenue of 1839. But, while the money received has increased thus satisfactorily, the cost of management has increased in like proportion. In 1839 it was £686,768 3s. 6¾d.; in 1852 it amounted to £1,304,163 12s. 8¾d. In each case there is included, under the head of "cost management," £10,307 10s. for pensions and gratuities, which sum forms no part of the disbursements on account of the service of the Post-office. The increased accommodation to the public, consequent on the extension of the railway system, has of course been attended with much expense—the total payments to railways of late years having averaged nearly £300,000.

From another return ordered by the House of Commons, of the salaries, wages and allowances of the Post-office department for the last seventeen years, some interesting facts may be derived. Here are a few:—In 1835, the number of persons employed in the Metropolitan branch of the General Post-office was 1750, at salaries amounting in the whole to £113,052 13s. 4d.; in 1851 the number of *employés* had increased to 3,248, and the expenses to £283,360 15s. 5d. During the entire period the Post-Master-General has received a salary of £2,500 per annum.

Meanwhile, the Money-order office, which is year by year increasing in public importance and estimation, has risen from small beginnings, being originally only a private speculation of a few clerks in the office, to be at the present day quite an institution of the country. From January, 1839, to the same date in 1840, there were granted 188,615 money-orders, amounting to £311,727 9s. 1d.: from the 1st of January, 1851, to Dec. 31, of the same year, 4,657,443 orders were issued, representing £8,876,243 8s. 11d., the expenses of management being £69,992. This large sum of money is sent in orders which average less than two pounds each.

In fact, so great is the order, and so exact the arrangement of this immense establishment, that its extension seems a natural consequence; and the only wonder is, that with a system so perfect as that of the Money-order office, and a plan so secure as that of the registration of letters—every person through whose hands the registered letter passes giving a receipt for its delivery—there should be found folks so obstinate, or so ignorant, as to entrust coin to the tender mercies of strangers in no better purse than a paper envelope!

With this reflection, which is an important one, considering the temptations which money-letters put in the way of poor letter-sorters and carriers, we close our paper.

THE KING OF OUDE'S DINNER PARTY.

We had the satisfaction of waiting from half-past seven, the time appointed, to half-past eight, before the king sent to say he was ready—perhaps in revenge for our keeping him waiting in the morning. What we expected to have been a great bore, however, turned out one of the gayest and most amusing festivals I ever was at. We went as in the morning; and the procession with lighted torches, glittering arms, and prancing horses, through the illuminated streets; the arrival at the Durbar in a court crowded with people, and literally blazing with light from thousands of lamps; the dinner itself, with its accessories of jewelled orientals, evening-dressed ladies, officers in uniform, music and glitter; the fire-works, and illuminated court-yard with playing fountains, altogether made a scene such as I never saw before, and probably never shall see again. It was more like the last scene in the "Island of Jewels" than anything else that I can think of. The *fête* was in honour of the marriage of the king's youngest son, a boy of four or five years of age, to a daughter or niece of the prime minister; and the little imp of a bridegroom was brought out splendidly dressed, to be exhibited to the company. The dinner was given in the Durbar-room of the old palace, the red-hot verandah-like place we visited on the first day, and, thanks to the open sides of the building, and the coolness of the night air, the temperature was very agreeable. The king, his brother, and sons, received us near the head of the stairs, and we at once proceeded to the business of the evening. We were not seated, however, without some struggle for places, and I found myself between Grosvenor and, perhaps, the most intelligent-looking native present, who proved to be the king's brother-in-law. Another interesting neighbour was a roast guinea-fowl; off which I made my dinner. The table was laid as nearly European fashion as their acquaintance with our manners and customs would allow, and there was no lack of wine, if one only knew how to ask for it. The king was about the most gorgeous, and yet nearly the most absurd individual I ever saw. All the effect of his magnificent robes and jewels was injured, not to say spoilt, by the ridiculous addition of a 42nd Highlander's bonnet and plumes, which he wore with an air as if he really thought he had "done it now." Besides the usual black feathers, he had added a bird of paradise plume to one side of it, the whole effect being supremely ridiculous. In other respects, with his yellow and gold dress, and blue velvet mantle powdered with gold fleurs-de-lis, his splendid jewelled chains, and his gold embroidered slippers, he was the most gorgeously "got up" individual I ever saw. The chains he wore, three or four in number, were something like the collars of different orders of knighthood, but one mass of pearls or other precious stones. Besides these, he had a string of jewels of immense size hanging about his elbows, an attendant walking close behind him on each side to hold them, for fear they should break off. In fact, as he stood, I should think he would have been cheap at £100,000. * * At his Majesty's particular request, the Resident gave the Queen's health, followed also, at his request, by three cheers, uncommonly well given by, of course, the English part of the company; the bands playing "God save the Queen" (only they began not exactly at the same time). I think the staid orientals were rather astonished at the row we made, and the king was pleased at having nearly the same noise made when we drank his health afterwards. That done, we all adjourned to a balcony overlooking the entrance-court beyond the throne-room. * * Arm-chairs had been placed for us, and the king was no sooner seated than the fireworks, which had been placed in the court, were let off. Fire-balloons by dozens, rockets by hundreds, elephants with fiery tails on a kind of merry-go-round, fish whirling, serpents hissing, fiery fountains playing, and men with their stomachs full of squibs—it was like the last scene in a grand burlesque. * * A grand bouquet of rockets finished the exhibition and the entertainment, and we all retired, receiving the usual tinsel chains, but avoiding the scent ceremony.—*Captain Egerton's Tour in India.*

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

A wonderfully wise man is the village doctor! One of the most important men in the village, exciting in all a due admiration for his book-learning and medical skill. He has a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to, he understands all the symptoms of a patient by a glance, he appears to comprehend intuitively where the pain is chiefly felt, and seems to be no less intimately acquainted with the very remedy that will make the sick man sound. There is healing in his very presence. A shake of the head is enough to produce despair, a nod awakens hope and comfort; there never was so wise a man as the country doctor. This is at least the opinion of the villagers. It may be, the faculty would by no means be impressed with his sagacity, for, if some people speak true, he has passed no examination, studied in no regular and orthodox fashion, but acted as his own instructor, and dubbed himself a doctor. But what of that? good sense and skilful practice may sometimes exist apart from regular practitioners, and the country people have more faith in old Dr. Goodman than in all the College of Physicians, and more respect for his simple remedies than for the whole materia medica.

There he sits with a calm, sagacious, honest countenance, his grey hair rather long and wavy, telling, as it were, of his free handsome youth,—spectacles on nose. He wears no suit of sable, but is very much at his ease in shirt sleeves, open waistcoat, drab shorts, and grey worsted stockings; in one hand a snuff-box, from which he has just removed a pinch; and withal has so pleasant a look that one feels inclined to trust him.

The room in which he sits is his laboratory. It serves, indeed, for other purposes, for "parlour, and kitchen, and hall," but bears the dignified title of study. A very room of wizardry it is to simple country folk—a mysterious apartment, the stronghold of all wisdom, a sanctum sanctorum that one must enter cautiously. From a cord suspended across the ceiling hang simples of various kinds — herbs gathered from all quarters; on a shelf are ranged bottles and jars of healing mixtures, ready to do battle with disease. On the floor stands a pestle and mortar; and on the window-seat are a pair of scales and an open book, and above them, more ominous than all the rest, more to be revered than herbs and potions, a human skull. Doubtless, the doctor is a learned man—it gives a scientific air to the place, which makes our faith in him the stronger.

But a human skull is a terrible object, something that produces an indescribable dread, especially to the peasant girl in the background of the picture, who, with her hand to her chin and a strange solemnity on her face, eyes the eyeless remnant of humanity with a glance of timidity and suspicion. The peasant girl has accompanied her mother and young brother to the domicile of the wise doctor, for the boy grows feverish and restless, and has filled his mother's heart with fear. How solemn she looks, as the boy sits on her lap and she details the symptoms of his complaint; how she multiplies every particular of his disorder!

"He does not appear so bad, poor little ducky!" she says, and at every term of endearment draws him closer to her; "but he is very ill. He very often weeps, dear treasure! he seems to lose his appetite, and cannot relish our simple fare; we have obtained for him little dainties, but he appears so listless, dear heart! that I am quite afraid. I think he requires more sleep. He will never play with his two sisters; he will suffer none but his mother to touch him, pretty lamb! and never seems happy."

"Is he your youngest child?" asks the doctor.

"He is, sir, the last of all; pretty poppet!"

"Are your other children girls?"

"They are, sir; alas! this is the only boy. The girls are well enough. This youngest one who is with me, aids me to carry her brother about; it is for him we feel so much—no appetite, no sleep, no cheerfulness. Alas, we would give our all for him!"

"And you really think that he is suffering severely?"

"We do, indeed, doctor, his hands are hot, and his mouth parched, and he has no energy, poor little lamb!"

"And," says the doctor solemnly, "there is no remedy but one."

"Ah! what is that, doctor?"

"Nothing! Submit him to the same discipline as your other children; do not pamper his appetite, and so spoil his taste and his digestion; do not humour his tempers, and so ruin his character and blight his prospects and your own. Let him go out into the fields and take care of the sheep, let him share with the rest at table; what others can eat, he can eat too, a small piece of meat, a good supply of bread and potatoes, and nothing but clear water to drink, will make a man of him."

"But he is so delicate," says the anxious mother, "and so young. Really, is it possible that this can be good for him? He is so very, very dear to us."

"I like not these over-loved Benjamins," says the doctor, "they nearly always grow up to be selfish men. The malady of the child is plain enough: he has eaten at all hours, and spent three parts of the day at table."

"But, doctor, he can eat nothing; we are obliged to give him spices, and sauces, and cream, and sweet-stuff, something to tempt his listless 'appetite.'"

"Woman," says the doctor, "the boys wants air and exercise. Nature will make a cure of him if nature be permitted to have her own way. Medicine can do nothing for him. Let him rough it with the other children of the family; do not shelter him from every wind that blows, as if every breath of heaven were loaded with infection; let him fare as the rest fare, and labour as the rest labour, and, depend upon it, he will eat and sleep and be as merry as you could wish."

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.—DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS GIRARDET.

Admirably the artist has depicted the scene. Every detail is carefully preserved, and there is that life-like character in all the figures, and that careful attention to general effect, that makes the pencil tell the incident better than the pen.

COX & SONS' PRINTING OFFICE
COMBE & BLAKEFIELD
"It is now forty years (1785) since I worked, like you, at this press, a journeyman printer."
B. Franklin
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
G. PEARSON SC.

THE PRINTING-OFFICE OF MESSRS. COX BROTHERS, GREAT QUEEN-STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH FRANKLIN RESIDED WHEN AGENT FOR PENNSYLVANIA; NO. 7, CRAVEN-STREET, STRAND.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Franklin was one of the ablest of the able men whom the the American republic numbers amongst her fathers and founders, and like most of them, he was a "self-made" man, as those are generally designated who have been the architects of their own fortunes. If he had been a mere politician of great talent and eloquence, like Patrick Henry, the half-lawyer, half-farmer, who drove his own cow to the market, and then made the senate house resound with his denunciations of British tyranny, he would have been entitled to a large share of the attention of every student of history for the influence he exerted in the councils of tne United States in the most perilous days of their existence. But he was something more than statesman, politician, or patriot. He was a man of singular energy and perseverance, possessed of far-sightedness, and clearness of judgment which in an eastern country would have classed him among the sages; a philosopher of great accuracy, great penetration, and wonderful originality, and, above and beyond all these, a man of such sterling worth and stainless purity of character, that none of his enemies, even in the heat of a furious and unnatural conflict, ever could allege aught against him that he had need to be ashamed of. He possessed in himself such wonderful versatility of genius, and the story of his life presents such a wonderful variety of incident, men, and places, that no one, no matter what may be his position or employment, can ever read it without being improved by it.

He was the scion of one of those old English families of yeomanry, which were once so numerous. His ancestors occupied a farm of some thirty acres of freehold in Northamptonshire, time out of memory, probably before Duke William landed at Hastings, when a Saxon name was a title of honour. Finding the land insufficient for their support, the kin of the estate invariably eked out a livelihood by following the trade of a blacksmith in his native village. When the doctrines of the Reformation found their way into England, the Franklins were amongst the earliest to embrace them, and faithfully adhered to them through all the terrors of Mary's reign; and when, in the time of Charles II., many hundreds of the church clergy bore a noble testimony to true liberty, by abandoning the church of England, the Franklins were amongst the first to join the ranks of the despised and persecuted sectaries who preferred the conventicles to the parish church. But the conventicles were at that period a special abomination in the eyes of the government. Nay, it was the opinion of many learned and pious individuals, that if itinerant preachers continued to discourse upon matters pertaining to religion without proper and legal authorisation, it would cause the overthrow of the constitution of this kingdom in church and state, as by law established. The measures that were taken to prevent so terrible a catastrophe were certainly not such as anybody would in this day attempt to defend; but they had the effect of driving vast numbers of the really sincere and devout men of England across the Atlantic, to seek in trackless woods and on unknown shores the liberty of speech and action which England had denied them; and, more wonderful still, in the very heart of persecution and oppression, they sowed the seeds of a power that 100 years afterwards was to teach Britain, by the arm of flesh, the lessons of toleration which she should have ever been the first to respect and the last to forget. Amongst the exiles was Benjamin Franklin's father, Josias, who with his wife and three children settled in New England about the year 1682. After his arrival, four other children were borne him by the same wife. On her death he married another, by whom he had ten, making in all seventeen; and of the sons Benjamin was the youngest. He was originally intended for the ministry, for no better reason than that at an early age he had learned to read with remarkable facility. The poverty of the father fortunately saved his son from entering upon an unsuitable vocation. He could not afford to give him a collegiate education, and so instead of a minister he determined to make him a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, which occupation he himself had followed since his arrival in the colonies. Ben, however, did not by any means relish the change, when at ten years of age he was taken from school, and employed in filling moulds, cutting wicks, and going of messages, and there sprung up within him that inclination for a sea life which always haunts the minds of young gentlemen of tender years when they are not going on to their liking at home. Luckily, however, he managed to continue on peaceable terms with the soap and candles for two whole years, without offering his services to any of the New England sea-captains; but at the end of that period, his discontent rose to such a height, that his father began to fear that he really would take an abrupt leave, and enter himself as a cabin-boy in some sea-going vessel, as one of his elder brothers had already done. The worthy man then determined to discover his bent, and if possible to gratify it. He took him to see handicraftsmen of all trades at work, but nothing still seemed to have such attractions for Ben as books, and it was determined he should be a printer, it being believed, and rightly, that what he loved so much he would like to make. His brother had already started in Boston as a printer, and to him he was apprenticed. His taste for literature first showed itself in poetry, or perhaps we should rather say in versifying; and his brother, who appears to have invariably "had an eye to business," upon discovering this, employed him to write two ballads upon some events of recent occurrence, and then sent him about the streets to sell them. They had a prodigious run, which was highly gratifying to the author's vanity. From this time the taste for reading sprung up in him with extraordinary rapidity. He read a great many of the old English classics, but still possessed no facility in writing prose, until an odd volume of the "Spectator" fell into his hands, and so charmed was he with the style, that he forthwith determined to imitate it, and for this purpose practiced writing out the substance of what he read, and afterwards comparing it with the original. He thus gradually acquired greater fluency in composition; and perceiving where his own faults lay, was enabled to correct them. After some further desultory efforts of this sort, he at length had an opportunity of coming before the public in some essays, which he sent in anonymously to a newspaper his brother started, in 1720 or 1721, entitled the *New England Courant*. This was the second newspaper that had ever appeared in America.

"Some of his friends," says Franklin "I remember, would have dissuaded him from this undertaking as a thing not likely to succeed, a single newspaper being, in their opinion, sufficient for all America. At present, however, in 1771, there are no less than twenty-five." What would he have said, could he have foreseen the prodigious degree of expansion to which the American newspaper press would have attained in 1853! This paper very soon fell under the censure of the assembly; Franklin's brother was imprisoned, and on his liberation was ordered to desist from publishing the *New England Courant*, and in order to evade the prohibition, it was determined that it should be carried on in Benjamin's name, and for this purpose his indentures were cancelled. He and his brother, however, could not agree. The latter was too fond of asserting the *droit d'ainesse*, and his dictatorial manner was intolerable to Benjamin, who at this period appears to have had no small opinion of himself. Their disputes were frequently brought before their father; he seems to have laboured to reconcile them with laudable solicitude, but the breach was too wide to be healed; and, in addition to this, Benjamin had resolved upon seeking his fortune through the world. He secretly took his departure, and reached Philadelphia with a Dutch dollar in his pocket, in his working dress,—his best clothes having gone by sea,—covered with dirt, and spent the first few hours after his arrival in eating a loaf and walking up and down the street. He soon got employment as a compositor, and attracted

the notice of the governor—a boasting, lying, deceitful man—who offered to set him up in business in Philadelphia, and persuaded him to set out for England to purchase types and a press, promising at the same time to give him letters that would make everything very pleasant and agreeable on the other side of the water. Franklin, believed him, and set sail, but without having anything of the oft-promised letters, which were always on the point of being sent on board, but never came. He crossed the Atlantic in the foolish, fond belief that they were in the mail-bag, and that when it was opened in England they would assuredly make their appearance. On his arrival, the captain handed him two or three, which looked very like introductions; but on presenting one of them to the individual to whom it was addressed, it was found to be from a roguish attorney, and he ran a narrow risk of being kicked for his pains, and found himself in England, without a friend, except a young man named Ralph, with his own love of literature, but without his steadiness or application.

Franklin, immediately on his arrival in London, found employment with a printer named Palmer, in Bartholomew-close. While here, a pamphlet he published, entitled a "Dissertation upon Liberty and Necessity, Pain and Pleasure," was the means of introducing him to the notice of a considerable number of literary men in the coffee-houses. His friend Ralph, however, was not equally successful. He appears to have been one of those unfortunates with whom nothing ever seems to succeed. Everything he undertook failed; and he continued to live upon loans from Franklin, until their common admiration of a young milliner caused a final breach between them, to Franklin's great joy, who now began to think of saving some money. He, therefore, entered another printing-office, Watts's, near Lincoln's-inn-fields; and while here, was the means of inducing his fellow-pressmen to abandon beer-drinking, in which many of them indulged to excess. He remained about eighteen months in London at this time, and, having accumulated a small sum, set sail once more for Philadelphia, where he arrived in October, 1726.

He now became a clerk to a Mr. Denham, a gentleman whom he met in England, and who was about to open a store in Philadelphia. In 1727, Denham died, and Franklin once more returned to his old occupation, by becoming manager of the business of a printer named Keimer, who had employed him before his departure for England. Keimer was dirty, knavish, and an insolent, vulgar brawler, who thought that the fact of his employing a man gave him the privilege of being insolent. It may be readily believed that Franklin and he did not long agree. He left him, and, in partnership with one of his fellow-workmen, started an establishment of his own. His companion, however, was idle and a drunkard, and soon left the business altogether in Franklin's hands. By unwearied industry, it was made to thrive and flourish: people passing in the street saw him at work after eleven at night, and long before most others had left their beds in the morning; and to show that he was not above his business, he wheeled home his paper in a barrow along the streets after he had obtained it from the stationer. He now started a paper, which soon obtained a large circulation for its ability and accuracy; and his reputation for diligence getting abroad, he obtained the printing of the public documents, and of the paper-money which was then beginning to be issued in America. In addition to this, he got into some of the most *spirituelle* society in Philadelphia, by joining a club for the discussion of scientific and literary questions. He was now out of debt, and doing well in the world, and thought it time to look around for a wife. His offers in various quarters were rejected, because a printer's business was not considered money-making. At last he returned to his first love, a young lady to whom he had been engaged previous to his departure for England; but, having ceased to correspond with her, she presumed that he had given up all intention of marrying her, which was really the case; and her parents then persuaded her to marry a worthless scamp, who had, as it afterwards appeared, another wife living in England, and who soon abandoned her. Franklin and she got married; and they lived together, and prospered and were happy for many years.

Franklin was now a man of mark in Philadelphia, and in the year 1731 started a project for the establishment of a public library. Fifty persons subscribed forty shillings each, and agreed to pay ten shillings annually. As their number increased, the company was incorporated, in 1742, under the name of the "Library Company of Philadelphia." Similar institutions have since spread through all parts of the United States, and have done immense good in the advancement of knowledge and education. In 1732, Franklin commenced the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanack," famous for its maxims inculcating industry and frugality. In 1736, he entered upon his political career as clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, and was at last elected representative for Philadelphia; and in 1737 was appointed Postmaster of the State. His advance in public estimation was now rapid, and was consummated by his famous discoveries in electricity.

An account of several electrical experiments which had been made by some philosophers on the continent was sent to the Philadelphia Library Company in 1745, and Franklin immediately upon reading it engaged in a course of experiments himself, and communicated the results in a series of letters to his friend Collinson, the first of which is dated March 28th, 1747. In these he shows the power of points in drawing and throwing off the electrical matter, which had hitherto escaped the notice of electricians. He also made the grand discovery of a *plus* and a *minus*, or of a *positive* and *negative* state of electricity. Shortly afterwards, Franklin, from his principles of the plus and minus state, explained in a satisfactory manner the phenomena of the Leyden jar, which had previously so much perplexed philosophers. He showed clearly that the bottle when charged contained no more electricity than before, but that as much was taken from one side of it as was thrown upon the other; and that to discharge it nothing was necessary but to produce a communication between the two sides, by which the equilibrium would be restored, and that then no signs of electricity would remain. He afterwards demonstrated, by experiments, that the electricity did not reside in the coating, as had been supposed, but in the pores of the glass itself. In the year 1749, he first suggested his idea of explaining the phenomena of thunder-gusts, and of the Aurora Borealis, upon electrical principles. He pointed out many particulars in which lightning and electricity agree, and in the same year conceived the bold idea of attempting to

> "——— grasp the lightning's pinion,
> And draw down its ray
> From the starr'd dominion."

His desire to be practically useful to his fellow-men here strikingly displayed itself. Admitting the identity of electricity and lightning, which, before his time nobody had been disposed to do, he suggested the idea of securing ships, houses, churches, &c., against the effects of thunder-storms, by the erection of long, pointed rods, which should ascend some feet above the most elevated part, and descend some feet into the ground or water. As points he knew to have great power in attracting and repelling electricity, he concluded that these rods would either repel the thunder-clouds, or drain off their electricity and carry it into the earth.

In the summer of 1752 he determined to test his theory by experiment. There was no tower in Philadelphia high enough for the erection of a rod; so he determined to try a kite. He made one of two cross sticks, and covered it with silk, and to the upright stick affixed an iron point. The string was of hemp except the lower end, which was silk. Accompanied by his son, to whom alone he had communicated his project for fear of ridicule, he went out on a common when there was an appearance of a thunder-gust. He raised the kite, saw a thunder-cloud pass over, and awaited the result with intense anxiety. At last he saw the loose fibres of the string move towards an erect position, and on presenting his knuckles to a key which was suspended at

the end of it, received a strong spark, and he found himself a thorough *savan*, with as good a title to fame as any man of his age.

The account of his discovery having spread abroad, letters and congratulations poured in upon him from all quarters. Learned men in all parts of Europe were anxious to correspond with him; learned societies conferred on him admission to their number. His letters were translated into most European languages, and into Latin.

The remainder of his time, until the commencement of the disputes between England and the colonies, was spent partly in philosophic investigation and partly in the political affairs of the States. He was invariably the foremost man in the furtherance of all schemes for the development of the resources of the country, the advancement of education, and the improvement of the condition of the people.

The defence of her colonies was a great expense to Great Britain. The most effectual mode of lessening this was, to put arms into the hands of the inhabitants, and to teach them their use. But England wished not that the Americans should become acquainted with their own strength. The least appearance of a military spirit was therefore to be guarded against; and, although a war then raged, the act of organising a militia was disapproved of by the ministry. The regiments which had been formed under it were disbanded, and the defence of the province entrusted to regular troops.

The disputes between the proprietaries and the people continued in full force, although a war was raging on the frontiers. Not even the sense of danger was sufficient to reconcile, for ever so short a time, their jarring interests. The assembly still insisted upon the justice of taxing the proprietary estates, but the governors constantly refused their assent to this measure, without which no bill could pass into a law. Enraged at the obstinacy, and what they conceived to be the unjust proceedings of their opponents, the assembly at length determined to apply to the mother country for relief. A petition was addressed to the king in council, stating the inconveniences under which the inhabitants laboured, from the attention of the proprietaries to their private interests, to the neglect of the general welfare of the community, and praying for redress. Franklin was appointed to present this address, as agent for the province of Pennsylvania, and departed from America in June, 1757. In conformity to the instructions which he had received from the legislature, he held a conference with the proprietaries who then resided in England, and endeavoured to prevail upon them to give up the long-contested point. Finding that they would hearken to no terms of accommodation, he laid his petition before the council. During this time Governor Denny assented to a law imposing a tax, in which no discrimination was made in favour of the estates of the Penn family. They, alarmed at this intelligence and Franklin's exertions, used their utmost endeavours to prevent the royal sanction being given to this law, which they represented as highly iniquitous, designed to throw the burden of supporting government upon them, and calculated to produce the most ruinous consequences to them and their posterity. The cause was amply discussed before the privy council. The Penns found here some strenuous advocates; nor were there wanting some who warmly espoused the side of the people. After some time spent in debate, a proposal was made, that Franklin should solemnly engage that the assessment of the tax should be so made, as that the proprietary estates should pay no more than a due proportion. This he agreed to perform, the Penn family withdrew their opposition, and tranquillity was once more restored to the province.

The mode in which this dispute was terminated is a striking proof of the high opinion entertained of Franklin's integrity and honour, even by those who considered him as inimical to their views. Nor was their confidence ill-founded. The assessment was made upon the strictest principle of equity; and the proprietary estates bore only a proportionable share of the expenses of supporting government.

After the completion of this important business, Franklin remained at the court of Great Britain, as agent for the province of Pennsylvania. The extensive knowledge which he possessed of the situation of the colonies, and the regard which he always manifested for their interests, occasioned his appointment to the same office by the colonies of Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia. His conduct, in this situation, was such as rendered him still more dear to his countrymen.

He had now an opportunity of indulging in the society of those friends whom his merits had procured him while at a distance. The regard which they had entertained for him was rather increased by a personal acquaintance. The opposition which had been made to his discoveries in philosophy gradually ceased, and the rewards of literary merit were abundantly conferred upon him. The Royal Society of London, which had at first refused his performances admission into its transactions, now thought it an honour to rank him amongst its fellows. Other societies of Europe were equally ambitious of calling him a member. The university of St. Andrew, in Scotland, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Its example was followed by the universities of Edinburgh and Oxford. His correspondence was sought for by the most eminent philosophers of Europe. His letters to these abound with true science, delivered in the most simple, unadorned manner.

During this visit he lodged in the house in Craven-street, Strand, represented in our engraving.

The discontents of the colonies increasing, Franklin was again appointed provincial agent, and sent to England. In 1776, he paid a visit to Holland and Germany, and in the following year to France, where he received the greatest marks of attention from the men of science, and was presented to the King Louis XV. When the petition of the Massachussetts Assembly was brought before the English Privy Council, Franklin attended as agent for the assembly, and received very rough treatment from Wedderburn, the attorney-general, a man of narrow mind and violent temper. All his efforts were insufficient to induce the ministry to change the measures, and he returned to America in 1775, just after the commencement of hostilities. He was sent to Paris, in 1776, to conclude the treaty by which the unfortunate Louis XVI. recognised the independence of the colonies; and was one of the American commissioners at the general treaty of peace in Paris, which followed the surrender of Cornwallis's army. He had in the interval been a member of Congress, and during the whole of that unfortunate struggle was distinguished by his energy, prudence, and patriotism, though he never allowed his political engagements to interfere with the prosecution of his scientific studies. It will for ever redound to his honour, that his last public act, in 1789, when bowed down by age and infirmity, was the presentation of a petition to the House of Representatives of the United States, on the 12th of February, 1789, praying them to abolish the slave-trade. He died on the 17th of April, 1790, after a long and useful life of eighty-four years and three months.

The following epitaph on himself was written by him many years previous to his death:—

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
PRINTER,
(like the cover of an old book,
its contents worn out,
and stript of its lettering and gilding)
lies here, food for the worms;
yet the work itself shall not be lost,
for it will (as he believed) appear once more
in a new
and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended
by
THE AUTHOR.

THE AUSTRALIAN DIGGINGS.

GOLDEN POINT, MOUNT ALEXANDER.

CHIEF COMMISSIONER'S TENT AND OFFICERS' QUARTERS, MOUNT ALEXANDER.

MOUNT ALEXANDER.

The eyes of the whole world—and especially those of the poor and needy—have been for some months past turned in the direction of the golden lands of Australia and California. Emigration to both places, therefore, and especially to the former, has been proceeding at a never-before-reached rate from the old countries of Europe. In England the exodus—for that is the modern term for emigration—is beginning to attract the attention of the rulers of the land, and to produce an effect upon trade and commerce. The demand for workers is beginning to exceed the supply; and we are glad of it. To say nothing of the strikes for higher wages which have taken place among various grades of mechanics, and the extra work which is thrown on the hands of all connected with the shipping and provision trades, we have noticed a pleasing evidence lately of an advance in a direction we had scarcely expected. On the dead walls in the suburbs, on the shop shutters of chancery-closed houses in the back streets of the city, in the windows of the bakers, next the play bill, and hung on hooks in butchers' shops like choice joints of meat, we have noticed a blue and red-printed placard, bearing this legend:—"Good wages, constant work, and prompt attention." Now, as we do not belong to that large class of people who appear to have no other object in life than to go shuffling about London streets, and gazing on road-paviors, gas-pipe layers, and play-bills, we should scarcely have noticed this announcement in our ordinary perambulations. The terms of the bill, however, being somewhat unusual, we are tempted to pause a little and read it through. And then we find that this kind invitation—"Good wages, constant work, and prompt attention,"—is addressed especially to needlewomen, who are further requested to call on Messrs. So-and-so, of Houndsditch, where any number of them can be profitably employed in the preparation and completion of "youths' and gentlemen's shirts of the best description." And more than this, the needlewomen aforesaid are urgently invited to "come immediately, and bring a pattern." By the last phrase is meant a specimen of the worker's ability in the shape of the linen front, collar, and wristbands of a long-cloth shirt; but does not the term "prompt attention" betray a story of previous neglect and insolence, such as only poor sempstresses could put up with? And so, reading the bill from beginning to end, we arrive at the comfortable conclusion that the emigration mania has reached the right sort of folk at last; and in our walk onwards we picture to ourself the plain needle-woman transformed from a poor, thin, slip-slop wisp of a creature in a bare garret, to a stout happy-looking housewife in a block farm-house in Australia, with laughing children trooping about her knees.

In the spring of 1851, when all the world was at the Exhibition at Hyde-park, the news reached England that a second El Dorado had been discovered on the side of the island of Australia, opposite to where the disastrous colony of Swan River was founded. People in comfortable circumstances pooh-pooh'd at the idea; and folks who should know something of geography persisted that the thing was likely enough,—till the fact was certified by the arrival of some of the actual gold, which was forthwith exhibited in a glass case at the Crystal Palace, to the wonder and admiration of thousands.

It appears to us, when we hear and read of Australia and the gold found in such abundance there, that too little attention is usually paid to the fact that the precious metals have been, at some or other period of the world's history, discovered in nearly all parts of the world. The Egyptians and the Hebrews evidently possessed it in abundance; Darius of Persia, and Cræsus of Lydia, drew tribute of gold and silver from their subjects. The ancients obtained it from Africa, just as we do now,—from the mines of Nubia and Ethopia, probably; the indefatigable Romans crossed the Pyrenees and penetrated Spain, and braved the seas and conquered Britain in their search for gold; the Austrians and the Russians of old times dug deep down into the mines of Sweden and Norway, and Hungary and Siberia, and blasted rocks, and turned aside the courses of rivers, so that they might get rich all at once. In the fifteenth century, Columbus discovered the "golden Americas;" and in the sixteenth, Pizarro conquered Peru, and Cortez overcame the great Montezuma of Mexico, and the Spaniards got drunk and debased, and finally ruined themselves, with the riches found so plentifully in the New World.

And, coming nearer to our own times, we know that the Dutch, in the last century, fitted out an expedition to California for the special purpose of discovering gold. They went, and found none, though they traversed the valley of the Sacramento through and through, and looked with eager eyes upon the "everlasting rocks of quartz," since discovered to be so rich in virgin gold; and so they came back, and reported it "a barren and desolate land." Accident, we are told, produced the great Australian and Californian discoveries; but only unthinking men call those discoveries accidents. By the inscrutable will of an over-ruling Providence, it has been ordained, in many and varying periods of history, that men should vacate the crowded cities of civilisation and commerce to colonise the wilderness. It was needful that some powerful motive should impel the masses. In nearly all cases the real or supposed discovery of gold has supplied the stimulus. When the design was fulfilled, and the land was full of inhabitants, the gold insensibly shrunk away, and people employed themselves in other ways. How blinder than moles we are!

About the close of the year 1849, the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the graphic sketches we here introduce visited Australia. At that time the colonists were comparatively poor, and no hint of the gold discoveries had been given. Occasionally, bushrangers or escaped convicts brought a weighty lump of the precious metal into the towns, where they sold it cheaply and with a suspicious air; and the purchasers directly concluding that it must have been the produce of some robbery—perhaps murder—in the bush, were therefore unwilling to ask questions, and quieted their consciences with the knowledge of having made a tolerably good bargain. As long ago as 1844, Sir Roderick Murchison, in his address to the Geographical Society, had predicted the presence of gold in Australia. Science, and not accident, led the professor to conclude that the great eastern mountain chain of Australia was highly auriferous, from its geographical correspondence with the gold-fields in the Ural Mountains; and a Mr. Smith, of the Berrima iron-works in Australia, having read the account of Sir Roderick's opinion in an English newspaper, was induced to search for gold in his neighbourhood. He did search, and was partially successful. He brought the gold to the colonial authorities, and offered to make the place of its discovery known for a reward of £500; but the governor, either disbelieving the report, or fearful of encouraging a gold fever, declined to grant his request; and so it remained for Mr. Hargreaves, who visited Australia in the early part of 1851, with the prestige of Californian experience, to re-make the discovery, and get the government reward.

The first discovery of Australian gold was made at a place called Summer Hill Creek and Lewis Ponds River, small streams which run from the northern flank of the Conobalas to the Macquarrie river. The gold was found in the accumulated sand and gravel, especially on the inside and bends of the brooks, or at the junction of the water-courses, where the one stream would be checked by the flow of the other. And in this way is nearly all the surface gold discovered in Australia and elsewhere. At first, coarse, granular gold was found, a certain proof that the parent vein was not far off—existing, probably, in the quartz veins traversing the rocks of the Conobalas. Soon after gold was found in other localities, sometimes in the shape of tolerably large nuggets or lumps, sometimes in fine thin scales, and at others as dust, collected from the auriferous earth by repeated washings.

At the present moment, gold mining is carried on along the whole course of the Murray and Darling rivers, and their several tributaries, embracing the entire tract of country from Morton Bay to the city of Adelaide; and late accounts speak

with confidence of gold having been found also in New Zealand and Van Dieman's Land.

Mount Alexander and its neighbourhood appears to have been the earliest and, upon the whole, the most satisfactory of the gold diggings. It is situated within about forty miles from Melbourne and Geelong. The whole district consists of quartz-bearing rocks, and is highly auriferous. Now, although the quartz is, doubtless, the native matrix of the gold, we have not heard of any actual veins of the precious metal having been discovered. It is generally found lying loose in the sand and gravel, and at others buried deep in the clay which forms the substratum of the soil. Mr. Gibbon, writing to the *Melbourne Argus*, says, that gold is usually found imbedded in the blue clay near the surface on the brow of the hill; but that it is sometimes necessary to dig twenty feet before arriving at it. And Mr. Latrobe, governor of the colony of Victoria, describes the borings as carried through—

1. Red ferruginous earth and gravel.
2. Streaked, yellowish, and red clay.
3. Quartz gravels of moderate size.
4. Large quartz pebbles and boulders, masses of ironstone set in very compact clay, hard to work.
5. Blue and white clay, in which are small portions of gold.
6. Pipe clay, in which gold is almost certain to be found.

Now, as this rich pipe clay occasionally lies thirty feet below the surface, the labour required to reach it will easily be comprehended—fitted, indeed, for railway excavators, brick-makers, well-borers, agricultural labourers, and for few else!

In the first of our engravings, we have a view of the gold field at Golden Point, Mount Alexander. Writing on the spot, the gentleman, who has furnished us with the drawings, which were made at the close of 1852, says, "It is a busy scene indeed. In the distance is the hill called Golden Point, so famed in the early history of Mount Alexander. Crowds of diggers [not very well defined in the engraving] are employed at this spot. Some are digging, some are wheeling barrows filled with the auriferous earth; while others—and those a very large number—are carrying the earth on their backs to the stream, which is concealed by the trees on its banks. Here the soil is washed and cradled, and whatever gold it possesses carefully extracted. In the foreground, some diggers, just arrived, are engaged in fixing their tents.

"Many of the tents are occupied as stores and provision shops, and similar establishments are scattered throughout the various diggings. From the proprietors of these stores supplies of every kind can be purchased—of course, with an advance—at Melbourne prices. Nevertheless, the erection of these stores are a great convenience to the diggers; for were it not for the foresight and business arrangements of the store-keepers, much privation would, doubtless, have been experienced. The additional charges are, generally speaking, moderate enough, except in cases of great scarcity; and even then it is only some few articles which are charged at exorbitantly high prices. In the depth of the last winter, it was feared that many of the stores would be closed from the difficulty of conveying heavy provisions over the bad roads."

Since the above was written, however, the roads to Mount Alexander have, we understand, been considerably improved. In the locality of Golden Point large quantities of gold have been found. So long as water remains in the creek gold rewards the searchers, but when the summer heats dry up the supply, then the digger's labour is almost thrown away. The gold here is generally found in dust and scales, but occasionally large nuggets are discovered, which well reward the lucky finder. It was in this neighbourhood that a twenty pound weight nugget was found in 1852. The Prince of Nuggets, however,—that picked up by Dr. Ker in 1851, which weighed upwards of a hundred weight—was found at what are now the Ballarat Diggings. It is described as a block of highly auriferous quartz, found lying among a lot of other loose blocks, evidently derived from a broad quartz vein running up the hill behind the river. "Such a mass," says Professor Forbes, in describing the geology of Australia, "could hardly be transported far from its original site by any current of water."

Our object being rather to give an idea of the present appearance of the "diggings" than to attempt anything like a continuous narrative of the gold discovery,—an object not yet accomplished, by the way, in any one of the published accounts,—we proceed to "follow our leader," the artist.

The next scene is a perfect contrast to the former one, and might be taken, without any very violent stretch of the imagination, for part of the experimental camp at Woolwich or Windsor, where British soldiers play at sieges, and so forth, every now and then. There is an air of quiet about it which speaks pretty distinctly of official residence, even in the diggings; and except for two or three days of the month, this serene air is tolerably well preserved. The tent to the left is the license office—a most important one, therefore, to intending gold diggers. The next large tent on the other side of the flag-staff is used as a depository for gold while waiting for the escort; and it, also, is as well known to the miners from all quarters as the Bank of England is to the London merchant. Other tents are used as sleeping-places, &c.

Since the sketch was taken, many changes have occurred, both in the numbers of persons in the colony—every day bringing its ship-load or two—and in the official management of the police of the gold districts. Many wooden buildings have since been erected in various parts of the diggings for the accommodation of the soldiery and officials, and a much more regular plan of business has been adopted. More than this, additional police are distributed over the diggings, and a much improved state of morality exists. When our artist was here, there were few police, and even the greater part of them were stationed at the chief commissioner's quarters; and a general feeling of insecurity was the inevitable result. Robberies, riots, and murders were of common occurrence, and scenes of the most abominable description were continually taking place. All that, however, belongs to the past history of the gold-seekers. At this moment life and property may be considered almost as safe as in an English village or an American backwood. The home government having taken energetic measures in the appointment of additional magistrates, and in the enrolment of large bodies of pensionary police at salaries good enough to secure their best services even in the diggings, the aspect of affairs have so far changed for the better, that "the diggers proceed about their work, and go in and out of their tents and huts, with a feelings of as much security as in a well-ordered town."

By this time, likewise, decent roads have been made in the different diggings, and society, even there, is beginning to assume an orderly and respectable aspect. "Our only wants," says a successful miner, writing home to his mother and sisters, "are wives and children. Why don't you come out?"

By the winter of 1852, the number of diggers in Australia had increased so considerably as to produce some alarm in the minds of the colonial government; and it was rashly proposed to impose an export duty on gold, and to double the license fee. No sooner, however, had the news come to the ears of the miners—for state secrets will leak out, even from the best regulated councils—than they took alarm, and a "monster meeting" was called for the purpose of remonstrating with the government. The great interest attached by all parties to the demonstration induced our artist to attend. It took place at Mount Alexander on the 15th of December last and the results were consequent on it. The first, and all-important one, was the withdrawal of the proposed government measure; and the last, the production of the graphic sketch before us. Here we get a glimpse of the sort of folks comprised in that various and motley congregation of men called "diggers." Settlers, sailors, tradesmen, even the "Manilla man" and his boy, and the "old hand," sitting on the stump in the foreground of the picture, are each bold types of their class. Perhaps in no other spot in her Majesty's dominions could such a variously-dressed assembly be gathered together — a sort of open-air masquerade, in which the characters were costumed in anything but ball-room style. Of the meeting itself it is sufficient to say, that the object of the numerous speakers was fully attained—the government

WHIRLEY'S GULLEY, THE SPOT WHERE THE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED; FOREST CREEK RANGES, MOUNT ALEXANDER.

was impressed with their earnestness, the license fee was *not* doubled, and the thousands of diggers departed in peace. for it was here that the gold on Mount Alexander was first discovered. At this moment there are upwards of 60,000

GREAT MEETING OF GOLD DIGGERS AT MOUNT ALEXANDER, DEC. 15, 1852.

Whirley's Gulley, the other scene depicted by the artist, is interesting, both in itself and on account of its associations, persons at this spot. But what more we have to say on the subject of the diggings we must reserve for another opportunity.

THE ENTRANCE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH INTO KENILWORTH CASTLE.

THE ENTRANCE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, ATTENDED BY A CAVALCADE OF KNIGHTS AND SOLDIERY, INTO KENILWORTH CASTLE, ON THE 9TH OF JULY, 1575. DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.

READING now-a-days of any one of Elizabeth's courtly progresses seems like turning back to a page of old romance. The story appears to belong to fiction rather than to fact, and history figures in masquerade. Pageantry and splendour, music and knightly prowess, royal whim and noisy popularity, wasteful prodigality and glittering show, banquets rich without comfort, revelry devoid of real mirth, and courtly phraseology deficient of sincerity, seem to have surrounded

the virgin queen from her accession to the throne of her father to her final departure on that dread journey, which all, even queens, must take.

The festivities at Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire, on the occasion of Elizabeth's visit in 1575, have been celebrated in both poetry and prose. Gascoigne has immortalized the occurrence in his well-known and oft-quoted "Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth," and Sir Walter Scott has embodied the scenes of the festival in one of his most popular and delightful novels. Indeed, in the latter work may be found the best and most faithful description of the famous castle, as it existed in the sixteenth century, and the most picturesque and stirring, if not altogether the most veracious account of the Queen's visit to her favourite Leicester, at a period "when the sudden death of the first countess seemed to open to the ambition of the earl the opportunity of sharing the crown of his sovereign."

No period of history—not English alone, but European,—is fuller of important events than the sixteenth century. It was what philosophers call a transition period. To the civilization of the ancients had succeeded an age of semi-barbarism, in which religion and learning were the property of a comparative few, and superstition and ignorance brooded over the minds of the multitude. But to a night of darkness succeeded a morning of enlightenment and inquiry. At the very close of the fifteenth century, the new world was discovered, and ere fifty years had elapsed, Martin Luther had commenced that struggle for religious liberty which was fraught with such momentous consequences to the world. Before a hundred years had passed away, the most celebrated of our female sovereigns had made the name of England powerful among the nations, and Shakspere, the most famous of English poets, had lived to sing her praises. Indeed, in whatever aspect we regard the long reign of Elizabeth, we have cause for congratulation; for, from that period Englishmen are apt to date the rise of real liberty in Europe.

What wonder, then, that authors and artists love to illustrate the events of this important time? All the elements of the picturesque and the romantic, the spirit-stirring and the absorbing, are to be found embodied in it; and the pen and the pencil only need to give them form and substance to enlist the sympathies of the world. Draw back the curtain of time but a little way, and what a prospect opens to the view! Around the cradle of the fair young princess Elizabeth are grouped the wit and wisdom of the age,—Bacon, and Sidney, and Shakspere, and Harrington, and Spencer, and Raleigh, and Cecil, and Leicester,—and we follow with eagerness that little procession through the streets of the quiet village of Greenwich, as it wends forward from the palace to the neighbouring church of Grey Friars, where the young child is christened. We recal the romantic circumstances of her birth and the vicissitudes of her childhood—her mother's execution, and her own strange association with the persons whom she had most to fear and dislike; her scholarship, wonderful indeed for court ladies at that time; her sorrows and imprisonments and varied fortunes, till we find her at last receiving a deputation at Hatfield from her sister Mary's council, who come to offer her the crown. "Domino factum est istud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris!" (It is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes!) exclaims the princess; "God save the Queen," responds the deputation, and from that moment Elizabeth is recognised by the people of England as their lawful sovereign.

How important was the mission, and how distinguished was the part enacted by this

"Fair vestal, throned by the west,"

we all know. History and song alike record the triumphs of her long and peaceful reign. Never before had so entirely popular and beloved a monarch sat upon the English throne. Everywhere she went—through the narrow streets of old London's city, or in those right royal progresses to different parts of her kingdom—she was attended by troops of loving people. Lords, knights, and ladies, city magnificence and courtly pageantry, waited on her footsteps; and in almost numberless records we are told of the prowess of her court, and the splendour of the processions prepared to do her honour.

Who does not—looking at the admirable and spirited sketch of Mr. Gilbert—recal the circumstances of the Queen's visit to the fine old castle of Kenilworth, as recorded by the "Wizard of the North." Around the ruins of that princely castle—erected by Geoffry de Clinton for Henry II., and the scene of so many historical dramas—at one time garrisoned against rebels, at another turned into a royal prison; now a place of meeting for the parliament of Henry III., and again the theatre of knightly pageantry and glittering festivity, in the days of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the Queen's favourite, on whom his sovereign had bestowed it—around the ruins of those massive walls, desolated in the civil wars of the seventeenth century, floats an air of romantic interest such as belongs to no other edifice in all the land.

We take Sir Walter Scott's most admirable description of the royal entry into Kenilworth: "It was on the twilight of a summer night (9th of July, 1575), the sun having for some time set, and all were in anxious expectation of the Queen's immediate approach. The multitude had remained assembled for many hours, and their numbers were still rather on the increase. A profuse distribution of refreshments, together with roasted oxen, and barrels of ale set a-broach in different places of the road, had kept the populace in perfect love and loyalty towards the Queen and her favourite, which might have somewhat abated had fasting been added to watching. They passed away the time, therefore, with the usual popular amusements—whooping, hallooing, shrieking, and playing rude tricks upon each other, forming the chorus of discordant sounds usual on such occasions. These prevailed all through the crowded roads and fields, and especially beyond the gate of the Chase, where the greater number of the common sort were stationed; when, all of a sudden, a single rocket was seen to shoot into the atmosphere, and, at the instant, far-heard over flood and field, the great bell of the Castle tolled.

"Immediately there was a pause of dead silence, succeeded by a deep hum of expectation, the united voices of many thousands, none of whom spoke above their breath; or, to use a singular expression, the whisper of an immense multitude.

"The guards, thickly stationed upon the road by which the Queen was to advance, caught up the acclamation, which ran like wildfire to the Castle, and announced to all within, that Queen Elizabeth had entered the Royal Chase of Kenilworth. The whole music of the Castle sounded at once, and a round of artillery, with a salvo of small arms, was discharged from the battlements; but the noise of drums and trumpets, and even of the cannon themselves, was but faintly heard amidst the roaring and reiterated welcomes of the multitude.

"As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the Park, and, broadening and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led towards the Gallery-tower; and which, as we have already noticed, was lined on either hand by the retainers of the Earl of Leicester. The word was passed along the line, "The Queen! The Queen! Silence, and stand fast!" Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the Queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage, you saw the daughter of three hundred kings.

"The ladies of the court, who rode beside her Majesty, had taken especial care that their own external appearance should not be more glorious than their rank and the occasion altogether demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their personal charms, and the magnificence by which, under every prudential restraint, they were necessarily distinguished, exhibited them, as the very flower of a realm so far famed for splendour and

beauty. The magnificence of the courtiers, free from such restraints as prudence imposed on the ladies, was yet more unbounded.

"Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host as of her Master of the Horse. The black steed which he mounted had not a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the Earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth, and specked his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held, and the proud steed which he bestrode; for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship, and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was bareheaded, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torchlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On that proud evening, those features wore all the grateful solicitude of a subject, to show himself sensible of the high honour which the Queen was conferring on him, and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment. Yet, though neither eye nor feature betrayed aught but feelings which suited the occasion, some of the Earl's personal attendants remarked that he was unusually pale, and they expressed to each other their fear that he was taking more fatigue than consisted with his health.

"The train, male and female, who attended immediately upon the Queen's person, were of course of the bravest and the fairest,—the highest born nobles and the wisest counsellors of that distinguished reign, to repeat whose names were but to weary the reader. Behind came a long crowd of knights and gentlemen, whose rank and birth, however distinguished, were thrown into shade, as their persons into the rear of a procession, whose front was of such august majesty.

"Amidst bursts of music, which, as if the work of enchantment, seemed now close at hand, now softened by distant space, now wailing so low and sweet as if that distance were gradually prolonged until only the last lingering strains could reach the ear, Queen Elizabeth crossed the Gallery-tower, and came upon the long bridge, which extended from thence to Mortimer's Tower, and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side. Most of the nobles here alighted, and sent their horses to the neighbouring village of Kenilworth, following the Queen on foot, as did the gentlemen who had stood in array to receive her at the Gallery-tower."

So passing to the inner court, her majesty, "that never rides but alone, there alighted from her palfrey," and was conveyed up to her chamber. At this instant all the clocks in the castle were stopped; and, by a delicate attention, the hands continued to point at the moment of her arrival, since no one was to take note of time during the royal sojourn at Kenilworth.*

For eighteen days the princely pleasures of Kenilworth were kept up, during which time, we are told by Laneham, "her majesty, with her accustomed charity and mercy, cured nine persons of the painful disease called the 'King's Evil,' which the kings and queens of this realm, without other medicine, but only by touching and prayers, do cure!"

The castle itself, upon the improvement of which the Earl is said to have spent a sum equal to about half a million of our money, is thus described:—

The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure enclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure garden, with its trim arbours and parterres, and the rest formed the large base-court, or outer yard, of the noble castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious enclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there blazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away, and whose history, could Ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favourite, who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain. A large and massive keep, which formed the citadel of the castle, was of uncertain though great antiquity. It bore the name of Cæsar, perhaps from its resemblance to that in the Tower of London so called. Some antiquaries ascribe its foundation to the time of Kenelph, from whom the castle had its name, a Saxon King of Mercia, and others to an early era after the Norman Conquest. On the exterior walls frowned the escutcheon of the Clintons, by whom they were founded in the reign of Henry I., and of the yet more redoubted Simon de Montfort, by whom, during the Barons' wars, Kenilworth was long held out against Henry III. Here Mortimer, Earl of March, famous alike for his rise and his fall, had once gaily revelled in Kenilworth, while his dethroned sovereign, Edward II., languished in its dungeons. Old John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," had widely extended the castle, erecting that noble and massive pile which yet bears the name of Lancaster's Buildings; and Leicester himself had outdone the former possessors, princely and powerful as they were, by erecting another immense structure, which now lies crushed under its own ruins, the monument of its owner's ambition. The external wall of this royal castle was, on the south and west sides, adorned and defended by a lake partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the castle by a path hitherto untrodden, instead of the usual entrance to the northward, over which he had erected a gate-house, or barbican, which still exists, and is equal in extent, and superior in architecture, to the baronial castle of many a northern chief.

Beyond the lake lay an extensive chase, full of red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees, from amongst which the extended front and massive towers of the castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty. We cannot but add, that of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valour won, all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp; and the massive ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendour once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in virtuous contentment.

Miss Strickland is at some pains to point out the discrepancies between romance and reality, in relation to the position of Leicester at the period of Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth. Amy Robsart, the fair heroine of Scott, to whom Leicester had been publicly married at the court of Edward VI., had long been in the grave, and the Earl's path to a royal marriage was somewhat clearer than has been indicated by the novelist. "Yet Leicester was encumbered with a secret marriage, somewhat in the manner of the splendid fiction, but with a high-born lady of the court—Lady Douglas Howard, the daughter of William Lord Howard, the Queen's uncle." Leicester is supposed to have married in 1572, after being dismissed as a public suitor to the Queen. "The scandalous chronicles of the day declare that Leicester attempted the life of his second unfortunate wife by poison about the time of the Queen's visit to Kenilworth; and it is said that the words of the old nursery lullaby—

> 'Bilow, my babe, lie still and slumber,
> It grieves me sae to see thee weep'—

were meant as the address of the forsaken Lady Leicester to her boy."

* "Lives of the Queens of England," by Agnes Strickland, vol. iv. p. 423.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

"Dark o'er the foam-white waves,
The Giant's Pier the war of tempests braves,
A far-projecting, firm, basaltic way,
Of clustering columns wedged in dense array;
With skill so like, yet so surpassing art,
With such design, so just in every part,
That reason pauses doubtful if it stand
The work of mortal or immortal hand."

No visitor to Ireland should neglect seeing the Giant's Causeway. If the romantic and lovely in scenery is to be found in the neighbourhood of the Lakes of Killarney, certainly the grand and the sublime may be discovered on the wild coasts of Antrim and Donegal. Thus the north and the south of Ireland rival and counterbalance each other in point of interest and attraction. To an Englishman, possibly the north of Ireland may possess historical claims to his remembrance altogether apart from his feeling for the picturesque; for in this district of the sister island the truths of Christianity were first preached, and the struggles of the Commonwealth and the Revolution took place. But for memories such as these a man need scarcely go to Ireland. If he wishes to rake up the dust of the past, he can sit at home by his fireside and do it quietly. One never quarrels with books, and it is a pity really that things should ever be said in print that should make us quarrel with each other; and so, bearing this in mind, we, like sensible people, shut up the volume at the part which speaks of the troubles of Ireland, and open it again at a place devoted more particularly to a description of the spot we are about to visit—on paper. And a very pleasant thing it is, too, to sit at home and travel. No trouble at railroad stations, or on the rail itself; no dust, or noise, or disagreeable fellow-passengers; and, best of all, no expense. Let us set out at once.

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—THE CHIMNEY TOPS, WITH RIVER AND VALLEY HEADLAND.

THE GIANT'S GATEWAY.

We will suppose that we start from Belfast. Two routes offer themselves—the direct one by railway to Ballymena, and through the country by jaunting-car to Bushmills or Coleraine; and the more romantic road along the coast skirting the Lough of Belfast, and keeping the sea in sight nearly all the way. Through some of the best scenery in the north of

THE LADY'S CHAIR.

Ireland, and over some of the roughest, hilliest, and boggiest roads as well, the enthusiastic tourist makes his way from Carrickfergus to Ballycastle. He need be under no apprehension, however, of not seeing any of the established sights, or of neglecting any of the notable historical spots of the neighbourhood, for almost every mile of the road from Belfast to the Causeway he will find to be literally alive with guides.

But it is not likely, that, with the Causeway within half-a-dozen miles' walk—or row, for the sea view is by far the best—any, the most enthusiastic, lover of legends will stop long to listen, even to Ossian—

"Sublimest, simplest bard of all."

DUNLUCE CASTLE, NEAR THE CAUSEWAY.

Thus the actual railroad-borne and guide-pestered visitor will—like our comfortable, stay-at-home friend—be introduced to many interesting and lovely "bits" of scenery, and become acquainted also with some curious "bits" of legends and scraps of strange, wild, Ossian-like poetry. From Garron Point he will catch a glimpse of the Scotch mountains, if it be a clear day; and whether it be clear or not, he will be pretty sure to hear the story of the great chieftain, Shane O'Neill, of the Red Hand, or, "Labh Dharig," as he is called in Irish, if he lingers for a few minutes about the ruins of the old church in the glen.

Instead of that, he takes a guide—who may be a very old man, or a young boy such as he standing by the Giant's Well—and goes forward at once. That is to say, after having discharged his car-driver and settled other little preliminaries as to dress and so forth, for it is very cold about the rocks sometimes. Most persons are acquainted, by means of engravings and otherwise, with the general appearance of that gigantic mass of basaltic columns called the Giant's Causeway. The principal or grand causeway—the "Pleaskin," as it is called—

SEA-GULL ISLAND.—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

consists of an irregular arrangement of columns of black rock, ranged side by side with such apparent skill and regularity as to seem the work of human hands rather than the effect of crystallisation—which they undoubtedly are. These remarkable specimens of nature's handiwork are of unequal height and breadth. They rise up from the strand to a height of about twenty feet, gradually receding to the water; though how far seaward this arrangement extends is very uncertain. This grand assemblage of basaltic pillars extends for a considerable distance along the shore; sometimes like a vast pile congregated together, as in the Grand Causeway; sometimes taking the shape of isolated masses of broken, disjointed rocks scattered along the beach; sometimes assuming the appearance of regular geological strata in the exposed face of the cliff, as in that remarkable natural curiosity, the "Giant's Organ;" and sometimes becoming part of the rugged mountainous coast itself, as in the headland known as the "Chimney Tops." But in whatever part of the coast these basaltic pillars appear, they have all two peculiarities—their almost uniform pentagonal figure, and the singular manner in which the separate pieces of each column are jointed together. In no cases do the columns seem to consist of single solid blocks, but are composed of a number of short lengths, one on the top of the other, like layers of masonry. But instead of possessing flat surfaces, the ends of each length are articulated one into the other like a ball and socket, in the same way as is observable in the vertebræ of some of the larger kinds of fishes—the one end of the joint having a cavity into which the convex end of the opposite exactly fits. The depth of this concavity or convexity is generally about three or four inches; and it is peculiar that the joint, instead of being conformable to the external angular figure of the block, is exactly round, and as large as the diameter of the column will admit; consequently, as the angles of these columns are in general very unequal, the circular edges of the joints are seldom coincident with more than two or three sides of the pentagon, and are from the edge of the circular part of the joint to the exterior sides and angles quite plain. The articulations of these joints are frequently inverted, in some of them the concavity being upwards, and in others the reverse. This occasions that variety and mixture of concavities and convexities on the tops of the columns which is observable throughout the platform of this Causeway without any discoverable design or regularity with respect to the number of either.

The length of these particular stones, from joint to joint, is various; seldom more than from eighteen inches to two feet; and, for the greater part, longer towards the bottom of the columns than nearer the top, the articulation of the joints being there somewhat deeper. The size, or diameter, of the columns is as different as their length and figure: in general they are from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter. Throughout the whole of this combination there are not many traces of uniformity or design, except in the form of the joint; nor are there traces of a finishing in any part, whether in the height, length, or breadth. If there be particular instances in which the columns above water have a smooth top, others near them, of an equal height, are more or less convex or concave, which shows them to have been joined to pieces that have been washed away, or by other means taken off. It cannot be doubted but that those parts which are constantly above water have gradually become more and more even, at the same time that the remaining surfaces of the joints must necessarily have been worn smoother by the constant action of the air, and by the friction in walking over them, than where the sea, at every tide, beats on the Causeway, continually removing some of the upper stones, and exposing fresh joints. As all the exterior columns, which have two or three sides exposed to view, preserve their diameters from top to bottom, it may be inferred that such is also the case with the interior columns, the tops of which alone are visible.

Notwithstanding the general dissimilitude of the columns, relatively to their figure and diameter, they are so arranged and combined at all the points, that a knife can scarcely be introduced between them, either at the sides or angles. It is most interesting to examine the close contexture and nice insertion of the infinite variety of forms exhibited on the surface of this grand parade. From the great dissimilarity of the figures of the columns, the spectator would be led to believe the Causeway a work of human art, were it not, on the other hand, inconceivable that the genius or invention of man should construct and combine such an infinite number of columns, which should have a general apparent likeness, and still be so universally dissimilar in their figure, as that, on the minutest examination, not two in ten or twenty thousand should be found having their angles and sides equal among themselves, or those of one column to those of another. As there is an infinite variety in the configuration of the several parts, so are there not any traces of regularity or design in the outlines of this curious phenomenon: including the broken or detached pieces, of a similar structure, they are extremely scattered and confused. Whatever may have been their original state, they do not at present appear to have any connexion with the grand or principal Causeway, as to any supposable design or use in its first construction; and as little design can be inferred from the figure or position of the several constituent parts.

On the cliffs all round the coasts of Donegal and Antrim similar masses of columns are observable. The pillars called the Chimney Tops are among the most singular and remarkable phenomena belonging to the Causeway. They are three in number, the tallest standing upwards of forty feet from the face of the cliff. These rocks, according to Mr. S. C. Hall, were mistaken by the crew of a ship belonging to the Spanish Armada for the chimneys of Dunluce Castle, and were fired upon accordingly. The story goes, that the giants, in revenge for the insult, hung out lights from the cliffs, which so bewildered the ship's crew that they fouled among the breakers, and were lost on the coast. At any rate, there is a little bay here called Port-na-Spania.

The entrance to the Causeway through the Giant's Gateway is most imposing. Colonnades of perfectly-formed basaltic pillars rise up against the face of the cliff in apparently the greatest order; and near it is the Lady's Chair, so called from the fact that it is frequently made use of as a seat by the fair visitors to the Causeway. Whether it possesses any of the virtues ascribed to it we cannot say. Like the Giant's Well, the erection of this far-famed stone seat is partly the work of human hands. "The only person I observed on the Causeway when I descended," says Barrow, "was an old woman, sitting by the spring of fresh water, with a whiskey bottle and glasses to mix that national spirit with the pure spring, and render it more palatable to her customers. On returning from my ramble, however, I perceived a young lady in a riding habit, sitting down by the side of the fountain, waiting the return of some gentlemen who were examining the Causeway; the sight of whom, in this lonely spot, I am free to confess, drove all the pentagons and hexagons out of my head; and to escape from the chance of its being filled with something else, I was ungallant enough to take an abrupt departure."

The general effect of the Causeway on the mind of the visitor is one of awe and solemnity. "What shall I say of the Causeway?" inquires Lord John Manners. "There are three promontories running into the sea on a level with the waves, or nearly so, composed of upright blocks of stone, each, it may be, a yard in circumference, hexagonal, pentagonal, octagonal, and one or two nonagonal in shape; some of the cliffs, too, are fluted in this manner, with columus thirty feet high, resembling at a little distance the pipes of an organ. A very steep and narrow track took us from the Causeway to the summit of the cliffs—an ascent of about 300 feet, and a walk of a couple of miles along their edge to the Pleaskin Rock. It rained furiously, so that it was only now and then we could obtain a fair view of the dark creeks, and bold rocks, and strange formations of whinstone, which diversify this mysterious coast.

At short distances from the coast the sea is studded with

numerous small uninhabitable islands, and the coast itself is intersected with many deep and solemn-looking caves, which can only be explored by means of boats. A rock called "Sea-Gull Island," from the fact of those birds frequenting it in vast numbers, lies to the east of the Chimney Tops. This rock, probably, formed part of the mainland at some distant period of time. The view seaward is grand indeed.

In order to view the Causeway with effect, and to enjoy its varied aspects, the artists and the true lovers of nature will not be satisfied with one hasty view of it and its surrounding wonders. They will contrive to see it at sunrise, when the dawn first flings its kaleidescopic tints on those myriad groups of columns:—also at sunset, when the red light of departing day, alternating with deep shadow, brings forth in beautiful relief the outlines of each pillared mass; and, loveliest of all, when the summer moonlight flings its mystic lustre over a scene surcharged with endless shapes of grandeur and sublimity. The Causeway, as a whole, cannot, as already intimated, be properly seen or enjoyed from the land. The tourist will have to embark in one of the many well-manned and serviceable row-boats which are always in waiting either at the Causeway itself, or at the shore near the village of Ballinatoy.

We have, probably, almost exhausted the patience of our fireside traveller, or we might carry him with us over that tremendous basaltic rock the "Stacks," and show him the Fata Morgana in this romantic region. But our space warns us we must be brief.

About a couple of miles west from the Causeway is Dunluce Castle, "the grandest, romanticest, awfullest sea-king's castle in broad Europe. It stands on a great ledge of a cliff, separated from, rather than joined to, the mainland by the narrowest of natural bridges, and overhangs the sea—that dark, chilling, northern sea—so perpendicularly, that how the towers and wall on the sea-side were built I cannot divine: what numbers of masons and builders must have fallen into that gloomy sea before the last loophole was pierced! The landward scenery, in spite of good roads and modern improvements, is dreary enough now; what it must have been when those grim halls were first inhabited by Ulster chieftains, who can guess? There is no castle on the Rhine, or the Loire,

A Vender of Specimens.—The Highlandman's Bonnet, and the Chair in which the Giant sat while his Men built the Causeway.

or the Seine, or anywhere else that I know of, that can be compared with Dunluce for desolate awe-inspiring grandeur. The Causeway itself was quite tame and flat after Dunluce."

Every one who has seen this famous edifice acknowledges it to be the most remarkable building, as to situation and wild outlook, in Europe. Built at the extreme edge of the cliff, the wonder seems that it has not long ago says Mr. Barrow, "could be more adapted to a scene in romance than the wild position of Dunluce Castle, perched as

The Giant's Well, and Causeway Guide.

been washed into the roaring acean at its base. "Nothing," it is on the summit of a naked and lofty rock, surrounded by the sea, and cut off from the mainland, except by a narrow stratum of rock or wall, that serves as a foot-bridge over a deep gulf, through which the sea roars below with a fearful noise. Traditional stories, indeed, are not wanting of the abduction and imprisonment of beautiful virgins by some O'Neill or O'Cahan or M'Mahon, or some other *Mac* or *O*, which O'Hallaron says are affixes of dignity and meaning, by indicating the true Milesian breed, as is fully demonstrated by an old Latin pentameter—

"Per *Mac* atque *O* tu veros cognoscis Hernos:
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest."

Which may be thus freely translated;—

By *Mac* and *O* you'll surely know
True Irishmen, they say;
But if they lack both *O* and *Mac*,
No Irishmen are they.

THE DYING POET.

OPEN the casement, give me light and air;
And let me gaze upon the day's decline—
Perchance it also may be that of mine.
Let me look out upon the mountains bare,
For I have trod their rugged sides; and now,
When death's cold damps are settling on my brow,
I would have my free spirit ramble there,
And take a loving and a last farewell!
'Twas there I struck the first notes of a spell,
Once joyous, tinged in after life with care—
A mournful type of life's disastrous dream,
That came upon me with a glorious gleam
Of hope—but died like the dim fading day,
That sees my broken spirit pass away.

Those dreams that I should die, like thee are faded;
For now thy glories rest upon the hills,
'Mid the refreshing dews that eve distils,
Shone gorgeous in thy setting. Mine is shaded
By the remembrance of the toil and strife
That met my very outset into life;
'Mid all my hopes and joys they lingered near,
And o'er my young heart's longings flapp'd their wings,
Like shadows dimmed my young imaginings,
And washed my cheeks with disappointment's tear.
Thy beams at morn may rest upon my bier,
And few will mourn my premature decay.
For ages yet fair Hope will tread thy way;
But death for ever closes my career.

T. BEGGS.

A PEEP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.

LETTER I.—MISS DORA HARCOURT TO CECIL HARCOURT, ESQ., OF GROSVENOR-SQUARE, LONDON.

Whitehaven, March 2, 1820.

My Dear Father,—I sit down to fulfil my promise of telling you all that has happened since we parted; and must begin by premising that we arrived safely at Milnthorpe, at which place we were met by my cousin Robert. I then took leave of Mr. Jennings, and mounted into an odd sort of vehicle they call a shandrey, which jolted terribly, and seemed to move very slowly after the rapid travelling we had hitherto enjoyed when posting with four horses. But very soon we entered upon such beautiful scenery that I rejoiced in our tardy speed, and could scarcely withdraw my attention from it sufficiently to answer the numerous formal questions which Robert and William thought it their duty to ask by way of showing me due attention. Indeed, they spoke so gravely, and appeared so frightened of me, I could hardly forbear laughing outright whenever they spoke; and they put such droll inquiries to me! Such as whether I went to a ball every night?—did I like the play, or opera, or Almack's the best?—did I think the Prince Regent handsome?—what were the newest fashions? And when I professed considerable ignorance on most of these weighty points, they coloured up, and seemed to think I was quizzing them. Presently I made some inquiry concerning the country through which we were passing, and then matters brightened, and Robert especially proved himself a most intelligent, agreeable companion. His descriptions of rustic sports and adventures quite charmed me, and by the time we arrived at Langdale Friars, which is the name of their farm, about two miles from Whitehaven, we had become very good friends. The shandrey presently turned into a stony picturesque avenue of elm trees, that were just budding into green shoots, and in whose upper branches were congregated a large bustling colony of rooks, whose caw, caw, so delighted my cockney senses, as to greatly amuse my cousins. On a small, neatly-kept terrace, which ran along the south side of the Friars, we perceived my aunt pacing leisurely, and we got out of our rough carriage in order to greet her properly. You must fancy a portly, handsome woman, decked in a rich, flowery-patterned silk gown, a wide muslin apron, with a huge bunch of keys depending from its strings, white-ribbed woollen stockings carefully drawn over well-shaped ancles, which were still further displayed by high wooden-heeled shoes adorned by massive silver buckles, and her steps supported by a long staff grasped in the middle, its height overtopping her peak-shaped silk bonnet edged with a curiously small lace veil. But what surprised me still more was to see her smoking a very long tobacco-pipe, which she only laid aside in order to salute me, which she did on both cheeks with such friendly hearty cordiality as to bring tears to my eyes. I found dinner had been long over, and my ride had made me so keen set, that I felt rather dismayed at the prospect of only a washy cup of tea to satisfy my cravings; but I need have had no fears on that head, for a most abundant meal was quickly spread, whose stores of muffins, kettle-cakes, preserves, ham, date pies, coffee, and various other dainties, would have furnished at least a dozen London tea-tables. One thing, however, I must mention more particularly; and this was a dish of buns, baked several days since, for Good Friday, and which, though well-tasted, I said seemed to me rather hard; but I found this remark quite offended my excellent uncle, who gravely assured me, that buns baked for that day never grew mouldy, and he maintained he had often seen them when fourteen months old in perfect preservation. I did not choose to laugh, for every one else seemed to agree with him, but it appeared to me very strange how they could all believe that the buns would not grow mouldy in time; besides which, my aunt told me very seriously, when she went with me to show me my bedroom, that hot-cross-buns were well-known to be an infallible cure for the hooping-cough. This morning a rosy, blue-eyed flaxen-haired damsel came to breakfast, whose frank, blythe expression, and arch, merry laugh, greatly took my fancy; but I don't know how it was, she did not appear to like me as much as I did her, which I the more regretted, since I soon perceived she was very intimate with my uncle's family. When the gentlemen were all gone out after the morning meal was concluded, Susannah Gawthorpe, the blue-eyed maiden, produced a large bag filled with remnants of various coloured ribbons, pieces of silk, and scraps of gay calicoes, and the dairy-maid at the same time brought in a basket of fresh eggs, and my aunt told me they were going to prepare the Paschal eggs for Easter. I thought it very amusing work, and she showed me how to make the prettiest marble-patterns by laying little heaps of different coloured dye-woods on pieces of calico, which were then wrapped round the eggs previous to their being boiled; but she would on no account permit me to unfold one of them until several hours had elapsed, and they had become perfectly cold. When the eggs were taken out of their casings, their beautiful and variegated appearance reminded me forcibly of your descriptions of early days, and how gaily, you said, the young people used to sally forth on Easter-Monday to play with and break their pretty eggs in the green meadows. This afternoon I went into the kitchen to inquire about the time the post went out, and hit my head a sharp rap against an old iron horse-shoe that was nailed on the door, which led to Sally's informing me, with many apologies, that it was placed there to prevent witches entering the house; for, as Sally sagely remarked, "No one knew when they might come, and it was best to be prepared." I shall grow superstitious myself if I remain here much longer; and before I quitted the kitchen the old woman gave me a bit of mountain ash, which she begged I would wear to charm away the effects of any evil eye I might chance to meet when abroad. Finding the cow-boy, who took the letters to Whitehaven, was to depart in a couple of hours, I was going to fold up this despatch, when my uncle popped his head in at the parlour-door, and asked me if I would like to see a fine blaze. I did not know what he meant, but ran after him, as he strode towards the village green, where we joined a silent group, composed of Robert and William, and Susannah Gawthorpe, who seemed to be waiting for something to take place. Some one soon called my uncle away, and he desired William to give me his arm, on which I saw the same glance of mingled dislike and suspicion flit over Susannah's bright face as had perplexed me before, but I had no time to ruminate on the subject just then. A loud shout at some little distance was quickly followed by the appearance of a troop of boys, preceded by a tall lad, who carried a huge bundle, much larger than himself, of unthrashed peas, which he deposited in the centre of the green. A moment's silence ensued, and then, I suppose, a lighted match was applied, for a great blaze arose, and the circle of rosy, animated faces, which watched the fire's progress, was in itself worth coming many miles to see. But the blaze hardly lasted sixty seconds, and then the little multitude went down on hands and knees and grubbed about for the charred and smoking peas, as if they were seeking for hidden treasures. Shouts of merriment testified their excessive enjoyment of this feast, which is known by the quaint term of "bousled peas." With faces besmeared like chimney-sweepers, and many a ringing laugh, the crowd dispersed as soon as the last pea had been devoured, and I ran into the house to finish my letter. As you will be anxious to hear from me, I will not delay it another day; and have only time to beg you to believe me at all times your truly affectionate daughter, Dora Harcourt.

P. S.—Please to send me my sprigged white muslin, as I hear some talk going on of a rustic party, and I should not like my cousins to think I actually knew nothing of the fashions. Oh, dear papa, only think how curious it seems! It was new moon last night, and when my aunt first saw it she folded her arms and made a deep courtesy to it; so did Susannah, but I saw her smile in the act, while my aunt evidently regarded it as a sort of religious ceremony.

PORTE ST. DENIS.

In the days of Louis XIV., François Blondel, the architect, was at the height of his fame. He was employed in the construction of some of the noblest national monuments, and his name thus became associated with many of those buildings, which have since been rendered remarkable by the struggles, the battles, the triumphs, and defeats, which have from time

VIEW OF PORTE ST. DENIS, IN PARIS.

to time occurred in the good city of Paris. Among other public works, François Blondel began and finished the Porte St. Denis. This was, perhaps, his greatest work, at all events it was one on which he prided himself; in it he seemed to have out-Blondelled Blondel, and says, in his own account thereof, that it is the grandest work of the kind to be found in the whole world.

It is sixty-two feet high and proportionately wide, with an opening of twenty-four feet in the middle. This is very beautifully arranged, and harmonises well with the rest of the building. The architect knew that ornament must always be subsidiary to the grand effect of the whole, and that convenience must as much as possible be attended to in all public works. He had studied the antique—the column of Trajan, the obelisks of Egypt, the ruins of classic Rome—and he had the happy art of skilfully adapting all that was most calculated to improve the effect of his own design.

With this intention he placed two pyramids at the sides of the opening, so as to flank the arch; these he placed upon massive pedestals, resembling that of the column of Trajan, which, while they answered a very useful purpose as posterns for foot-passengers, gave much grace and elegance to the pyramids. They were ornamented with various figures and devices, all emblematical of the glory of the grand monarque.

The Porte St. Denis was intended to be a sort of sculptured history of that eventful time, a record of all the wonderful victories, chiefly on the ocean, of that most wonderful king. "But," says the architect, "the rapidity of the conquests of the sovereign in his Dutch campaign, and the famous passage of the Rhine, which occurred in the year in which the Porte St. Denis was commenced, obliged us to adopt other arrangements, and Messieurs the provosts made up their minds to decorate the arch after another fashion, following the king by land through his mightiest battles and most glorious victories. The noblest arch of triumph could not do honour sufficient to those noble triumphs." The entablature represents the passage of the Rhine, and the pyramids are covered with emblematic figures, after the manner of the medals which were struck, and the arches which were erected, to do honour to Augustus after his conquest of Egypt, and to Titus after the conquest of Judea. Blondel describes every particular with amazing accuracy, and dilates with no ordinary satisfaction on the appropriateness of each device. The sculptures are indeed justly celebrated, and the whole of them possess great merit. They were executed by Givardon and Michael Anquier; the bas-reliefs which decorate the pedestals of the pyramids are in composition and in execution very remarkable. They were evidently designed, as the architect candidly owns, in imitation of the sculptures on the column of Trajan.

The Porte St. Denis has been the scene of many a fierce struggle. It was once the glory of kings, and showed on its beautiful frontage the triumph of the old regime, but since its architect has slept his last sleep, since Louis Quatorze and his marshals have passed away, since the Revolution has swept away the old regime, many sanguinary fights have happened at the Porte St. Denis, and it has attained another, and a far different description of celebrity than that which it was intended to possess, when sculptors carved in the stonework—Ludovico Magno.

THE MUSICIAN OF AUGSBURG.

There lived, at some former time, in the city of Augsburg, a musician whose name was Nieser. There was no kind of musical instrument that he could not fashion with his own hands, nor was there any upon which he could not perform indifferently well. He was also a composer; and, although none of his compositions are now extant, tradition informs us that his reputation in that, as well as in the other departments of the art, not only filled the city, but extended throughout the whole circle of Suabia. Other causes contributed to swell his fame: he possessed great wealth—acquired, it was sometimes whispered, not in the most creditable way; and the only inheritor of it was a daughter, whose beauty and innocence might well have been deemed dowry sufficient, without the prospective charms of her father's possessions. Esther was indeed almost as celebrated for the softness of her blue eyes, and the sweetness of her smile, and her many kind actions, as old Nieser was for his wealth, and the excellence of his stringed instruments, and the paucity of his good deeds.

Now, in spite of the wealth of old Nieser, and the respect which it had obtained for him, and the musical celebrity which he enjoyed, one sore grievance pressed heavily upon him. Esther, his only child, the sole representative of a long line of musicians, could scarcely distinguish one tune from another; and it was a source of melancholy anticipation to Nieser, that he should leave behind him no heir to that talent which he held in almost equal estimation with his riches. But, as Esther grew up, he began to take consolation in thinking that, if he could not be the father, he might live to be the grandsire, of a race of musicians. No sooner, therefore, was she of a marriageable age, than he formed the singular resolution of bestowing her, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, upon whomsoever should compose the best sonata, and perform the principal part in it. This determination he immediately published throughout the city, appointing a day for the competition; and he was heard to affirm, with a great oath, that he would keep his promise, though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers. Some say this was spoken jocularly; but it would have been better for old Nieser had he never spoken it at all; it is certain, however, that he was a wicked old man, and no respecter of religion.

No sooner was the determination of Nieser the musician known in Augsburg, than the whole city was in a ferment. Many who had never dared to raise their thoughts so high, now unexpectedly found themselves competitors for the hand of Esther; for independently of Esther's charms and Nieser's florins, professional reputation was at stake; and where this was wanting, vanity supplied its place. In short, there was not a musician in Augsburg who was not urged, for one motive or another, to enter the lists for the prize of beauty. Morning, noon, and night, the streets of Augsburg were filled with melodious discord. From every open window proceeded the sound of embryo sonatas; nor was any other subject spoken of throughout the city than the approaching competition and its probable issue. A musical fever infected all ranks: the favourite airs were caught, and repeated, and played, and sung, in every house in Augsburg; the sentinels at the gates hummed sonatas as they paced to and fro; the shopkeepers sat among their wares singing favourite movements; and customers as they entered took up the air, forgetful of their business, and sang duets across the counter. It is even said that the priests murmured allegrettos as they left the confessional; and that two bars of a presto movement were found upon the back of one of the bishop's homilies.

But, amidst all this commotion, there was one who shared not in the general excitation. This was Franz Gortlingen, who, with little more musical talent than Esther, possessed one of the best hearts and handsomest persons in Suabia. Franz loved the daughter of the musician; and she on her part, would rather at any time have heard her own name, with some endearing word prefixed to it, whispered by Franz, than listened to the finest sonata that ever was composed between the Rhine and the Oder. Nieser's decree was therefore of sad import to both Esther and Franz.

It was now the day next to that upon which the event was to be decided, and Franz had taken no step towards the accomplishment of his wishes: and how was it possible that he should? He never composed a bar of music in his life: to play a simple air on the harpsicord exhausted all the talent he was master of. Late in the evening Franz walked out of his lodgings, and descended into the street. The shops were all shut, and the streets were entirely deserted; but lights were still visible in some of the open windows; and from these came sadly upon the ear of Gortlingen the sound of instruments in preparation for the event which was to deprive him of Esther. Sometimes he stopped and listened, and he could see the faces of the musicians lighted up with pleasure at the success of their endeavours, and in anticipation of their triumph.

Gortlingen walked on and on, until at length he found himself in a part of the city which, although he had lived in Augsburg all his life, he never recollected to have seen before. Behind him the sounds of music had all died away, before him was heard the low rush of the river, and mingled with it there came at times upon the ear faint tones of wondrous melody. One solitary and far distant glimmer showed that the reign of sleep was not yet universal; and Gortlingen conjectured, from the direction of the sound, that some anxious musician was still at his task, in preparation for the morrow. Gortlingen went onwards, and as he drew nearer to the light, such glorious bursts of harmony swelled upon the air, that, all unskilled as he was in music, the tones had a spell in them which more and more awakened his curiosity as to who might be their author. Quickly and noiselessly he went forward until he reached the open window whence the sound proceeded. Within, an old man sat at a harpsichord, with a manuscript before him: his back was turned towards the window, but an antique and tarnished mirror showed to Gortlingen the face and gestures of the musician.

It was a face of infinite mildness and benevolence; not such a countenance as Gortlingen remembered to have ever seen the likeness of before, but such as one might desire to see often again. The old man played with the most wondrous power; now and then he stopped, and made alterations in his manuscript, and as he tried the effect of them he showed his satisfaction by audible expressions, as if of thanksgiving, in some unknown tongue.

Gortlingen could at first scarcely contain his indignation at the supposition that this little old man should dare to enter the lists as one of Esther's suitors; for he could not doubt that he, like the others he had seen, was preparing for the competition; but as he looked and listened, gradually his anger was quelled in contemplating the strangely mild countenance of the musician, and his attention fixed by the beauty and uncommon character of the music; and at length, at the conclusion of a brilliant passage, the performer perceived that he had a sharer in his demonstrations of pleasure, for Gortlingen, in his unrestrained applause, quite drowned the gentler exclamations of the mild old man. Immediately the musician arose, and throwing open the door—"Good evening, Master Franz," said he; "sit down, and tell me how you like my sonata, and if you think it likely to win Nieser's daughter." There was something so benignant in the old man's expression, and so pleasing in his address, that Gortlingen felt no enmity, and he sat down and listened to the player. "You like the sonata, then?" said the old man, when he had concluded it.

"Alas!" replied Gortlingen—"would that I were able to compose such a one!"

"Hearken to me," said the old man: "Nieser swore a sinful oath, that he would bestow his daughter upon whomsoever might compose the best sonata, 'even although it were composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers.' These words were not spoken unheard: they were borne on the night-winds, and whispered through the forests, and sank on the ears of them who sat in the dim valley; and the demon laugh and shout broke loud upon the calm of midnight, and were answered from the lone depths of a hundred hills; but the good heard also; and though they pitied not Nieser, they pitied Esther and Gortlingen. Take this roll; go to the hall of Nieser: a stranger will compete for the prize, and two others will seem to accompany him: the sonata which I have given to you is the same that he will play; but mine has a virtue of its own: watch an opportunity, and substitute mine for his!" When the old man had concluded this extraordinary address, he took Gortlingen by the hand, and led him by some unknown ways to one of the gates of the city, and there left him.

As Gortlingen walked homewards, grasping the roll of paper, his mind was alternately occupied in reflections upon the strange manner in which he had become possessed of it, and in anticipation of the morrow's event. There was something in the expression of the old man that he could not mistrust, though he was unable to comprehend in what way he could be benefited by the substitution of one sonata for another, since he was not himself to be a competitor. With these perplexing thoughts he fell asleep, while all night long Esther's blue eyes were discoursing with him, and the tones of the old man's sonata were floating in the air.

At sunset next evening, Nieser's hall was thrown open to the competitors. As the hour approached, all the musicians of Augsburg were seen hurrying towards the house, with rolls of paper in their hands, and accompanied by others, carrying different musical instruments, while crowds were collected at Nieser's gate to see the competitors pass in. Gortlingen, when the hour arrived, taking his roll, soon found himself at Nieser's gate, where many who were standing knew him, and pitied him, because of the love he bore the musician's daughter; and they whispered one to another—"What does Franz Gortlingen with a roll in his hand: surely he means not to enter the lists with the musicians!" When Gortlingen entered the hall, he found it full of the competitors and amateurs, friends of Nieser, who had been invited to be present. Nieser sat in his chair of judgment at the upper end of the room, and Esther by his side, like a victim arrayed for sacrifice. As Gortlingen made his way through the hall with his roll of music in his hand, a smile passed over the faces of the musicians, who all knew each other, and who also knew that he could scarcely execute a march, much less a sonata, even if he could compose one. Nieser, when he saw him, smiled from the same cause; but when Esther's eye met his, if she smiled at all, it was a faint and sorrowful smile of recognition, and soon gave place to the tear that stole down her cheek.

It was announced that the competitors should advance and enrol their names, and that the trial should then proceed by lot. The last that advanced was a stranger, for whom every one instinctively made way. No one had ever seen him before, or knew whence he came; and so forbidding was his countenance, so strange a leer was in his eye, that even Nieser whispered to his daughter, that he hoped his sonata might not prove the best.

"Let the trial begin," said Nieser:—"I swear I will bestow my daughter, who now sits by my side, with a dowry of 200,000 florins, upon whomsoever shall have composed the best sonata, and shall perform the principal part."—"And you will keep your oath!" said the stranger, advancing in front of Nieser.—"I will keep my oath," said the musician of Augsberg, "though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers." There was a dead silence; a distant shout and faint laughter fell on the ear like an echo. The stranger alone smiled; every one else shuddered.

The first lot fell upon the stranger, who immediately took his place, and unrolled his sonata. Two others, whom no one had observed before, took their instruments in their hands and placed themselves beside him, all waiting the signal to begin. Every eye was fixed upon the performers. The sign was given; and as the three musicians raised their heads to glance at the music, it was perceived with horror that the three faces were alike. A universal shudder crept through the assembly; all was silent confusion; no one spoke or whispered to his neighbour, but each wrapped himself up in his cloak, and stole away; and soon there were none left excepting the *three*, who still continued the sonata, and Gortlingen, who had not forgotten the injunction of the old man. Old Nieser still sat in his chair; but he, too, had seen, and as he remembered his wicked oath, he trembled.

Gortlingen stood by the performers, and as they approached what he remembered to be the conclusion, he boldly substituted his for the sonata that lay before them. A dark scowl passed over the face of the three, and a distant wail fell upon the ear like an echo.

Some hours after midnight the benign old man was seen to lead Esther and Gortlingen out of the hall; but the sonata still proceeded. Years rolled on. Esther and Gortlingen were wedded, and in due course of time died; but the strange musicians still labour at their task, and old Nieser still sits in his judgment-chair, beating time to the sonata. When it ends—if it ever shall end—Esther will be far beyond the reach of the wicked vow made by the musician of Augsburg.

WAR.

Man's evil nature, that apology
Which kings who rule, and cowards who crouch, set up
For their unnumbered crimes, sheds not the blood
Which desolates the discord-wasted land.
From kings, and priests, and statesmen, war arose,
Whose safety is man's deep unbettered woe,
Whose grandeur is debasement. Let the axe
Strike at the root, the poison tree will fall;
And where its venomed exhalations spread
Ruin, and death, and woe, where millions lay
Quenching the serpent's famine, and their bones
Bleaching unburied in the putrid blast,
A garden shall arise, in loveliness
Surpassing fabled Eden. *Shelley.*

MOUNT AMANUS.

Mount Amanus, which now bears the less euphonious appellation of *Alma Dug*, is one of a chain of mountains in Cilicia. It is a wild romantic spot, with lofty heights and impenetrable gorges—here giant hills, bleak, barren, and desolate, and here beautiful strips of verdure and cool refreshing waters. It resembles in its natural character the land of Syria, and sometimes is indeed called the Syria of Cilicia. The hills, the valleys, the herbage, the people, the sky of intensest blue, all recall the ideas we have formed of what the Holy Land must be; and those who have trodden the soil of Palestine acknowlege that this portion of Cilicia strongly reminds them of the land which flowed with milk and honey.

There are two great roads over the mountain, one of which leads to the sea-shore, where in the days of old the ports were situated to which Assyrian merchants came, and which were then considered the great marts of commerce and emporiums of the world.

The country is now covered with forest trees, and presents a strange, deserted aspect, and one may travel many a mile without meeting a single inhabitant. Yet the country once flourished; magnificent ruins still remain to tell of its ancient splendour. Xenophon speaks of Mount Amanus; Strabo dwells with infinite delight upon the picturesque beauties of that portion of Cilicia; and his contemporaries tell of wonderful things connected with the mountain. They mention an inflammable cavern, which seemed to them the very mouth of Hades, and yet was nothing more, perchance, than choked-up fire-damp; they mention petrified rivers, and other prodigious phenomena, and have bestowed upon the place a marvellous reputation for enchantment. Metals, and marbles of the most beautiful character, are still found in these mountains; but they are not one-half so beautiful, not one-half so rich and rare, as they appeared to the men of the old time. The people of the past lived in a world of wonders, for they understood but little of natural science, and to them everything was a mystery. Modern inquiry has made it apparent that the ancients knew but little of the geology or geography of Asia Minor.

The temperature of Mount Amanus is dry and sultry. Its solitudes are now rarely disturbed but by the passing of some caravan. Once it re-echoed to the tramp of conquering armies, but its glory has departed, and now but a few people of the poorer sort inhabit its rocky heights and mountain fastnesses. Thus the peopled city arises where once the cry of the bittern alone disturbed the silence, and wild flocks pasture where towered palaces pointed to the sky.

MOUNT AMANUS, IN CILICIA (ASIA MINOR). VIEW OF THE CHATEAU IN RUINS.

The scene which our engraving represents is one of the most picturesque in Amanus. The lofty hills arise on every side and stretch their summits to the skies, the mountain pass is fringed with herbage, and the muleteer is returning to his home. To the right are a few scattered houses, their white fronts catching the eye from afar, and in the centre are the ruins of an old chateau. There is something mournfully beautiful in the whole, for it seems to tell how the spirit of change is passing over all things, and how the world's glory and the world's triumphs give place to silence and desolation.

MONT BLANC.

CLIMBING A WALL OF ICE.

On the morning of a lovely day in August, in the year 18—, two travellers were seen to enter an Alpine village, &c. &c. This is the usual way of beginning a romantic description. At this present writing, however, we are not particularly inclined

to indulge in high-flown phrases, even about Mont Blanc. For Albert Smith and the other modern travellers treat the ascent of this great mountain as such a very ordinary affair—simply a matter of ropes, guides, good spirits, and determined perseverance—that for stay-at-home travellers to get up any sort of enthusiasm about the matter is rather ridiculous.

The mere fact, however, of a man not having seen a particular place is no reason whatever why he should not write a charming description of it. And, in truth, the *not* having seen Mont Blanc, for instance, would be rather an advantage to a writer than otherwise, as he could draw upon his imagination and poetic temperament without danger of encountering that shock to his feelings, that strange sense of disappointment, which almost invariably attends the first sight of any grand natural phenomenon. Not having witnessed the real dangers of the ascent, and being quite unconscious of the icy coldness which benumbs alike the senses and the imagination, he could rhapsodise at his ease about "everlasting clouds" and "mighty hills so shadowy and sublime;" and, looking at the Alps from the home point of view, it would be easy to indulge in a proper degree of enthusiasm concerning those

> "——— palaces of nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And enthroned eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity."

And more than this, being in no way liable to the slightest inconvenience by reason of any awkward avalanche overhead, or any yawning chasm at his feet, and being in no fear of speaking loud or laughing—

> "Lest a word or breath
> Bring down a winter's snow,"

he can take his own time in looking at the mighty scene; and using imagination's spectacles, need undergo no trouble in passing over the snow bridge at the "Grand Mulets," or even in climbing the great cone itself.

In the present instance, however, we are spared all trouble in the matter of reminiscence; for we have lying before us the second monthly part of one of the most complete and beautifully illustrated works ever devoted to the subjects of mountains and valleys.* In its pages are collected accounts of the most celebrated ascents of Mont Blanc—from that of Saussure in 1785, to the daring expedition of Albert Smith and his friends in 1851. In this splendid work the editor has been at considerable pains to bring together all the best information on the subject of the interesting countries traversed by the Alps. We, sitting at our ease, will accompany a party of adventurers up the sides of the famous mountain. We start from the Valley of Chamouni. The last human habitation which the traveller sees is the Châlet de la Para, about an hour and half's journey from the Village des Pélérins. At the north-eastern extremity of the valley there rises the lofty green passage of the Col de Balme; then come the red, craggy, thunder-smitten pinnacles of the Aiguilles Rouges; then, directly opposite, the long fir-woods, and bare broken summit of the Brévent, and turning a little round, the bold calcareous turrets of the Aiguille de Varens, partly covered by a low mass of white cloud. Then come the green hills closing the other end of the Valley of Chamouni.

Looking directly downwards, just under the feet, are seen the dark pine-woods at the base of the mountain, intersected by the white stony torrent that has burst for itself several channels to form the Arve. Then, further on, numerous brown châlets, dispersed irregularly among the parallelograms of yellow corn, green hemp, flax, or clover. A little further appears the clustered village of Chamouni, and the light tin covered spire of the church. Turning the back on the village, and rising a little from the valley, there is a long line of tall, thick, dark-green pines, forming a most beautiful back-ground to the white icy pinnacles of the rugged Glacier des Bossons, which projects far down into the smiling valley beneath. Then, higher up above, is the Aiguille du Goûté, and the huge bulk of the Dôme du Goûté, shining like polished silver in the morning sun; and still higher, and directly over head, the snowy pinnacles of the stupendous Aiguille du Midi; its base covered with ice, and lower down with moss, heath, juniper, rhododendrons, and other plants.

At the Châlet de la Para the vegetation diminishes, and, at length, the fir-trees disappear. Before this, provision is made for the evening meal, by wood being picked up, and sometimes chopped into a convenient size and shape. This fuel is then tied on to the knapsacks of the guides. "I was apprehensive," says Mr. Browne, "of some accident to men thus heavily laden, and presently, as we were scaling a most awkward block of ice, down went Favret, load and all, into the *crevasse*, and but for his long protruding faggots of wood, which stuck on either side of the *crevasse*, he would have gone to a great depth."

Should the adventurers proceed on mules thus far, they are dismissed as soon as a sort of stone tent is reached, which is formed on one side of a vast block, and on the other of a wall of uncemented pieces. The mouth is open, but within the visitor is tolerably snug, especially in the anticipation of the fatigue and discomfort about to be encountered. In this rude refuge the solitary goat-herd and part of his flock find occasional shelter from the biting blast, which, at such elevations, is frequently experienced, and from the still greater violence of the pelting storm.

Soon after leaving this spot, the course is continued by a narrow foot-way, or ledge, in the face of the cliff, in some places perpendicular, and in others overhanging the abysses below. This track, partly natural, is, in some places, improved by the people of the valley; and a tolerably accurate idea of it may be formed by imagining, that against a precipice of some hundred feet in height, a wall of two feet thick was built about half way up, and the path consists entirely of the space on the top of the wall, which is frequently so narrow as to compel the adventurers to advance sideways with their faces towards the rock, because the ordinary breadth of a man's shoulders would throw the balance of his person over the edge of the precipice.

The travellers have but commenced their journey. The Glacier des Bossons reached, their further progress seems stopped by a precipitous tower of ice. But this surmounted, by means of a staircase of notches cut by the hatchets of the guides, a chasm of uncertain depth has to be crossed, and the onward journey lies over ice ridges, slender arches suspended over dark abysses, and huge blocks of ice which appear mountains of themselves. The adventurous party, tied together with ropes, and preceded by careful guides, arrive at length by painful steps at the edge of the glacier. Snow mountains and ice hills, *crevasses* numerous and deep, solid walls of ice, and ugly fissures, bar their passage to the Grand Mulets. But even this is reached at last, and they prepare to spend the night on granite rocks 11,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The Grand Mulets consist of a narrow chain of rocks, which derive their name from a fancied resemblance of their aspect, as seen from the valley, to a team of mules; but all images fail to exhibit the awful contrast of their dark isolated range of pinnacles with the dazzling fields of ice and snow above, around, and beneath them.

Mont Blanc is still 5,000 feet above them. The view from this spot is, however, of no ordinary beauty and magnificence. The panorama, heightened by the deep azure of the sky, and the clearness of the atmosphere, embraces within its mighty grasp, mountains than which none are more sublime—masses of ice and snow of surpassing grandeur—valleys smiling with verdure, lit up, perhaps, by the rays of the sun,—Leman, all placidity, appearing like a lake of molten silver—and the blue hills of Jura, "far, far away." Mont Blanc, the most prominent feature of this august scene,—

> "High o'er the rest, displays superior state,
> In grand pre-eminence supremely great."

* "The Alps, Switzerland, Savoy, and Lombardy." By the Rev. Charles Williams. In Monthly parts at One Shilling.

Here they pass the night; and early in the morning the travellers recommence their toilsome and dangerous journey. Again are the awful ice-hills and treacherous snow-drifts to be dared; again dark chasms, which may not be looked into by nervous heads, are crossed with careful steps; again, fastened one to another, dangerous, ice-formed, slippery-looking bridges, are ventured on by the daring company; again are strength of character and determination put to the test, and the Grand Plateau is gained.

Above are the Rochers Rouges, or Red Rocks, at the foot of which lay the old route to the summit, prior to the ascent of Messrs Fellowes and Hawes in the year 1827. The really hazardous part of the journey commences here. Avalanches and *crevasses* are equally to be avoided. The Dernier Rochers, the highest visible rocks are above them; below appear a vast assemblage of white pyramids—Monte Rosa, the Col du Géant, and the snow-clad rocks reaching down to the Mer de Glace.

"Snow piled on snow; each mass appears
The gathered winter of a thousand years."

The travellers, drawing near the summit, experience the effect on the frame of so great an elevation. Some parts of their bodies become very dry, a livid colour and constriction of the skin begin to be observed, the thirst is intense, and can scarcely be allayed, even by continually eating sugar, French plums, and snow. In a narrow valley, sheltered from the wind, and exposed to the sun's direct rays,—the common focus, too, of rays reflected from vast surrounding walls of snow,—the heat is oppressive, and the face becomes scorched. A veil is, therefore, put on, and green spectacles are used, which are indispensable to obviate the glare from the sun.

Greater sufferings still follow; every two or three minutes they all sink down on the snow, absolutely breathless, and scarcely able to utter a word. In so rarified an atmosphere, they cannot hear one another speak, even at a short distance, without great exertion, and then the voice sounds thin and remote, like a bell in the half-exhausted receiver on the plate of an air pump. "I should no more have thought," says Mr. Auldjo, "of calling to a guide fifty yards from me, than a man on Ben Lomond would do to a friend on the opposite summit of the Cobler." One of the guides has an hæmorrhage from an accidental blow, and the blood appears of an unusually dark colour. The lips of the party are quite blue, their faces extremely contracted and pale, and the eyes very much sunk, with a deep dark zone beneath the lower eyelids. Every moment, a longing look is cast towards the summit, and then, holding their heads low, they press onwards, some with overwhelming headache and various other pains, till the feeling of exhaustion becomes irresistible, and they sink again quite flat and still upon the snow.

Another effort, and success must be achieved. The Côte is yet above them. "I had the greatest difficulty," says Albert Smith, "in getting my wandering wits into order, but the risk called for the strongest mental effort, and with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependent upon 'pluck,' I got ready for the climb. The Mer de la Côte is some hundred feet high, and is an all but perpendicular iceberg. At one point you can reach it from the snow, but immediately after you begin to ascend it obliquely there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice, more frightful than anything yet passed. Of course every footstep had to be cut with the adzes; and my blood ran cooler still, as I saw the first guides creeping like flies upon its smooth glistening surface. The two Tairraz were in front of me, with the fore part of the rope, and François Cachat, I think, behind. For upwards of half an hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent,—the *calotte*, as it is called,—the 'cap,' of Mont Blanc. The danger was now over, but not the labour, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition, and everybody was so 'blown,' in common parlance, that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead even of some of the guides: but I was perfectly done up. Honest Tairraz had no sinecure to pull me after him, for I was stumbling about as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my 'team' because they did no go quicker; and I was excessively indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa. At last one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees, and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc!"

HOPE ON.

BY DOUGALL CHRISTIE.

If ever Fortune's sunny face
Hath smiled upon thee for a space,
But frowned when clouds began their race,
Look not back!

If ever Joy's soul-cheering smile
Hath lighted up thy fate awhile,
But gloomed at last with treacherous guile,
Look not back!

If ever Happiness' pure ray
Hath glinted on thy opening day,
But sorrow tinged thy noon with grey,
Look not back!

If ever dreams of well-won fame,
To weave a garland round thy name,
Should wake in woe but not in shame,
Look not back!

Oh! look not back with fruitless pain
Nor hug remembrance' torturing chain;
What's done is done, and must remain,
Then look not back!

Stoop not to profitless despair,
But hope; the haggard cheek of care
May yet a smile of comfort wear,
Forward look!

Trust to the Fount of peace and power
To soothe the miseries of the hour;
Man's help is but a withered flower—
Trust in God!

ANCIENT MITRE AND CHASUBLE.

This mitre, formerly preserved in the Museum of Reims, belonged, if report speak true, to the Cardinal of Lorraine, Charles of Guise, and was worn by him at the Council of Trent. In 1669, the value of the mitre was estimated at 45,000 livres, a sum equal to £2,500. The stones were mounted on silver cloth, covered with gold filagree; the highest point of the front of the mitre being formed by a figure of Saint Michael, the archangel, destroying the dragon. This was originally ornamented with seventeen small diamonds, valued at sixty crowns. A fine torquoise and two rubies, immediately under the image of the saint, were estimated at 400 livres. On the frontal band, the title of Jesus, in Gothic letters, was formed of diamonds. Two emeralds, engraved, one with an image of the Virgin, and the other with an image of the angel Gabriel, were also in this frontal band, which, besides, was decorated with rubies. Pearls, rubies, and emeralds, formed the edging to the mitre, and the exquisite filagree work was jewelled here and there with precious stones. The centre band of the mitre was peculiarly rich in jewels, and the pendents were formed of cloth of gold.

This beautiful mitre was hidden during the French Revolution, together with some other valuable property presented to Louis XIV., in a secret chamber in the Museum of Reims. There they were supposed to be perfectly secure; but when

all danger of robbery and violence was over, they were sought in vain. All inquiry was fruitless, and the circumstances of their abstraction still remain in mystery.

ANCIENT MITRE.

A chasuble is that part of a Romish priest's habit worn over his surplice when he performs the service of the mass. Among the many curiosities to be found in the Castle of Carrouges, in the department of Orne, may be seen the curious chasuble represented in our engraving. It is one of those antiquities, formerly common in the chapels belonging to castles and the treasuries of churches in France, but which, before the period of the Revolution, had, for the most part, fallen into a state of decay, in consequence of the carelessness of their possessors.

This chasuble differs little in shape from those of the present day. It is made of green brocaded silk, upon which, placed at right angles, are flowers beautifully worked in gold, and blue and white silk, bordered with red. The cross, of red silk with silver fleurs-de-lis, is much faded by time; ribands of blue and violet velvet, upon which is written in Gothic characters the motto, *Dieu et mon droit*, are arranged so as to form six rings along the upright part of the cross; between each of these rings are two crowns, one royal, the other episcopal, placed side by side, and between these crowns may be observed a large L, sometimes joined to another letter which is too indistinct to be deciphered; these ornaments are richly embroidered in gold. In the centre of each ring is a sun, resplendent with gold and silver; it is in strong relief, on a blue and violet ground, disposed in such a manner as to alternate constantly with the blue and violet of the velvet ribands. On the transverse piece of the cross are similar crowns and L's; below, placed between the flowers, of which we have before spoken, are two shields, gules, semé of fleurs-de-lis argent. The front of the chasuble is precisely similar to the back, except that the L's and the crowns are placed horizontally.

There have been many conjectures as to the origin of this curious vestment, which bears the motto belonging to the royal arms of England, *Dieu et mon droit*, as well as the shield charged with fleurs-de-lis, which would lead one to suppose that it belonged to France. It is thought by some to have been presented by Louis XI. to the chapel of the Castle of Carrouges, when he visited that place in the year 1473. The room in which he slept, with the large mantel-piece and carved and gilded wainscot is still shown. But the Seveneur family, who have long been in possession of the castle, do not credit this tradition respecting the chasuble, and believe that it was brought from the Castle of Tillières, which belonged to their ancestors.

This is not the only object of interest which the Castle of Carrouges affords to the antiquary; some valuable family portraits, many interesting remains of the antique decorations of the interior, some curious halberds, a beautiful cuirass which belonged to Jean Seveneur, who was killed in the battle of Agincourt, in the year 1415, are all well worthy of his attention. The castle, like a carved frame, gives additional value to the treasures which it contains. It is composed of an enormous mass of buildings, in the form of a quadrangle, perforated with doors and windows of a variety of shapes and sizes, and covered with peaked, irregular roofs. This series of constructions, erected at various times during the 16th and

ANCIENT CHASUBLE.

17th centuries, according to the caprices of the architect or proprietor, possesses neither elegance nor regularity, but is characterised by a curious and original diversity.

LAPLACE.

Pierre Simon Laplace, was one of the most skilful geometricians of modern times—one who, by the magnitude of the results which he obtained, has greatly contributed to demonstrate the powers of mathematical science in discovering the laws which rule the material world.

When scarcely twenty years of age, Laplace began his scientific career by writing a dissertation on the secular inequalities of the movements of the planets. Guided by the most learned analyses, he penetrated the intricacies of acceleration and retardation of velocity, variations of form, changes of distance and inclination, produced by the influence of universal attraction. He rendered the laws of these complicated system, the smallness of their masses compared with that of the sun, the coincidence of their motions, the slight mutual inclinations of their orbits, and the smallness of their eccentricities.

It is true that, in his calculations, Laplace only admitted the existence of a single force, that of universal attraction or gravitation; however, observation, the touchstone of all theories, seemed to contradict his. In comparing the observations of the ancients with those of modern times, it is found that there has been a continual acceleration in the motions of the moon and of Jupiter, and a diminution, not less manifest, in those of Saturn. But to an acceleration of velocity

PIERRE SIMON LAPLACE, THE GEOMETRICIAN.

movements distinct, and demonstrated that, in the midst of these multifarious changes, one thing at least remained stable, namely, the major axis of each orbit, and consequently the time of the revolution of each planet;—thus were the doubts that Newton and Euler had entertained, regarding the stability of the system of the world, set aside; thus were the fears of those gloomy spirits, to whom the admirable order of the universe appeared but transient, at once dissipated. Laplace has proved, that, in the course of ages to come, there is no reason to fear that chaos will arise from the destruction of the present state of things. As to the cause upon which depends this beautiful and highly important result, it consists merely in the primitive disposition of the bodies which compose our should correspond a diminution of distance from the sun; to a reduction of speed, an increase. It seemed then that some unknown cause, counteracting the laws of gravity, would one day upheave our world, Saturn and his mysterious attendants; that the moon would precipitate itself upon the earth; that Jupiter and his brilliant satellites would be absolved into the mass of the sun.

But Laplace, by some new analytical methods, discovered the laws of these grand phenomena, proved their periodicity, assigned their limits, and arranged them definitively in the class of common perturbations depending upon gravitation. It is, then, mathematically demonstrated, that the solar system can only experience inconsiderable oscillations about a certain

mean state, that the momentary acceleration of the motion of a planet has been preceded, and will be followed, by a similar reduction of speed, without the order of the universe being deranged by these feeble variations.

These great discoveries are not the only ones which Laplace has made in the celestial mechanism. Thanks to his inquiries regarding the perturbations caused by the variations of distance from the moon to the sun, the mean distance from the sun to the earth may be found by observing the motions of our satellite; thanks to the investigations which he made concerning the influence which the depression of our globe may have upon the perturbations of the moon, it is now possible to calculate the mean value of this depression. To him we are also indebted for having demonstrated, in an indisputable manner, that the cooling to be sustained by our globe in the course of ages, can be by no means comparable to that rapid congelation with which the contemporaneous theory of Buffon threatened us. In comparing the observations made by Hipparchus, 2,000 years ago, with those of modern times, it is found that the moon's revolution round the earth is accomplished in precisely the same number of days and minutes now as then. Now, the movement of the moon is quite independent of the length of the day; this, on the contrary, depends essentially upon the thermometrical state of the earth, and the smallest diminution of temperature would have caused a very sensible difference in the length of the day, because it would have been accompanied by a contraction, a diminution of volume, and the rotation of the earth on its axis would have undergone a corresponding increase of velocity. Therefore, if the period of the moon's revolution, expressed in days, has not sensibly varied since the time of Hipparchus, the reason is, that the length of the day and the temperature of the globe remain unchanged. Let us allow for the possible errors of ancient times; let us suppose that the contraction, owing to the cooling of the earth, be the feeblest ever observed in any body, and we shall find that the temperature of our globe has not varied a hundredth part of a degree, from the time of Hipparchus to the present day; for had there been even a small diminution of temperature, the duration of the day would have diminished, which the observations of the ancients do not allow us to admit.

The theory of the tides, scarcely sketched out by Newton, was again left very imperfect after the labours of Maclaurin, Bernoulli, and others. It remained for Laplace to pursue these observations, by a method analogous to that which he had employed to find the distance of the sun and the depression of the earth; he concluded, from observations of the tides made at Brest, that the mass of the moon is only the 64th part of that of the earth; then, to confirm the laws of the stability of the system of the world, he proved that the equilibrium of the ocean was, from its nature, essentially stable, the mean specific gravity of the earth being about five times that of water; had the contrary been the case, all the water, in the event of a disturbance either of the solid or fluid parts, would run to one side, leaving the land on the other. In the present state of things, the continent stands in no danger of being swallowed up by the ocean.

Laplace also made very important discoveries regarding the planets Jupiter and Saturn. His three great works are the "Exposition du Système du Monde," the "Mecanique Celeste," and the "Théoree Analytique des Probabilities."

Having only considered the genius and learning of this great astronomer, we have been unrestricted in our eulogiums. Unhappily, as a man, his character was not so high. His biographers agree in describing him as an accomplished courtier, greedy of honours and dignities; they picture him as being ridiculously reserved on the score of his birth,—as if the son of a poor husbandman, of the valley of Auge, was not more worthy of merit, had not acquired more glory, in becoming the author of the "Mechanique Celeste," than if fortune had smiled on him from his childhood!

He had no capacity for public affairs, in which he had a great desire to take an active part; we may judge of this from the six weeks during which he held the office of minister of the interior in the time of the consulate. Napoleon says of him, in his "Memorial de Saint Helene:"—"An eminent geometrician, Laplace, appeared to be an administrator of more than ordinary powers; from his first proceeding we found that we were mistaken. Laplace did not see any question in its true light; he was always seeking for subtleties, had only problematical ideas, and, in short, carried the spirit of *infinite quantities* into his administration."

Laplace was born at Beaumont-en-Auge, 23rd March, 1749, and died 6th March, 1827. On the restoration of the Bourbons he was made a peer, and preserved the empty dignity of a French marquis until his death. Amongst the last words which he uttered were these:—"The things which we know are few, those of which we are ignorant are unbounded."

THE ART OF TURNING.

Turning is the art of giving a circular form to a variety of materials. It is employed in manufacturing articles of wood, bone, ivory, horn, marble, albata, stone, diamond, glass, steel, and all metals. It is an art of great antiquity, and vast importance in practical science. It includes many varieties requiring different arrangements of machinery, from the simple throwing-wheel of the potter to the complicated slide-lathe. There is great versatility in the mode of operation, but the principle is the same throughout. Thus, the material to be turned may be made to revolve round its own axis, and the cutting-tool applied to its surface so as to produce the requisite form as in the simple turning performed in the lathe commonly used by cabinet makers; or the article may be made to continue stationary while the cutting instrument revolves; or it may be made to move in some curve derived from circular motion, and the cutting-tool applied as before;—the action may be changed in a variety of ways, and all the motions may be more or less continued, but the simple mechanical operation still continues the same, and under the head "turnery" are comprehended all operations performed with the turning-lathe.

The art of turning is employed in almost every branch of manufacture; snuff-boxes chess-men, children's toys, cups and balls, cases, spinning-wheels, table legs, tools for embroidery, reels, billiard balls, and a host of other things which we daily use, we owe to the skill of the turner. When we are at peace, he supplies all that can contribute to our comfort and convenience, in business, in pleasure, in scientific investigation; and when we are at war, he turns out pieces of artillery with a finish and perfection altogether unattainable by any other means. The cannon being cast solid, the outside cools first, with a close sound grain, and the porous or spongy parts of the metal are found in the centre. This is afterwards turned or bored out in an engine-lathe, which leaves the inner surface perfectly true, and the bore of an equal diameter.

There is no manufacturing operation so general as turning. It is used to fashion the rudest shapes, and also to bestow the highest polish. The lathe works with automatic precision. Without it the operative must labour at all parts of his work with care and trouble to produce a regular figure, and after all only partially succeed. The value and principle of the lathe has been summed up in a few words:—for every point marked by the workman it produces a circle; and is a machine for moving the material to be wrought in such a manner that, being fixed opposite to the tool, any point in the circumference will act upon the whole circle in precisely the same way.

Turnery is not only a *useful* branch of art, but it is one of peculiar *interest*, and many have found it an agreeable *relaxation*. In our article we do not propose furnishing a complete history or description of the process; but as there are hundreds who possess some taste for the mechanical arts to whom some

general information may be acceptable, we intend indicating the most simple process of turnery, and presenting therewith engravings of the machinery employed, and of the most interesting and most useful results of the process.

The workshop in which a lathe is to be employed should be carefully selected. It should neither be exposed to the direct rays of the sun, nor yet so situated as to be affected by damp, and the lathe should be so placed that the light may fall from the left-hand side.

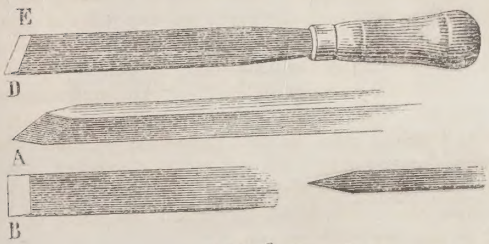
The most simple and primitive lathe is formed by two upright pieces, each having a conical iron or steel point fixed on the side opposite the other, the two points directly opposite one another. One of these uprights, called puppet heads, is tat ionary, the other moveable, so that it can be fixed at any the work. This is called a rest, but can only be applied during the fall of the treadle, and thus a great loss of time is occasioned; and on this account the pole lathe is now but little used.

A slight modification of this principle is represented in fig. 1.

The piece of wood (A), previously prepared, is placed between the points B B, which are fixed in the uprights; the puppets, C C, arranged according to the length of the piece of wood to be turned, and the whole is supported in the table, D D. A cord, E, is turned twice round the piece of wood, A, which cord is fixed underneath the frame-work to a treadle, F, and is attached above to the cat-gut string of a steel bow (G), perfectly flexible and securely fastened to a beam. As the wood is made to revolve, the tool (H) is applied, resting as before on a slight support, and thus the form of the article to be turned

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.



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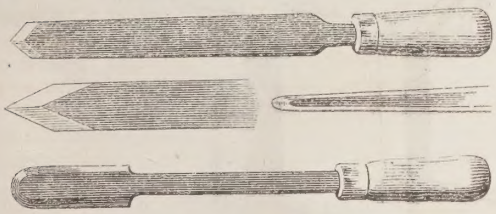
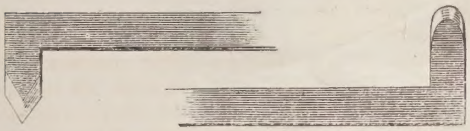


FIG. 6.



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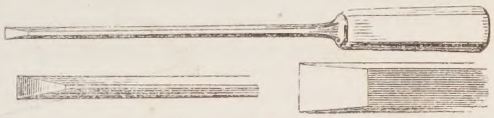


FIG. 8.

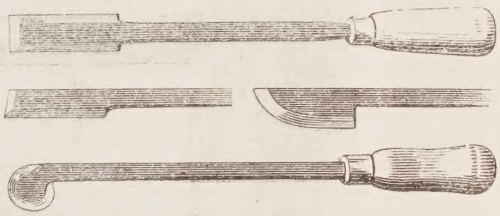


FIG. 9.

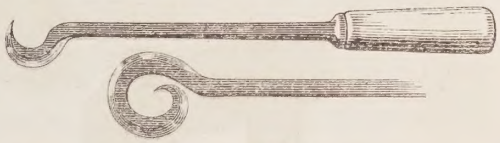


FIG. 10.

FIG. 11.

FIG. 12.

FIGS. 3 TO 12.—GOUGES AND CHISELS OF VARIOUS KINDS.

part of the bed by a wedge beneath; the wood to be turned having been reduced to the desired length, the centre of one of its ends is pressed against the point of the fixed puppet; the point of the other puppet is then brought against the centre of the other end, and the puppet wedged firmly in its place; over the lathe, and at right angles to it, is a long flexible wooden pole or lath—whence the term *lathe*—one end fixed firmly overhead; the other, which must be just over the end of the work nearest to the left-hand puppet, has a cord or a cat-gut attached to it, which passes once or twice round the work, and is fixed at the lower end to a treadle; the oppression of the treadle and counteraction of the pole give an alternate rotary motion to the work. The workman rests the tool upon the top of a fixed piece between the two puppets, and close to is modified according to the direction given by the hand of the workman. On page 373 is an enlarged view of the working part of this lathe; the reference figures being common to both.

Another description of foot lathe is represented (fig. 2). This is of excellent construction, and is adapted to all ordinary work. It is of cast-iron, but is mounted in much the same way as the other lathe. But whilst in the last mentioned case the material to be turned had to be supported at both ends in the puppet, the lathe now under consideration is adapted principally for the work which does not require such support, and is sustained on a single point, by an axletree of iron.

To the left of the turn-bench an apparatus is strongly fixed by two screws, on which the tools used in the operation are allowed to rest.

In giving the ordinary movement to the treadle, A, the large wheel B and the corresponding small wheel, C, are set in motion, the cord, D, passing over both wheels, and communicating to them a rotary movement, a movement which rapidly turns the iron axle, E, the end F of which is adapted to the purposes of the turner, and is called the nose. The nose is cut with a coarse screw to receive the instrument named the mandril, G, and the mandril receives upon it the article to be turned, H.

When the article which is to be turned, I, is long and flexible, it is fixed in a sort of rest at the point K, which is established in the same manner as the other.

The tools used in turning are very numerous, and of great variety. We can only mention a few of them, and those the most commonly in use. The principal and most indispensable are the following:—the gouge (fig. 3), which is used to rough out the work, and is chiefly employed in wood-turning; chisels (fig. 4) with a cutting edge and sharp point; chisels sharpened on both sides (fig. 5), so as to form two right angles with the sides A B of the tool; others are formed on an acute angle, E, and on an obtuse angle, D. Drills, and chisels, and gouges, are used of every conceivable shape—straight, oblique, double angular, curved, hollow, semi-circular—according to the form of the work (figs. 6, 7). The ripping chisel (fig. 8) is chiefly used to make the first opening, which is afterwards enlarged by other tools. Instruments indicated at fig. 9 are principally employed in wood-turning. The hooked tools are used for turning the interior of an orifice. Figs. 11 and 12 are other specimens adapted for particular work.

For finishing the work, gravers of different sizes and shapes are used. The drills and tools are generally made so as to be used with a hook held upon the rest to the left hand. This allows much more freedom to the operator.

Chucks are employed for holding the work, and are of various descriptions; the three principal being the common chuck, the ring chuck, and the screw chuck.

The common chuck is very simple in its construction. It is a small cylinder, two or three inches long, varying in thickness according to the size of the article to be turned. The interior is fitted for a screw, and while the end, A, is screwed to the nose of the lathe, the work is attached to the extremity marked B.

The ring chuck is four or five inches long. That part which is screwed to the lathe is the same as in the other chuck, but the other part is very much longer, is separated into four pieces, and diminishes in size toward the extremities, A. The work can thus easily be introduced, and is firmly held by a metal band, B, which presses down the sides of the chuck. This renders the operation of turning much more perfect and

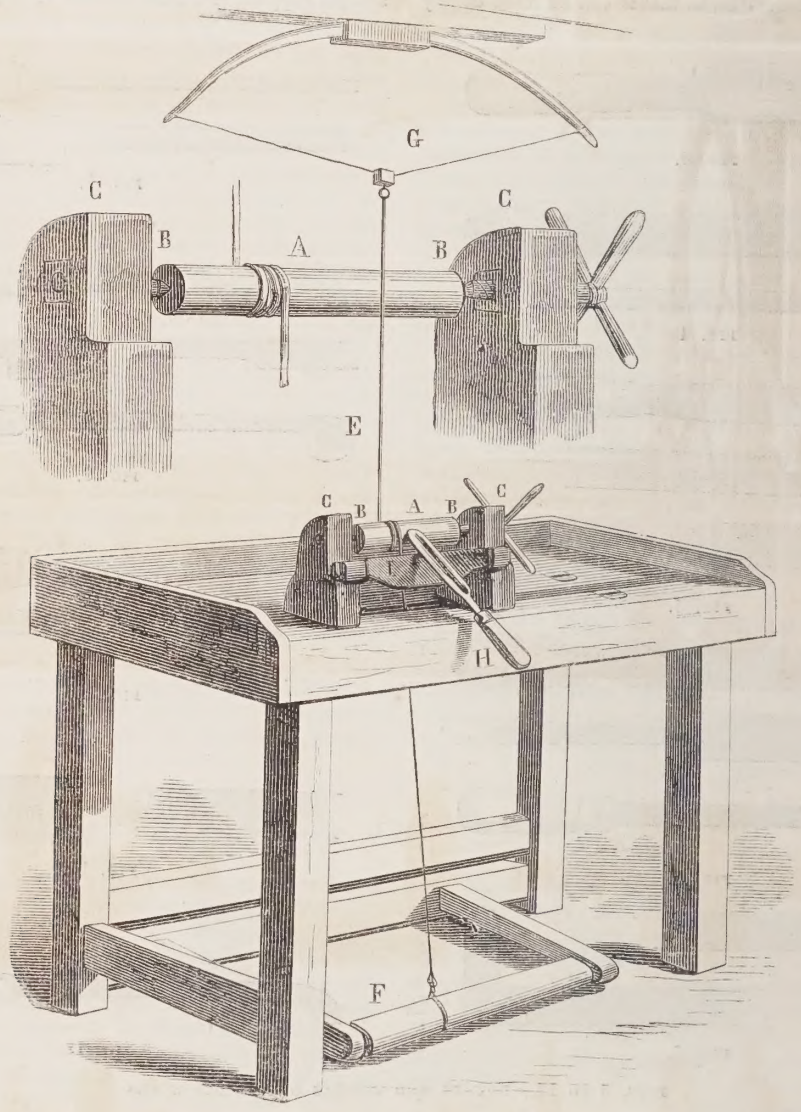


FIG. 1.— SIMPLEST FORM OF A LATHE.

easy than when the material is held by the common method. It is perfectly secure, and the work can be continued without any fear of accident by the looseness of the chuck.

The screw chuck is a circular plate of metal, with a boss at the back tapped to screw upon the nose of the mandril. The face is turned quite true, and in the centre is a coarse conical screw to hold any large piece of wood to be turned; a hole being made in the centre of the work, it is screwed tight up against the face, and no further adjustment is required.

Screw tools are important appendages to a lathe, and with the engineer are in constant use. They are filed up with several teeth exactly the shape of the spaces between the threads, and are applied in the following manner:—The piece of metal having been turned to the proper size and shape, the workman holds the tool in his right hand upon the top of the rest; then, clasping the rest with his left hand, he places the thumb across the tool, and gives the point a circular motion towards the left as the work revolves; this operation he

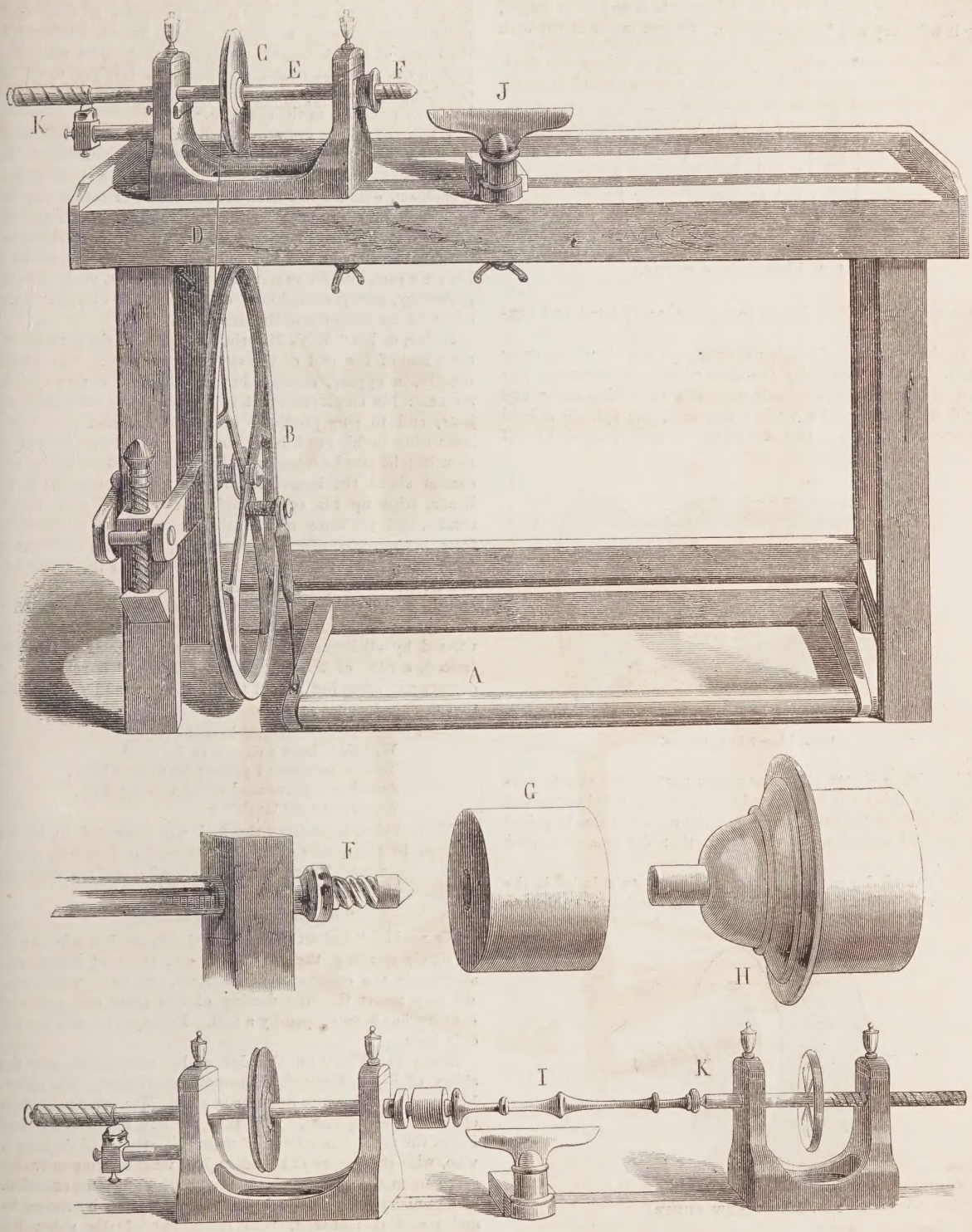


FIG. 2.—FOOT-LATHE.

repeats until a few threads are cut near the point, which serve as guides for the next, and so on till the screw is finished. This operation requires very great care. The tool must be firmly held, so as to prevent it getting out of the thread and spoiling the screw. But, though held firmly, the pressure must be light, especially when the screw is of any great length, or it will vary and become untrue. Screws are thus cut with

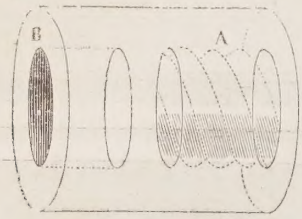


FIG. 13.—COMMON CHUCK.

extraordinary facility, but it requires a steady hand and considerable practice.

In the operation of turning a circular saw is very frequently used. This is especially the case with ivory turners. The saw is placed upon a spindle against a projecting collar, and held in its place by a washer and nut; the spindle is held between the mandril and front puppet, and over it is a small

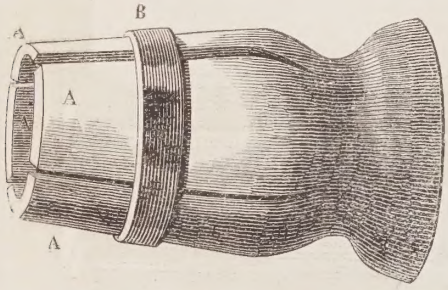


FIG. 14.—RING CHUCK.

table, with a slit to allow the upper part of the saw to pass through; this table is mounted upon a frame fitted to the bed of the lathe in the same manner as the rest, and can be raised or lowered according to the depth that the saw is wanted to cut.

But one of the most important adjuncts to a lathe is the *slide rest*. When the tool is held in the hand it is subject to

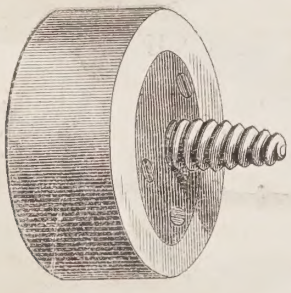


FIG. 15.—SCREW CHUCK.

any unsteadiness in the workman. To obviate this imperfection was a great desideratum: it was effected by the invention of the slide rest. The principle of the slide rest is, that the tool is fastened to a plate moved in the required direction by means of a screw, instead of being held in the hand.

We have thus briefly specified the tools employed in the process; in another paper we shall give some description of the process itself.

COURT FOOLS.

"So, by your circumstance, you call me fool."
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

In this paper the reader must not expect a biography of any of the aristocracy, either of ancient or modern times: we purpose devoting it entirely to the narration of some anecdotes connected with a class of persons known familiarly by the name of Court Jesters, or Court Fools—men who filled formerly a place at court, whether of sovereigns or of the chief nobility, as fully recognised as the steward of the household, the minstrel, or the chaplain.*

When the spirits grew dull, who like the court fool could brighten them up? The jingle of the bells attached to his motley garments, the flourish of his bauble—a short stick or truncheon, with a fool's head carved on it, or sometimes that of a doll or a puppet; to this instrument was frequently annexed an inflated bladder, with which the fool belaboured those with whom he was inclined to make sport;—the shake of his ass's ears, and his numerous practical jokes, made even the grave gay, and prepared men of all moods to abandon themselves to the humours of the times.

Lodge, in his "Wit's Miserie," has painted the portrait of a court fool of the end of the sixteenth century:—"In person comely, in apparel courtly, but in behaviour a very ape and no man: his employment, it is asserted, was to coin bitter jests, and to sing profligate songs and ballads; give him a little wine in his head, he is continually fleering and making mouths: he laughs intemperately at every little occasion, and dances about the house, leaps over tables, outstrips men's heads, trips up his companion's heels, burns sack with a candle, and performs many other madcap and mischievous feats, in the course of which his morals, it is more than hinted, 'lose all quality of fastidiousness.'" Such was the darker and coarser side of the picture; but under much of the fool's folly and unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, would be often conveyed useful truths—home-thrusts—which durst only be uttered by all-licensed lips, and the utterance of which was, indeed, a part of the court fool's office, which required, of course, any thing but a fool to fill it successfully. And for that reason, Jacques says:—

"I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh" †

We find that sometimes the fool was rewarded by kinder feelings in the master than their respective positions might seem to warrant. There were both affection and regret in the exclamation of the distracted Lear—

"And my poor fool is hanged!"

We read in "Robert Wace," of Golet, the fool who saved, by timely warning, the life of William, Duke of Normandy, afterwards the conqueror of England. So that, with truth we may assert that the destiny of this great and powerful country has been shaped by a fool. Perhaps this was not the only time.

Henry the First, on the day of his coronation, gave the abbey of Ely to Richard, the son of Garl Gilbert. The abbot, however, soon fell into disgrace at court. The principal reason of the king's displeasure was, that my lord abbot had turned out of the court "in a scornful manner" a jester of the king's, who, with the license of his office, had ventured to reprove his grace upon the pomp and state with which he was attended. The punishment of his fool was never forgiven by the angry and resentful monarch, who demanded of the abbot his crosier; and it was only by the apostolical authority of the Pope that Henry was induced to restore to him the church of Ely.

William Picolf was appointed King John's fool; and his majesty held his jokes and pleasantries in such high estima-

* The court fool was a regular officer of the royal household from the Conquest to Charles II.

† "As you like it."

tion, that he granted him an estate in the year 1200. The document, which is still in existence among the records in the Tower, is addressed by the king to William Picolf, and Geoffry, his son:—

"Know ye," it continues, "that we have given, and by the present charter have confirmed, to William Picolf, our fool, Fonte-ossaune, with all its appurtenances, to have, and to hold it, for himself, and his heirs, on condition of doing henceforward annually for ourself the service of fool, as long as he shall live, and after his decease, his heirs shall hold the same land from us, by the service of one pair of gilded spurs to be rendered annually."

This same Picolf and his son received other donations in land and men from King John.

The fool of the Count of Artois added considerably to the entertainment of the guests at the nuptials of Margaret, the fifth daughter of Eleanor, queen of Edward the First, for which he was rewarded by the king, with a present of forty shillings—no contemptible sum in those days.

When that "poor, heavy, and wretched priest," Cardinal Wolsey, had lost the light of his king's countenance, he was ordered to leave his sumptuous palace at York-place, and confine himself to his house at Esher. For that purpose he proceeded to Putney in his barge; and as he was travelling by land from Putney to Esher, one of the royal chamberlains, Sir John Norris,—afterwards executed as one of the lovers of Anne Boleyn,—spurred after him, and overtaking him on the rise of a hill, presented him with a ring, which the king, who had taken it from his own royal finger, sent him, with a flattering message.

The cardinal, transported with joy at this gleam of returning good fortune, instantly dismounted from his mule, fell upon his knees in the mud, pulled off his cap, and thanked God for the happy intelligence. He told the chamberlain that his tidings were worth half a kingdom; but as he had nothing left except the clothes on his back, he could make him no suitable reward. He, however, gave Sir John a small gold chain, with a cross of gold enclosing a piece of the "veritable wood of the cross," which he continually wore round his neck next his skin.

"As for my sovereign," he added, "sorry am I that I have no worthy token to send him; but stay, here is my fool that rides beside me. I beseech thee, take him to court, and give him to his majesty. I assure you, sir, for any nobleman's pleasure, he is worth a thousand pounds."

This fool, however, whose name is said to have been Master Williams, otherwise called Patch, was so much attached to his old master, the cardinal, that he would not leave him until forcibly carried off by six stout yeomen; although he knew that he was to be transformed from disgrace and want to royalty and splendour. It is a pleasure to add that the king received him most gladly.

Sir Thomas More, after he had resigned the Great Seal, set about providing for his officers and servants; transferred his state barge—for the Thames was then the great highway of London—with its eight rowers, to his infamous successor, Audley, and his fool to the Lord Mayor of London for the time being.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century there lived at his splendid residence at Eston-Neston, in Northamptonshire,—now called Eston Hall,—a retired grocer of London, named Richard Fermor. He is recorded to have lived here in great splendour. But adhering steadily to the old religion throughout the changes of the latter years of Henry the Eighth, he became, with his Romanism and his wealth together, a tempting object of attack for the unscrupulous monarch and his myrmidons; and they at last found means to ruin him. He was arraigned in Westminster Hall, and found guilty of a premunire, and attainted; the effect of which was that he was deprived of everything he had possessed in the world, and that his wife and children, as well as himself, were thrust out of "house and hold."

The old merchant found refuge at the parsonage of Wapenham, near Towcester. The advowson had been in his own gift, and the parson had been presented by himself. Here he remained throughout the rest of the reign of Henry, and also for some years after his successor came to the throne.

But there was another person besides the parson who retained a grateful remembrance of kindness received from Fermor in the days of his prosperity.

Among other members of his numerous household had been a jester, whose art and drollery had drawn many a smile from his free-hearted master, and probably been now and then rewarded by something more substantial than applause. The jester was a great artist in his vocation, and from the service of the opulent Northamptonshire esquire had, in course of time, won his way to that of King Henry himself, where, though his merry quips might be often the dread of the courtiers, they were not the less likely on that account to be the delight of his majesty. In short, he was no other than Will Somers, who, in some degree, united the characters of court fool, and favourite.

Somers having admission to the king at all times and at all places, and especially in Henry's last days, when he was often much depressed in spirits, as well as oppressed by bodily ailments—he had grown so enormously fat that he could not pass through an ordinary door, nor could he move about from room to room without the help of machinery, or of numerous attendants; besides having an inveterate ulcer in one of his legs—took a favourable opportunity for letting fall some words in regard to the hard fate of his old master which touched the royal conscience or heart, so that Henry forthwith gave orders for the restitution of all his property to the oppressed old man. That king's death, however, happened before anything could be done; and it was not till three or four years afterwards that Edward the Sixth or his government allowed his father's mandate to be carried into effect. But at last, in 1550, letters patent were issued restoring to Fermor all his lands that still remained in the possession of the crown; and even for various lordships and manors that had been alienated some compensation was made by the grant of others in the counties of Dorset, Somerset and Essex.

In a "Banquet of Jests," published in 1634, there is a pleasant story of Archee, who, having fooled many, was fooled himself. Coming up to a nobleman, upon New Year's-day, to bid him good-morrow, Archee received twenty pieces of gold; but covetously desiring more, he shook them in his hand, and said they were too light. The donor answered, "I prythee, Archee, let me see them again, for there is one amongst them I would be lothe to part with." Archee, expecting the sum to be increased, returned the pieces to his lordship, who coolly put them in his pocket, with this remark, "I once gave money into a fool's hand who had not the wit to keep it."

Archee continued to be employed after the demise of the modern Solomon; but he incurred the displeasure of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was therefore disgraced, and banished the court by Charles the First. It came about in the following manner.

When news arrived from Scotland of the bad reception which the king's proclamation respecting the Book of Common Prayer had met with in that country, Archee happened to meet Laud, who was going to the council-table.

"Wha's feule, now? doth not your grace hear the news from Striveling about the Liturgy?"

This was too sore a point, even for the court fool to raise a laugh upon; and Laud laid a complaint against him before the council. The complaint was attended to, and the following order was issued the same day on which the offence had been committed:—

"At Whitehall, the 11th of March, 1637.—It is this day ordered by his Majesty, with the advice of the Board, Archibald Armstrong, the king's fool, for certain scandalous words of a high nature spoken by him against the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury his grace, and proved to be uttered by him by two witnesses, shall have his coat pulled over his head, and be discharged of the king's service and banished the court; for which the Lord Chamberlain of the king's household is prayed and required to give order to be executed."

ANCIENT SHIELD IN THE "ARMERIA REAL," AT MADRID.

THE royal magazine of arms at Madrid was built from the designs of Gaspard de Vega, architect to Philip II. It is situated opposite one of the façades of the royal palace – a modern building erected upon the site of the ancient Alcazar. A selection of fine arms, brought from the fortress of Simanca according to some authors, from Valladolid according to others, served as a foundation for the *Armeria Real*, or Royal Armoury, which contains the finest, if not the most numerous, collection of the kind in Europe. The arms are ranged on either side of a long gallery, at the end of which is an armed statue of St. Ferdinand; in the centre are complete suits of armour, arranged in the same manner as those in the Tower of London. Some very valuable pieces were carried away during the civil disturbances; among these was the splendid shield represented in our engraving.

The motto upon this shield, "Seræ Spes Una Senectæ," is an allusion to the merit attached by soldiers to shields and bucklers as a means of insuring and prolonging life. The shield itself is broad and ample. The animals, which occupy the centre of the shield, are symbolical of the victories won by Spain, or by the emperor, over Africa: the imperial and crowned swan is devouring the dragon or winged serpent. The historical scenes, in the upper and ower compartments of the shield, seem to be representations of the taking of Granada and of Tunis.

From the character and beauty of the workmanship of this shield, there is little doubt that it was a production of the sixteenth century, though the artist is unknown. It is supposed to have belonged to Charles V., who was a passionate admirer of rare and beautiful arms and armour,

ROYAL SHIELD IN THE ROYAL ARMOURY AT MADRID.

CURIOUS CARVING BY ALBERT DURER.

VASARI, in his "Lives of the Painters," speaks of Albert Durer as "a diligent, industrious, *universal* man;" and his claim to the title of a "universal man" will be readily admitted by all who are acquainted with his productions. His *paintings* are admired for the lively and fertile imagination, the excellent conception, and the wonderful union of boldness and correctness of design which they display. His *woodcuts* are considered masterpieces of the art. He was the first who excelled in *etching*. His *portraits* also were highly esteemed. Albert Durer, however, not only distinguished himself as a painter,

THE NAMING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.—FROM A CARVING BY ALBERT DURER, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

and an engraver on copper and wood, he also executed several pieces of sculpture with surprising delicacy and natural expression of character. An admirable specimen of his skill in this department of art is preserved in the Print-room of the British Museum, to which institution it was bequeathed by the late R. Payne Knight, Esq., who had purchased it at Brussells for 500 guineas, several years before. This exquisite piece of sculpture measures seven inches and three-quarters in height, and five inches and a half in width. It is carved in *alto-relievo*, in hone-stone of a delicate cream colour, and is in one piece, with the exception of the dog and one or two books in the front. It bears date 1510. The subject is, "*The Naming of John the Baptist*," according to the narrative contained in the Gospel by Luke, chapter i. verses 59 to 64.

In the front, to the right, is an old man with a tablet, on which some Hebrew characters are inscribed. Further to the right, and immediately behind him, is another old man; and behind him a young man, said by some to be intended by the artist for a portrait of himself. Kneeling before the recording priest, is an aged nurse with the infant John in her arms. On the bed, Elizabeth, the mother of John, is seen lying, on the more distant side of which a female attendant is standing, and on the other an elderly man is seen resting on the edge of the bed. This latter figure is doubtless intended for Zacharias, the father of John, and as the sacred narrative informs us that he was struck dumb for a season, the artist has represented him in the act of making signs to Elizabeth with his fingers.

The figures in the foreground are executed in bold relief; and the character and expression of the heads have rarely been surpassed in any work of sculpture executed on the same scale. Albert Durer's monogram, with the date 1510, is inscribed on a small tablet at the foot of the bedstead.

This curious carving is in perfect condition, with the exception of the hands of Zacharias and Elizabeth, some of the fingers of which are broken off.

Those who are acquainted with the works of Albert Durer will perceive that our artists have copied his style of drawing and engraving very successfully.

A PEEP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.

LETTER II.

Whitehaven, April, 1820.

My Dear Father,—My last letter would say all that was necessary regarding family detail, so I will go on with my description of old customs, which you say you like so much to receive. Tom and Edward, the two younger boys, have lately been very full of an odd kind of barring-out, in which they have been engaged at the village school. This said affair has had a melancholy ending, as you will hear. The barring-out, it seems, is an annual spring-tide event, when all arrangements concerning the holidays and other matters are settled between the master and his scholars, yet it is considered a profound mystery, and the appointed day is only whispered to the initiated. When it arrived this year, the school-room was filled long before daylight, a good fire was lighted, and the door securely barricaded. Soon after daybreak, exclamations resounded of "He is coming, he is coming!" and with beating hearts (so Tom declares) the boys awaited the arrival of their dominie. He knocked at the door, then tried the latchet, but not a sound could be heard from within, and finally he looked in at the windows, confronting the boldest of the school, to whom he called out, "Boys, open the door! boys, I insist on your letting me in." But neither coaxing or threats availed him, and he left the place, to return in a few minutes with my uncle, because he was looked on as the principal parent in the village. All these preliminaries are styled "sham," and the chief fun consists in firing off salutes with a pistol, generally wheedled out of some reluctant father for the purpose. My uncle came up under a grand discharge, since, you must know, he had privately furnished each of his three boys with a pistol the previous evening, and a long speechifying succeeded, and then the master demanded through the keyhole what was the cause of the insurrection; to which his riotous pupils replied, "Our old laws, sir," and my uncle made answer, "Very well, boys, let me see them." "Here they are, sir," was the glad response, and the protocol or manifesto of grievances was pushed through a chink in the door, and in a loud voice the dominie proceeded to read the document. I saw a copy of it afterwards, and its principal negotiations were, "that the scholars should neither be whipped nor set in a corner; that they should have three vacations, of two weeks each, at Easter, Christmas, and Midsummer, as well as two days' hunting, and two days' fishing." The master in my uncle's presence signed the paper, and in the safe custody of the latter it was then lodged for the ensuing twelve months. Of course, no lessons were attempted that day, and a general holiday was allowed, which gave rise to much merry-making, and this unfortunately ended in an accident which proved fatal to a brave little lad named Hugh Johnstone. We were told afterwards that the boy's clothes caught fire, when the scholars were engaged in the daring amusement of jumping over some burning tar-barrels, that my uncle had generously bestowed in order to make fine bonfires in honour of the barring-out. So employed, the child's woollen trousers had probably been ignited some time before he took any notice of them, and when he did, it was with great difficulty that the fire could be extinguished; and the surface of his body was so extensively burned, that, after thirty-eight hours of very sad suffering, the little lad expired. My aunt stayed with the boy the whole time; but before she came back we knew that life had departed by the tolling of the passing bell early last Thursday morning; and in the evening Susannah Gawthorpe came in to us weeping bitterly, for the lad was her own cousin. She asked me whether I would accompany her to Widow Johnstone's, assuring me my going would be regarded as a token of goodwill. Of course, I assented, but could not help saying,—I longed so greatly to take her to my heart and try to console her,—"Why is it you will not let me be your friend, when I like you so much?" She replied, very sweetly, "Indeed, you are mistaken, since I liked you the first moment we met, and I know I have done wrong in appearing to avoid you." It is evident to me that some other cause than personal feeling towards myself has had to do with her peculiar manner; but we said no more on the subject just then, for our hearts were full of sad thoughts, and it was with mingled awe and reluctance that I thought of first looking upon the face of death. All dread was, however, superfluous; nothing could be more peaceful or more exquisitely beautiful than the young boy's quiet features. A little mirror over the chimney-piece, and several coloured prints, that hung round the room, I noticed were all covered by white cloths, and several young men and women sat round the body to secure its undisturbed repose until it should be laid in the grave. Even the widow seemed, to my surprise, really glad to see us; and, taking us into an inner room, perhaps experienced some relief in giving free vent to her sorrow in the presence of one who had loved her boy as Susannah had done. But she was soon wanted elsewhere, and we, in less than half an hour, took our leave, Susannah gladly accepting my invitation of her to sleep with me that night. A few words which fell from her when we were preparing for bed gave me, I thought, some insight into the feelings on her part that I had not hitherto suspected; but of these I must tell you another time. On the day before the funeral the clerk of the village church went round from house to house with a bell, which he rang in a peculiar toll, denoting the parish to which the deceased belonged. Every now and then he stopped, while his long funeral band, placed in his hat, floated on the breeze, as he made proclamation: "All friends and neighbours are desired to attend the burial of Hugh Johnstone, from Red Hope-lane to St. James's Church, to-morrow at three o'clock." This was the general invitation; but to the dwelling of those most nearly connected, and to the more influential persons in the neighbourhood, there was sent round a young girl wearing a large white calash, and carrying a tray under her arm, in

which were laid, neatly folded, packets of white paper containing gloves and bands. One set of these articles was left at my uncle's, and on Friday, about noon, the whole family went down to Widow Johnstone's, where preparations for the ceremony had been made on a large scale.

On each side of the door I noticed a small table, covered with snowy damask, and holding old-fashioned china vessels filled with sprigs of boxwood; and when the mournful procession filed out of the cottage, every one took a sprig, which they afterwards cast into the open grave. We had just left the house, when some one whispered, "The bees, the bees, has any one told them we're going?" I could not conceive what was meant, and Susannah, to whom the inquiry had been addressed, only said to me, "Wait for me one moment," and hastening back a few steps to the sunny wall, where stood the widow's chief wealth, a range of bee-hives, she spoke to them in a tone of singular mournfulness, her words barely audible, they were so interrupted by frequent sobs, as she said, "Toil on, pretty bees; toil on, for the widow's sake; but he who loved you best, little Hugh himself, is this day to be carried out a corpse from his mother's house." I learned afterwards that it was believed the bees would make no more honey if they were not informed when the deceased was going to be buried. On Susannah's rejoining me, and the procession moving on, she told me how every one was hoping that the Armstrongs—two of the guests, and distant relations to the widow—would keep quiet until all was over, for they belonged to a family celebrated for laughing loud on all occasions. We certainly heard nothing but the sounds of suppressed weeping during our melancholy walk, or until the ceremony had been concluded. But I was rather startled, at the close of the service in the church, by the fat, rosy clerk shouting out, "All friends and neighbours to take tea at the house of the deceased!" and when my uncle's family and the widow returned to the cottage, which we reached somewhat in advance of the rest of the party, we assuredly did hear an indubitable roar of merriment approaching, which caused Robert to remark to me in a low tone, "The party will be here directly, for one may hear the Armstrongs laughing; it is, alas! no wonder—the people look upon a border burial as better fun than a Carlisle wedding." My uncle told me very riotous scenes generally took place at such times, and it was a great relief to Susannah, when she found that he and my aunt had very kindly persuaded the poor desolate widow to come to the Friars, where she passed the night, as soon as she should have bade her guests welcome. This has been rather a sad letter, but it is already too long; so I must hope my next will be more cheerful; and I remain, at all times,

Your affectionate daughter,

DORA HARCOURT.

HENRY THE GREAT, KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

IN every country there are certain names which are sure to invoke enthusiasm whenever they are mentioned. In England we speak of "Good Queen Bess;" in America the mention of Washington at a public meeting is always hailed with applause; in Spain the days of Ferdinand and Isabella are considered as the "golden" ones. The deeds of William Tell, form the subject of many a stirring story for the simple dwellers of the Swiss valleys; and in France, from the Pyrenees to the Seine, the memory of Henry the Fourth is held in a kind of veneration, which we islanders scarcely understand. This sort of hero-worship is common to all ages and to all classes of minds—with the difference, however, that among the poor and uneducated the feeling is spontaneous and avowed, while with the rich and learned it is felt without being acknowledged, and spoken of only to be ridiculed; but it exists, nevertheless.

Few periods of French history are more interesting than that in which Henry the Fourth plays a part. Like his great contemporary Elizabeth, he is the most prominent historic figure of his time and country; and of his life and actions it may be said that where the historian has failed to illustrate either the one or the other, the poet, the novelist, and the painter have stepped in and gracefully filled up the canvas. Thus what Sir Walter Scott has done for the court and time of Elizabeth, Alexandre Dumas has accomplished for that of Henry the Fourth; and in the historical novels of both these writers we certainly get a clearer idea of the state of living in England and France in the sixteenth century than we can by possibility obtain from the writings of Hume or Rapin—mixed, it may be, with much that is objectionable, in a strictly historical point of view.

Henry IV. possessed all the qualities necessary to a hero. Brave, hardy, handsome, and of good address, it was not surprising that the French people should have hailed his accession to a throne which he claimed as a direct descendant of the heroic Hugh Capet. During the reign of Charles IX., and amidst the tumults which agitated France in the time of his successor, the weak and vacillating Henry III., the King of Navarre was faithful to the religion of the Huguenots; and though, to escape the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and to quiet the reproaches of the haughty Catherine de Medicis, the mother of the king, he feigned to be reconciled to the state church, there is little doubt that he was a sincere adherent to the reformed religion.

The murder of Henry III., in 1589, by the monk Jacques Clement, opened the way to the throne of France for Henry of Navarre. He had married Margaret of Valois, and had been named by the dying monarch as his successor; but the peaceable possession of power by the Bourbon was disputed by the adherents of the Guise.

"The king is dead!" was the announcement, as Henry III. fell back into the arms of his sister's husband: "Long live the king!" was the loud response; and the dynasty of France was transferred to the Bourbon.

But a rival disputed Henry's right to the throne, and only through blood he reached it at last. It would be tedious to follow the steps of the first Bourbon king too minutely, or we might tell how, after having defeated the factitious Charles X., he engaged, by the assistance of England, in wars with Spain and Austria, his popularity with the people increasing every day; how the Catholics tried many and various schemes to dethrone their Huguenot king; how, by the advice of the celebrated Sully, Henry called together the heads of the state church, and made profession of the faith; how Henry made triumphal progress through his kingdom, and won back rebellious provinces from the hands of his enemies, everywhere winning, too, the hearts of the people by his magnanimity and noble presence; how his coronation was celebrated with great pomp at Chartres; how he entered Paris as undisputed king; how, despite his generosity and great qualities, his life was many times attempted; how he issued the famous and world-known Edict of Nantes, which gave religious liberty to all persons freely; how his divorce from Margaret de Valois, and his marriage with Mary de Medicis was sanctioned by the Pope; how the conspiracy of Biron was discovered and prevented from taking effect; and how Henry made treaties of alliance with the princes of England, Holland, and Germany, with the design of humbling the house of Austria.

Only the coronation of the queen remained to be performed ere Henry intended to join the army of the allies. But it was not to be. "Man proposes, but only God disposes." The queen was duly crowned, and Henry appointed her regent during his absence. This is the episode chosen by Rubens. Henry is presenting the golden orb, the emblem of sovereignty, to his queen; his son Lewis, then about thirteen years old, standing between them. At that moment it may be that he was meditating splendid and glorious projects for the advancement of his country, and the "pomp and circumstance" of war already filled his imagination. On the morning succeeding the queen's coronation, he wished to visit the arsenal, but the illness of

Sully made him postpone it. The next day he fell by the hand of the infamous Ravaillac. Ordering his carriage, he set out, attended by a small number of gentlemen, and very few attendants; the curtains were drawn up, that he might witness the zeal of his subjects, in the various ornaments they had prepared. In a narrow street the coach was stopped by the accidental meeting of two carts: the attendants took a nearer way. As the king turned to read a letter to the Duke d'Epernon, he received a stroke from a knife: he had scarcely time to say, "I am wounded," before a second, more violent, pierced his heart: he sank back in the carriage, a corpse!

Thus perished, A.D. 1610, Henry the Great. No one ever ascended a throne under more unfavourable auspices; a dis-

HENRY IV. PARTING WITH HIS QUEEN, MARY DE MEDICIS, PREVIOUS TO HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE WARS.
FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

united kingdom, discontented nobility, a clamorous and oppressed commonalty; his policy cemented the provinces, his valour humbled the nobles, his humanity relieved the commons; he restored plenty at home, and rendered his kingdom great and formidable abroad.

THE LEUCORYX ANTELOPE.

The antelopes form a family of themselves, and stand at the head of the caprine tribe. They are distinguished from the goats by possessing spiral and lyrated horns, and frequenting open plains and barren wastes instead of rocks and mountains. animals depicted in the engraving are a rather rare kind of antelope, frequenting the deserts of Nubia. A male and female specimen were purchased by the Zoological Society from the celebrated collection formed by the late Earl Derby

THE LEUCORYX ANTELOPE (CRYX LEUCORYX) OF NUBIA.

The larger species live in families, while the smaller kinds of antelopes are not unfrequently solitary in their habits. They possess extreme strength, agility, and swiftness; and though shy and wild in their natural state, are soon tamed when brought into communication with mankind. The at Knowsley, and the kid was born in the gardens at Regent's Park.

The Leucoryx is a gracefully formed and gentle animal. It has a smooth coat of a light fawn colour, and displays none of those vicious propensities observable in some descriptions

of antelopes. It feeds upon all kinds of corn and several varieties of green herbage. Though naturalists now speak of the Antelopes as a distinct species, Cuvier considered them but as a variety of the goat tribe, of which the Ibex formed the connecting link. The Ibex is not unlike the Leucoryx in appearance, frequenting the mountainous ridges of Switzerland and Savoy in vast numbers.

In reference to the animal under consideration, it may be said to differ from the Ibex rather in external than in anatomical form. Each species would, probably, breed with the other; it is extremely difficult to say where the sheep ends and the goat begins, and no less so to declare what difference really exists between the Antelope and the Ibex.

The Abyssinian Ibex is somewhat more elevated on the legs than the Leucoryx, of a dirty, brownish, fawn colour, with a short beard, and lengthened hair under the throat down to the breast.

The Caucasian Ibex.—M. Guldenstadt first described this species, which he discovered in the northern part of the Caucasian mountains. In size and proportions, it resembles the Ibex of Europe, but is broader and shorter in the body; dark brown on the superior parts, and white on the inferior. The hair of this species is hard, more ashy in winter, and at the root interspersed with much grayish underwool. This species of Ibex is equal, if not superior, in strength and agility, to the Alpine, making immense bounds with the utmost confidence. Monardes relates that he saw an Ibex leap from the top of a tower, and falling on its horns, immediately spring up and move on, without having received the slightest injury. It resides in the Caucasian mountains, and is probably found in the highest mountains of eastern Persia.

The ægagrus is another species distinguished from the former by the horns forming an acute angle in front, with the ribs less broad, assuming an undulating edge, and the posterior part rounded.

NATURAL FORMATION OF SOIL.

Nothing can be more truly beautiful in itself or more deeply interesting to a reflecting mind, than the process by which nature constantly produces an accession of soil, and an accumulation of vegetable matter to render it fertile. The process is varied so as to be exactly adapted to overcome the obstacles which the circumstances which each particular district present; but although the means employed are infinitely various, the final result is always the same. When the surface of a rock, for instance, becomes first exposed to the atmosphere, it is at once attacked by agents which operate mechanically and chemically. Light calls into activity the latent heat; the pores become, by that means, sufficiently enlarged to admit particles of moisture, which gradually abrade the surface and produce inequalities; upon these inequalities the seeds of lichens are deposited by the atmosphere; these forerunners of vegetation take root, and the fibres by which some sorts of these diminutive plants adhere to the rock, concoct a vegetable acid peculiarly adapted to corrode the substance with which it comes in contact, and increase the inequalities which heat and moisture had already formed. These diminutive plants decay and perish; when decomposed they form a vegetable bed suited to the production of larger plants; or when the surface of the rock happens to present clefts, or natural crevices, they fall into them; and there mingling with fine particles of sand, conveyed thither by the atmosphere, or crumbled by the action of the air from the internal surfaces of the crevices themselves, they form fertile mould. Nature having advanced thus far in her preparations, makes another forward step. She sows the soil which has been created by the decomposition of vegetable matter, with some of the more perfect plants, which it is now becomes capable of sustaining. These continue to be produced and decomposed until a soil has been prepared of sufficient depth and richness to bear plants of still higher quality and larger dimensions. The process of nature acquires accelerated force as it advances toward its consummation. When a sufficient depth of soil has been formed to produce ferns, for instance, these annually decay and die; their decomposed materials gradually form little conical heaps of vegetable mould round the spot on which each plant grew. When this has gone on for a period of sufficient length to spread these cones over a given surface, nature takes another stride: she sows furze, thorns, and briars, which thrive luxuriantly, and by annually shedding their leaves contribute, in the end, to add greatly to both the depth and fertility of the mould. This species constitutes, in truth, the means which nature principally uses in preparing a bed for the growth of the more valuable trees. It is well known that these are the plants which make their first appearance in fallows, or in woods which have been recently cut down. Into the centre of a tuft of brambles, is accidentally carried the seed of the majestic oak; meeting with a congenial soil, it soon vegetates: it is carefully and effectually cherished and protected by its prickly defence, against all injuries from the bite of the animals which roam over the waste. The larger trees having reached a height and size which render shelter unnecessary, destroy their early nurses and protectors, by robbing them of the light and air indispensable for their well-being. The thorny plants then retire to the outskirts of the forest, where, in the enjoyment of an abundant supply of light and sun, they continue gradually to extend the empire of their superiors, and make encroachments upon the plain, until the whole district becomes at length covered with magnificent trees. The roots of the larger trees penetrate the soil in all directions: they even find their way into the crevices of the rocks, filled, as these are already, by decomposed vegetable matter: here they swell and contract, as the heat and moisture increase or diminish. They act like true levers, until they gradually pulverize the earthy materials which they have been able to penetrate. While the roots are thus busy under ground, boring, undermining, cleaving and crumbling every thing that impedes their progress, the branches and leaves are equally indefatigable overhead. They arrest the volatile particles of vegetable food which floats in the atmosphere. Thus fed and sustained, each tree not only increases annually in size, but produces and deposits a crop of fruit and leaves. The fruit becomes the food of animals, or is carried into a spot where it can produce a new plant: the leaves fall around the tree, where they become gradually decomposed, and, in the lapse of ages, make a vast addition to the depth of vegetable mould; and whilst the decomposition of vegetables makes a gradual addition to the depth of the cultivatable soil, another cause, equally constant in operation, contributes to increase its fertility—the produce of the minutest plants serves to subsist myriads of insects: after a brief existence, these perish and decay, and their decomposed particles greatly fertilize the vegetable matter with which they happen to mingle. The period at length arrives when the timber having reached its highest measure of growth and perfection, may be cut down, in order that the husbandman may enter upon the inheritance prepared for him by the hand of the all-wise and all-beneficent Author of his existence. Such is the system, which they that have eyes to see may see. Plants which appear worthless in themselves—those lichens, mosses, heaths, ferns, furze, briars, and brooms, in which *economists*, forsooth! perceive only the symbols of eternal barrenness—are so many instruments employed by perfect Wisdom in fertilising new districts for the occupation of future generations of mankind:

"The course of Nature is the art of God"

The wastes of this country, as they have been managed for ages, have been partly taken out of the hands of Nature without having been wholly taken into the hands of man. The constant depasturing of cattle on wastes and commons counteracts the means which Nature makes use of in producing fertility, and, in consequence, greatly retards the period when the soil becomes sufficiently deep for agricultural purposes. There is not, perhaps, a healthy waste in England, which would not become a forest, were the peasantry restrained from setting their flocks upon it.

EUROPEAN MANNERS IN THE EAST.

At the time I was in India there were many, particularly among the younger branches of the army, who complained that they could not get into society at the presidency; but I cannot help thinking that the fault was, in some degree, their own. They were either too proud or too idle to seek it. Sullenly shutting themselves up in their barracks, or in obscure quarters in the Black Town, they expected that men accustomed to have court paid to them for their situations, or engaged in official business, would, or could, go out of their way to find them out. If at a ball, they would complain of the impossibility of procuring partners; but this they owed chiefly to their want of acquaintance; for I did not observe that the ladies—that is, the married ones—gave themselves greater airs in India than elsewhere. In fact, a *mère de famille*, from the scarcity of petticoats, thinks it becomes her to be as gay, if not gayer, than single ladies in England. With a miss it is quite different; for if her appearance be such as to render her desirable as a partner in a dance, she is also, for the same reason, considered by many as a desirable partner in a more important concern, and therefore not likely to be left at liberty to dance with a subaltern, even if she should feel disposed to accept that honour, which is not at all probable. Indeed, the matrimonial market in India is much the same as other markets for live stock, where the best possible price is obtained for the article. The first ball after the arrival of a fleet from Europe may be considered as a kind of fair day, where the new-comers of the softer sex are shown off, and where every family that has the advantage of possessing a fresh attraction, whether of its own, or consigned to it from the mother-country, takes care to appear. The rank or property of the suitor is the price offered for the article; and, in estimating this, the gradations from a member of council or general to an ensign or assistant-surgeon are as well understood and as clearly defined as the gradations of the currency from a sovereign to a farthing, or from a gold mohur to a doody; the civil and military branches of the service preserving the same relative value that is assigned to them in the tables of presidency published in the East India Directory. The system pursued in disposing of the fair objects is exactly the same as that used at the sales of king's stores in a dock-yard, where the auctioneer begins by putting the highest price on the article, and keeps lowering and lowering, till some bidder assents to the price and bears off the goods. First, the young lady is instructed to set her cap at a civilian high in office, or at an officer high on the staff. If in the course of a few months there is no bidding at that price, then she condescends to cast a smile upon the second rank, and so on to the bottom. Should she possess any pretensions to beauty, she is soon snapped up; for the scarcity of the article prevents people from being very fastidious in their tastes. If of the true European white, she is almost sure to go off tolerably well; but no mixture of the Asiatic will suit persons of any rank. Should the young lady continue on hand till the arrival of a fleet conveying a fresh supply of fair ones, she is, of course, thrown somewhat into the back-ground, and her chance of a good match considerably diminished; so it often happens, that females are thus compelled to accept offers which, at first starting, they would have rejected with disdain, and in some instances to take the very men whom they once treated with scorn. But she must be a hapless virgin indeed, and possessed of no ordinary *de*tractions, who is compelled, as a *dernier resort*, to put up with an ensign of native infantry, by whom she may be borne off to spend the honeymoon in a hill-fort. How happy marriages in general prove among Europeans in India may hence be inferred.

In every society there will always be a certain number of low-minded persons, who pay no respect but to rank or riches. One family I recollect in particular at the presidency, which was so notorious in this respect, that a trick, which was played them by a captain of the navy whom they had offended, afforded considerable amusement, if not gratification, to the greater part of the settlement. Expecting to meet this family at the assembly-rooms, he brought his son, a young midshipman, ashore with him, and introduced him as the *Honourable* Mr. So-and-so. As he anticipated, the bait took, and a set was immediately made at this sprig of nobility by the party in question. The daughters monopolised him as a partner during the evening. His dancing was admired, his face pronounced truly patrician, his manners considered superior, and even his *gaucheries* set down as the *véritable ton*. They begged as a favour that the captain would allow him to stay on shore with them for a short time—they would take such care of him. To which the captain, after some demur, for "he was given into his special charge," consented. The next day middy is taken round to see the lions, and to be introduced to their most fashionable acquaintance. His cocked hat is rather the worse for a sea voyage, and his dirk is grown shabby: they stop at the European shops, and new ones are presented to him by the hands of the young ladies. A ball is given on purpose for him. In short, every possible attention is paid to the little *honourable*, whose noble parents will doubtless seek out the family on its return to England, to repay the obligation; and already had they began to anticipate the pleasure which they should enjoy at the countess's fashionable parties, and the advantages they should derive from being introduced into the *beau monde* through the means of her ladyship. In fact, middy was in clover. To be obliged to part with their young friend at last was painful. It cost the fair members of the family some tears, and gained middy some caresses, and, what was of more value, some substantial tokens of friendship; and fame went so far as to say that he carried away a lock of hair belonging to one of the young ladies. Nor did they part without mutual promises to renew the acquaintance in England.—*Twelve Years' Military Adventures.*

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE AT MONROVIA, THE CAPITAL OF LIBERIA.

Among the interesting and picturesque scenery on the western coast of Africa, few points present to the traveller greater attractions than the little city of Monrovia, the seat of government of the republic of Liberia; situated near the mouth of the Mesurado river, about four miles south-east of the entrance of the St. Paul's river into the ocean, immediately in the rear of Cape Mesurado, in lat. 6° 19′ north. Located on an elevated site, commanding a fine view of the ocean to the west and south, and of the forest-clad hills and mountains of that luxuriant and beautiful country towards the north and east, and containing many comfortable-looking dwelling-houses, interspersed among tropical fruit-trees of almost every variety, it presents an appearance of comfort and refinement among the citizens, and strongly contrasts with the rude hamlets of the uncultivated aborigines in the vicinity.

Less than a third of a century ago, the spot where now stands this beautiful and flourishing little metropolis was covered with a dense forest, the solemn silence of which was disturbed only by wild animals, or occasionally by human beings apparently scarcely more civilised than their four-footed neighbours. But through the agency of the hardy pioneers of the great African colonisation enterprise, the forest-trees were felled, and temporary places of residence erected; which, from time to time, have been superseded by more elegant and substantial buildings, among which is the mansion-house of his excellency, Joseph J. Roberts, the President of the Republic—a two-story brick house, with the necessary back buildings, located near the centre of the town, immediately opposite the old government-house.

The dwellings of many of the citizens of Monrovia, as well as the presidential mansion, are not only comfortably but elegantly furnished; and some of the residents of this little bustling com-

mercial mart live in a style of ease and affluence which clearly demonstrates the fact that a residence in Africa is not necessarily associated with the privation of the good things of this life. Many of the houses are built of bricks manufactured in Liberia. The state house, and the three principal churches—all commodious buildings—and most of the large warehouses, are built of stone. Attached to most of the dwelling-houses are gardens, some of which are handsomely adorned with trees, shrubs, and flowers, of great variety and beauty; among which may be seen the symmetrical orange and mango, the luxuriant guava, the graceful papaw, the broad-leaved plaintain and banana, the beautiful cocoa-nut, the delicate and fragrant white-blossomed coffee, and many other useful and ornamental products of that land of perpetual spring,—the greater part of which for ages has remained in its native uncultivated state, the abode of ignorance and superstition, the hunting grounds of the untutored aborigines, or the battle-fields of contending belligerent tribes, saturating the soil with the blood of the slaughtered victims of superstition and cruelty.

But a brighter day has dawned on that land. The standard of Christianity has been planted on the margin of that vast continent. Institutions of learning have been established there. A young republic, composed entirely of persons of colour, has arisen upon that coast; and like a beacon it there stands, "self-poised and erect," casting its cheering light athwart the midnight gloom of that benighted land, and unfolding to the degraded sons and daughters of Africa the practicability of the maintenance by the coloured race of all the institutions of political and religious liberty, and of the highest civilisation and intellectual cultivation.

"To the Anglo-Saxon race," says Mrs. Stowe, "have been intrusted the destinies of the world, during its pioneer period of struggle and conflict. To that mission its stern, inflexible, energetic elements were well adapted; but, as a Christian, I look for another era to arise. On its borders I trust we stand; and the throes that now convulse the nations are, to my hope, but the birth-pangs of an hour of universal peace and brotherhood.

"I trust that the development of Africa is to be essentially a Christian one. If not a dominant and commanding race, they are, at least, an affectionate, magnanimous, and forgiving one. Having been called in the furnace of injustice and oppression, they have need to bind closer to their hearts that sublime doctrine of love and forgiveness, through which alone they are to conquer, which it is to be their mission to spread over the continent of Africa."

President Roberts is now about forty-four years old. He was born of free parents in the city of Petersburg, Virginia, where he resided until he emigrated, with his mother and brothers, to Liberia, in 1829. He has resided in Liberia about twenty-four years, during the last eleven of which he has presided over the destinies of that young nation—for six years in the capacity of governor of the "commonwealth," under the appointment of the American Colonization Society, and during the last five years in the capacity of president of the "republic;" having been first elected by the people in 1847, re-elected in 1849, and again re-elected in 1851. In 1848, he visited Europe, and succeeded in obtaining a formal recognition of the sovereignty and independence of the republic of Liberia by both the British and French governments, with both of which he concluded important treaties of amity and commerce. From the officials of both these governments, as well as from many other distinguished and influential persons in these two countries, he received evidences of the highest consideration. During the last year he again visited Europe, and succeeded in effecting further arrangements highly important to the prosperity of Liberia. Under all circumstances in which he has been placed, he has shown himself to be a wise statesman, a judicious and skilful diplomatist, a correct and vigorous writer, and an uncompromising patriot, a true lover of his country and his race, and altogether an extraordinary man, peculiarly qualified for the responsible duties devolving on him as the chief magistrate of the republic of Liberia.

RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH ROBERTS, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER VI.

"Amongst many other things that doe famouse this citie, the mountebankes are not the least; for although there are mountebankes also in other cities of Italie, yet because there is a greater concourse of them in Venice than elsewhere, and that of the better sort and the most eloquente fellowes; and also for that there is larger toleration of them here than in other cities, therefore they use to name a Venetian mountebanke for the Coryphæus and principall mountebanke of all Italie. I have observed marveilous strange matters done by some of these mountebankes; moreover, I have seen some of them doe such strange iugling trickes as would be almost incredible to be reported."—*Coryat's Crudities.*

BARTOLOMEO, THE CHARLATAN, ADDRESSING THE CROWD. PAGE 387.

The cheery sun of a spring morning was shining down upon the waters that flowed around and through Venice—not as he shines upon us here in Britain on an April day, now blotched and blotted out from the face of heaven by a mass of clouds, now struggling through lighter vapours, now laughing them away with his brightness or mocking their tears with his smiles—no, but looking down through a cloudless sky, in which there was not one fleck of white to chequer the universal blue, and scarce a breeze to temper a warmth that would be to us at home as the heat of summer. The hour was, judging from the sun's elevation, midway between dawn and noon; and the gondolas were skimming to and fro along lagunes and canals, just as hackney-coaches in the days that are now gone by, and Hansoms and cabs at present, ply through our metropolis, only in a manner far more easy to the half-recumbent body, and more picturesque to the half-closed eyes. As one of these aquatic coaches sped along through the Canale Grande, close by the water's edge, it was encountered by a similar vehicle, which shot suddenly from under one of the low narrow bridges that span the smaller canals which everywhere open into the principal one, as the smaller arteries into the great ones. Accidents of this sort will even still sometimes happen in Venice now-a-days, notwithstanding the marvellous skill and dexterity of the gondoliers; and, of course, there is no reason why the oars and men of five hundred years ago should be exempt from a casualty which their modern successors cannot always avoid. The boatmen of the respective gondolas commenced forthwith to indulge in that species of vituperation which, in all times, seems to have been a favourite mode of warfare with the propellers of conveyances when impeded in their motion, from the days of Juvenal, who commemorates the "stantis convicia mandræ," to those of our own days, when our ears have been edified with the maledictory slang in which London cabmen apostrophise each other's eyes when they meet and obstruct each other in a narrow thoroughfare. The gentleman, for such he was, who sat within the first-mentioned gondola started up and drew back the curtains, with the intention, very probably, of personally resenting the insolence of the other gondolier, in case he found that his fare was of a sex and constitution with whom he could quarrel; and, indeed, such results were not very uncommon amongst a people where the blood was as quick as the pride was sensitive. How the matter might have ended it would be difficult to say, nor indeed would it, as will appear, be very important to speculate, had it not so happened that at the same moment the occupant of the assailing gondola—for such we consider the one which came from the smaller canal was—also pulled aside the curtain which screened him, and they both were face to face. An exclamation of surprise was uttered at the same moment by each of the gentlemen.

"Jacques!" cried the one.

"Giulio!" cried the other.

The boatmen, seeing the friendly recognition with which their respective fares greeted each other, at once discontinued their wordy contest, and, by a tacit understanding, they brought their gondolas side by side, so that the two gentlemen were able to exchange a cordial grasp of the hand.

"Ben arrivato a Venetzia, ben arrivato carissimo mio," cried our old acquaintance, Giulio Polani. "Per Bacco! you were about the last man I should have expected to see in our fair city."

"Pardieu!" replied the stranger in an accent that had something of the farther side of the Alps in it. "Pardieu, my dear Polani, it may be so, yet, nevertheless, here I am, and I assure you I count myself fortunate that almost the first respectable face I have seen since my arrival in your bella Venetzia should be that of so dear a friend. Ben trovato, ben trovato!"

"Well, and whither are you going now, Jacques?"

"Faith, nowhere in particular, Giulio; I was about to kill an hour or two at this unfashionable time of day, and for that purpose I put myself into the care of this worthy, ce monsieur le gondolier, who has, as you perceive, made so excellent an attempt just now to kill your humble servant instead of his enemy, Time. Ma foi, I should not much like to make much acquaintance with the bottom of your canals; and as to the surface, we have been shooting this half hour through all sorts of dykes that look like over-grown sewers, and under little, low bridges that make one involuntarily take off his bonnet and bow his head in token of respect for such stupendous creations."

"Or out of regard for your own aigrette and feather, and your exquisite chevelure, Jacques," added Giulio, laughing. "But come, my friend, you shall put yourself under my guidance. Let your gondolier put round," said he, making a sign to the boatman; "I was just going to the Palazzo Polani, which is close at hand here, when those fellows knocked the heads of their boats together."

The men obeyed the signal, and both gondolas skimmed side by side along the water for a short distance, till they stopped beside a flight of marble steps that, rising from the water, led up to the portico of the Palazzo Polani. The two gentlemen left their gondolas, and ascending the steps passed into the mansion.

"Well, Taddeo," said the gondolier of Count Giulio to him who had rowed the stranger, "what hast thou got there, lad? Thou lookest as if thou wert bitten by a tarantola? Has the stranger, with all his bravery, given thee base coin or a paltry zecchino?"

"Proprio il diavolo! no such thing, Christophero," replied the man addressed, who was intently regarding something in his hand. "The eccelenza is a true noble, a lord or a prince, or an emperor mayhap. Look you, 'tis a real yellow golden piece," and he held it up between his finger and thumb admiringly.

"A golden florin, by St. Nicholas!" cried the other. "Thou art in good luck to-day, Taddeo mio. But thou knowest one half of that is a '*buonmano*,' and thou art bound to drink the health of his excellency. So come, lad, thou shalt take me with thee to aid in doing him honour. Besides, thou owest me something for running foul of me just now."

"Cospetto, no, Christophero; 'twas thine own fault entirely; thou knowest very well thou shouldst not have kept so close to the *riva*; 'tis against the ordinances. Faith, if I were to have thee up before the '*Signori alle acque*,' I trow they would lay upon thee smartly in the shape of fine."

"Well, well," said the other, "whoever was in the wrong, thou hast got the best fare and I the most damage. See you how the side of your boat has bent the iron of my prow and well-nigh broken it in two; but I bear thee no malice, Taddeo."

"Nay, for the matter of that," said the other, "I will keep up no grudge either. So come along, *compare*, I care not if I stand a bicchiere di vinello."

"Diavolo, what dost talk about—a bicchiere di vinello! I tell thee, we cannot do less than drink a whole fiasco of the best wine, Liatico or Muscadine at the least, to the health of his excellency. So push away, Caro mio, no one keeps better wine than old Paolo, the tavernajo, near the church of San Nicolo."

While the boatmen were gliding amicably away through one of the lateral canals that led from the Canale Grande to the quarter of San Nicolo, the two gentlemen whom they had been rowing had passed through the pillared hall, and up the marble staircase, and entered a stately apartment such as the Venetian nobles delighted to display for the reception of guests. The walls were covered with ancestral pictures, and the furniture was rich in gold and marble, and curiously wrought tables, and costly ornaments of glass. Giulio now cordially embraced his friend, pressing him within his arms, and touching either cheek with his lips—a custom which at first strikes an Englishman as extravagant and effeminate, but which, in time, he learns to feel is neither the one nor the other amongst people whose impulses are stronger by nature, and put under less restraint by education than are our own.

"Welcome, once more welcome, my dear Jacques, to Venice and to my father's house. I grieve he is not here to receive

the friend and benefactor of his son as his merits deserve; but count his house your own; and such poor cheer as it can afford in these times of war and necessity is heartily at your command."

"A thousand thanks, dear Giulio," said the other, warmly returning the pressure of his friend's hand. "But in truth thou dost rate too highly the trifling service that it was my good fortune to render thee in the gay capital of France. The loan of a few gold pieces happily enabled thee to avail thyself of the fortune of the dice, and to retrieve thyself. It was a pleasant sight to see thee take thy revenge upon the sharpers of Paris. But as thou must needs remember this matter, why thou shalt even repay the obligation tenfold by showing me some of the wonders of your celebrated city of Venice, whereof I have heard so much."

"Most willingly, my dear Jacques," said the young Venetian, "though I advertise thee that thou shalt see us now but to small advantage. The present war has drained the city of our gayest nobles, and thou wilt find Venice but a *triste* place just now. But tell me, to what favouring gale we are indebted to thy presence? When we parted in France, a visit to Italy was not in thy thoughts."

"In good faith, Giulio, I am, as thou knowest, but a rolling stone at best, gathering little moss, as the proverb hath it."

"Aye, Jacques, but gaining all the more polish."

"Well, it may be so," said the other. "But now, how wilt thou order our movements?"

"Why, Jacques, it is yet too early to see our clarissimos and ladies, so we shall even sally forth in the meantime to see whatever chance may throw in our way. Believe me, there are things in this our Venice that will amuse thee, if it be but for their strangeness."

"It is so reported," said Jacques, "and I long much to inspect them."

"Meanwhile," said Giulio, "your effects shall be brought from the Osteria, and then we shall return to doff our travelling attire, and prepare for visiting. I would willingly make you known to some of my fair countrywomen."

"That is what I most desire. I have always heard that your Venetian dames are not easily accessible to strangers, but that they are beautiful and charming; and in truth I count much on your friendship in affording me this pleasure."

"That will I gladly, and thou shalt confess that rumour has not overrated their loveliness. So look to your heart, Jacques."

The young man laughed with careless gaiety—"Oh, fear not for me, Giulio, I am well nigh proof against the spells of womankind."

"We shall see, we shall see," said the other; "be not over-boastful, my friend."

"Well, well, let us proceed. Thou shalt first pledge me, Jacques, in a cup of such wine as Venice affords."

So saying, Giulio summoned a servant, who speedily entered bearing a salver upon which were various refreshments and two large bottles of coloured glass, small in the neck, but swelling out into very goodly dimensions in the body, and which from their shape had obtained the name of *Ingistere*. When they were set down on the table, the host continued:—

"Here is wine of Cyprus, if thou wilt; or, what sayest thou to this other, which is from the grape of Southern Italy? We count the Lagrime di Christo the most delectable of all liquors."

"And with justice," said Jacques; "I have heard of a worthy French monk who was so affected with its delicious flavour, that he exclaimed, '*O Domine, Domine, cur non lachrymasti in rigionibus nostris!*'"

"The taste of the good father was more to be commended than his piety," remarked Giulio, with a smile; "but let it pass. So now fill to our pleasant rambles."

"Buon viaggio," said Jacques, pouring out the wine into a drinking glass, and courteously touching the rim of his host's bicchiere with his own.

The young men issued forth from the palazzo at the side opposite to that which faced the canal, and found themselves in a *cortile*, which having traversed, they passed along various narrow streets or *cali*, and crossing occasionally the small canals by means of steep bridges which were ascended by flights of steps on either side, at length they emerged into more open ground in the front of the church of *San Geminiano*, which forms the western limit of the Piazza di San Marco.

A little beyond the façade of the church, a dense crowd was collected, consisting principally of the lower classes, mechanics, sailors, and labourers, with here and there a merchant or a master of a bottega, the one arrested, it might be, in his passage through the great thoroughfare of Venice, the other attracted from his counter to witness the spectacle at which they were now looking. There were not wanting, too, troops of boys and an abundance of the women of that rank in life who scruple not to be abroad whenever their avocations require, and their large veils of black, white, and yellow, according to their age and condition of wife, maid, or widow, and their glancing necks and shoulders, which were but poorly concealed by such flimsy covering, gave variety and piquancy to the scene. The most casual observer could not fail to be struck with the fact that the heads of the women for the most part were on a level with those of the other sex, and indeed occasionally out-topped them. When one looked down, however, the mystery was solved, for each woman stood in a strange sort of wooden clogs, called *cioppini*, covered with leather of different colours, according to the caprice of the wearer, and varying in height from a few inches to half a foot. The concourse thus brought together were evidently intent upon some object that was in the Piazza, in the direction of Saint Mark's, and as the further progress of the two friends was somewhat impeded, they also turned their eyes in the same direction. Midway in the Piazza was a rude stage of boards, raised up some few feet from the ground upon benches or forms; and upon the stage appeared several persons, some of them with masks of a grotesque character, and all dressed in the tawdry bravery of players of those days. One was readily recognised by the gaudy colours of his hose and doublet, and the immense ruff beneath his chin, as the representative of the gallant or young lover; another, by his visard and antics, was unmistakeably the fool or jack-pudding; while two or three women (an unusual thing except in Venice at this period) appeared in various dresses. But the principal of the troop was the ciarlatano or mountebank, who stood at one extremity of the stage near to a large chest, in which were deposited a strange variety of the most incongruous things imaginable. A flourish of music ensued, which, to speak truly, was more commendable for its noise and energy than for any harmony which was produced; indeed, harmony could not be reasonably expected from the musicians themselves, or the instruments upon which they performed, which were cornets, lutes, and hurdy-gurdys, or vielles as they were called. During this performance, the ciarlatano opened the chest and drew forth his various wares. There were unguents of divers kinds in bottles of various colours; waters and lotions of marvellous virtues; drugs of unheard of potency; elixirs, salves, cosmetics, songs, charms, and a multitude of other wonders which no tongue save his own could recount or describe. These, as he took them forth one by one, he held up to the gaze of the multitude, and when the first tempest of music was stilled, the ciarlatano raised himself to his full height, and extending both his hands, the fingers of which were covered with thick, silver rings, he held up a phial with an oily liquid in one hand, and flourished the other as he addressed the people.

Jacques said to his friend—"Stop a little, Giulio; I would gladly listen to one of your ciarlatani, who, I hear, are the most wonderful in the world."

The young men accordingly stood still, and had no difficulty in hearing the mountebank's oration.

"Eccomi, cittidani di Venetzia, eccomi, Bartolomeo Venturini, medico, magico, astrologico, dentista e professore. Here am I, who can read the stars, cure all diseases, and draw teeth—*senz'alcun dolore*—without your feeling as much as a twitch of pain. Messires, have any of you here a bad tooth? Eh ben, I can draw it, if it have one prong, or two

prongs, or three prongs (and here he held up a finger for each prong), be they straight or crooked (twisting his fingers together), it is all the same to Bartolomeo Venturini. Ebbene, qui vuol un di queste mirabile bottiglie? And only two zecchini a-piece." The ciarlatano upon this held out the bottle to the crowd.

"What is it good for?" asked an old woman who had made her way up near to the stage.

"What is it good for?" said Bartolomeo, repeating her question. "What is it *not* good for, mamma mia? 'Tis good for cholics and rheumatism—for the ague and for the fever; aye, per bacco, and for the plague itself."

"Santissima Virgine!" ejaculated the old woman, at the dreaded name of the plague. "If 'tis good for all these, 'twill do something for the rheum in my eyes, belike."

"Sicuro, madre mia, sicuro, 'tis the very thing for them. Here"—and he gave the poor old soul the bottle, and got her money.

"Ah, bella, bella," addressing a smart young widow, "thou hast nothing amiss with thine eyes, and needst no salve or wash for them, but I have the choicest cosmetic for thy cheeks, that will make them glow like the brazen horses above St. Mark's, there beyond, with the sun shining on them."

The widow simpered, and said nothing; nevertheless, when the quack held out a little box of unguent to her and said, "Only four zecchine, bella donna," the money speedily found its way into his hand, and the bottle into hers.

"Who wants julaps for all sorts of weakness of the limbs? Ecco una medicina maravigliosa! una medicina santissima!" and he held up high in the air a small paper packet "the receipt whereof was gotten from the blessed Saint Luke the physician himself. Know you not all of you Giuseppe Ladro, the Calzolaio, the cobler, that lives hard by? Well, his brother Tomaso, un povero diavolo, did I not cure him of a weakness and anguish of his loins, when he was doubled up—thus—cosi?" And the knave mimicked a man bent together with pain, in a manner so irresistibly comic, that the whole of the rabble burst into shouts of laughter.

And so the wily charlatan continued to sell his nostrums, and above all his love philtres and charms in all directions. Then, when he rested for a while, the others began to play and sing, and the jack-pudding amused the bystanders with all sorts of jokes and smart things suitable to his auditory.

After a short time, Bartolomeo again advanced to the front of the stage with a knife in his hand, and, bareing his left arm, he inflicted a frightful gash mid-way between the wrist and elbow that seemed to cut almost into the bone. The blood spouted from the arteries so frightfully, that one would have thought the man could not fail to bleed to death in a few moments, and the shriek's of the women, and ejaculations of the men, at once testified to their horror and astonishment. The mountebank, however, poured upon the wound a dark glutinous balsam, and in a moment the blood was staunched, and when the arm was wiped the wound was not discoverable. This marvel being performed, he drew from the inexhaustible chest a large viper, and suffered the reptile to crawl and twine round his naked arm. He was just announcing to the wondering crowd how that this same viper, with whose sting he played, was lineally descended from the very reptile that stung the blessed Saint Paul at Melita, when his eye recognised Giulio and his friend at the outer extremity of his audience.

"Ah! noble young gentleman, excellent clarissimi!" cried he. "What can Bartolomeo do for you? Here is a mirific unguent from a cock's comb to make your beards grow; or will you have a philtre of agnus castus to cause all the doors of Venice to fly open to you, and to set every bella ragazzina in the town dying of love for your sweet persons?"

The youths, as might be expected, only smiled but made no reply, and now endeavoured to make their way along the skirt of the crowd, seeing that the eyes of the people were turned upon them. But the ciarlatano was not to be thus baffled, for he well knew that a joke at the expense of a noble, when it could be indulged in safety, was ever relished by the people with the keenest enjoyment.

"Nay, do not depart yet, eccelentissimi: we have got choice drugs for nobles. Here is a famous purge for pride; this other is a fomentation to bring down vanity; and here are sweating powders to assuage sensuality."

The young men had by this time pressed onward, and had reached almost the centre of the Piazza, and come right opposite the front of the mountebank's stage; Giulio turned round quickly at these last words, and looking scornfully at the utterer, exclaimed—

"Per dio, varlet, wert thou not beneath my displeasure, it were well done to send thee to the office of the '*Cinque della Pace*,' hard by. A score of stripes across thy back would, I trow, be a better medicine to cure thee of petulance, than all thy drugs and nostrums."

Bartolomeo was stung by the bitterness of the youth's rebuke, more than he would have been by louder or angrier words; and as the laws for the internal regulation of the city were administered somewhat laxly during the war, he was emboldened to take his revenge. So he continued his bantering:—

"Brave gentlemen, would ye have the latest news from the troops, seeing that ye keep at home with your mothers; or shall I consult the stars and cast your nativities. Beseech you, let me calculate your horoscopes, noble sirs?" continued he, taking from the chest a paper covered with squares and triangles, and marked with strange characters. "Or would ye rather have a proof of my skill in the wonderful art of Palmistry? Show me your hands, sweet sirs, and I will tell you your fortunes, incontinently. Nay, then," he continued, seeing that the persons whom he thus interrogated made no reply, "nay, then, I shall show you, noble sirs, that Bartolomeo Venturini knows you better than you know yourselves. Your fates are written on your faces for him who can decipher the legend by the divine light of the science of metoposcopy."

At this moment the faces of the young men were turned directly towards the speaker, and he proceeded to comment upon their features in a rapid and elevated voice, which gradually lost all the bitterness of tone in which he had so lately accosted them. Indeed, he was now apparently hurried away by the contemplation of his subject, forgetful of everything else; and one could well believe that he was as much the dupe of his own fantasies as were those whom he endeavoured to mystify—a result not uncommon with persons who had given themselves to the study of the occult sciences, as they were called.

"Ah! how plain are the planetary influences upon that countenance," cried he—but to which of the youths he alluded it was impossible to discover;—"I trace them as clearly as I would upon the heavens of a starlit night. How *Mars* dominates on that high forehead! Choleric, fiery, courageous, and, at the same time, haughty and somewhat reckless; he is one who brooks not readily to bend to the will of another. A fine nose, truly, with a well-defined nostril—ah! *Venus* lies there, as if it were her own Paphos; I find he is of a sweet nature, loving and somewhat voluptuous, and one who shall be loved with the whole heart of woman. But, then, I like not the curl of that lip: truly, *Mercury* is malign in the mouth, and crosses *Venus* with a sinister influence. Alas, what a pity! Assuredly, some evil awaits him, and that in a quarter whence he least expects it—sad, sad!"

The man muttered a few words which were inaudible: then turning, as it seemed, to the consideration of the other face, he said:—

"Dio, what fine eyes!—*Sol* in the meridian and *Luna* at the full. Truly hast thou a benevolent and noble disposition: faithful in friendship, and true; ingenuous, yet secret; sincere, yet reserved and thoughtful; engaging manners; no craven anxiety about the future; imaginative, versatile, fond of travel and of knowledge, a lover of the arts. And yet see how *Saturn* lowers in that left ear, and flings his pale, leaden shadow across the sallow cheek! Ahime! thou, too, young man, shalt have thy hour of sorrow."

While the ciarlatano was uttering these disjointed comments upon the characters and destinies of the youths, mingled with the unintelligible jargon of that now-exploded lore which pretended to assign to each of the planets and zodiacal signs a particular feature over which it was said to exercise a special influence,—the rabble listening the while in mute wonder,—the objects of his remarks, as if wrought on by an irresistible fascination, stood still, affected to some extent by the enthusiasm of the speaker. Now, however, they held on their way again, and had nearly effected their escape from the crowd, when the voice of the conjuror pursued them in deep and solemn accents :—

"Thou shalt seek a bride in her house, but thou shalt find the angel of death there before thee! She whom thou wouldst take to thy heart shall be ravished from thee for ever. Through the portals whence the bride should go forth in the morning to the altar, shall the corpse be borne at evening to the grave. So do the planets portend, and so do I declare."

The words of this prophecy, though it was doubtful to which of the young men they were addressed, arrested at once the step and the attention of Giulio, and made him turn pale with a mingled feeling of rage and horror. Half drawing his short rapier, which was concealed beneath his cloak, he was springing forward to administer a chastisement upon Bartolomeo that would, in all probability, have defied the efficacy of his wonderful styptic to heal, when Jacques, seeing at a glance all the danger of so rash a step—for the people observed the movement and shewed symptoms of taking part with Bartolomeo,—seized his friend by the arm, and hurried him forward towards the church of San Marco.

"Nay, Giulio," said Jacques, as they stood beneath the western portico of the chapel, "thou shouldst not heed the random words of that poor devil. If the stars are to declare the course of our lives, they must be conjured by some more potent influences than yonder quacksalver can command."

Giulio laughed, but made no reply, and so they passed between the columns of porphyry and verd-antique which support the arches of the façade, and passed into the interior of the building.

But, despite of his gay laugh, the mind of the young Venetian was not altogether at ease. At the period of which we write, it will be borne in mind, men's intellects were but little emancipated from the trammels of gross superstition. A belief in the occult sciences was everywhere prevalent, and the most enlightened minds did not venture to discredit the marvels of witchcraft and demonology. Amongst other dark lore, astrology was then in high repute ; and we cannot wonder at the universal credence it obtained in this age, when we recollect that two centuries later, Catherine de Medicis and Cardinal Mazarin regulated their conduct in every affair of moment by astrological predictions ; that Dee gained influence over the strong mind of our own Elizabeth, and visited the courts of Poland and Bohemia ; and, later still, Lilly gave public lectures in astrology, calculated nativities, received a golden chain from the warlike Charles Gustavus of Sweden, and was consulted by Charles the First of England. It could not, therefore, be expected that Giulio Polani should be above the prejudices or the superstitions of his age ; and though his disposition did not lead him to shrink at physical danger, in the case of supernatural influences he was no more valiant than others. Thus a morbid sensibility of feeling, increased, no doubt, by the interview of the preceding evening with Bianca, and the revival of all his old affections, made him apply the words of the ciarlatano to himself and to her whom he already hoped would yet be his bride ; and without acknowledging to himself that he believed thoroughly in the prophetic powers of Bartolomeo, yet neither did he feel the assurance that the prophecy, strange as it seemed, was nothing more than what his friend Jacques had pronounced it—the random words of a mere quacksalver.

For a time, despite of himself, he was moody and abstracted ; but—not caring to let his friend see that he was really disturbed by what Jaques did not think worth a thought, though it might apply as well to the one as the other —he rallied his spirits, and by a strong effort shook off the uneasy feeling. Occupying himself in showing to the stranger the glories of a city of which every Venetian was justly proud, Giulio soon forgot the scene of the morning, and not a shadow lingered in his memory to mar the sunshine of his heart.

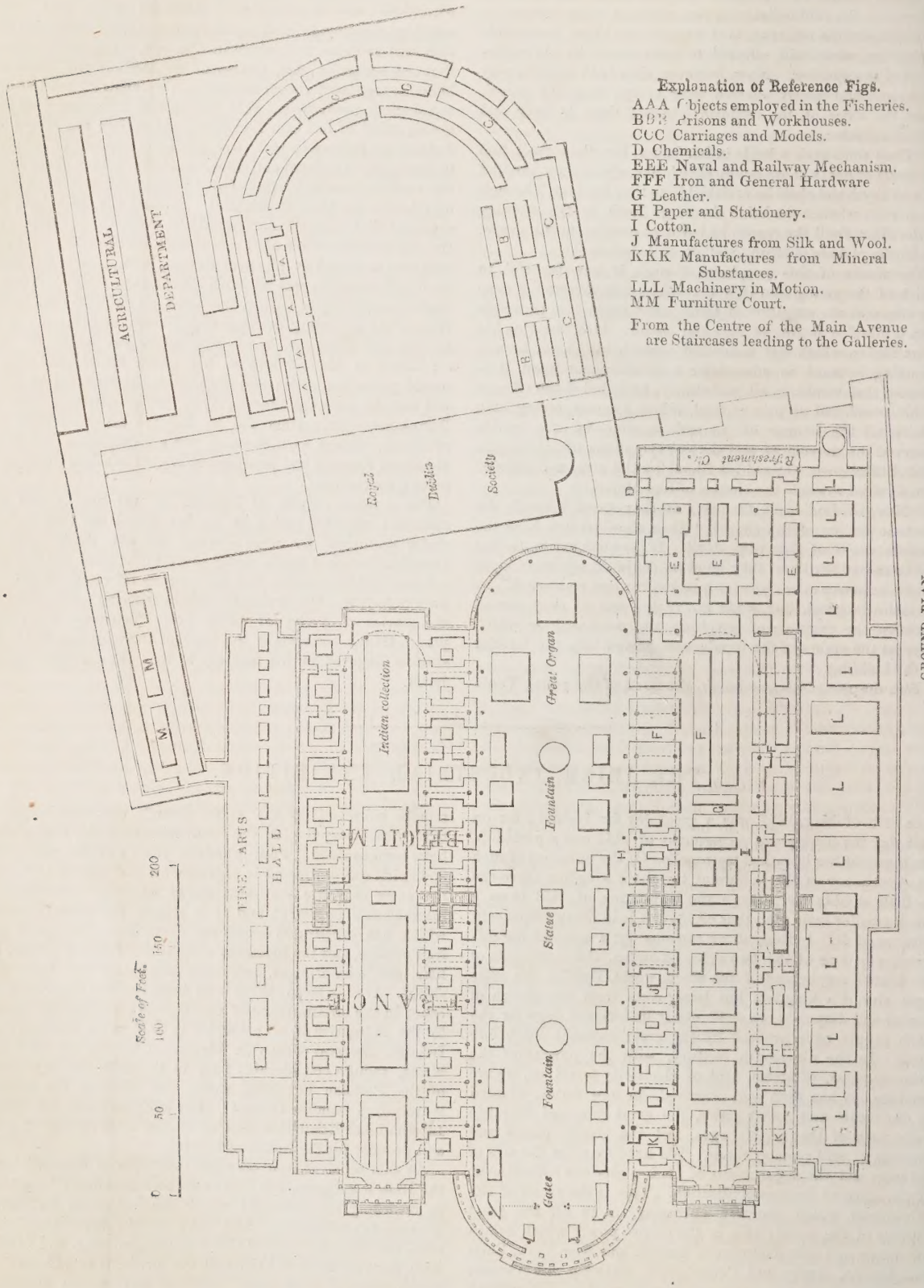
THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

The 12th of May, 1853, was a great day for Ireland ; for on that day the triumphant experiment of 1851 was repeated in the centre of her beautiful metropolis. Of the influence of such an experiment on the welfare of the sister kingdom there can be little doubt ; for, though the Exhibition of 1853 is on a much smaller scale than that of 1851, it is in many respects in advance of it. Indeed, if we consider for a moment the different positions of the two cities—London, the metropolis of the British empire and of the whole world, Dublin, the principal city of a kingdom but lately risen from the slough of famine and despond—we shall easily understand how far the Irish people have profited by the great example set before them. In the nineteenth century, with the powers of the printing-press, of steam, and of electricity to aid us, we are reviving—it has been well observed—in new forms, adapted to our wants and social states, the great fairs and chivalric gatherings of the middle ages, and the classic games and contests of still remoter times. We have found in the arts of industry and the departments of trade a glorious embodiment of the spirit of modern civilisation. This is the secret of the exhibitions which are now springing up in all the great capitals of the world ; this is the motive power which brings the artists and manufacturers of London and New York, Paris and Dublin, Berlin and Petersburgh, Antwerp and Vienna, into such intimate connexion and friendly rivalry. The present generation of men, devoted to peaceful pursuits, has not the less, on that account, the enthusiasm and romance of character which belonged to the men of the old time. These sentiments remain substantially the same, though the complexion of them has changed with the circumstances under which they have been evolved. Four hundred years ago the public will and spirit was expressed in tournaments and crusades—to-day the same chivalric sentiment shows itself in exhibitions of international industry ; and it is simply the force of events which has substituted executive committees, and glass and iron palaces, and the bloodless contention of skilled labour, for lists, and men-at-arms, and fierce encounters with lance and shield. If this be so, there is an immense and happy significance in the circumstance of that second great display opened to the industries of all countries is held in the metropolis of Ireland. Several weeks in advance of the New York Exhibition, though considerably later in the field—far in advance of the Parisian industrial show, and winning the earliest laurels even from the Crystal Palace at Sydenham—the Dublin International Exhibition may be looked upon as a great hope and promise for the future of Ireland.

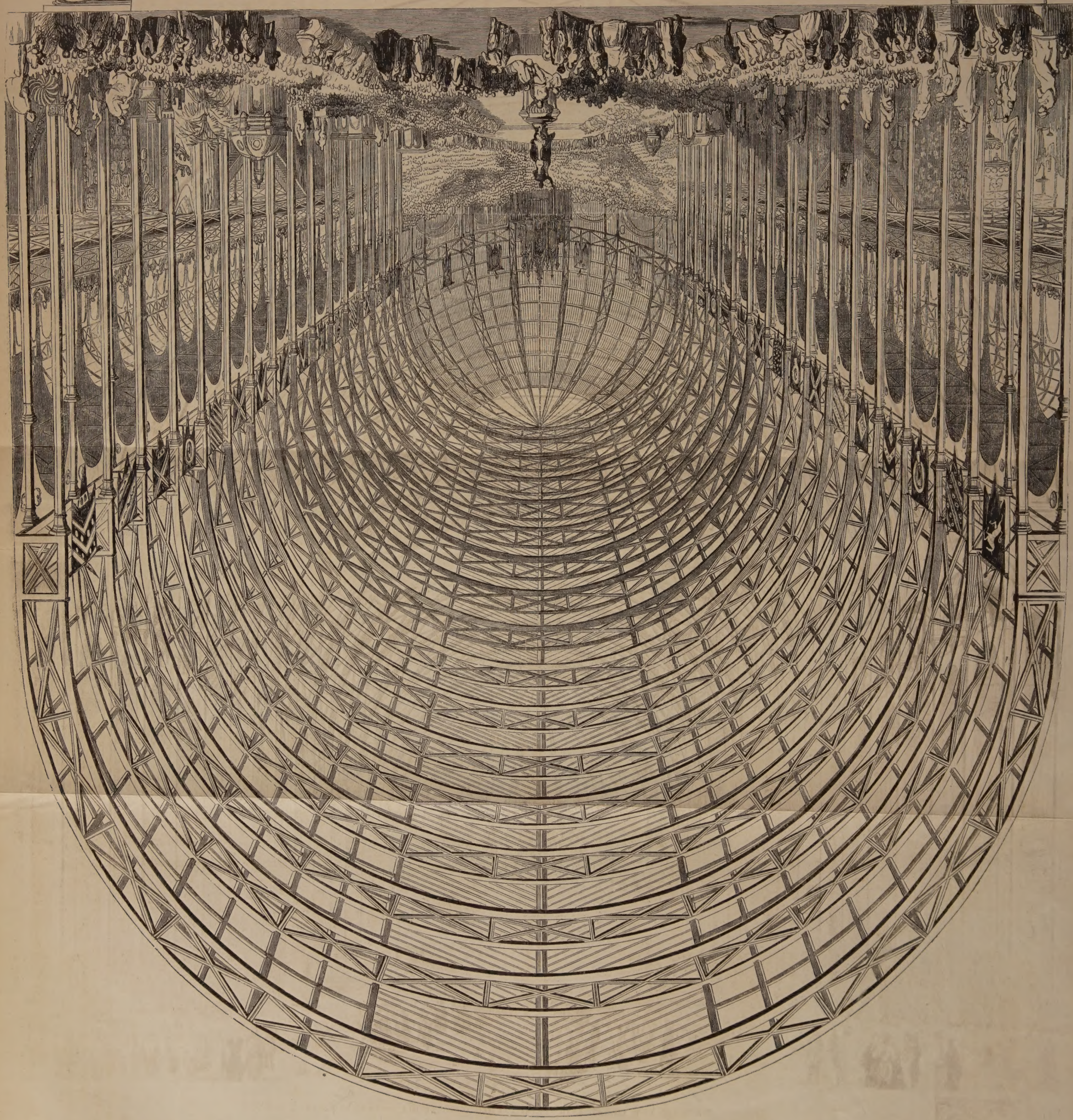
At this moment, not only are the "eyes of Europe" upon the Irish metropolis, but "our own correspondents" are busy in recording the triumphs which the Industrial Exhibition is every day achieving. And it is a proud reflection for Irishmen, that they have raised this beautiful building, and filled it with the evidences of skill and the products of industry, by means entirely their own. Without government assistance of any kind, but by sheer force of perseverance, and through the patriotic endeavours of a single individual, the Irish Exhibition of 1853 has won for itself a name and distinction

which cannot but be beneficial to the social, industrial, and political welfare of the people.

We have already—*ante* p. 24—made our readers acquainted with the patriotic Mr. Dargan, to whom, indeed, the present Exhibition is mainly owing; or we might show how, rising from the people, and possessing a spirit, energy, and liberality, which appears to belong as much, or more, to the merchants and traders of our time, as to the inheritors of great historic names, he has laboured untiringly, grudging neither time nor money, for the good of his country. Although upwards of £100,000 have been advanced by Mr. Dargan for the purposes of the Exhibition, for the repayment of which he looks alone



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, DUBLIN—OPENED MAY 12, 1853.



DRAWN BY GILBERT, FROM DESIGNS BY J. MAHONY, ESQ.] [ENGRAVED BY H. LINTON AND G. PEARSON.

to the receipts at the doors, it must never be forgotten, that the main motive of this gentleman has been, not pecuniary benefit or advantageous employment of capital, but a desire to place within the reach of his humble countrymen, in the midst of their own metropolis, a collection of the products of human skill and ingenuity, the contemplation of which might encourage them to work out with patience and self-reliance the great problem of their own social and political welfare.

The beautiful building in which the Exhibition is held is the production of Mr. Benson, from whose designs it has been erected. By reference to the annexed ground plan, the distribution of the various parts will be understood.

The Irish Exhibition Building differs in many important respects from its progenitor in Hyde-park. Like it, the framing of the building is composed of iron columns and girders, but, unlike it, the whole light is admitted from above, a portion only of the roof being glazed. The peculiarly light and airy appearance of the Crystal Palace is therefore lost; nevertheless, sufficient light, well toned down, is admitted to all parts of the present building to set off the objects exhibited to the best advantage. If the reader will turn back to page 24, he will perceive what an elegant appearance the main front of the building makes. It was originally intended to erect it of much smaller dimensions, and the chief features were a main central hall with side aisles, each hall having a grand semicircular roof. This arrangement of the space still continues to a certain extent; but, instead of there being only two aisles, the building now consists of five large parallel halls, the centre one of which is about the size of Westminster-hall. The mixture of the oriental with what may be called the modern style of building is strikingly displayed in Mr. Benson's novel structure. In case any of our readers have a talent for realizing space from figures, we give them the benefit of the following:—

The main portion of the building forms nearly a square, presenting a frontage of 405 feet, and a depth of 425: this is divided into five large halls, the central one being a noble compartment of 425 feet in length, by 100 feet in breadth, and 104 feet in height. The great semicircular roof is supported by trellis ribs, constructed of timber, and rests on cast-iron columns, 45 feet in height; on either side are two compartments of 25 feet in width, running the whole length of the building; adjoining these are two halls of 325 feet in length by 50 in width, with semicircular roofs 65 feet in height. These halls are separated by compartments of 25 feet in width, on one side from the Machinery Court, a fine hall of 450 feet in length by 50 in breadth; and on the other from the Fine Arts Hall, 325 by 40 feet. In addition to these, the Fore Court of the Dublin Society's House is surrounded by a large building 500 feet in length and 55 in breadth, being connected with the main building by a Court for Agricultural Machinery, 250 feet by 40 feet on one side; and on the other, by a Corridor leading into the Machinery Court.

These figures, however, convey but a slight idea of the *tout ensemble* presented by the circularity of the roofs and ends of the building—the centre dome towering high above the others—and the novelty of the form adopted. The exterior of the building, as well as the interior, is decorated in much the same style as that adopted by Mr. Owen Jones at the Crystal Palace; but the main front, which looks towards Merrion-square, possesses an entirely new feature, namely, an outer gallery, or balcony, some 20 feet wide. This balcony is reached from the inner galleries, which are disposed on much the same plan as those at the Crystal Palace; and when it is filled with company, it will present a very gay and lively appearance.

From the galleries a good view of the arrangements below will be obtained; but it is remarkable that in no position in the building can its entire figure be seen at a glance, as was possible at either end of the Crystal Palace in Hyde-park.

We may now, previous to entering upon a description of the various articles contributed to this international bazaar—the second "world-idea," as the Germans emphatically call it—attempt a slight sketch of the

CEREMONIAL OBSERVED ON THE MEMORABLE 12TH OF MAY.

It is late in the day to speak of the hopes of the sanguine, and the fears of the timid, concerning an event already accomplished; therefore we may pass from the night of the 11th, when all was bustle within the building and concern without, to the morning of the 12th, when the sun shone out a welcome to the thousands who made holiday in Dublin in honour of the auspicious occasion.

It was really a grand sight.

Let the reader try to picture to himself the scene which the great hall of the building presented. By incredible exertions, it had not only been cleared of all obstructions, but through the good taste of Mr. Jones, the artist, nicely decorated with sculpture, plants, and other objects. Its ample width, and the galleries along either side, accomodated, without any inconvenience, a brilliant assemblage of not less than 15,000 persons. They were arranged consistently with the best pictorial effect, the ladies in front, and forming on all points a gay bordering of colour and elegant drapery which filled and satisfied the eye. The utmost order, good-humour, and comfort prevailed, and not only inside, but without also, nothing could be better than the police arrangements. No confusion or scrambling for places occurred, and with great patience the time for commencement of the ceremony, mid-day, was awaited. The hall, filled with people, and just sufficiently decorated with other objects to break the monotony, presented a singularly striking aspect. A fine equestrian statue of the Queen by Marochetti occupied the centre, and attracted all eyes. By a happy thought, MacDowall's "Eve," a work of the highest artistic merit, a souvenir of Hyde-park, and which is here very naturally claimed as native, was placed near the top of the hall, and looked exceedingly well there. A spacious platform of raised seats mounting tier above tier, and containing an orchestra of 1,000 performers (vocal and instrumental), closed in this part of the building. Above the orchestra rose the fine organ of St. Peter's College, at Oxford, built by a Dublin maker named Telford, and lent by the college with very commendable liberality. Below the orchestra stood the *dais* prepared for the Lord St. Germans and the Viceregal Court. In the immediate vicinity of this were the reserved seats for the privileged, and down into the centre of the hall a broad avenue was kept clear to afford greater facilities for seeing the details of the ceremony. As in Hyde-park, the police were almost entirely relied upon for carrying out the arrangements, any conspicuous display of the military being considered unsuitable to such an occasion. The hall had filled early with all but the more distinguished people, and nothing occurred for a considerable time to break the hum of innumerable conversations which rose from every corner of the spacious interior. First, the judges appeared, and occupied front seats on the left of the viceregal throne. With them the clergy of the Established Church and the Doctors and Fellows of the University consorted; while the mayors of the different towns in England and Ireland present ranged themselves on the right. Some dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church next appeared upon the scene, and then Sir E. Blakeney, the Commander-in-Chief, made his way to the top of the hall, followed by a brilliant staff; the veteran, who seems very popular in Dublin, being loudly cheered by the assemblage. A number of Irish noblemen then came in; among them Lord Cloncurry, Lord Talbot de Malahide, the Marquis of Kildare, Lord Portarlington, Lord Clanmorris, the Earl of Meath, the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Rossmore, Lord Carew, Lord Castlereagh, the Marquis of Conyngham, Lord Massareene, and the Marquis of Headfort. Lord Gough, who has taken a deep interest in the Exhibition, arrived early. The number of peeresses was also considerable; and, altogether, the aristocracy of Ireland was well and even splendidly represented on the occasion. Some sensation was created by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, as they moved through the assemblage to their appointed places on the right of the viceregal throne. Shortly after twelve o'clock, the procession from the Castle arrived. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant was attended in his progress by

his suite, and by the knights and officers of the Order of St. Patrick; and along the route which was traversed in state great crowds of people had collected.

ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION.

At a quarter-past twelve o'clock the procession came in view, and the members of the Executive Committee assembled at the doors to receive their Excellencies; and as the carriage containing the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of St. Germans approached the building, the band of the 11th Hussars played the National Anthem.

At half-past twelve o'clock a general buzz and eager move-

GROUP OF VASES FROM THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

ment in the vast assembly indicated the advent of the procession, and in a few minutes it had advanced up the hall in the following order:—

Officers of the Corporation, with the insignia of State.
The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.
The members of the Executive Committee, with their wands and badges of office, two and two.
Sir William Betham, Ulster King at Arms.
Sir George Morris, Usher of the Black Rod.
The Hon. and Very Rev. Dean Pakenham, Chaplain of the Order of St. Patrick.
The Right Hon. Lord Carew, the Most Noble the Marquis of Headfort, the Right Hon. the Earl of Charlemont, the Most Noble the Marquis of Conyngham, and the Right Hon. Lord Massareene and Ferrard.
Knights of the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick invested with the Collar of the Order.
His Excellency's State Household.

Aides-de-Camp. Aides-de-Camp.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.
Grand Master of the Illustrious Order, wearing the Collar of the Order, and the Brilliant Diamond Badge and Star of Grand Master.

Her Excellency the Countess of St. Germans,
Attired in a magnificent dress of Irish poplin, and wearing a shawl of Limerick lace.

As they advanced towards the *dais* prepared for their reception, their Excellencies were greeted with hearty and prolonged acclamations by the whole assembly.

At this moment one of the great features of the day—the musical performance—commenced by the full band performing the National Anthem. Often as this grand and beautiful composition has been heard in public, and well known though it must have been to all present, it assumed a new interest, and we had almost said new features, from the massive strength of the orchestra.

The scene now presented in the Great Hall was one of affecting interest and grandeur,—the scarlet uniforms of the military gentlemen present, the robes of the corporate officers, and the dark shades of the civilian full dress, contrasting with the diversified hues which floated joyously in the wide expanse of laces, silks, and ribbons that everywhere met the view, while the rich and solemn peals of the organ added to the impressiveness of the general effect.

At the entrance of the building his Excellency was received by the Executive, who, two abreast, and followed by the vice-regal retinue, led the way to the upper end of the hall. The immense assemblage rose to welcome his Excellency with three cheers, and the National Anthem, succeeded by the 100th Psalm, terminating with the "Gloria Patri," and then Handel's "Coronation Anthem;" after which the General Committee drew near, and Mr. Roe, their chairman, read an elegant and impressive address to his Excellency.

The presentation of Mr. Dargan formed a very interesting event. On coming forward he was most warmly applauded, and the Lord Lieutenant, in the heartiest manner, expressed the Guilds of Ireland; besides many distinguished visitors from England, Scotland, the United States, and the Continent of Europe, Mr. Dargan, the founder of the Exhibition, Mr. Benson, the architect, and Mr. Roney, who traversed Europe in search of objects for exhibition, and interested crowned heads and noble families in the success of the experiment by force of his own enthusiastic perseverance, were the honoured guests of the evening. Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke, of the Executive Committee, and Mr. Sheriff Croll, represented the Royal Commission of 1851 and the City of London.

Of course the evening passed off with the greatest éclat,—the usual "royal and patriotic toasts" being given, and the usual number of complimentary speeches, in this instance, at least, sincere, being given.

The following is a correct list of the Executive Committee of the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1853:—G. Roe, Esq., Chairman; Major Fairfield, Deputy Chairman; The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Lord Talbot de Malahide, the Hon. John P. Vereker, the Hon. G. Handcock, Sir John Kingston James, Bart.; Sir Edward M'Donnell, Sir Robert Kane,

GROUP OF SILVER OBJECTS; TWO URNS AND A TEAPOT.—BENNETT, GRAFTON-STREET, DUBLIN.

the admiration which he entertained for his patriotic and generous conduct. He also stated the regret which he felt that the highest honour which he had it in his power to confer had been declined by Mr. Dargan. Mr. Benson was likewise highly and deservedly complimented by his Excellency on the merits and beauty of the building. He was made a knight upon the spot, and the spectators had the gratification of seeing the ceremony performed. The address read by the Mayor to his Excellency was feeling and appropriate.

On the return of the procession, and after the orchestra had performed a Hymn of Praise, his Excellency, in a loud tone of voice, declared the Exhibition Opened, and invoked God's blessing upon it. "The heavens are telling," from Haydn's "Creation," and the "Hallelujah Chorus" by Handel, were then sung with magnificent effect, and the ceremony concluded, as it had commenced, with the National Anthem.

The opening day was closed by a Grand Inaugural Banquet, at which were present the Lord Lieutenant, the representatives of the Church and State, the Bench, the Bar, the Universty, the Army, the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and Thomas Ball, Esq.; Dr. William Barker, John Barlow, Esq.; John Barton, Esq.; William Dargan, Esq.; Lundy E. Foot, Esq.; Professor Harrison, M.D.; Nathaniel Horne, Esq.; Alderman Kinahan, William Digges La Touche, Esq.; J. W. Murland, Esq.; John Pennefather, Esq.; William Henry Porter, Esq.; James Stirling, Esq.; Walter Sweetman, Esq.

We may now attempt to briefly indicate

THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

of the Great Industrial Exhibition of Ireland. Although several exhibitions of a similar nature have taken place since 1851—that at Silesia, and that at Cork last year, for instance—this is only the second really international bazaar that the world has yet seen. Thus, in the enumeration of the objects exhibited, we give precedence to those exhibited by our foreign friends. Bearing in mind the general distribution of the space, and glancing at the ground-plan, the reader will easily comprehend the position which the foreign exhibitors occupy. The ground-floor of the southern hall is appropriated to the display of the objects shown by the several states of Europe. The most perfect and comprehensive view of these is to be

obtained from the eastern end of the gallery, looking directly down the hall. The general effect of the graceful contributions of our continental neighbours is remarkably pleasing; but a close and minute inspection is necessary to reveal their peculiar excellences and great artistic beauty. The eastern end of the hall is devoted to the productions of Prussia, which consist chiefly of articles from the Royal Porcelain Manufactory at Berlin—bronze and iron castings, and terra cotta ornaments. The vases from the Royal Porcelain Manufactory are most beautiful articles, graceful in form, richly gilt, and painted in the highest style of art.

The Belgian contributions are placed next to the French department, and from their intrinsic value and beauty, are entitled to a very high place amongst the most valuable and attractive objects in the Exhibition. The Belgian department is curtained round by several beautiful pieces of tapestry, the rich decoration of which has a most brilliant effect.

France comes next in the order of arrangement, and occupies the greatest amount of space; but as only a portion of the French contributions have yet arrived, the present display must be regarded as merely partial. It is composed for the most part of zinc castings, gilt and bronzed, from the establishment of the Vieille Montagne Company, including ornamental time-pieces, figures for the chimney-piece, chandeliers, candelabras, &c. The figures are in every instance modelled with great spirit and artistic skill, and the material of which they are composed cannot be distinguished by the eye from real bronze. There are also a number of lamps of novel and elegant design. Besides these, many of the manufacturers of articles in silver are already making the French department gay with their varied and elegant contributions.

The German States of the Zollverein also make a fair display; terra cotta wares and such like art-appliances being the most conspicuous.

GROUP OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FROM THE JAPANESE COLLECTION.

But, of the foreign contributions, the most important are those illustrative of the arts of India, China, and Japan. To the indefatigable Mr. Roney the world of sight-seers in Ireland owe the most complete illustrative museum of East Indian arts and manufactures ever collected together; for to that gentleman is due the credit of having interested the possessors of rare and curious specimens from the countries in the Eastern seas in the success of the Irish Exhibition. Soon after the close of the Crystal Palace in Hyde-park, it was proposed, in consequence of the attention the Indian collection

had excited, to get together a larger number of objects from that country, and exhibit them in the rooms of the Society of Arts. The splendid proposals of Mr. Dargan, and the representations of Mr. Roney, however, had the effect of transferring the display from London to Dublin; and we doubt not that the East India Company will maintain in the sister island the honours it won so well in this.

China, too, is ably represented by Mr. Hewett, of Fenchurch-street, assisted by a large and excellent collection of objects brought from that country by an officer of the British army. A most glittering show of rare and curious objects, therefore, awaits the visitor to Ireland.

But the most unique and remarkable contribution in the entire Exhibition is that of the Japanese specimens contributed by the Dutch government. As most of our readers are aware, Japan has hitherto been a closed book to all but a very small section of European traders—the Dutch only being allowed to trade with the peculiar and exclusive merchants of Jeddo. Now, however—thanks again to Mr. Roney, who travelled to the Hague for the purpose of obtaining the boon—English, and Irish, and American, and French, and German visitors may gaze upon the handiwork of the Japanese with perfect impunity. The many valuable specimens shown are under the care of M. Van de Kasteele, the Director of the Museum of Curiosities at the Hague,—to which the collection belongs. The beauty of many of the specimens is certainly unsurpassed. The small specimens of china exhibit a much higher condition of art than that of the Chinese,—and the colours are brilliant and well chosen. The papier-mâché is ornamented in the most elaborate, but at the same time in perfectly chaste, manner, in gold and mother-o'-pearl,—inlaid with the greatest nicety, and brought to a perfect and brilliant surface. But the perfection of workmanship is exhibited in nearly all the portion of the collection which includes altar-pieces and screens, arms, ornaments, and clothing, musical instruments of many varieties, and beautifully constructed—mechanically, not scientifically,—numerous models of temples, ships, palanquins, and a hundred other articles. There is also a large number of drawings, maps, printing apparatus, and other things, which have scarcely ever been seen in England, in consequence of the very strict laws prohibiting their being taken out of the country. The offence of exporting a map of the country is punishable by the laws of Japan with death.

Our engraving shows some of the curious musical instruments in use among the Japanese; but as we shall probably have to refer again and again to the contents of the foreign department, we pass at once to a slight review of

THE IRISH CONTRIBUTIONS.

The Dublin Exhibition, owing everything to the patriotism and public spirit of one man, is yet—we speak only of the present display—not thoroughly understood by the Irish Exhibitors. "As a mere display of the products of Irish industry," says an eye-witness, "the collection would be a poor one indeed. Imperfect as the arrangements are, this important fact is already manifest. Linen manufactures from Belfast, poplins from Dublin, hosiery from Balbriggan, lace from Limerick and Cork, frieze, tweeds, and blankets are all the special manufactures that illustrate Irish industry at the Exhibition, with the exception of the Valentia and Killaloe slate quarries. The splendid marbles of the country are shown not by private traders, as commercially remunerative, but by the Royal Dublin Society, as undeveloped sources of wealth. The stands of lace bear about them many tokens of a manufacture hardly yet relieved from an almost eleemosynary character. The crochet work, originated by Lady Deane near Cork, has already risen from an annual value of £50 to one of £15,000, and from its extraordinary beauty and cheapness promises to take healthy root as a branch of national industry."

"With regard to the Limerick lace, nearly the same observations apply as to Cork, though in a less degree—Mr. Forrest, Messrs. Lambert and Bury, and other exhibitors, showing the really splendid specimens which they exhibit as strictly trade speculations.

"Of the flax trade, as represented at the Exhibition, there are some really splendid illustrations, supplied by Messrs. Coulson of Lisburn; Andrews, of Ardoyne; Roddy, of Belfast; Fenton, Bell and Co., Hemming, and others. From the finest fabrics to the coarsest fabrics of Drogheda, the whole manufacture is displayed, and over it the Royal Flax Improvement Society is seen watching with jealous care. It is necessary that it should do so, for the linen trade of Ireland, though its healthiest and most prosperous commercial interest, is exposed to a formidable rivalry both in Scotland and in Yorkshire.

"Dundee and other Scotch towns show in the Exhibition the coarser fabrics which they make with the prices significantly attached. The English manufacturers do not appear to have come forward, but, even if they had, it is not probable that the excellence of the higher qualities of linen produced in the north of Ireland would have been attained by them. In this respect very considerable progress appears to have been made even since the Exhibition of 1851. The goods shown are finer in quality and better in design."

The poplins and tabinets of Dublin are splendidly represented, and fortunately well placed. Pim, Fry, and Co., Atkinson, Keely, and Leach, are the chief exhibitors of this splendid product of the loom. The display includes not only the fabrics themselves, but the processes of the manufacture also, and the spectacle of so much skill and excellence, all Irish, is surely encouraging.

A similar observation holds good with reference to lace, the state of the trade affording facilities for giving it at the outset a high artistic character, which it is to be hoped it may always maintain. Of the friezes, blankets, and other woollen manufactures of Ireland, as represented in the Exhibition, little can be said that is new.

Balbriggan hosiery is the only remaining branch of industry national in its character which it seems necessary to allude to. The specimens of these goods exhibited are remarkable for their fineness of quality, and in this respect it may be observed that it is mainly branches of industry adapted to the wants of the wealthier classes that seem hitherto to have taken root in Ireland.

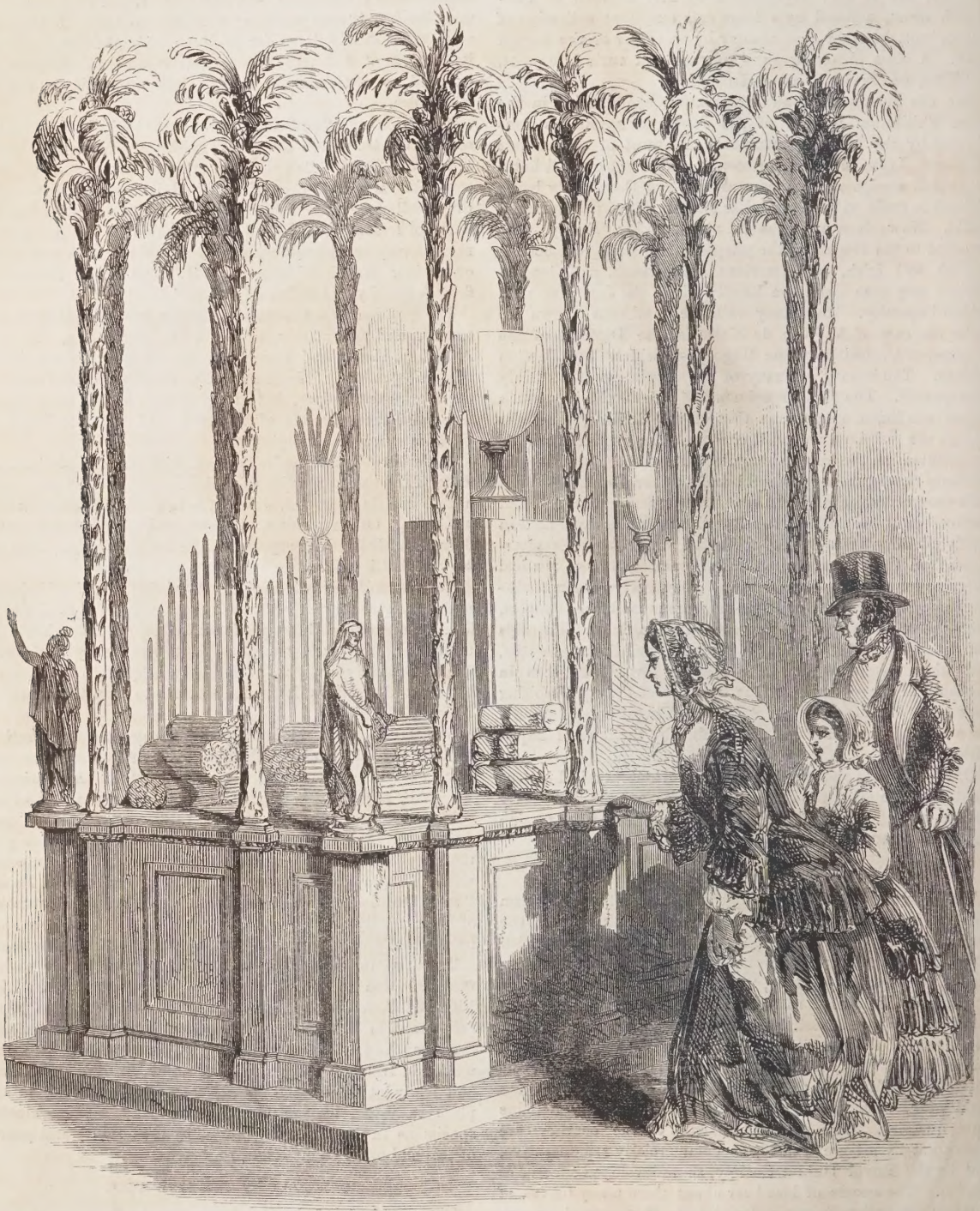
We have as yet said but little of the general contributions to the Exhibition; and of the Fine Arts department, the most complete and attractive of them all, nothing. As, however, we shall have yet to introduce engravings of many of the principal objects shown, we shall be excused if we pass quickly through the building, or if we attempt no more particular account of its contents than can be obtained on a first visit. In the great Central Hall the proprietors of Price's Patent Candles make a grand show. We give an illustration of their tastily-arranged stall; on a future occasion we shall have something to say of the manufacturers and their works.

Thus, on the present occasion, we must pass over with a mere mention the group of objects contributed by the Irish Fisheries Commissioners, illustrative of the tackle and apparatus used in the fisheries; the collection of domestic manufactures shown by the guardians of twenty-seven poor-law unions in Ireland; church bells, clothing, furniture, saddlery, and many other interesting objects; to say nothing of the plate exhibited by the Queen, and many highly valuable specimens in the arts, contributed by the nobility and gentry of this and other countries.

THE HALL OF THE FINE ARTS.

The main body of the Exhibition was far from complete on the opening day, says an eminent contemporary; but the managers had wisely provided a great treat for their visitors in the collection of pictures brought together in the Fine Art Gallery. The Great Exhibition of 1851, though professing to represent *art* and manufactures, ignored the existence of pictures, except they happened to be painted on glass; the Great Exhibition of 1853, more wise than its progenitor, not only represents, but encourages *art* in its most captivating form.

Consequently we have, in the pictures in the Irish Exhibition, the finest and most characteristic collection, perhaps, ever brought together, especially of living artists. The room in which the pictures are hung is 325 feet long by forty broad, and already contains nearly 600 pictures. Many more have yet to be hung; and an additional gallery, about a quarter



PRICE'S CASE OF COMPOSITION CANDLES, IN THE GREAT HALL.

the size of the present, is in preparation for the remainder. The Belgian and English schools are most fully represented; next to these, the German; then the Dutch; and, lastly, the French. The foreign collections were made by Mr. Roney, the Secretary, with the assistance of the Emperor of the French, the King of Prussia and Dr. Waagen, the King of the Belgians, and the Dutch Government. The English pictures have been contributed by private individuals,—including her Majesty and Prince Albert; and several of the finest productions of the English school have thus been brought before the public for the first time for many years,—among which may be mentioned Hogarth's "Gates of Calais" and "Last Stake;" Landseer's "Bolton Abbey;" Wilkie's "Rent Day;" Barker's "Woodman;" Danby's "Deluge;" Mulready's "Wolf and Lamb;" Etty's "Rape of Proserpine." A large number of water-colour drawings and prints are placed on screens in this gallery,—and the centre is occupied by sculpture. The sculptors of Ireland make an excellent show.

WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS.

JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE.

Jean Baptiste Greuze was the pupil of a man of letters, and, in fact, passed through no school of painting: his studio was a book—Diderot's *Essai sur l'Art Dramatique*.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

This painter is one of the most striking examples of the close connexion of French art with the general sentiments of the nation, in all the great epochs of its history. Thus, in the eighteenth century, in the midst of that universal spirit of enterprise which was the passion of France, there appeared in the literary world a small volume, which has no reference to painting. Of what does it treat? Of a dramatic revolution. The age is weary of the monotonous heroism of kings upon the stage, the worn-out solemnities of tragedy, so much in vogue during the pompous age of Louis XIV. The time of regal display and courtly ceremonial is gone by: the new age calls for another accession—that of the people; the new worship offers its images to the multitude; citizens appear upon the stage instead of kings, as kings formerly had appeared in the place of gods, the first heroes of the scene. The people first usurped the buskin, while, awaiting the throne, Agamemnon abdicates in favour of the *Père de Famille*. Direct utility, practical morality, the grandeur of passion, familiar precepts, all are to be found in these new plays. The purpose of Diderot, in writing his book, was to prove this in theory; and, as examples, he gives his dramas of private life. In literature the sensation was great, for Diderot, that Danton of the literary revolution, possessed a powerful influence over the minds of philosophers, men of letters, and the people.

In the meantime painting rendered homage to the mistresses of the king. La Tour scattered powder from his crayons upon the hair of Madame de Pompadour. Boucher wrote, in irresistible characters, voluptuous prefaces to the beauty of Madame du Barry. Frigonard painted moral tales, more energetic and even more brilliant than those of Marmontel. Those artists who were still influenced by the grace of Watteau painted marquises, seated languidly on the greensward, shaded by trees, through whose branches the breeze seemed to sigh.

In the midst of this amorous Gaul, the true kingdom of Louis XIV., there suddenly appeared an unlooked-for picture, "La Lecture de la Bible," the "Father explaining the Bible to his Children." * An old farmer is seated at a large table, round which are ranged his boys and girls; one hand is placed upon the Bible, in the other he holds his spectacles, which he has just taken off. He is paraphrasing a passage of Holy Writ: his brown hands are marked with deep wrinkles, his forehead, furrowed with age, expresses the simplicity of a believer and the unction of a pastor. The children listen each according to their age or temperament, one with melancholy sensibility, another with the thoughtlessness of a school-boy. Two fine rosy girls, with their sleeves tucked up, displaying their white arms, are listening to the old man; but one only appears to follow him attentively. The youngest, almost on her knees, allows her bare arms and plump hands, which household work has rendered large and rather red, to fall upon her apron; her eyes cast down, she is thinking—very little of the Bible, unless it tell of Ruth and Naomi. The old mother, spinning her wool, silences a very little boy who is teazing the dog; whilst his twin brother endeavours to reach a piece of straw upon the table before him. The room shows signs of poverty; but one feels that a sweet and tranquil happiness reigns there, and that the youngest of the farmer's daughters has not yet known the disturbances which will, one day, trouble the peace of her heart.

The Academy, surprised at not having trained this new painter, inquired with astonishment: Whence is he? Whose pupil is he? He was Diderot's pupil; his mind was formed from the dramas of France. Yes, the recent theories had not only affected men of letters, the sensation had re-echoed in the soul of a painter; and painting, by that sympathy belonging to French art, took part in the general revolution of the century. The canvas, as well as the stage, required its domestic dramas; and the brush, abandoning the cheek of Madame du Barry, like a departing kiss, prepared to dedicate its *chefs-d'œuvre* to morality.

Brilliant conquest, to which Diderot had not looked forward! What! it was painting which was to obtain the victory which he, Diderot, had sought for in the literary and dramatic world! And, in short, how are we to compare that which the theatre had gained by the dramas of Diderot and the earlier and too homely pieces of Beaumarchais, with Greuze's brilliant entrance into the gallery of the Louvre. We must say that the *Père de Famille* of the disciple far surpassed that of the master. The success of the young painter was a perfect *coup de theatre*—in painting. M. de la Live de Jully, a rich and celebrated amateur of the time, bought the picture for his gallery: artists, amateurs, literati, all Paris repaired thither, and were lavish in their praises; Diderot came in his turn, recognised his pupil, and adopted him. Thus commenced, between the painter and the writer, that friendship of talent to which the *salons* of Diderot bear amusing testimony; the disciple illustrating the theories, the master celebrating the *chefs-d'œuvre*. "This is your painting and mine," exclaims Diderot, to Greuze, in his *salon* of 1765, "the first amongst us who bethought himself of introducing morality into art."

Jean Baptiste Greuze was born at the little town of Tournus, in Burgundy, in the year 1724. Some accounts give 1726 as the year of his birth. In the present day the house in which the painter first saw the light is rendered conspicuous by an inscription over the porch. Voltaire remarks, and he could speak from experience, that nearly all men who have made the names of their fathers illustrious, have had their early inclinations thwarted by these fathers. Thus it was with Greuze: his father constantly seeing him, charcoal in hand, covering the white walls of the cottage with persevering and ambitious sketches,—initials of a talent of which he was ignorant,—became irritated at these scribblings; and one day ill-treated the simple artist, who thought to have decorated what his father considered disfigured. Greuze was then only eight years old. Happily in the lives of celebrated men, as in fairy tales, one often meets with good spirits, who interpose just in time to set things right. The painter Grandon, father of Madame Gretry, was the happy influence which descended upon this child of great but unappreciated genius. He was going from Paris to Lyons, passing through Tournus; but having witnessed the depredations committed by his little contemporary, and the punishment by which they were followed, he asked for the child and took him to Lyons.

After this anecdote of his introduction to painting and to the world, Greuze is lost sight of by his biographers. It is known that he afterwards went to Paris, but he is not spoken of as being in any study there. Greuze's talent was of that happy order which has no dawn, but rises at once in all its glory. During this gap in the historical accounts, we may imagine Greuze as a young man living freely, receiving lessons from no master; but breathing in the theatre, in the books, and even in the air of Paris, the powerful inspiration of the sentiments of the age, and thus, tormented at once by the genius of the time and by his own, seeking ardently the expression of the new philosophy. After the appearance of his *chef-d'œuvre*, "Le Père de Famille lisant la Bible," which excited the attention and admiration of all Paris, there followed a series of pathetic or pleasing scenes, of dramatic feeling or irresistible grace, which continually augmented the success of his brilliant *debut*, and proved on the canvas the truth of Diderot's book,—that is to say, that dramas of domestic life may have the nobility of heroic dramas, manifesting to the multitude a more profitable and human emotion.

What a drama, indeed, is that in which the infirm father sends forth the paternal curse upon his son, and then dies in consequence! But let us hear what the friend and confidant of Greuze says about it; let us listen to the words of Diderot, who, happy in recognising in it his own sentiments, describes the scene with enthusiasm:—"Imagine a room to which light is only admitted by the door. Turn your eyes around this sad apartment, and you will see nothing but poverty. In spite of the help which the eldest son of the house might be to his old father, his mother, and brothers, he never goes away without having taxed these poor people. He has come with an old soldier, and has made his demand; his father is indignant, and does not spare hard words to this unnatural son, who returns his reproaches with insult. He is seen in the centre of the picture; his appearance is violent, insolent, furious; he stands erect, his right arm raised against his father, threatening him with his hand; his hat is on his head. The good old man endeavours to rise, but one of his daughters, kneeling, detains him by the skirts of his coat. The young libertine is surrounded by his eldest sister, his mother, and one of his little brothers. His mother has her arm around him—the brute is endeavouring to disengage himself, and is repulsing her with his foot. The eldest sister is also interposing between her brother and her father; the mother and sister seem to be trying to hide them from each other. Meanwhile the little brother is crying, and carrying one hand to his eyes, clings with the other to the right arm of his great brother, striving to draw him away from the house. Behind the old man's arm-chair, the youngest boy stands with a stupified look. At the other end of the room, near the door, the old soldier, who has enrolled and accompanied the ungrateful son to the house of his parents, is seen retreating, his back turned on what is passing, his sabre under his arm, and his head cast down. In the midst of this tumult, a dog, placed in the foreground, augments it by his barking."

This description, which Diderot doubtless wrote from the design furnished him by the painter, is now found to be very inexact, when compared with the picture of the "Paternal Malediction," which may be seen in the gallery of the Louvre. The bad son has no hat upon his head; he appears more angry than insolent. The recruiter is not retreating; on the contrary, he stands on the threshold, with his face turned towards the scene, looking on with an indifference which renders the expression of the other countenances more striking. The figure of the father alone remains on the canvas as it was at first

* Page 405.

pictured by the imagination of Greuze, indomitable, irritated, beautiful in anger; his hair thrown back, his arms outstretched, the rigidity of his attitude, the contraction of his wrinkled hands, being expressive of the indignation of his heart. It belongs only to modern art—to the new art of Diderot and Greuze—to extend to this point the limits of action, thus to displace propriety. The arms raised, the faces distorted by passion, the exaggerated gestures, so far removed from the strong and grave sobriety of Poussin, suddenly break the chain of tradition and indicate a recent evolution in art. For the first time, noble tragedy enters into the family of a simple farmer; the anguish of a labourer is judged worthy to be represented by the pencil, and to interest all hearts. Even if we descend to the most obscure station in life, the grief of an outraged father, however common his dress and simple his abode, appears great enough to serve as a theme to the painter of the emotions of the human heart.

"The scene is very beautiful," exclaims Diderot, "but it does not nearly equal that which follows. The bad son has ended his campaign; he returns, and at what a moment! His father has just breathed his last—he is stretched on his bed. On a straw stool at his feet stand the burning consecrated taper and the vessel containing holy water. The eldest girl is seated upon an old leathern chair, her body bowed down in the attitude of despair, one hand supporting her head, the other raised and still holding the crucifix, which she had given to her father to kiss. One of the little children has hidden his face in his bosom in fear; the other, with his arms in the air and his fingers spread out, appears to conceive his first ideas of death. The poor mother is standing near the door, her back against the wall, in deep affliction, her trembling knees almost refusing her support. Such is the scene which awaits the ungrateful son; he advances,—his mother receives him,—she is silent, but her arms, stretched towards the corpse, say to him, 'Look!' The unhappy youth is overwhelmed, his head falls on his breast, and he strikes his forehead with his fist. What a lesson for fathers and for children! It is beautiful, very beautiful, sublime," exclaims Diderot, "all, all!"

Thus the melo-dramatic style, which offends us in this picture of Greuze, was just that which Diderot most admired. Melo-drama! Diderot and Greuze invented it, and why should we reproach them for having attained the end they wished to attain? Style!—but whoever becomes a painter of the people ought, for that reason, to renounce style. Are we to confine an innovator to conventionalities, which he reasonably wishes to destroy? To become celebrated as the painter of any certain style, it is necessary above all things to represent, not any particular class of people, but humanity in its highest acceptation. Greuze only observed society in the world, and in society he only studied one class of men, the little *bourgeoisie*. But amongst them he met with noble sentiments, dramatic emotions, or simple pictures of happiness. Greuze never painted for the pleasure of painting, he did not allow himself to be tempted by a wall splendidly illumined by the sun, by a passing dog, or the first coloured object which met his eye. He pursued the course dictated by sentiment. Sentiment is the domain of Greuze.

In those of his pictures which tend to the drama, there reigns an indescribable tenderness, the most charming gentleness and kindliness expressed by grace.

What are the thoughts of the young girl, who weeps over her dead bird? She is in full front, her head resting upon her left hand, the dead bird is before her, quite dead, alas! Its wings droop, its feet are in the air. How pensive the little girl is! Her blue eyes are veiled in reverie, and tears glisten there. For a lost bird the grief is very deep! Death, doubtless, thus causes sighs at the age of sixteen, but love as well. What can the beautiful girl have to regret? The head is that of a child, the sorrow that of a woman. Diderot has consecrated several injudicious pages to seeking and betraying the secret of this melancholy gaze. Why these pages? A delicate touch of Greuze's pencil would have sufficed to have thrown all that into this pensive look, and is it not destroying the delicacy and even the charm of the thought of the painter, to divest it of all that is vague and divine?

One might people a large establishment with these young girls of Greuze, who dream in maidenly amazement. Poor young girls! the broken mirror, the broken pitcher, [p. 397] the dead bird; they have always something to weep about. With what charming regret does this one carry her cracked pitcher on her arm, with one hand gathering up her apron full of flowers! She is going to enter the house, thus grieving, her eyes not cast down, but, on the contrary, open with the most touching simplicity. This little pitcher, then, was of great value? No, it is only of stone. The reason is, then, that her mother is very severe? No, the families of Greuze are gentle and smiling, from the child to the grandfather. Wherefore, then, this grief?

> Je ne savais pas même
> Son nom jusqu' à ce jour.
> Hélas! lorsque l'on aime,
> On a donc de l'amour?

"And grace, still more lovely than beauty;" this is, doubtless, the ideal of Greuze. He was much in the company of women, with whom he was generally a great favourite. "Greuze," says M. Lécarpentier, who knew him, "was of middle height; he had a finely developed head, a high forehead, bright eyes, an intellectual face, and the bearing of a man of genius. Fond of praise himself, he was always the first to lavish it, with an affectionate warmth and artistic delicacy, which always seemed to address to art what was intended for the model. Greuze spoke well, enthusiastically, especially of painting and of himself. Full of his own merit, he created enemies among his most wary rivals, by his unguarded naïveté."

"Our painter is rather vain," cries Diderot, "but his vanity is that of a child, it is the intoxication of talent. Deprive him of that ingenuousness, which causes him to say of his own work, 'Look at that! that is beautiful!' and you take from him his spirit, you extinguish his fire, and his genius will be eclipsed. I much fear that when he becomes modest, he will have reason to be so. Our good qualities, at least some of them, approach near to our faults; most of our virtuous women have their caprices, and great artists are a little eccentric."

The Marquis of Marigny having repaired, in his capacity of *ordonnateur des arts*, to the Exhibition of 1765, was received with distinguished honour; and walked leisurely through the picture gallery, accompanied by some artists favoured by his good opinion. Other artists were also there. He passed on, examining the pictures, approving some, condemning others. Greuze's "Weeping Girl" arrested and surprised him. "That is beautiful," said he to the artist, who answered, "Monsieur, I know it; I am praised, but work fails me." "The reason is that you have a swarm of enemies," interrupted Joseph Vernet, "and among these enemies there is one who appears to love you to distraction, and who will ruin you." "And who is this enemy?" asked Greuze. "Yourself," replied Vernet.

When the marine painter addressed to him this cutting remark, Greuze had been, on the suggestion of Pigalle, received into the Academy, which had given him the right of exhibiting his works at the Salon. Several criticisms, cast amidst the general admiration, piqued him so much, that he determined to make a journey to Rome, for the purpose of changing his style. Ingenuous error! Ah! what would he seek at Rome? what could teach the sentimental and natural painter of the people to represent heroes and gods—the painter of the honest citizen in the midst of his family, of the aged mother at her spinning-wheel, of children quarrelling with their dolls? What had he to do with copying the "Virgins of Raphael," reserved for divine love; he, who knew by heart the blooming maidens created for earth and the devotion of man? Can one imagine the painter Greuze visiting the Sextine chapel? He hastened to leave Rome, and returned to Paris to paint the "Good Mother," and the "Twelfth Cake," in the garret in the neighbourhood of the Sorbonne, where he lived.

And that "Twelfth Cake"—Le Gateau des Rois—what a charming picture it is. How admirably each figure seems to take its place in the composition, and how harmoniously the various elements blend into one perfect whole! Here again we have the father and mother, surrounded by their family of loosely-dressed little ones, in a poor apartment. It is the celebration of the last day of Christmas. Joy beams from every countenance, and mirth peeps out from every eye, as the various members of the family join, in anticipation, in the revelry of the time. No, not from every face and every eye; for behind the father's chair, looking wistfully at the steaming bowl, which the eldest son bears aloft in his hands, we notice a pensive and sorrowful countenance. It is the naughty little girl, who, in another minute or two, will be received into the arms of the mother and made happy for the rest of the evening. At present she is undergoing punishment for some trifling fault; but it is only a preparatory step to happiness. What a contrast to the little fellow who brings his parcel of Christmas gifts, and places them in the hands of his father for distribution among his brothers and sisters. See, with what kind motherly affection the woman listens to the tale the bright-eyed boy is whispering in her ear; and with what attention the children on the other side of the table regard the preparations for the feast. These simple creatures seem to want little indeed to complete their happiness. The room may be a mean one, crowded with domestic utensils, but the poverty of its inmates is rather seen than felt by the spectator. There is a look of comfort in the round plump faces of the children, a sleek contentedness in the posture of the cat,—all Greuze's domestic pictures have a cat or dog in them,—and an entire absence of that pinched and miserable expression which belongs to severe poverty. It is a happy scene. The simple hearts of the loving family are united one to another by a band which no outer influences can break asunder.

"The Bride of the Village" (page 404) is another of those domestic scenes which our artist knew so well how to depict. There is no mistaking the story. The youthful pair, "whom love beguiled," have just entered, or are just about to enter, the bonds of matrimony. Joy and sorrow mingle strangely, but naturally, in the scene. The beautiful maiden, though she clings to the youth of her choice, cannot part from those dear ones at home without regret. The sister lays her head upon the shoulder of the bride and weeps; the mother clasps her hand and looks up into her face appealingly, and almost weeps for sympathy. She, too, remembers when she left her father's house to become a wife, and well can she understand the feeling which agitates the breast of the maiden. Old associations have to be given up, new friendships have to be formed, and henceforth father and mother, brother and friend are centred in one—the husband, the bread-winner. And the latter, with the maiden's portion in a leathern purse, is listening, with a grave and respectful reluctance, to the words of

GIRL AND DOG.

advice which the hearty old man is giving him. Meanwhile, the advocate looks gravely, and the domestics tearfully, on; and even the children—those never-absent adjuncts to Greuze's pictures—seem to share somewhat in the interest of the passing scene; though one of them cannot resist, even now, the temptation of feeding the chickens on the floor. Like nearly all of our artist's productions, the interest of the pictured story is eminently home-like. If Lancret was entitled the painter of court ladies and gallant gentlemen, Greuze may be styled pre-eminently the painter of the people; for only in his productions do we really catch a glimpse of village life in France in the last century. His stories are all eloquent, for they are all natural,

whom no man better understood or studied with greater assiduity than Jean Baptiste Greuze.

In the pictures of Greuze one might trace the touching history of the daughter of the people, from the day she imprudently went to the fountain and returned, her eyes full of tears and her apron full of flowers, to the day when we find her the mother of a family, surrounded by a group of fresh and blooming children; she will realise, in the tender austerities of duty, the dreams of sixteen. Who would not recognise her as the "Bride of the Village?" Who has not seen her pass on her way to sign the contract, supported by a friend of her childhood, and led by her betrothed, who does not yet dare to press her arm in his? Her charming head

THE PRETTY WASHERWOMAN.

The framed picture, called "The Return of the Nurse Child,"—given in page 409,—is another of those subjects which won such applause from the people of France. In it we have the same forms and faces as figure in so many of Greuze's pictures. There is the same bare-raftered room, the same dog smelling about it, the same domestic utensils, and almost the same disposition of the principal draperies. The materials are alike, but the expression and the story are new and original; and herein lies the triumph of the master. The mind and hand worked in unison, and what the one conceived the other executed successfully. In this picture, as in many others, we obtain another view of the habits of a peasantry, covered with a pretty cap, her figure enveloped in a white boddice, the rose which is placed upon her bosom, would absorb the attention of all the spectators were they not engaged by a scene in which every one so admirably plays his part. And, besides, there is so much modesty in the bride's downcast look, in her attitude, that one would scarcely dare to address to her the compliments she merits, for she is at once modest and triumphant, delighted at being young, embarrassed at being beautiful, affected at being loved.

Greuze was the painter of domestic life, and it is not astonishing that his pictures should be full of detail, that the light should be spread over a thousand objects. Is it not

natural that as much importance should be given to detail in Greuze's pictures as in private life? What interest does not one attach to the least of the inanimate objects contained within the narrow limits of home, an interest which is at the same time the effect of habit, selfishness, and kindness! With Greuze domestic harmony, the sweetness of a caress which the young wife reserves for the father of her child in the cradle, all these good things are inseparable from the centre from which they proceed: but the utensils which are in order in the house are represented in the painting in picturesque confusion. The cage of canaries is hung against the linen-press, the housewife is employed in washing beside the table, upon which are placed glasses, round loaves of bread, and large jars of preserves. The kitchen utensils shine here and there, but not so much as the neck and arms of the washerwoman; a bunch of onions is seen by the side of the children's top; and the house-dog, an inseparable part of the family, smells everything, barks, caresses, looks fixedly at his mistress, or sleeps upon an old crazy chair. In the midst of this pell-mell, Greuze usually places his *mère de famille*, whom he represents surrounded by children, with bare necks, pouting, smiling, asleep, observed in every posture, and at all times of the day, their stockings falling about their feet, their little shoes trodden down at heel, and their dresses so torn that glimpses of the white, delicate, plump little bodies may be caught through the rents. The drums are already cracked, and the wooden horse lies forgotten in a corner; however the *bouilli* is on the fire, the saucepan awaits the appetites of those dear children, who, after having filled the house with their din, come to dispute the spoonful of pottage which their pretty mother holds, as in the picture of *La Maman*.

"That preaches *population*," cries Diderot, in his usual blunt style. Certainly, after Rubens, no painter has portrayed more lovely children: in this particular Boucher is, perhaps, the only Frenchman who equals Greuze: but Rubens and Boucher have painted naked children; Greuze has represented them dressed negligently, and, if he have avoided in this manner a greater difficulty, he has at least made the very most of the charming loosenes of their costume. It seems that he wished to depict the history of those happy unions which, in old romances, always end with a great number of children; and it would be more appropriate to say, that preaches *marriage*. As to the mothers, they have that richness of carnation which is the effect of their peaceful, happy life: pensive Flemish women, such are the women of Greuze. The same exuberance of flesh, the same brilliancy, but with that additional charm—grace. How easy it is to recognise a French painter by the lively manner of distributing, or rather of throwing about, objects; of arranging, or rather disarranging, the toilet. The shoulders are exposed, the head-dress ruffled, the neckerchief displaced, as if not to conceal the beautiful neck; an end of lace falls also in elegant disorder upon the blooming cheek, together with some curls of hair. And since this was the age of careless and floating frills, it is not surprising that the mob-cap should be so oddly placed on the head by chance, that most skilful of coiffeurs.

Greuze's wife served as the type of that prosperous and pure beauty which he has represented in all his pictures. "This painter is certainly loving towards his wife," writes Diderot; "and in fact she was constantly his model. A precious woman to have given celebrity to the painter and happiness to the husband!"

The love of Greuze for his wife, the preference which he so willingly bestowed on that animated and fresh kind of beauty, sufficiently explains why he incurred the reproach which was applied to him, even during his lifetime, of having given a family likeness to all his heads of women, which makes them too easily recognised as the children of one father. His partizans, for he had many and distinguished ones, defended him, saying, that beauty is *one*, that ugliness alone is manifold: that, after all, Greuze was the creator of his family, that his children were really his own, as their resemblance proved them to be,

"——— Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum."

But certainly the reproach was merited, and it would be a feeble excuse to recollect, in favour of Greuze, that the heads of women bear a general resemblance in the pictures of Raphael, Titian, Rubens, and Guido. Such monotony is only permitted to the painter or statuary who has found, like Apelles or Phidias, the true and immutable type of beauty: To deviate from it then would be a fault, unless there were necessity for a contrast. And besides, between severity and grace there are so many shades, that the artist may be faithful to his ideal, while avoiding too much uniformity; that is to say, to find, without any alteration, all the gradations of the beautiful.

The most serious fault that can be found with Greuze is an affected negligence in the execution of his draperies. This fault was with him voluntary, and he made a principle of it; he neglected them to give more brilliancy to the flesh. But it may be said that this is an useless and mistaken sacrifice; the dress sets off the flesh merely by difference of tone, and that is true of very light as well as very dark draperies. It might be excused if the negligence of the painter were dissembled; but as it is sufficiently marked to strike the eye, he has defeated his purpose, since he has drawn the attention of the spectator to the very point from which he wished to divert it.

That Greuze was deeply sensitive we can see from his pictures, and those who lived near him say that his humour depended entirely upon the subject which occupied his mind; it deeply affected him, he entered like an actor into the scenes he represented, at least as much as a painter, and in the evening he carried into society the character of the picture he had been painting during the day; sad or gay, playful or serious, gallant or reserved, according to what had occupied his pencil or his imagination. How charming must he have been the day of the "Bride of the Village!"

But doubtless he had worked at some sad subject when he made so violent a sally against Madame Geoffrin, who, detesting marriage and large families, had laughed, it is said, at that *fricasée d'enfants* which surround the beloved mother in one of Greuze's pictures. "What is she thinking of!" cried the painter, on hearing the remark of Madame Geoffrin; "let her take care I do not immortalise her! I will paint her as a school-mistress, a whip in her hand, and she will frighten all children both now and in future."

Diderot, of whom Greuze has made so excellent a portrait, has, in his turn, portrayed his friend, accompanied by his talent, wherever he went, in crowds, in churches, at the market, on the promenade, in the family circle, in the streets. He went about constantly observing actions, passions, characters; thus the world was transformed into a vast studio, in which every passer-by became a model for Greuze. Thus he stole from the crowd those images which the delighted people afterwards saw at the Louvre, in his agreeable pictures, without recognising them. The picture of a fair little girl, holding a black dog* in her arms, is doubtless the result of a happy meeting. Living scene! The eyes of the child and the eyes of the dog glisten like four stars. The illusion of art, the action of life, could not be carried farther; it is, perhaps, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Greuze. A child playing with a dog: this was nothing remarkable in the street, on the canvas it is most lovely—as a glance at our exquisite engraving will testify. Neither would anybody but Greuze have paid attention to the scene, in the Rue Mouffetard, of two children, a little boy and a little girl, sheltering themselves from the rain under the little girl's tucked-up petticoat; Bernardin de St. Pierre passed, and the simple episode of this rainy day became one of the sweetest pages of French literature.

From familiar poetry Greuze attempted, on a day of mistaken inspiration, to raise himself to history, to reach historical poetry. But though he knew the theories of Diderot, he did not know those of Corneille. "Septimus Severus

* Page 400.

reproaching his son Caracalla for having attempted his life in the defiles of Scotland," was a shocking outrage against Greuze himself, and brought down upon him reproaches from every one. The Academy, for which the picture was intended, deserved it, but grumbled; it received Greuze into its bosom. Ashamed, however, of his "Caracalla," he quickly returned to his own style, vowing never again to be led into the defiles of Scotland and the Academy.

"Greuze had much natural wit," says the *Journal des Débats;* "his conversation with women was full of politeness and gallantry, and appeared to proceed from a profound admiration, and the lively sentiment he had of their excellence. It was with him a sort of worship, and the praises he lavished upon them had in his mouth an extraordinary grace and originality. His conversation with men was piquant and animated, especially when he spoke of his art, with which he was thoroughly conversant, and for which he had a true enthusiasm. His mind was naturally exalted, even a little proud, and his pride was not slow in manifesting itself when he did not obtain the justice which he considered due to his talents, or when it was provoked by a bitter and ignorant censure. Although it was long before he was held in the estimation which he merited, although he never enjoyed it without contradiction, he nevertheless received many flattering testimonials of public admiration. He was extremely sensitive on this point, often brought them to mind, and spoke of them with an ingenuousness which served as an excuse for, and qualified the appearance of, vanity, which one must have when speaking of oneself with complacency."

Poor Greuze! He was not of a yielding nature, as Diderot so well observed to him. It was with a bad grace that he submitted to dance attendance upon the *Directeur-ordonnateur des Arts;* he was not the man to say to his compeers that he looked upon them as masters, and considered himself a mere child compared to them. Besides, the favours of M. de Marigny did not encourage the painter. A director of the fine arts would naturally seek out proud talent, were it only to revenge himself upon the sycophants by whom he is besieged. But that is not always possible, because the importunate, though they make themselves detestable, occupy the time which should be devoted to unknown or unobtrusive merit. In a note to the *Salon* of 1765, is the sarcastic list, made out by Diderot, of the favours which M. de Marigny had, up to this time, procured for Greuze. "When the talent of this painter was known," says the witty philosopher, "he was permitted to go to Rome at his own expense; and when he had exhausted the small sum of money which he had collected for the journey, he was allowed to return to Paris, before having gained the advantage for which he had hoped. Since his return he has been allowed to execute the most beautiful pictures, and to sell them as well as he could. At the time of the success of the picture of the 'Paralytic,' in the last exhibition, he was permitted to have it conveyed to Versailles, to be shown to the king and the royal family, and to spend twenty crowns for the journey. Then, not having been able to find a purchaser for this picture, which cost him a hundred louis in study, he has just been permitted to sell it to the Academy of Arts of Petersburgh, in order to carry the reputation of the painter to the extreme limits of Europe. Series of favours granted to M. Greuze for the next exhibition." Here is, doubtless, something to laugh at, but something also for which to blush.

In spite of his pride and the obscurity in which the government left him, Greuze enjoyed, towards the end of his life, easy circumstances; but his savings, invested in government stocks and bank shares, were almost entirely lost, in consequence of successive conversions and failures. Domestic misfortunes destroyed the remnant of his fortune, so that at the age of seventy-five, he was compelled to have recourse to his brush and pencil, to procure means of subsistence. One may easily imagine the distress of this old man, when the illness, of which he died, deprived him of the power of drawing or painting. To the uneasiness, so natural at his age, was added cruel anxiety for the fate of his two daughters, to whom he could leave no other inheritance than an illustrious name. In this extremity he wrote a touching letter to Napoleon's minister, which has been preserved, and the translation of which is as follows:—

> The picture which I have painted for the government is not half finished, and the situation in which I find myself placed renders it necessary for me to request that you will give me an order to retouch it. I have the honour, by your kindness, to tell you all my misfortunes; I have lost all,—talent and courage,—I am seventy-five, and have not a single work in hand. Your kindness is great—your heart is good—and my necessities are urgent. The respectful salutation of GREUZE.
>
> The twenty-eighth of Pluviose,*
> Greuze Rue dertotier,
> Gallerie du Louvre.

Greuze died in 1805, at the age of eighty. "The simplicity of his funeral was relieved," says the *Moniteur*, "by a scene as touching as it was unexpected. When the body was about to be removed from the church, to be placed upon the funeral car, a young person, whose emotion and tears were perceptible, although her face was covered by a veil, approaching the coffin, placed upon it a bouquet of everlasting flowers, and then retired to the furthest part of the church, to continue her prayers." The stalks of the flowers were held together by a folded paper, upon which were written the words, "These flowers, offered by the most grateful of his pupils, are the emblem of his glory."

It was right, adds the narrator, that one woman, in the name of all, should come to place this tribute of admiration upon the tomb of the celebrated artist, who had especially consecrated his works and genius to them. This young person was Mademoiselle Mayer, a pupil of Greuze, and afterwards a friend of Prud'hon.

Deprive Prud'hon of the style and feeling of the antique, the ideal, and you will recognise a resemblance to Greuze. Between these two masters there exists the delicate bond of grace. It is that which gives interest to the "Betrothed" of Greuze, his "Spinners at the Spinning-wheel," his "Pea-shellers," to all those sweet household occupations, in which reign domestic peace and health, all his mothers displaying their little Gracchi, their treasures. Grace is a sort of poetry, which, when added to passion, may render citizens heroes. Now, grace and passion were represented by the blue and vermillion of Greuze; he had them constantly on his palette. Flemish, in point of style, he is eminently French in thought. His playful, light, and powdery touch, deposits on its course a sort of cross-hatching; but if it is suitable to express the rosy cheek of a child, or the fresh complexion of a young girl, it sometimes seems to cut up objects, multiplying them beyond all measure. Greuze's touch often resembles the flat touch of Metzu, the excellences of which it often exaggerates. It may be truly said, however, that this defect, which is less perceptible in his more finished works, entirely disappears in his best productions. We will repeat what M. Paillot de Montalembert says upon this subject. "A multitude of painters who have been, and who yet are, very monotonous and insipid by their affected polish, do not, however, equal the finish of Greuze, who certainly did not possess their smooth and even brush or subtle workmanship." But in composition so far as regards the dramatic and the sensible, Greuze adheres sufficiently to the French school to be an honour to it; but not too strongly to be the most original of its masters. If his pictures are sometimes deficient in dramatic uniformity, they possess a moral unity, if we may so express it, the domestic spirit, and one not only illumined by the light of day, but by a mild ray of philosophy.

With a brief notice of the other pictures we have introduced we will conclude. The picture known as "A Family Scene," but which is also called "Reading the Novel," is but another phase of our artist's peculiar and popular manner. It appeals

* Pluvoise was the fifth month of the calendar of the first French republic, from 20th of January to the 18th or 19th of February.

at once to the senses; and, appealing, charms them. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," Helena says—

> "Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
> Love can transform to form and dignity."

And so, by a slight paraphrase of meaning, we may assume that incidents, of themselves commonplace enough, may be transformed, by the power of the narrator, into tales of wondrous witchery and power. At any rate this would seem to have been the idea of the painter of our picture; for he has given to the three figures, which form his group, the precise expressions which belong to the delighted reader and the absorbed listener.

Who amongst us has not, at some time or other, formed one of such a group as is here represented? By winter fire-side or in summer bower, who has not listened spell-bound to

> "Some sad tale
> That tells of blighted feelings, hopes destroyed;"

or melted into tears, or almost cracked his sides with laughter, at the alternations of the story? But for the anachronism—the painter of the picture having lived a hundred years ago—we might suppose the young lady to be reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," so interested do the listeners appear. But simple folk, such as Greuze delighted to depict upon his canvass, were content with tales of far less truth and pathos. With them the woes and sorrows of imaginary knights and maidens, of love-lorn ladies and deserted children, were certain to obtain sympathy; and with tears and laughter the cunning master of words was rewarded, as page and chapter succeeded each other.

Glance at the picture: see what an air of attention and repose appears to dwell upon it. The reader has thrown her work aside, though the open basket, the worsted balls on the floor, and the riband hanging over the back of the chair, suggest its resumption presently; and her father and mother—for such we may suppose them to be—are intent upon the story she is reading. It is a charming and well-told group.

Nor less interesting is the single figure called the "Knitter Asleep," (page 412) considered either as a specimen of the painter's manner, or in reference to the subject chosen. There is nothing that Greuze selected for a subject that he did not raise into poetry and beauty.

F.BEEMAN D.

THE BRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

Jean Baptiste Greuze, has painted a great number of pictures, principally domestic scenes, portraits, and studies of heads; he has taken but one subject from history: "Severus reprimanding his son Caracalla."

John Smith, in his "Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most Eminent Painters," gives the description of 184 compositions by the hand of this great artist.

In the galleries of France are to be found some of his most valuable pictures, and England possesses many beautiful specimens of his works.

We will now proceed to give a list of the pictures of J. B. Greuze which are contained in the public and private collections of Europe: in the Louvre are eight pictures by this master, although the catalogue, which is very defective, only points out five.

"The Bride of the Village." Valued at £600 during the empire, £1,200 at the restoration, and which is now worth £6,000 It has been engraved by Flipart. It was bought by the Marquis of Menars for £360, and sold by him, in 1782, for £695.

"The Broken Pitcher," engraved by Massard, has been copied a thousand times, but never successfully. It is one of the most highly finished and finely conceived of Greuze's pictures. It was sold, in 1785, at the Marquis of Verre's sale, for £120; amateurs value it at from £1,000 to £1,200. The little engraving under the portrait of the artist is a very successful rendering of this charming picture.

"The Paternal Malediction." An admirable work, valued at

"Morning Prayers." An exquisite composition, valued by M. Paillet at £640, but which is now worth double that sum.

"The Twelfth Cake." A picture containing eight figures, and signed J. B. Greuze, 1774, valued at £420 It has been engraved by Flipart. There is engraved a very good copy of this celebrated picture.

"The Little Mathematician." A half-length figure, valued at £232. In 1795 it was sold for £596.

"A Young Girl with clasped Hands," valued at £200. "The Young Girl with the Basket," £160. "A Girl's Head," valued at the same sum. "Study of a Child of four or five years old," £80.

THE FATHER EXPLAINING THE BIBLE TO HIS CHILDREN.

£400, in 1816, by the inspectors of the Musée. It has been engraved by R. Gaillard.

"The Son Punished." A companion to the last; is valued at the same price, and engraved by the same artist. At the Marquis of Verre's sale, in 1785, it fetched £840.

"The Portrait of the Artist," an engraving of which is in the Musée Français. It is from this portrait that our engraving is taken.

"The Portrait of the painter Jeaurat." Admirable for expression and truth.

Lastly, two Heads of Young Girls.

The Musée Fabre, at Montpellier, contains eleven pictures by Greuze:

These seven pictures of Greuze's were presented to the Montpellier gallery by M. Valedeau, in 1836.

The generous founder of this celebrated collection contributed "The Head of a Paralytic," and the study of "A Head of a Sleeping Child."

To these the town of Montpellier added two other studies by Greuze; one of a Young Boy, the other of a Young Girl, each valued at £32.

Delessert Collection:—"The Reading of the Bible." Engraved by Martinasi and Flipart. In 1769, at the sale of La Live de Jully, this picture obtained the price of £190. In 1777, at the sale of Randon de Boisset, £268, and £164 10s. at that of the Clos Cabinet, in 1812.

"A Head of a Young Girl," "The Child Fishing," "The Portrait of Wille," the celebrated engraver, which Diderot ranks with the best portraits of Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van Dyck.

Baron J. de Rothschild's collection contains "The Pretty Milk-maid," engraved by C. Levasseur. This is one of the most charming works of this master; it was painted as a companion to "The Broken-Pitcher," and was sold in 1794 for £122. This picture is now worth from £1,000 to £1,200.

"Meditation." A young girl supporting her beautiful head upon one hand.

"The Thought of Love." Companion to the last, representing the form of a charming young girl reading, whose head has just sunk upon one of her arms.

The Marquis Maison, in his collection, possesses "The Twelfth Cake." It is very vexatious to the owner, that the counterpart of this composition is in the Montpellier gallery.

In the collection of Jules Duclos is "The Portrait of the Artist." "The Head of a Young Woman," expressive of grief. "The Emigration of the Little Savoyards," a beautiful sketch in the style of Correggio, full of sentiment.

In the collection Pourtales Gargier is "Innocence," a half-length figure of a young girl, who lightly presses a lamb to her bosom.

The collection of the Marquis of Hertford contains "Prayer, or the Offering to Love," an engraving of which, by Macret, was contained in the gallery of the Duc de Choiseul. The picture was bought at Cardinal Fesch's sale, in 1845, for £1,296. At the sale of the Duc de Choiseul, in 1772, it was knocked down at £266, and at £200 in 1777, at the sale of the Prince of Conti.

"The Unforeseen Misfortune, or the Broken Mirror," engraved by Damel, obtained £933 10s., in 1777, at the sale of Cardinal Fesch; but in 1769, at the sale of La Live de Jully, this picture only fetched £140.

Mr. Holford, of London, possesses a very beautiful head by Greuze.

In our National Gallery we find a "Study of a Young Girl," bequeathed in 1840 to the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, by R. Simmons; "The Paralytic waited upon by his Children," an excellent composition of ten figures, engraved by Flipart, valued at £1,000; and a "Study of a Young Woman with a smiling Face."

Amateurs, especially those in London, possess a large number of the compositions of this celebrated French painter.

"A Mother with her three Children," was in George the Fourth's private gallery in Pall-mall; and "The Bust of a Young Girl" in Lord Yarborough's collection.

Mr. John Cole possesses "The Blind Man Deceived," engraved by L. Cars; Sir Robert Wigram "La Voluptueuse," engraved by Gaillard; Richard Foster "The Young Girl with the Dog," admirably engraved by Porporati and Ingouf, and, in the Choiseul gallery, by de Lannay. At the sale of the Duc de Choiseul, in 1772, this picture was sold for £288; in 1832, for £670. It is now well worth £1,000.

In the Queen's gallery is one picture by Greuze, "La Trompette," engraved by Jardinier; it is valued at £400.

General Ramsey possesses "The Dead Canary," engraved in oval by Flipart; and the "Studious Youth," engraved by Levasseur.

In the collection of Baron Lionel de Rothschild is "Irresolute Virtue;" engraved by Massard. A very elaborate painting, valued at £400.

It will be observed that we only mention those works which have been engraved. Otherwise we might point out twenty others.

In the Pauloffsky Palace, near St. Petersburg, is the half-length figure of a "Young Girl sheltering a Bird in her bosom;" "The Widow and her Curé," engraved by Levasseur.

In the celebrated Grosvenor Gallery, which has been chiefly formed by its present owner, the Marquis of Westminster, there is a good specimen of Greuze's talents. It consists of four figures—a mother with three children. The younger child is asleep on the lap of its mother, who is warning one of the other children not to disturb the repose of the infant by the noise of a flute which one of them holds in his hand. Dr. Waagen* is of opinion that this is one of the finest pictures of the master in the possession of a private person. "The refined expression and truth of the mother's action," he says, "the greater precision in all the forms, the careful execution throughout, distinguish this picture, much to its advantage, from the sketchy and bloated girls' heads of Greuze, which we so often meet with. If the colour is less brilliant than in them, it is, however, fuller and tenderer." The Doctor looks upon French art with the critical eye of a German, or he would not surely have considered it necessary to characterise the female heads of our artist as "sketchy and bloated." One other specimen of the French School—the "Franciscans at Morning Service in the Choir of their Church," by Granet, is in the possession of the Marquis.

In Lord Yarborough's collection there is also another very fine and genuine Greuze. It is the "Head of a Girl," peculiarly clean in the colouring, with luxuriant tresses, and a sweet expression of countenance. These two pictures have never, we believe, been engraved.

There are, doubtless, numerous examples of Greuze in the private galleries of the nobility and gentry of this country; and the estimation in which his works are held in England is sufficiently indicated by the high price which they attain whenever any of them happen to appear in a public sale-room.

We will complete these references by a list of those engraved pictures of this master, of which we have not yet spoken.

"The Portrait of the Artist," in profile. "The Toy," engraved by Ingouf. "The Little Pouter," by Guttenburg. "La Devideuse," by Flipart, sold for £640 (Choiseul collection, 1772). "La Belle Blanchisseuse," by Danzel. This picture has been selected by us (page 401) as an illustration of Greuze's most popular manner: although consisting of but a single figure, the various accessories introduced render this composition a really delightful study. "The Knitter Asleep," by Jardinier. "The Tender Wish," engraved by the same. "Les Sevreuses," engraved by Ingouf. "Thais," or "The Beautiful Penitent," by Levasseur (the sale of Duclos Dufresnoy, in 1795, £480). "The Prayer to Love," by P. P. Moles, the same sale, £840. "The Spoilt Child," by Maleurre. "Melancholy," engraved, after the manner of a pencil drawing, by an unknown hand. "The Benevolent Lady," by Massard, in 1778. "The Magdelene in the Desert," and "A Young Girl," engraved in outline, in the gallery of Prince Lucien Bonaparte. "Love," by B. L. Henriquez (Count Perregaux sale, 1841, £300. "The Serenader," engraved by P. L. Moitte. "The Tender Glance of Colin," by Damel. "The First Lessons of Love," by Voyez. "Little Jeannette," by Guetin. "The Angry Mother," or "The Abashed Daughter," by Ingouf. "Repentance," by Moitte. "Diana," by Gaillard. "Calistes," by the same. "The Broken Eggs," by Moitte. "Serena," by Bause. "The Mother and Child," by Watelet. "Retour sur soi-même," by L. Binet. "The Little Neapolitan," by Ingouf. "Little Nanette," by Beljambes. "The Young Nurse," and its companion, "The Kittens," by Moitte. "The Ragged Little Boy," by Breteuil. "Portrait of Catherine II.," by Gaudier. "Portrait of Diderot," by Saint Aubin. "Portrait of Mademoiselle Babuti," the wife of the artist, engraved by the same. "Young Girl with a Rose on her Bosom," by Ingouf. "The Little Brother and Sister," by Haner. "The Astonished Children," by Elleum. "A Gentleman standing," in imitation of the Burgomaster Six, by Rembrandt, engraved by Watelet. "The Welcome," engraved in aquatinta, anonymous. "The Sleeping Philosopher," by Aliamet. "Sensible Privation," by Simonet. "The Pea-Shellers," by Moitte. "The Mother-in-law," by Levasseur. "The Beloved Mother," by Massard, 1775. "The Torn Will," by Levasseur. "The Hermit," by Marais. "Le Geste Napolitain," by Moitte. "Household Peace," and "Good Education," by Ingouf.

* Works of Art and Artists in England. By Dr. Waagen.

"The Return of the Nurse," after a drawing, by Laurent. "La Maman," after a drawing, by Beauvarlet. "The Grandmamma," after a drawing, by Binet. "The Discharged Servant," after a drawing by Damery. "The Market Woman." "La Curieuse." "The Chestnut-woman." "The Woman selling Baked Apples;" "A Grisette," engraved after drawing, by Beauvarlet; "The Chimney-sweeper," from a drawing, by Voyez; "Lubin and Annette," by Binet, after drawings; "Music;" "Poetry;" "La Trileuse;" the "Flower-girl," by Moitte, who has also engraved twenty-four sheets, entitled, "Divers Habillements Suivant le Costume," drawn after nature by J. B. Greuze. Weisbrod has engraved a series of five heads, after studies by our artist. The drawings of Greuze, like those of Prud'hon, are much coveted by amateurs; they are generally in red chalk, sometimes in pencil washed with Indian ink; the Louvre possesses a fine collection of them.

Greuze very rarely signed his pictures; his autograph compositions are consequently scarce.

"Before the death of Watteau," says Allan Cunningham, "the School of Painting in France began to decline in natural beauty and in lofty simplicity. The magnificent affectations of Louis the Fourteenth aided largely in this; the pictures which gave to Francis Boucher the name of the Anacreon of painters, finished what royalty had begun, and the purity of Art was profaned and polluted. Vernet, with his marine compositions, which have a sea savour about them, and Claude Caylus, with his classic taste and national enthusiasm, laboured to preserve a love of nature, and a respect for the pure and the lofty; in this they were ably seconded by John Baptiste Greuze, whom his countrymen call the painter of the Graces; he might with equal propriety be called the painter of the Virtues, for he loved to delineate moral and pathetic subjects—scenes of devout emotion and tender sentiment. Joseph Marie Vien may be named as the last of that long line of artists who interpreted Scripture and prophecy for the church. He was born at Montpellier in 1716, and established his reputation in an age inclined to the licentious and the loose by his pictures of "St. Martha," the "Centurion," the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," and the "Preaching of St. Denis;" he suffered by the Revolution, which abated effectually that love of devout histories which distinguished his country for centuries.

"The storm of the Revolution purified and cleared the air; it swept away the splendid affectations of the court, and restored society to something like the simplicity from which it had fallen. The ridiculous etiquette, the hollow courtesies, and the ceremonious frivolities, were abated by a stern hand, and with them went much that could be spared both of costume and manners; the dresses, caped and cuffed, laced, lappeted and lapelled, frogged, frounced and frittered, gave place to the plain and simple attire of republicanism; and Nature, taking the pencil from the hand of Fashion, delineated scenes of heroism and glory in a style of simplicity real and unaffected. The first step of France was in her own blood; but the second was on the heads of her enemies; the march of her victorious armies was to her painters a new inspiration; and Napoleon and his marshals took the places of saints and madonnas; the one painted nearly as well as the other fought, and continued longer in the field."

THE GROWTH OF FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND MUSEUMS.

The present state and prospects of the various public libraries and museums in Great Britain, must be an interesting study for all who take the question of the people's advancement seriously to heart; the following extracts, therefore, from an important parliamentary document recently moved for by Mr. Ewart, will be acceptable to our readers. It shows in what boroughs in England and Wales libraries and museums have been formed, in pursuance of the two acts passed in 1845 and 1850. The return occupies nine folio pages, but the pith of it may be thus briefly given:—

In Liverpool there have been established, since 1845, a botanic garden, herbarium, museum, and public library. The Earl of Derby presented upwards of 20,000 specimens of natural history to the museum; the sum of £1,389 was raised for the purchase of books by public subscription; 4,000 volumes of books, 600 specimens of the commodities imported into Liverpool, being probably the same collection as that shown by Liverpool at the Great Exhibition, and a few works of art have been presented by various individuals. The library, which is open without restriction to the public, now contains about 12,000 volumes, and there is besides a small library of botanical works connected with the gardens and herbarium. The estimation in which such institutions are held by the people, will be so well expressed by the following figures, that, in this instance, it will be well to set them out in full:—

Visitors to the Botanic Gardens and Herbarium.

1846	(from October)	4,031
1847		88,461
1848		131,529
1849		154,226
1850		168,782
1851		208,386
1852		212,802

The books in the library have not yet been allowed to circulate, and until this is done the wants of the people cannot be said to be supplied. The demand for intellectual food is exhibited in the fact, that, during a period of six months, upwards of 57,000 volumes have been issued to readers within the library itself.

The entire cost of the Botanic Garden, the Herbarium, and the Library attached thereto, has averaged about £950 a year; and the Free Public Library and Museum cost during the first year £1,162. The amount raised by rate since 1848 exceeds £4,000.

Manchester has established noble libraries both for circulation and reference. The former contains, at present, 5,832, and the latter 16,619 volumes. Between 4,000 and 5,000 of these have been presented, the rest were purchased out of a subscription fund amounting to £12,742; of this sum, £7,013 was spent in the purchase and adaptation of premises, and £4,296 on books and binding. The visitors, when counted by the police, were found to amount in fifty-two days to 107,545; and in 126 days the issue of books from the circulating library amounted to 37,252, and those consulted in the other departments to 33,094 volumes. During five months, 3,735 people were admitted, on the production of a guarantee of respectability, to the privilege of taking books home to read. In the adjoining borough of Salford, there is a museum and library established by subscription. The library contains 10,794 volumes, and the number issued to readers (they are not permitted to take them home) were as follows:—1850, 26,718; 1851, 32,978; 1852, 33,461.

At Bath, a free public library, museum, and gallery of art are in course of formation. At Bolton, a rate has been levied which yields about £280, and a subscription has been set on foot which has produced between £2,000 and £3,000. The establishment of a "Free Lending Library for the Working Classes" is considered the first and most important object, after which a library of reference is to be founded.

The corporation of Canterbury has expended £1,600 in the purchase of a museum, and £94 a year has been raised by rate for its support, together with a library. The books are issued to readers at a penny a volume. The donations of books, specimens, and works of art have been considerable.

At Dover a museum has been built by means of a rate, which produces about £177 a year. The annual cost of maintenance is only about £55. 3,282 specimens of natural history have been presented.

The town-council of Leicester established a museum in 1848, receiving considerable assistance from the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society, which presented its own museum to the town, and at present pays the curator's salary. The rate levied produces £239 a year. The museum is open free five times a week, and the visitors are estimated

at about 2,500 a month. The specimens in the museum, including works of art, amount to 11,505 in number. The popularity of the institution is described as being decidedly on the increase.

Sunderland has made some efforts to supply itself with a museum, but has yet achieved but a very small amount of success. The importance of a library seems, however, to be recognised, and a committee has been appointed. Considerable donations of books are promised.

At Warrington a museum and library were formed in 1848, and £700 subscribed towards a new building. The library contains about 4,700 volumes. The rate yields between £80 and £90 a year.

The acts as they at present stand permit the levying a rate of a halfpenny in the pound for the purpose of establishing and maintaining public libraries and museums, but they do not permit any portion of the money to be expended in the purchase of books or specimens, so that although a borough may furnish a building and provide for the current expenditure, the collections themselves must be obtained by voluntary subscriptions or donations. We shal continue this subject.

READING THE NOVEL.—J. B. GREUZE.

THE RETURN OF THE NURSE CHILD.—J. B. GREUZE.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER VII.

"O mercy God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve?—'tis like a demi-cannon.
What! up and down carved like an apple tart?
Here snip and nip, and cut and slish and slash.
Why what the devil callest thou this?"—*Taming of the Shrew.*

It might be then an hour of the mid-day when the two friends sat together in one of the saloons of the Palazzo Polani. They had partaken of that meal which in those days preceded noon, though succeeding generations and the advance of civilisation has gradually postponed it, till, in in our own days, it is never witnessed by the sun. In a word, they had dined, and now sat in pleasant converse previous to going abroad for an afternoon's lounge. On the table beside them stood various flasks of those fine wines the Venetians imported from allparts.

The style in which the gentlemen were dressed indicated that their intention was to seek the places of fashionable resort. They had laid aside the plainer attire in which we found them in the early forenoon, and now appeared, each in the costume of his own country. Jacques wore a jupon, or cote-hardie reaching half-way down his thigh, at this period considered a very smart and fashionable curtailment of the length of these garments. It was of black velvet, and the sleeves opened midway in the upper arm, so that the arm itself could pass out at pleasure, leaving the rest of the sleeve to hang down till the wearer should be disposed to draw it on. At present it was not in use, and the part of the arm thus uncovered displayed the tight-fitting sleeve of the under garment or vest, which was of satin; the right sleeve was red, the left one yellow. A belt of embroidered leather passed loosely over the hips, so that it sloped downwards beneath the stomach; and from it depended, in front, a short sword or dagger in a sheath

of crimson velvet, tipped with a ferule of gold. The hose, like the vest, fitted tightly to the person, from the thigh to the ankle, and was of the same colours and material as the inner sleeves, only that those colours were on opposite sides—the right leg being yellow, while the left was red. His shoes were made of black velvet, very long, and tapering to a sharp point at the toe, and were fastened to the foot by a band of black velvet which passed over the instep. Round his neck was a cape of crimson velvet edged with gold; and on a chair near him lay his cap, which was also of crimson velvet, ornamented with a large button of gold, and a plume of white feathers; across the cap were carelessly thrown his embroidered gloves.

The costume of Giulio Polani was very different from that of his guest, or from what the Venetian gentlemen of more advanced years were in the habit of wearing. But it will be remembered that Giulio was yet within the age of full manhood, and considerable latitude in dress was permitted to the young nobles during their non-age, before which period the sumptuary laws in relation to dress were not enforced. He wore a doublet of mulberry-coloured satin tabby, which was slashed on the breast and sleves in the form of a cross, through which appeared the lining of yellow taffeta; the dress was closed down the front from the neck by buttons or studs of gold, and terminated at the upper end by a lace ruff, and a chain of Venetian wrought gold hung midway down his breast. The hose matched the doublet in material and colour, and was slashed upon the thigh, and shoes of dark Spanish morocco leather completed his attire.

"And so thou sayest, Jacques, that thou findest this, our Venice, does not disappoint thy expectations?"

"In faith, no, Giulio; for once, Fame hath not been a liar. Your Chiesa di San Marco hath not its equal in the world. And the palaces of your nobles may compare with those of any other land."

"Ah, but thou shouldst see us under happier circumstances, when war has not drained us of our wealth and thinned our city of its noblest, and wealthiest, and gayest. But, come, there is still somewhat for thee to see, and thou shalt now make thy selection. Shall we take a turn or two in the piazza and piazzetta of Saint Mark? There you shall be sure to meet such of our claressimi and gay youths as are in town. 'Tis the fashionable promenade of Venice in the afternoon."

"Faith, Giulio, thou must arrange our mode of proceeding thyself. To me all is new."

"Well, then, let us first to the promenade. After that we shall stroll into the Merceria, where we shall not fail to see some of our fair dames and donzelle looking at the mercers' wares and the stationary. Afterwards we shall step into a gondola, and run down to the Murano to have a stroll in the public gardens, and taste the most delicious oysters in the world."

"And see your manufactory of crystal, Giulio, of which I have heard so much. Is it true what they report, that the glass has such an excellent virtue and purity that it will not bear the slightest taint of any poison, but will incontinently break if but a drop be poured into it?"

"Such is the common belief," answered the Venetian; "but I cannot certify the fact of my own knowledge."

"Come, then, Giulio, let us make use of our time. As an old traveller, I know its value."

The young men now rose from the table, and prepared to leave the house, Giulio throwing over his gay attire the Venetian cloak of sombre black; but to indemnify himself for this compliance with the gravity of the Venetians, he placed on his head a bonnet of rich morone velvet, having an ornamental band and a rich loop and button.

We shall not follow the two friends in their promenade through the piazza and the piazetta, nor detail how the young Venetian explained to his companion the manner in which the different offices and grades of the Venetian nobles were indicated by the various colours with which their gowns were faced, the length of the sleeves, or of the flaps that fell over the left shoulder. In one respect, however, Jacques observed, that they were all similarly attired, namely, in the flat black cap of felt, which was very low and small and had no brim, and in the small band of linen that fell down not more than an inch or two. Giulio encountered more than one of those who had been his intimate companions before he had gone to travel; the meeting in those cases was in remarkable contrast to the general sobriety of demeanour which the Venetians affected. They embraced and kissed each other on the cheeks, and repeated the salutation at parting; while in the cases of recognition between mere acquaintances, each made a low formal bow, and placed the right hand upon the breast.

"Ah, what a stately figure!" said Jacques to his friend, as they passed down the Merceria.

Giulio looked in the direction to which his companion pointed, and replied:

"What, that lady in the veil of white holland edged with bone-lace; she that wears the robe of flowered black silk with enormous sleeves reaching almost to the ground?"

"And who walks upon red chioppine half a cubit high," added Jacques. "Pardieu, she would surely fall if she were not borne up under the left arm by that serving-man. The same."

Giulio laughed heartily, as he surveyed the stately gentlewoman to whom his friend alluded.

"Ah, carrissimo!" he replied, "that is indeed a very noble signora, as you would have at once known from the height of her chioppine, had you been familiar with these our customs of Venice. That is the lady Lucretzia Polani, my very honoured kinswoman, one of the most pious matrons, as well as the most inveterate gossips, in all Venice. I dare be sworn she is now going to gratify her vanity for dress in some of the fashionable shops, after which she will most likely turn he steps to the chiesa to perform her devotions. Ah! there, too, is my cousin, her fair daughter Caterina."

"What, that donzella with the huge veil of pale yellow silk, which is quilled in such a strange fashion? in good sooth, it is slight and aerial as gossamer."

"And as transparent as a summer cloud. I warrant me, Jacques, you have no difficulty in discovering through it that Caterina is a charming brunette, with a pair of black eyes that sparkle like stars at midnight."

"And a finely-turned shoulder and bosom," added Jacques, which that cobweb kerchief of lawn doth ill conceal."

"At all events this meeting is most fortunate; let us pay our respects; I shall make you known to the ladies."

So saying, Giulio advanced, and lifting his bonnet from his head (a reverence which Venetians only showed to men of the highest rank and to ladies), and making a profound and courteous obeisance, said:

"I salute the noble Signora Lucretzia Polani. Have I the felicity to find her excellency in the enjoyment of good health?"

The matron drew herself up haughtily, not recognising the person who addressed her; but the sharper eyes and quicker memory of Caterina in a moment discovered who the seeming stranger was, and so, with a joyous exclamation, she said:

"Why, dearest mother, have you forgotten our kinsman, Giulio?"

"Ah, Santissima Maria, is it possible?" said the elder lady.

"'Tis even as my fair cousin hath said," replied Giulio; "let me thank her for her kind recognition," and he saluted the blushing beauty with more warmth and gallantry than he had shown towards the matron.

"Well, Giulio, I am heartily glad to see thee, child; why, thou art grown a man outright. But when did you return to Venice? where did you come from? what have you been doing? how are you? what news from the count, your father? Ah, I have a thousand questions to ask you, and so many things to tell you, too; who is that forestiere?" This last she added in a lower tone, glancing towards Giulio's friend, who stood a little apart.

"With your excellency's permission I will make known to

you my most honoured friend and sometime companion in Paris, the Sieur Jacques Dela Mole."

The matron returned the bow of the young gentlemen with a gracious yet ceremonious movement of the head; the bright eyes of Caterina gave a warmer acknowledgment to the courtly salutation, which the youth concluded with a glance of respectful admiration and a gallant pressure of his hand upon his heart.

The matron turned towards Giulio and resumed—

"I am just going to a mercer's booth yonder, to see some Dalmatian velvets, which he hath apprised me have just arrived to him, and are, he says, of rare beauty. Shall I have the honour of your escort and that of your friend, and the benefit of your judgments in the matter? You travellers should be judges of everything."

The gentlemen assented. Giulio placed himself at the right side of his elder relative, while Jacques attached himself to the younger lady. When they had inspected the merchant's wares, the matron selected a figured velvet cloth, richly embroidered with gold, and demanded its price.

"Ah!" said the crafty mercer, with an obsequious bow, "the Signora's taste is unimpeachable; that is the finest cloth of velvet in Venice. Her highness the Dogaressa has as yet been the only lady to whom I have shown it, and she has purchased a robe of it."

This announcement at once decided the lady's choice, and she accordingly ordered a mantle of the costly fabric. Let not our readers be surprised at this extravagance of a Venetian lady. At the period of which we write, their expensive luxury in dress had reached a height that must have been very formidable to their lords, with whose graver apparel that of their wives and daughters so strikingly contrasted. To such a pitch had the feminine passion for dress arisen, that in the beginning of the fifteenth century some of the Venetian ladies appeared in robes that were covered over with gold, and of such vastness that the sleeves touched the ground. The senate was at length obliged to interfere to check this perilous mania, and by a sumptuary law of the year 1402, it was ordered that the sleeves of the ladies' robes should not exceed in circumference eight *quarters*, and that the robes themselves should not be wider than eight bracchia. As to the matter of the robes of gold, "it appeared," in the words of an old Venetian writer, "to be a very grave affair to the fathers," and accordingly they ordained that it should not be lawful for any woman to be so attired for the future. At this day one smiles to think of the dread powers of the law being brought to bear upon such things as the cut of a lady's sleeve or the texture of her garments. Were such tyranny attempted to be recorded upon our statute-book in the benign reign of Queen Victoria, we verily believe that "the better half" of the nation would be in a state of insurrection, and the *modistes* of the kingdom would organise the overthrow of the ministry.

"Now," said the elder lady, when she had completed her purchase, "I am going to the chiesa; one, you know, my dear young friend, should never be remiss in the discharge of religious duties. I never am. Is not that so, Caterina?"

"Indeed it is, dearest mother," said the girl; "I sometimes think your over strict devotion may injure your health."

"I am a good Catholic, I humbly trust," replied the lady, with a self-satisfied air that partook but little of humility. "Gentlemen, will you be disposed to accompany us to prayers?"

An arch smile lurked on the lips of the daughter, which her thin veil could not entirely conceal, at this invitation from her mother. The young men, however, excused themselves on the score of previous engagements.

"Ah, che infortunio!" replied the matron. "Well, you must assuredly call to see me before evening. We shall be at home in an hour, and shall be happy to receive the Sieur de la Mole at our Palazzo."

A willing assent was given to this invitation, and the two parties took leave of each other. The ladies proceeded to their devotions, while Giulio and his friend stepped into a gondola, and glided through the small canals in a north-easterly direction, till they emerged into the lagunes and entered into the canal leading to the island of Murano.

Then, as now, the island of Murano was, to use the language of one of our own countrymen who visited it some centuries ago "a very delectable and populous place, having many faire buildings both public and private, and divers very pleasant gardens;" it is not, therefore, to be wondered that the two friends spent a considerable time in so agreeable a locality. The sun was, it might be, half-way on his westward journey towards the blue hills of Verona, when the young men found themselves again in Venice.

"And now," said Giulio, "I propose we pay our promised visit to Madonna Lucretzia. You will find an hour pass away not unpleasantly, believe me, with her sprightly daughter; for the better insuring whereof, I shall take upon myself to occupy her honoured mother."

"An excellent arangement," said Jacques, smiling; "let us proceed forthwith."

The prow of the gondola was turned in the direction indicated by Giulio, and in a few moments they entered the principal reception-room of the palazzo.

We will not venture to affirm that either of the youths felt any very great disappointment when they found that the beautiful Caterina was its only occupant. She was superbly clothed in a dress of rich flounced brocade, so fashioned as to expose to view the bosom and back to an extent that, in our days and country, would be thought scarcely consistent with maidenly propriety; but the truth is, that the over strictness exercised over the ladies of Venice in their attire and deportment out of doors, produced the natural result of stimulating them to greater licence in their houses. The waist was long, so as to allow room for the display of a rich stomacher; the neck was encircled by an enormous quilled ruff of bone-lace, and the yellow veil of the morning was replaced by one of white gauze, which was thrown back from the head, and stood out from the shoulders like an immense wing; in her hand she held a circular fan, and over her head towered the mass of crisped curls in two mountains glittering with unguents that made them look like hills in the sunset. In a few moments a waiting-maid, fantastically dressed, as was the habit of her class, entered, bearing from the signora a request that Giulio would come to her in her dressing-room, a request with which he immediately complied, leaving his fair cousin and his agreeable friend to the enjoyment of a *tête a-tête*.

Madonna Lucretzia Polani received her young kinsman within the very penetralia of the shrine—a favour only conceded to those who are nearly allied, or on terms of the most familiar intimacy. It so happened, that at the moment, an operation of a most important and mysterious nature was in progress; and as it was peculiar to Venetian ladies, and has now, alas! with many another peculiarity—things of wisdom and glory as well as of vanity and folly—passed away for ever, we shall count ourselves fortunate in being able to record it for the admiration, if not for the imitation, of the fair daughters of our own land. To speak plainly, then, the noble dame was then undergoing that peculiar process by which the Venetian *chevelure* was worked up into that wonderful formation which we have already alluded to. Be it known, then, that the Lady Lucretzia sat in a window which commanded a south-western aspect, so that the sun at the moment was shining strongly into the room through the open *jalousies;* her hair was gathered up all round her head, and enclosed within a high circlet of lead, somewhat like a crown, which fitted close to the head; within this, a serving-maiden poured certain oleaginous and perfumed drugs, the properties of which were to dye the hair of a light colour, a hue much affected by the Venetian women, as enhancing, the brilliancy of a dark complexion, which they considered the most beautiful. The lady held a mirror in her hand, and from time to time inspected the operation; and when she deemed that a sufficient quantity of the dye had been absorbed by her hair she then directed the next step in the process, which was to fling back her hair and spread it out over the rim of the leaden circlet, so that it was exposed to the sun,

which gradually bleached and dried it. This was a slow and tedious process one may judge; but vanity is a passion that is full of patience and as enduring as charity itself. It was in this stage of the proceeding that Giulio arrived, and the lady hailed his coming, as it afforded an agreeable mode of alleviating the tedium of the toilette, and the best opportunity of satisfying her love of acquiring and communicating everything new or interesting.

"Welcome, my dear kinsman," said the lady, as the young man entered, "you see I accord to you the privilege of a relation."

The youth bowed his acknowledgment, while the lady continued—"Come, sit down here beside me. Well," she proceeded when he was seated, "Che nuove ci portate? What news have you for me? You must tell me all about your travels, and first of all about this friend of yours. Where did you make his acquaintance."

"In Paris last year."

"Ah! is he a Frenchman?"

"I have always considered him to be so, but in truth I never took the trouble of inquiring."

"Dear me, how strange; never to have the curiosity to ask him where he came from. Do you know any of his family?"

"Not one. He had no relatives that I know of in Paris, nor for ought I know in the world."

"My dear Giulio, how very imprudent of you to form an intimacy with you know not whom. You don't know how disadvantageous such an acquaintance may prove to you."

"True, dear signora, but I know how advantageous it *has* proved to me. He has rendered me a signal service."

"Ah! what was it? I should so like to know."

"Pardon me, I am not at liberty to disclose it. He has insisted that I should not."

"Well, how very singular. But now tell me every thing about yourself."

Giulio being under no restraint on this subject, proceeded to detail such points as he thought might prove interesting to his auditress. Meantime the sun did its duty upon the hue and moisture of the lady's locks, after which the serving-maiden removed the leaden crown, and heating in a brazier, which stood at the further end of the apartment, a pair of frizzling or crisping irons, she plied them with such skill upon the locks of her mistress, that in a short time she raised a vast superstructure over the forehead, which acuminated at either side, in one of those monstrous peaks. When this operation was performed, nothing further remained to complete the personal adornment of the Signora Polani, save drawing on a loose robe of satin tabby. Having done this, she graciously took the young man's arm, and proceeded to the apartment where we left Jacques and Caterina engaged in a *téte-a-téte*, which we have no doubt each party had wit enough to improve to the utmost.

THE KNITTER ASLEEP (SEE PAGE 404).—J. B. GREUZE.

FLEMISH INN.—FROM A PAINTING BY ISAAC VAN OSTADE.

ISAAC VAN OSTADE.

Isaac Van Ostade was the brother of the celebrated Adrian Van Ostade, and was born at Lubeck, about the year 1617. Both the brothers, when very young, were sent into the Low Countries, where the eldest studied under François Hals, in whose school Brouwer was a contemporary, and where they contracted a most intimate friendship. Adrian is supposed to have been the instructor of his brother Isaac; but little is known of their early history. Soon they separated, and never afterwards were they found in any close connexion. Adrian dwelt in the city of Harlaem; Isaac travelled to the banks of the Zuyder Zee, and finally settled in Amsterdam. He died in 1671; his brother lived a few years longer, long enough to see the French victorious in the neighbourhood of his country, and threatening to destroy its independence.

Speaking of Isaac Van Ostade, Houbraken says, "He terminated his career after having attained the summit of art." This is great praise. But Isaac was a special favourite, a prophet that was honoured in his own country. One says, 'He was in no way inferior to his brother; he designed with the utmost care, and was the king of light and shadow." It has been argued, on the other side of the question, that the disparities in the painting of Isaac and Adrian are easily perceptible; that in the former the touch is very different, the transparency abundantly less, the pencilling not nearly so delicate; nor can they, either in force, warmth, or spirit, admit of being compared with the paintings of the latter. Nevertheless, the pictures of Isaac Van Ostade are deserving of much praise.

Adrian and Isaac resemble each other in their style of painting and in the choice of their subjects. But still, to a close observer, the peculiarities of each are apparent. The first painted the interior of cottages, drinking-houses, and similar scenes; the other represented out-of-door life, streets, and fields, and bridges, and canals, and busy groups, chattering, gossiping, laughing,—forming a *coup d'œil* of no common interest. The picture, from which the engraving is taken which we now present to our readers, is particularly characteristic of the style of Isaac Van Ostade. It represents a halt of travellers before a road-side inn. The landscape is well arranged and remarkably natural. The tree in the foreground, not overloaded with foliage, is a perfect study in itself; and the avenue at the back of the picture, where the two cavaliers are riding, is tastefully designed and gracefully finished. A quiet, comfortable-looking place is the hostel, with its gable front toward us, and the vehicle that stands before the door, and the tired horses with their heads bent forward, and the stooping figure of the hostler who has brought the cool refreshing water, and the group within and about the cart, and the dogs, all life and motion, united together, show us that no common hand designed the sketch. It is natural. Boucher and Lancret might complain that nature was too green, and wanted harmony; but by closely studying nature — nature on the banks of the Zuyder Zee—Ostade has left us some admirable pictures. There is an air of repose over this Flemish halt, which is quite in character with the design of the painting. One or two topers are smoking and drinking beside the door of the inn; towards the front of the picture, a traveller is resting on the ground, his bundle and his stick beside him; on the other side, two are lounging on the rising ground, while another, in an indolent position, is gossiping with them both, and close beside them a dog is lying fast asleep. The sky is calm and clear. Beyond the hostel there is a rich mass of foliage, on which the sunlight falls in all its beauty; and further still away, uprises the steeple of a village church.

Isaac Van Ostade has painted several winter scenes with admirable effect,—frozen canals, and the people amusing themselves on the ice, were indeed his favourite subjects. They are faithful and well-executed representations of nature, and, deservedly, are held in the highest estimation.

A misconstruction of the abilities of this artist has sometimes arisen from contrasting his earlier productions with the more finished and elaborate specimens of his brother. Some of these early specimens are indeed slight in execution and brown in colour, and are comparatively of but little value; but his later paintings competed successfully with those of the best of his contemporaries, and obtained corresponding prices. Bryan says, "These consist of out-door scenes, such as travellers halting at an inn, frozen canals with figures amusing themselves on the ice, and views of Dutch villages. To these he confined himself, but so varied was his treatment of the subject as to obviate the charge of self-imitation. The amateur who possesses one of them may consider himself fortunate; indeed they are now estimated so highly that few besides princes or nobles, or others of equal opulence, can retain them. One in the Duchess de Berri's collection sold, in 1837, for £1,306; the same picture sold in 1801, at Robit's sale, for £361; many others have equally progressed in value." Such of his best pictures as are dated, are of the years 1644 to 1649 inclusive."

There are several good examples of Isaac Van Ostade in England, but they are principally in the private galleries of noblemen and gentlemen. In the Dulwich Gallery—"God's Gift College in Dulwich"—there is only a single picture of Isaac's, though there are four specimens from his brother Adrian's pencil. This is rather singular, as the collection is rich in paintings of the Dutch school. The National Gallery does not possess a picture by either of the Ostades, nor are we aware of any other specimen of the younger painter, to which the public have free access, than the one mentioned above. Travellers Halting at an Inn appears to have been a favourite subject with Isaac Van Ostade. Nearly all the pictures by him in the possession of English noblemen bear something of this character. In the celebrated Bridgewater Gallery, the property of Lord Francis Egerton, we have "Travellers Halting at an Inn;" in the private collection formed by George IV., there is an Isaac Ostade, "Various Travellers Halting before a Tavern;" in Lord Ashburton's collection, again, there is a picture representing "Travellers and Country People, engaged in various ways in front of a Village Ale-house;" at Corsham-house, Wilts, the seat of Paul Methuen, Esq., there is another Isaac Ostade. It is but a variation of the famous subject: "Travellers on horseback and on foot, listening to a village musician, in front of a road-side public house;" and lastly, to complete the list, there is a famous picture of Isaac's at Alton Tower—the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, in Staffordshire—which represents the artist's never-tiring and always-well-painted "Group of People," or "Halt of Travellers," before a village inn.

But, perhaps, the most famous picture of Isaac Van Ostade's which is to be seen in England, is that in the private collection formed by the late Sir Robert Peel, at his house in Whitehall-gardens. The well-known baronet was a good judge of pictures, as well as a great statesman; and knew almost as well as a dealer the proper value of the "old masters" which he purchased. Sir Robert's "Isaac Ostade" may, therefore, be considered a first-rate specimen. It cost 4,000 guineas, and is as far superior to the poor pictures of country life, which are often ascribed to this painter, as a genuine Claude is to a modern baked and varnished copy. This genuine example of the painter is warmly praised by all good judges of art. It represents a man on a grey-horse riding past a house, followed by two dogs, one of which is caressed by a boy. On the other side of the picture are two swine, and in the picturesque middle distance are peasants and cattle. "This finely-drawn picture," says Dr. Waagen, "possesses a solidity of the most spirited execution, and an union of the finest *impasto* with the greatest glow and depth of tone, such as is rarely met with. The tone of the flesh is more yellow in the lights, and browner in the shadows, than with his brother, who mixes redder tones in both. Paul Potter himself could not have painted the grey horse better. In his village scenes and winter pieces, Isaac is wholly original, and by no means inferior to his brother."

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER IV.

Towards the end of December, 1835, Leonard completed his competition picture for the gold medal of the Royal Academy. He had withdrawn himself entirely from his fellow-students, and living absorbed in his work, had been almost lost sight of by them, for the last several months.

The subject which he had chosen for his picture, was St. Michael and St. Margaret appearing to Joan of Arc, and announcing to her the astounding future, whilst still the simple shepherd girl was tending her flock. Leonard's imagination had keenly entered into the devoted enthusiasm of the young girl, who having once heard heavenly voices announcing her sublime mission, steeled her soul and sense against every allurement of earth, love, home, and kindred to obey the celestial behest; accomplishing through the might, solely of obedience, faith, and enthusiastic love, a work almost miraculous. Leonard in imagination had completed a series of pictures illustrative of her career—treating her almost fabulous history from his own peculiar point of view; making her conquer alone through the power of spirit; making her vanquished when fallen from her immaculate throne of spiritual beauty, by faithlessness in the spiritual voices, and by the desecration of her inspired hand by the shedding of blood.

But the sole picture of the series completed was the "Announcement of her Mission"—another development of that thought which Leonard had sketched upon the wall of the little chamber in his uncle's house—the arousing of a dormant soul to action. He had lived, whilst painting, wrapt in a golden mist of poetry, filled with entire faith in his creations, and filled with a restless eagerness. Now, when his picture stood completed, the mist parting, his picture, as if struck by the wand of some evil magician, faded and shrunk before him into meagreness and poverty. A bitter contempt of his picture induced him to turn its face to the wall—to forget it utterly, and its destination—to leave that London room behind him, with the sickening roar of wheels rising ever up through its dingy window—to stand within a solitary wood, with pure snow and ice around his feet, with solemn, leafless trees above his head, with a sharp winter's breeze striking upon his burning brow—to stand upon the gypsum cliff in Clifton Grove, as he had done five winters before—to silence, but for one hour, the cry after his mother—to silence, but for one hour, the unappeasable longing which devoured his heart's core! Leonard buried his face in his hands, and wept like a child. Still sitting with bowed head before his picture, the door of his little room opened, the Professor of Painting, together with Signor Lambelli, stood before him. He had not heard their preparatory knock, so absorbed had he been in his reflections. The Professor's eyes were rested upon the picture.

"Good! Lambelli," said the professor; and an unmistakable smile of benevolent satisfaction played about his lips. Lambelli rubbed his hands, and commenced criticising in a remarkably lively and energetic manner. Leonard meanwhile stood coldly aside, a strange contempt swelling within his breast. Could then this faded shadow of his dream call forth aught but censure from the lips of men possessed of knowledge? Could he not, even then, accept with gracious thanks the censure which Lambelli passed upon his picture, when it was *censure* rather than *praise* which he desired? No; for the censures passed upon it were censures for mere technicalities, and the censure cast by his own spirit was the failure of his ideal!

"You have overworked yourself, Hale," remarked the professor, cordially taking leave of poor Leonard. "He must wear a brighter look, must he not, Lambelli, when next we see him?" and the visitors were gone.

The professor's few words, and his manner still more, had conveyed to Leonard the conviction that the gold medal would be awarded to him. But no longer did this medal appear an object worthy of such eager quest as it had done but a few hours before—the crowning satisfaction, peace in his work was wanting. "How easy to do better—ten-fold—than this miserable picture!" muttered Leonard bitterly to himself. "My mother! and will this have been my first triumph for which I shall have wrung thy heart! I have looked upon this as an earnest of future success—what if it be but an earnest of future bitter disgust!"

Leonard paced up and down his dingy room with steps strangely akin with those of poor Ursula pacing her son's deserted chamber five years before. Suddenly he paused, a deep flush passed across his face, and the muscles of his mouth worked with a nervous spasm. He seized his hat, and rushing down the stifling staircase, was soon rapidly pursuing his way along the crowded streets. He walked like one in a dream. The roar of omnibuses, cabs, and carriages; the murmurs of the thousand dissonant voices of the great city grated upon his over-wrought nerves, till he was filled with a feverish anguish, the foreshadower of delirium. His eyes, when they unclosed to outward objects, fell only on the squalor of great London; mouldering, slatternly marine stores, gin-palaces, pawnbrokers' shops bursting with their rich produce of misery, doctors' shops and hospitals. Now he encountered a sick person borne along through the bright sunshine in a curtained litter, from which the passers-by shrunk with loathing dread. Leonard's imagination piercing through the dusky canvas curtains, descried the woe-struck, disfigured countenance of the sick; and strange, too, in his imagination, it was like the face of his mother! Leonard's eyes fell upon a placard pasted on a pump: "If this should meet the eyes of Sarah L——b," read Leonard, "who left her home on Sunday, 15th of December, she is earnestly besought to return to her afflicted mother; or to communicate at least by letter. As she values the life of her heart-broken mother, she is implored to communicate. Through the blessing of God, may these words speedily meet the eyes of S. L. Soon it may be too late!"

As a dagger these words had pierced to Leonard's soul—*his* mother it was who implored him to communicate with *her;* the old pleading tones of her sad voice, with which, as in years gone by, she had implored her unhappy husband, echoed in his brain; and the voice ever ringing through his ears, Leonard raced on: and as he moved rapidly through the fresh wintry air, coming out into the Regent's Park, the straight formal alley of which he restlessly paced up and down, oblivious to the gaily-attired children there, eternally trundling their hoops, and to the nursemaids who criticised his gestures and his shabby clothes, his thoughts formed themselves into a burning letter to his mother, which he immediately would despatch. In fancy he saw her vehement joy as the boy in the canary-coloured jacket presented to her, whilst sitting at her little work-table, the long-expected letter in the beloved hand-writing of her son; he saw the quivering of her fingers as she tore open the seal, the tears of joy and love showering down upon the paper. The might of yearning was so strong within him, that all thought of triumph over his uncle was thrust aside—love, deep love alone, and keenest sympathy, held dominion in his being.

In Albany-street, Leonard, with a fevered cheek, paused at a small stationer's shop, and, entering, bought paper, and there indited a few lines of warmest love, dwelling but slightly upon his own career, though proudly announcing that so far it had been crowned with as much success as ever he could have anticipated; but the essence of his words was the yearning love which flamed up within him.

The expression of a deep emotion, whether by written or by spoken words, has an almost magical power of relief to certain impulsive and passionate natures; and Leonard was of such a nature. Having written his letter and posted it, a calmness settled over him; and the joy which he believed his words

would cause his mother, shed a celestial peace within his soul. He began to anticipate the arrival of her reply, and to count the time which probably would elapse ere the receipt of it—perhaps even she herself might reply in person! The possibility of resentment for his long silence and desertion never, for one moment, presenting itself.

Posting the letter, Leonard reminded himself that his very meagre funds were all but exhausted—but one half-crown remained. This, however, was a usual state of affairs with our poor hero; and as now for several years, by means of rigid economy and constant hack-work, in which he conscientiously employed a portion of his time, he had maintained himself, it was but a small matter of anxiety to him. In fact, so much had the writing of his letter restored Leonard to his natural state of mind, that he called, before returning home, at a publisher's, for whom he was in the habit of making ornamental designs, from the emblematic cover of an annual to the frontispiece of the last new cookery-book. To-day he obtained certain orders for designs of an equally elevated class; and, retracing his steps homewards, he mentally arranged his little designs, looking at the fruiterers' and florists' windows and stalls in Covent-garden market, to obtain hints, these designs being destined to adorn Macalpine's "Growth of Hot-house Fruits." Purchasing a spray of vine with sixpence of the last half-crown, and having lingered with an artistic enjoyment of the rich combinations of form and colour displayed by the fruits and flowers, he hastened home immediately to commence his sketches; for until a certain number were received by his employer, no more money could Leonard obtain. The publisher for whom Leonard had now worked for several years—and whose system, wise and upright, had been a moral training especially healthful for our hero's desultory nature—most sternly refused all payment in advance, as strictly, however, and as justly, paying his employed so soon as the work accomplished was received by him.

The necessity of labour gradually wrought its holy work within poor Leonard's breast; his morbid horror of his picture slowly decreased; he drew and drew, and a healthier pulsation was in his blood. The time arriving for him to send off his picture for the competition, this was done, but all as a matter of indifference almost; and then, with coldness, resuming his pencil, he drew and drew, leaves, fruits, flowers, flowers, leaves, fruits, with marvellous patient industry. But his ear became hourly, daily, keener; and restlessly he would resume his agitated pacings of his room at times; and the postman's sharp knock at the door of the house where he lodged, and all down the street, made him start and breathe quickly, and a sick giddiness to gather over his eyes. But no letter arrived as yet. "Who knows?" said Leonard in his heart, "perhaps she is from home; if she had received it, one thing I know—silent she would not remain. But who knows?—who knows?" asked he a hundred times an hour of his heart. But that this silence could proceed from death or any grievous evil he denied to himself sternly, angrily. "No; he was only over-impatient; or it might be his uncle———" A violent burst of unrestrained anger, uttered in loud words within his solitary room, startled himself, and broke the completion of his supposition.

The distribution of prizes had arrived, but no letter. At the important hour, Leonard attended in the amphitheatre of the Royal Academy, and with him the scarcely-acknowledged anxiety gnawing his heart's core unceasingly. He seated himself far up among a group of students, in as unconspicuous a place as possible. He was greeted with questions innumerable, and merry jokes about his hermit's life—words seemed to buzz about him like a swarm of flies. The amphitheatre was crowded; the hum of anxious suspense died away; the ordinary preliminaries were gone through—the president addressed the students. During the address, Leonard recognised the kind-hearted Lambelli peering anxiously about through his eye-glass. He knew that he was the object of the good man's anxiety. Leonard wondered how it was possible for him to feel so little excited—so wholly indifferent; but his strongest feelings were for the time swallowed up in a vast discomfort. His head sank on his breast, and the old brooding recommenced. He was aroused by hearing his own name clearly enunciated by the president—then it was repeated around him with a confusing hum; he was pushed forward—there were acclamations on all hands—he was the successful candidate. But the triumph was a cold, joyless one, with this worm of anguish gnawing at his heart's core.

Slipping away from his congratulators, Leonard hurried home. The slatternly girl opening the door, holding in one hand a flaring candle, with the other gave him a letter, which she took up from a begrimed slab in the passage. The handwriting of the address was bold and masculine, and not the peculiar, delicate one of his mother. Leonard paused various times whilst ascending the staircase to his room—turning the letter round and round. The post mark was Nottingham. A weakness crept into poor Leonard's knees, and his lips grew parched. He unlocked his door with an unsteady hand—closed it—dropped upon a chair beside the table strewn with the Macalpine sketches, the candle swealling down the stick in long gutters of grease, and with the lamps from the street gleaming in balefully through the uncurtained window. Leonard gazed upon the letter. "God! God! be merciful!" he muttered in low, hoarse accents—and still his eyes rested upon the unopened letter held in his trembling hand. At length, slowly breaking the seal, he read—

Nottingham, December.

Dear Leonard,—Your letter to Mrs. Mordant of the 8th instant came duly to hand, and in consequence of your mother's state of health—or rather, state of mind—I was compelled to break the seal and become master of its contents, which, under existing circumstances, you must pardon. Being absent from home when your letter arrived, a slight delay in my reply has, unavoidably, been occasioned.

The perusal of your letter, shows me that you are not aware of the unhappy state of your mother. She has been an inmate of the lunatic asylum of this place for the last four or five years—in fact, almost immediately from the time of your leaving Nottingham.

Of your circumstances since that time, we have had no intelligence, but it is satisfactory to perceive by your letter that you are doing well. To the painful occurrences connected with your hasty departure, I do not refer further than that your mother's derangement dates from that time, and from the distress of mind occasioned by your unaccountable silence. You are not aware that your uncle has left Nottingham, and is now residing at Hamburg.

I shall take an opportunity of communicating to your poor mother that news has been received of you.

It may be satisfactory to you to know that all suitable and necessary attention is paid to your mother.

Dear Leonard,

Yours truly,

Ellis Stamboyse.

P. S.—It is painful to me to find that you have changed your name, as no good can possibly accrue from such disguises.

Like one transfixed by the spear of his enemy, Leonard writhed with agony, whilst his eyes perused these fearful words, the very straight-forwardness of which tore every germ of hope up from his breast.

Dropping his head upon the table, Leonard remained sunk in the depths of utterest bitterness. The candle flared and flamed,—then the wick lengthened into a glowing and spectral fungus, and the light grew dim. And hour after hour was tolled mournfully from the near church-tower; and the footsteps of passers-by had long since died out of the streets, and the candle sunk in its socket, sending forth fitful glares across the melancholy room and athwart the melancholy bowed youthful head; and the stench of the expiring wick made the air thick and noisome. But Leonard stirred not. Like one dead, except for a keen throb of agony which ceaselessly stirred within his soul, he sate throughout that long December night with his head bowed upon the sketches which became blisterred with his tears.

Ellis Stamboyse had returned home from his wedding tour to the old house in ——— street, now all freshly painted, and

refurnished with the most comfortable and most ponderous of costly furniture for the reception of its new mistress, when he had read poor Leonard's letter, and indited his reply. Within the newly furnished dining-room, the scene of Mrs. Mordant's altercation with her brother, and of Leonard's with his uncle, were seated the newly-married pair upon this the first evening of their return. L'Allegro, more beaming than ever, had, with an arch grace, which truly would have driven John Wetherley

THE ANGELS APPEARING TO JOAN OF ARC—LEONARD'S COMPETITION PICTURE.

utterly distracted could he but have seen it, poured forth unnumbered cups of tea for her loving husband. Luckily, however, John, more than a hundred miles away, was sternly absorbed, forgetful of the lovely being, in drawing by gaslight with might and main from the model in Lambelli's rotunda. Then flinging herself back in a low and softly-cushioned chair near the brightly burning fire, she had first admired her dainty feet placed upon the fender, sunk deep in the white fur which lined the loveliest of scarlet embroidered slippers, then she had drawn a little scarlet mantle, trimmed also with white fur over her round white shoulders, for the night was cold, even within that most comfortable and wealthy abode—and every now and then she glanced with a pretty pettishness at her husband, who would so pertinaciously read the heap of letters awaiting him upon the mantel-piece. "It was very provoking of Ellis, to forget his dear pet that very first evening, she would scold him for it, that she would, the first instant he laid down those dreadful letters;" but a sternness sat upon his face, as he read letter after letter—and L'Allegro had secretly a little fear of Ellis' sharp clear voice, and of that determined, strong look upon his brow and lips, his very hair had a strong determination in its crisp, dark-brown curls, and his short figure was stronger than that of many a giant. No. Ellis Stamboyse was no man to be interrupted by his lovely, beautiful little bride, thought L'Allegro. L'Allegro watched him, and then amused herself with thoughts of all the bridal gaiety awaiting her, and then again watched Ellis; but he seemed quite to have forgotten her—his face had become sterner than ever—he had risen, and after standing in deep thought, with an open letter in his hand, before the fire, and bringing an inkstand and paper to the table, had, after another pause of deep thought, begun slowly writing. L'Allegro's eyes closed, and she fell into a gentle sleep, with her pretty profile as it lay upon the cushions, gilded by the flickering fire-light. Ellis folding and sealing his letter, rose, and with his hands crossed behind him, like a youthful image of old Stamboyse, paced slowly up and down the room, as the elder Stamboyse had done a thousand times before him—suddenly pausing beside his sleeping wife, an unusual expression of tenderness suffused his whole countenance—a strange look of Leonard, a look, as of a transfigured soul shone through his clearly chiselled features, and bending over the unconsious girl, his lips pressed her brow with profound tenderness, and a prayer ascended up from his soul, "God, enable me worthily, unswervingly to fulfil towards this poor child the awful responsibilities which I have taken upon myself, and enable me to strengthen her. What unutterable miseries flow from an unworthy, an unconscientious marriage, Thou alone knowest, for Thou 'visitest the sins of the parents upon the children to the third and fourth generation.'" When L'Allegro woke up, she flung her arms round her husband's neck, and her red lips kissed his broad forehead a dozen times; because he was "such a dear creature, and had put away his tiresome letters!" Ellis drew her towards him, and looked quietly at her, with such a grave smile, yet so full of love, and without speaking a single word, that L'Allegro exclaimed, between laughing and crying, "Oh, Ellis, you *are* so queer! I wish you talked more—you are not half as amusing as John Wetherley used to be—poor John. I wonder, now, what he is doing?"

In the sumptuously furnished dressing-room of L'Allegro, where tall mirrors reflected back the blazing fire which carecred up the broad chimney, and where massive wardrobes stood with open doors and drawers to receive the rich dresses which a half-unpacked portmanteau displayed; and where the softest of curtains and carpets, and the easiest of chairs and couches, and innumerable toilet nick-nacks, prophesied a life of luxury for the young wife, sat another being, who wondered what John Wetherley was doing. But in her heart he was "dear, beloved John;" "the adored," "the tenderly-cherished John." Need we say, that this was poor Il Penseroso! She looked very pale and meek, and seemed as though she had been suddenly struck by some idea whilst arranging her sister's dresses in the new wardrobes, and had sat down by the fire to complete her meditations—

> "God hath his own great plan:
> And joy and suffering
> Are his commissioned discipline of man!
> Each is the seraph-wing
> That lifteth from the clod;
> *That* to the angelic band,
> *This* to a higher sphere, the sphere of God;"

murmured Il Penseroso to herself, "those are lines by Mordant, the poet. I remember well copying them into my book—it was the day that dear John stole Emma's ringlet in the studio behind the Indian-screen, and I saw him press it to his lips. I did not know at that time what comfort some day I might find in these lines. I suppose life may be a school, and that 'God hath his own great plan.'"

DEBATE OF THE FACULTIES

ON THE PURSUITS OF LIFE.

The members being assembled in the Rotunda called Cranium, Order took the chair by general consent, when Causality introduced the following resolution:—

"Resolve, That it is time to make a selection of a pursuit for life, and that this question be now discussed."

"In deciding upon the merits of this resolution," said Causality, "I think it the part of wisdom to attach something which will be useful to mankind, and which can always be relied upon for a support. Anything will satisfy me which will not fail with the change of fashion. Agriculture is good, and can never fail to be needed, nor will it ever be overdone. Besides, the king and the clown alike need bread; so that the vibrations of fashion, and fluctuation of opinions, religious or political, can never set it aside. The same is true of blacksmithing, ship-building, masonry, and manufacturing cloth, leather, iron, and lumber, and many other substantial trades. Legitimate commerce and general trade are likewise necessary, but very liable to be overdone."

Ideality arose, and said, "I trust that great care will be taken in this selection, for really I can hardly perceive it possible for me to be contented with any of these common pursuits named by our venerable friend. I must earnestly implore that we may have something ornamental, like sculpture, painting, daguerreotype, selling fancy goods, or, if we manufacture, let it be watches, jewellery, or that which is decorative and beautiful."

Approbativeness addressed the chair: "I agree, in the main, with the last member up; but some of the occupations he has named would not suit me. The idea of working in plaster and marble, and looking dusty, like a miller, is horrible. True, we might excel so as to obtain fame, like a Canova or a Powers, when we would be courted by the great, and our name sent down to posterity on the enduring statute and scroll of honour. But should we fail of achieving the highest honours of the art, I would by far prefer to be a genteel tradesmen in an elegant store, aristocratic customers, where we could dress finely, and live in style. This is the life for me. I go for a business of the highest respectability, and one in which our efforts will not be regarded as *labour*."

Causality whispered a word to Calculation, who rose and said, "Our friend who has just resumed his seat, perhaps is not aware of the anxious cares, the searching estimates and calculations, the far reaching plans and harassing duties which will devolve on us to keep such a mercantile business in successful operation. Financiering and calculating profit and loss, contriving to meet payments, posting books and making bills, running after bad debts, and managing a store full of clerks and selfish customers, all day and half the night, is no trifle, but is so much like *labour*, that it makes a world of vanity to twist it into any other name. One may bow and smile over a counter to fashionable customers, and be arrayed in nice attire, with hair perfumed, and lily-white hands loaded with sparkling rings, and perhaps reap a few bargains; but this is

the poetry of the business. There are ten thousand annoyances and cares that the inexperienced little dream of until they become sober realities. Look at the grey locks, care-worn features, and anxious, agitated manner of merchants—old before their time—and it takes off some of the tinsel of the commercial pursuit."

"I am informed," said Cautiousness, "that ninety out of every hundred who engage in mercantile pursuits fail in business and die poor; and I shall take time to consider before I engage in so hazardous an enterprise, with the assurance, too, that we must work—yes, *work*—as hard as any mechanic, and that kind of work, too, which wears out the health, nerves, patience, and sometimes the honesty of a man. I had rather have the dust of the miller, or the soot of the forge, or the clamour and labour of the lumber mill, with the certainty of a substantial competence, than to shine in gay colours a few years among fashionables, and run the risk of being kicked at last into the hovel of pinching poverty by the very cliques, for the gratification of whose pride and vanity we had lived and laboured, and to which we had finally been sacrificed."

"But," responded Approbativeness, "I am informed by Hope, and believe it true, that we shall be of the fortunate class who get rich; and Self-Esteem says, we can, without doubt, succeed, as he is quite confident that few possess the talent which we can bring into the business. I don't care if we do have balance-sheets to make and bank-notes to pay, for every one knows it is respectable to be seen and known 'on 'Change;' and as to the night watchings and drudgery of the business, so much feared by Cautiousness and magnified by Calculation, who cares so much for that, if one can be called a splendid merchant, ride in his carriage, and live fashionably? But it should be remembered that a merchant does very little work; that is done by clerks and porters. It should not be forgotten that we are to be merchants, the owner and proprietor. Then we can wear fine cloth, elegant ornaments, polished boots, and live in ease and respectability."

"Nonsense," said Combativeness, "give us a business that is manly in its character. I am utterly disgusted with the soft twattle of Approbativeness about elegance, gentility, and effeminacy. For a white hand, standing dicky, flashy chains and rings, and fashionable dress, he would run the risk of protested notes, bankruptcy, a hungry stomach, and a hovel. I would a thousand-fold prefer to grapple resolutely in stern effort, and force from the grasp of relentless fortune an honourable competence, than to smile and bow to win the good graces of the fickle dame. He may rub his white hands, and whisper soft persuasive blarney for success; but I prefer to seize the prize with my hard hand and stalwart arm, and shout my manly triumph with the lion's voice. I am ready, with Firmness, Destructiveness, and Constructiveness, to plunge into the rugged wilds of the West, and redeem it from solitude; or to build ships, or in them ride the stormy ocean; or in the mine, forge, or factory, force matter into usual forms; anything of an industrial character, that will enable us to drive our way in prosperity, will suit me better than selling shirt buttons, needles, pins, and tape. It is not in my nature to wait for a business to come to me. I desire to rush out into active life, and by main strength of muscle or machinery, force Prosperity to yield her treasures."

"Well said," responded Firmness; "give us a business, whatever it may be, that requires, and will repay, manly energy and perseverance. I cannot endure fickleness and irregularity. 'Sure and steady wins the day.' Our friend Combativeness may rely upon my constancy in aid of his proposition."

Self-Esteem rose, with unbending dignity, and having surveyed each member very coolly, proceeded to say, "I have listened to the several suggestions of members, hoping that the choice of a pursuit might be made without any counsel from me, choosing that those who have the work to do, would satisfy themselves as to the kind of business to be done, leaving to me merely the general direction or supervision of the business when established. Let it be understood, however, that I would much prefer a dignified calling—a large, heavy business, I care not what is its character, whether tilling the soil, navigating the ocean, wielding the sledge, rearing the edifice, felling the forest, or substantial merchandize. Give me as aids, Consientiousness, Firmness, Causality, Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Constructiveness, as right-hand men, and I will engage to make honourable any business which a man ought to engage in. Inglorious idleness, and consequent dependence, I cannot tolerate. To pursue a course requiring us to cringe to public caprice is equally odious. I cannot eat the bread of dependence, nor wear garments spotted with dishonour. I would be a street scavenger rather, and ennoble my avocation by a character above reproach and an elevated intelligence. No labour which is useful is degrading, and, if I could be heard, to make a boot or rule a kingdom should neither elevate one man nor depress another. We lack true personal dignity when we suppose that the honest dust and sweat of useful toil degrades the MAN, or that simpering gentility, in ornamental occupations, necessarily accompanies true HONOUR.

A PEEP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.

LETTER III.—MISS DORA HARCOURT TO CECIL HARCOURT, ESQ., OF GROSVENOR-SQUARE, LONDON.

Whitehaven, June 24th, 1820.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have been long in writing, and I do not know how it is that one seems to be quite as busy in the country as in the town, and I could fancy it would be very agreeable to live here permanently, if the good folks only knew a little more about books. Yet I believe Robert is a very well-read young man, but he is so shy and reserved. I do not feel much better acquainted with him than on my first arrival. He is, however, very attentive in catering for my amusement, and on the morning of May-day he invited me to join a merry party of young men and maidens, who sallied forth at five o'clock in the morning to gather the soft yellow catkins of the willow, and I observed that William presented his basketful to Susannah; since which occurrence, she has conducted herself towards me so frankly and affectionately, that I feel sure she must be attached to William, and had previously feared my becoming her rival. I do not know what Robert did with his catkins, and I found him so silent a companion, that I was not sorry when we quitted the meadows and went to look at the old May-pole, which a crowd of ragged urchins, under the direction of the dominie, were covering with garlands of spring flowers. Almost every house in the village displayed bunches of broom and furze over their doors and lamp-posts, and all the horses engaged in traffic throughout Whitehaven and the neighbourhood were adorned with branches of lilac, or ribbons, or ivy. Later on in the day, I believe some animated games of wrestling went on, many competitors attending the sport from distant places; but this amusement was not at all in my line, and I enjoyed much more a novel sort of race they called a dog-trail. Early in the morning, I was told, two men had started on a circuit of eight miles, dragging after them over hill and dale a large piece of sailcloth saturated with some essential oil. The dogs that were to run were really splendid creatures, and my uncle says they are similar to fox-hounds, but of a peculiar breed, brought up for the purpose by the country people, and singularly swift in action. A row of these fine creatures was laid on the scent where the cloth had passed over, and then they scoured over the whole distance without a single pause—William's beautiful dog, which he had named "Gawthorpe," coming in first, and winning the prize, a very handsome riding-whip mounted in silver. Robert's noble "Arrow" came in the second, but its master looked so excessively mortified at this comparative failure, that I could not help pitying him, though I knew better than to express such a sentiment in words to one of his lordly sex. We were engaged that evening to "go

forth," as Susannah expressed it, which seems understood to mean attending an evening meeting for spinning; and on this occasion the party were to meet at Mr. Gawthorpe's, a substantial farmer's abode, some three miles off. I was in some doubts what dress to put on, since the guests were to assemble at three o'clock in broad daylight; but my aunt said every one was expected to look smart, so I put on my sprigged muslin, which had duly arrived, though it was sadly crushed, my dear papa, by the heavy parcel of music-books you had laid upon it. Susannah appeared in a gay broom-coloured gauze gown, with scarlet ribbons in her hair; and we put on all sorts of defensive wraps to protect our finery safely over the mountain bogs, being followed by Neddy, the cow-boy, who carried my aunt's spinning-wheel, destined for my use. I asked her whether she was not coming with us, a question which made every one laugh, and to which no answer was vouchsafed in words; but on reaching the Gawthorpe's homestead, we were ushered into an oak-pannelled hall-kitchen, containing at least twenty young women, all busy with their spinning-wheels, but no elder female or any of the men were present. I did my best to spin like they did, and to give my finger and thumb the peculiar dale-twist used in pulling the flax from the distaff, but I saw many good-humoured smiles directed towards me, and was glad when the general attention was diverted by the buzz of conversation which soon began. The girls sang, too, and I heard several quaint old songs which sounded very sweet, though often given in a sort of monotonous slow chaunting, in order to keep time with the burring wheels. Curious tales, too, were told; and one young woman mentioned a strange superstition that exists about the aspen tree, of its being the wood of which the *vera coux* was made, and how, in sign of shame and fear, it has ever since trembled from generation to generation. We had been spinning a couple of hours when my cousins, Robert, William, and Edward, made their appearance, and they were quickly followed by other young dalesmen, who each demurely took a seat by some fair expectant—at least, those assembled appeared in no way surprised at this sudden accession to our party. By and bye I found my thread kept breaking so frequently as to be quite unaccountable; in vain it seemed to fasten on again, for the very next minute snap went the thread, and on looking round I saw to my relief that other spinners were in the same predicament, while sounds of repressed laughter seemed to indicate the brewing of some hidden mischief. I perceived several sharp boxes on the ear administered to the attendant cavaliers, and presently saw that Edward had been cutting the thread of my flax; and I certainly gave his black curls a little pull on this discovery, while Robert sat just behind me, looking too shy and awkward to interfere between me and his younger brother, who had never before been considered old enough to be admitted to the honours of a "going forth." After a good deal of merriment, the burring of the twenty wheels, which sounded like fifty hives of bees confined in the apartment, ceased altogether, and, after a plentiful supper, old Mrs. Gawthorpe told ghost stories and fairy legends, and about eight o'clock the signal was given for breaking up, by the farmer saying, "It is time for ye to be going home, bairns." We must have formed a droll moonlight procession over the mountains, each maiden escorted by a rough-coated gallant bearing her spinning-wheel on his shoulder; and frequent bursts of laughter were elicited by the various mischances that overtook us during the rough pilgrimage. I was well off, since Edward carried my wheel, and consequently Robert gave me the assistance of his arm unincumbered; but he seemed more silent than ever, and when we reached the Friars, I overheard Johnny Latterthwaite say to him, "Why don't you speak to her, man; do ye think a woman will ever admire a glum lad that has nought to say for himself?" To which remonstrance, Robert replied, if I am not mistaken: "Ye may be right, man, in the main, but did *ye* ever see any one dressed like my London cousin afore? When I saw her looking so superior, and so unlike every one about her to-night, I tell ye I did not *dare* to speak a word to her." I had half suspected this reason for my grave cousin's reserve; yet he is so sensible, I wonder he should let such a trifle as my sprigged muslin prevent our conversing comfortably together. Yesterday was Midsummer-eve (the 23d of *June* is so kept popularly), and we all went out to look at the immense bonfires which were lighted up in all directions in each parish, and called Baal-fires; perhaps the only relic of fire-worship, Robert said, in England still remaining. The lurid effect of the blazing fires illuminating the dark purple hills was extremely grand, and I should have wished so picturesque an old custom might continue for many years to come, where it not that it is still regarded by the uneducated as something mysterious and sacredly supernatural. Quantities of poor diseased cattle and sheep we saw made to walk through the blinding smoke of these fires, and none of the dales-people appeared to entertain the slightest doubt that the animals would be thereby perfectly restored to health. The Baal-fires are never allowed to be lighted from any other burning substance, as this would destroy their virtues, but must be ignited from the sparks created by rubbing together two pieces of dry wood; and many persons carried torches, which added to the wild singular aspect of the scene, and are also a remnant of the same species of nature-worship. And now I have only left room to sign myself, dear papa,

Your ever affectionate daughter,

DORA HARCOURT.

TO A SKULL.

(*From the Russian of Prince E. Baratinsky.*)

SLEEPING brother, who hath sought thee
And profaned thy silent dust?
From the halls of death I brought thee,
Dark, thy skull, with age and rust!
One slight lock of hair was clinging
Round the emblem of decay—
Thoughts of sad reflection bringing,
Of a being past away!

Comrades, young and happy hearted,
Gamboll'd round me near thy tomb;
Had thy voice, oh! long departed,
Spoken to them through the gloom—
Telling how stern Time was pressing
Youth, and hope, and joy beneath,
Thou hadst proved, perchance, a blessing
Warning them to think of death.

Could the skull I now am holding
Whisper secrets of the grave;
Fate mysterious, dark, unfolding,
Many a sinful heart to save:
On the brink we should, recoiling,
Place our trust in yonder skies;
And the tempter's meshes foiling,
Look to love that never dies!

But, I err—since Heav'n ordain'd thee
Thus, in silence, to repose;
Dews of mercy once sustain'd thee,
Ev'n to thine ev'ning's close!
Thus, while through life's road we wander,
Let us cheerful hail the light,
Not ungrateful, ever ponder,
On the shadows and the night.

Then, without weak fears or trembling,
We can sleep, like thee, below,
Gentle, loyal, undissembling,
Such can never sink in woe!
Skull, may none again molest thee!
Sacred be thy haunt from strife!
In the gloomy charnel, rest thee,
While we taste the sweets of life!

TABLE MOVING.

A GLIMPSE AT VITAL FORCES.

All the world is much interested—not to say excited—with the newly-developed force as manifested in table moving. Pamphlets are passing through numerous editions; public lectures are constantly delivered; private circles are animated with the moving tables. Some are believers, some are sceptics, and some are apostates. What has given rise to such an intense interest? On what foundation does the whole matter rest? Is it conjecture? Is it experiment? A detailed account of some dozen experiments has appeared in one of the morning papers. This account has been extensively copied, not only into other public journals, but has formed the basis of a pamphlet which is now to be seen in every bookseller's window. Let us just explain the gist of these experiments. A party of ladies and gentlemen sit round a table (fig. 1), their hands laid upon it, with their thumbs slightly overlapping each other: each person joins the little finger of his right and left hands with the nearest little fingers of his neighbours, as in fig. 2. In this manner they wait for the manifestation of the force; a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes, half an hour elapses; after which the hands are not in the same position, they have become, as it were twisted. Now the table is moving, and the party rise: the motion becomes rapid; the ladies and gentlemen are compelled to run.

FIG. 1.—SHOWING THE MANNER IN WHICH THE OPERATORS STAND ROUND THE TABLE.

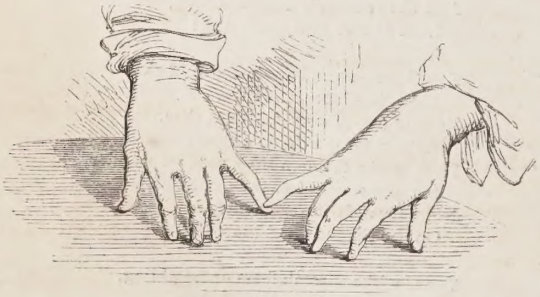


FIG. 2.—MANNER OF PLACING THE HANDS UPON THE TABLE.

Let us now place a hat on the table, and lay our hands lightly on it, as represented in fig. 3: the motion is very soon induced, the hat revolves, and appears to present the same kind of phenomena as the table; doubtless it is influenced by the same force.

Another illustration of the operation of the same force is supplied by the plaything represented in our fourth engraving. The apparatus is very simple, and capable of a pleasing variety. It consists of a thread, from four to eight inches long, to which a doll or puppet, or any thing else of that sort, is attached, and which is held between the fingers as firmly and steadily as possible. After an interval of longer or shorter duration, it will begin to oscillate, and ultimately it will execute every variety of movement that the will directs. The experiment may be rendered still more amusing by causing several children to join their hands together, so as to form a sort of chain; and then, if one of them holds the thread, and another orders the various movements—either mentally or by word of mouth—they will inevitably follow in every instance.

Various cases of hat and table moving have been related by persons whose characters are altogether above suspicion. A writer in the *English Churchman*, a newspaper of high moral and literary standing, gives his experience in the matter After describing the necessary preparations for the experiment, and premising that he merely states the *facts*, without pretending to understand or explain the *philosophy* of the phenomenon, he goes on to say,—"The table, which we saw most powerfully acted upon, was of mahogany, solid, not veneered or inlaid, about three or four feet long, and two feet wide; without castors, and standing on a carpet, in a room with a fire. About six persons, standing, placed the palms of

their hands flat upon the table, rather near the edge, every person's two thumbs touched each other, one's hand touched the little finger of his or her neighbour, forming a complete chain. In this position all remained for about twenty minutes, some occasionally kneeling down, for relief from a stooping position, but no one else coming in contact with them. At the end of that time, the table visibly and tangibly began slowly to move; before this, however, it was agreed, but this we feel more hesitation in recording as a positive condition of the experiment, that some of the party should join in forming a fixed determination as to the direction in which the table should move. However this may be, the table moved from one room to another, and, after a short pause, back again at a moderate pace; it also turned round several times, at a more rapid pace, and apparently at the will of two or three of the party, who appeared more powerful than the rest."

The Paris correspondent of the *Globe* newspaper states, that he was present at a party, when not only did hats and small tables move by the simple fact of the hands of the company being placed upon them, but that a table *actually rose up from the ground*, because of its inability to move round on the thick worsted carpet beneath it!

FIG. 3.—MANNER OF MOVING THE HAT.

Numerous like instances might be cited, but we are fearful of too far testing the reader's credulity. We may, however, state that many scientific men in England, America, and on the Continent, are at this moment engaged in attempting to discover the true solution of the mystery.

These instances include the type—if we may use the expression—of the experiments. It is calculated to excite a smile when we are informed that half a dozen persons sitting round a table have power to move it without either pulling or pushing it; that, in fact, by some agency not clearly understood, the table acquires a slow rotatory motion, carrying with it, first the hands of the persons sitting around it, and afterwards their bodies, so that it is necessary to rise and walk or run around the table as the case may be.

Which is it that moves, in the first instance, the table or the parties sitting round it? (these, for the sake of distinction, we shall afterwards call the operators;) and by what agency is this motion brought about? are questions which we will endeavour to answer to the best of our ability. In reference to the first question, it would appear that the table moves and carries along with it the operators. Gentle reader, art thou aware of any physical or other force that could effect this extraordinary motion? Is it electricity? Is it magnetism? Let us inquire; and first as to electricity. Every one knows, who is conversant with electricity, that it communicates motion to bodies; thus a small disc, having projecting arms terminating in points bent nearly at right angles to the arms, will revolve rapidly under the influence of an electric current; in the same way a temporary magnet will revolve when submitted to electric action. Here, then, we have a solution of the moving table. A current of electricity passes from the operators towards the earth *through* the table, and it revolves. Stop a minute; bring an electrometer, let it be a delicate one; there now, commence the experiment again; place the electrometer on the table.

FIG. 4.—VITAL FORCE, AS SEEN IN THE MARIONETTE EXPERIMENT.

Are the threads or gold leaves diverged?

No.

Is the table insulated?

No.

Well, let it be insulated; it is done by having glass feet attached to it.

Now, do the electrometer threads diverge?

No.

Surely something must have been overlooked?

No. Every precaution has been taken to obtain indications of electricity, but there are none.

Are you sure the table moved without any one pulling or pushing it?

Yes. The operators merely laid their hands on it.

Was there any manipulation?

Only the joining of the little fingers of the neighbouring operators, the thumbs of each being in contact.

No electricity, and the table moved? Well, then, it cannot be electricity, it must be something else.

Of what use is it to join the little fingers?

Did you ever hear of animal magnetism or mesmerism?

Yes; but what has that to do with it?

Do you know how to mesmerise?

No.

You must take the patient's hand in yours, and look steadily into his eyes.

How must I take hold of his hands?

You must hold his left hand with your right, and his right hand with your left, and some influence or force will pass from you to him, and conversely from him to you.

Well, what has this to do with the table moving?

I will tell you. The operators sitting round the table are in contact, and this contact is mesmeric; the little fingers of each operator are in contact with the nearest fingers of each of his neighbours.

That a force or influence passes from the mesmeriser to the patient in cases of animal magnetism is undoubted: if some of the instances have been known to be delusions, all have not; and while we possess a series of undoubted cases given on the authority of a philosopher who stands high in the scientific world, one who is intimately acquainted with electricity and magnetism, we cannot reasonably question the existence of phenomena that cannot be explained on any theory we at present possess. This gentleman * has demonstrated that if two magnets be placed in contact with a bar of soft steel, so as to inclose the upper and under sides, the bar of soft steel will become slightly magnetic, *i. e.*, some of the magnetism will pass from the two magnets to the soft steel. Now, if passes or strokes be made from the middle of the bar of soft steel towards its extremities, with opposite poles of the two magnets, the bar will acquire magnetic polarity. In the same way he has shown that passes from the head downwards with opposite hands, *i. e.*, the *right* hand of the mesmeriser along the *left* side of the patient, and conversely the left hand along the right side, will greatly increase and exalt the mesmeric effect, so much so, as to throw the patient into a mesmeric sleep, as it is called, in the which the characteristic phenomena are developed.

Why is it called animal magnetism?

Because the mode of developing the phenomena is in some degree similar to developing magnetism in soft steel; but the relation appears to consist only in similarity, not in any identity of influence or force.

How is this proved?

By electrical and magnetic instruments being unaffected during mesmeric operations. An electrometer exhibits not the slightest indication of a current of electricity; neither does a magnetic needle. The mesmeric influence is consequently distinct from electricity and magnetism, and so is the influence or force that operates in turning the tables.

Retiring from the parlour in which the tables have been turned, to the garden to inhale the fresh breeze, to luxuriate amongst the innumerable odours given off from the gems of Flora, we fix our attention on a well-known plant: it is the common scarlet bean.

Why are those strings placed against the garden wall?

Surely, you hardly require to ask so simple a question. Do you not know that they are placed there for the plants to twine round? they are climbers, and in a garden need support.

Let us leave the flower-garden and stroll a little in the hop-plantation. How healthy the hop plants appear; how strongly they entwine themselves around the hop-poles. Ah, here is a phenomenon of a similar character—the hops are climbers. You intimated that the table moved by an influence or force. Do not these plants twine around the poles by means of a force?

Yes, you are quite right; it is by a force we know very little of, and it is called a vital force, or, in other words, a living force. Let us attend to this a little: if you carefully watch the hop or the bean, you will observe the extremity to exhibit a continual rotating or twisting motion, so that when once it has entwined itself around a pole or twig, it goes on by this motion ascending to the summit, and when such plants grow wild, as the convolvulus, they entwine themselves gracefully among the branches of the trees, and impart liveliness and fragrance to our hedgerows. Now mark the exhibition of this force; it is a vital force which exhibits a rotatory motion.

Ah, I see you are teaching me something of the table moving in the hop-plantation, and you said, "Is it the table that moves first, or the operators sitting round it?" But the operators are men and the hops are plants. I don't get any link between them.

Never mind, ideas will gradually develop themselves as we go on, and as knowledge increases so we shall know more of this table moving. Don't forget the vital forces of the hop, the bean, the convolvulus, and other climbing plants. Let us go home.

O dear me! what is the matter with that bird? it has lost its power of standing, and how rapidly it whirls round—it is in a fit, surely. There's a good boy, run and fetch some water quickly, and throw it over the bird. It begins to recover, now it is able to stand on its legs, the water has done it good, and it is able to walk home to its roost. I am very glad it has so soon recovered; why, it might have died in the fit; but what made it whirl round?

Ah, just think of the hop plant: if a vital force made the plant twine round the pole, so a vital force made the poor bird twirl round.

But there is a great difference between a bird and a plant.

Truly, but it may be that the two forces are identical, that in some way the bird may possess a vital force that tends to twirl him round, just as a hop plant possesses a vital force that twines it round the pole.

But why do we not see all birds twirl round, if they possess such a force?

See, here are some boys carrying the bird that was lately in a fit; ask them what happened to it. "Oh!" said one, "a bad boy threw a stone at it, and struck it on the head; see, here is the mark." Ah, now we know why it twirled round; it was partly stunned, but not sufficiently so to stretch it motionless; the action of the brain was impaired, and that higher force which keeps the rotating force in abeyance, and doubtless modifies its action, was neutralised, so that the rotating motion was exhibited while the bird continued in the fit.

I think I now begin to apprehend a link between the twining of the hop and the turning of the table, if the bird possesses a similar force to the hop, but this force is concealed by the higher vital forces that enable him to strut about amongst his hens, to answer the crowings of similar birds to himself, to show signs of pugnacity when another invades his roost; may not all plants and animals, and even man himself, possess such a force? Well, I think it highly probable that such may be the case; that force which has been left, as it were, unconcealed in the climbing plants, has been masked by other forces, perhaps exceedingly various, yet applied in all cases, according to the ends for which the various living beings have been designed; and it is only, as in the case of the bird, when these forces are neutralised that the lower force, although continually acting, manifests itself, just as the force of a clock-spring is kept in check by the pendulum, and is manifested by the clock rapidly running down when the pendulum is removed. Now, observe, what is done in the experiment of the table moving, see the operators sit round it, their hands are on it, their fingers joined, they have exerted their wills in placing themselves in this position, but they do no more, they are intent on the experiment, scarcely thinking of anything else. Are any of them pulling? No. Are any pushing? No. Look at their hands, they are slightly twisted, but has the table moved? No, not apparently so; yet it must have moved, or their hands would not have been in such a position. They appear to have resigned themselves entirely to the experiment. Now the table begins visibly to move, the motion is established. Well, I think the rotatory motion

* The Rev. Dr. Scoresby, F.R.S.

you spoke of has been the cause of this; the operators first began to move, and by keeping in contact with the table, it has obeyed the impulse, and the result has been a moving table.

This is very remarkable; it appears to indicate the existence of a force belonging to vegetable and animal life evidently distinct from electrical forces, and of a lower order than those that give rise to the phenomena of mesmerism. Within certain limits there appears to exist a similarity between the two, namely, the mesmeric and the lower vital force; but this similarity appears to extend but little beyond the mode of manipulation. The highest development of vital force is evidently in connexion with the will; a man wills to raise his hand, and immediately he does it. Perhaps if we descend in the scale of organisation we shall find living beings endowed with less and less of the higher vital forces, until, in the region of the monads and other similar existences, the force alluded to of the lowest order is almost the only one regulating their motions. For some reason yet undeveloped, it may be that all living beings are endowed with the peculiar force that forms the prominent subject of this paper.

Our principal illustration (fig. 1) shows the manner in which the parties to the experiment stand round the table. In a trial made in Paris of the phenomenon, it was found that five persons were enabled to move a large dining table with three children seated upon it. On the occasion alluded to, the table-top worked upon a pivot, and the children were carried with it in much the same manner as they would have been had they been seated in what we call a "merry-go-round" at the fair. Moreover, the table is said to have moved in various directions at the simple will of any one of the children!

A FRUIT PIECE, BY LANCE.

The next best thing to a country trip in this bright summer weather, is a stroll through the rooms of the Royal Academy. Outside, the hot sun is shining down upon the shadeless flag-stones of Trafalgar-square. Pedestrians, with business in hand, are making their weary way eastward or westward, in spite of the heat, while gaily-dressed little girls and boys, with nurses attending them, and ragged and not-over-clean little girls and boys, without nurses, crowd round the "dumb-waiter" fountains, and feel, without knowing anything of the philosophy of the matter, that the mere sight of falling water is refreshing in the summer time. And elegantly dressed ladies and gallant gentlemen step daintily out of well appointed carriages, and pass up the entrance steps of the Academy, without so much as glancing at the hot and tired red-coated sentinels on either side.

Beyond, in the Strand, and away towards Westminster,—the long vista of Whitehall interrupted only by Charles's statue at the "Cross,"—the pavements are full of people; and all kinds of vehicles, from the coronetted carriage with a pair of padded and powdered footmen behind, to the overful omnibus with young gentlemen smoking cigars on the roof, go rattling along the hot roadway. Altogether, the sight from the terrace in Trafalgar-square is a hot and uninviting one on this June afternoon.

But follow the aforesaid ladies and gentlemen into the hall of the Royal Academy, and you experience a change of climate immediately. In the streets you were oppressed with the heat; here, there is a delightful and refreshing coolness in the atmosphere, which is only equalled by the well-bred coolness of the gentleman who takes your two shillings for admission and catalogue. And so, feeling entirely a different kind of personage to him who, just now, stood and wearied on the pavé outside, you pass at once into the great west room; and, assuming the air of a nonchalant quiet connoisseur, begin to examine the pictures.

Beautiful, exquisite, refreshing! Sea pieces by Stanfield, in which the water is positively cool to look upon; landscapes by Cooper and Danby, with dark depths in the shady avenues that seem to invite repose and contemplation; forest scenes by Landseer, with "Children of the Mist"—as the painter chooses to call a herd of deer—flying over brake and brook; village scenes and domestic incidents by Frith and Webster; portraits, of fine ladies and gentlemen in drawing-room costume, by Mr. Secretary Knight; figures by Eastlake and Mulready, and flowers and fruit by Lance.

These last,—in a greater degree, perhaps, than any of the others—have a cool and pleasant look. How tempting the round ripe apples; how inviting the luscious grapes, both black and green; how exquisitely toothsome the rough mottled skin of the green fig! And then with what art the painter has introduced rich silver tankards and brightly painted porcelain ware, and dark carved woodwork into his picture; and how well the great green and red-dappled vine-leaf contrasts with the crimson velvet of the table-cover, and the hangings at the back; surely, Mr. Lance must be a great lover of fruit and flowers! For ourself, we say unblushingly, that we have quite a child's love for both—the only remnant of youth that, with most people, remains with them after thirty.

Mr. Lance is a little before the season, though; the flowers blossom in June, the fruits come in autumn. But no matter, we may enjoy the picture without anticipating the time when the grapes and the apples become ripe; and certainly without it suggesting to us that autumn is the afternoon of life as well as of the year,—for, thanks to the skill of scientific gardeners, and the properly-regulated temperature of hot-houses, we can obtain fruit all the year round! Not always do the delicious fruits which form the painter's models replace the faded flowers, for they exist while yet the yellow buttercups and pink-eyed daisies dot the fields. Fruits have a charm peculiarly their own—a charm which it requires no imaginative powers to enhance; for, superadded to their outward beauty, they possess medicinal utility. In Mr. Lance's pictures, as in an old orchard, "the mellow apple, whose golden brilliancy is heightened by rich streaks of purple, weighs down the branch that bears it; and the luscious pears and grapes, whose juice is sweeter than honey, display their beauties and invite us to pluck them."

Who, gazing at the picture, does not wander, in fancy, far away into the green fields, and lie down lazily beneath brown old trees, humming over to himself that fine old ballad of Shakspeare's, which begins—

> "Under the greenwood tree
> Who loves to lie with me?"

or, curbing his imagination, and trusting to his less fickle memory, recall some incident of his youth, associated with flowers and fruit? Some orchard frolic, in which fair girls and brown hearty boys—who are staid men and women now with girls and boys of their own, perhaps,—took joyous part? some happy winter meetings, in which those who shall meet no more on earth, sang songs together and made a merry noise, and gathered factitious fruit and artificial flowers from Christmas trees of green and gold?

And thus, standing in that great western room, with the triumphs of modern art before us, oblivious to the moving throng, and with a strange sense of past and present happiness floating through our brain, grave solemn thoughts uprise, and scraps of poetry, long forgotten or but dimly remembered, come upon our lips. And thus the "Fruits" of Lance remind us of autumn, and with autumn we call up the words of the poet:—

> "With golden sheaves and laden boughs She comes,
> Bringing contentment in her smiling face. The day
> Is hot with sunshine labour, and the night
> Is merry with the joy of harvest homes.
> The year is almost ended; 'tis well to be so gay,—
> Days darken, shadows lengthen—so pass our lives away."

In the exquisite design which the courtesy of the painter

has enabled us to present to our readers, all that grace and opulence of fancy for which Mr. Lance is so justly celebrated will be discovered. In works of this kind the artist, though he was for many years engaged in historical composition, artistic creations. In his creative art is discovered the genius of the painter. Taking his materials from the most obvious and ordinary sources, he idealises and refines, till his finished productions are worthy the companionship of the more ambi-

FRUIT PIECE BY G. LANCE. DRAWN BY J. GILBERT, AND ENGRAVED BY H. LINTON.

stands unrivalled. He possesses the rare faculty of embodying the real with the poetical, and blending with representations of the products of the orchard and the hot-house, such ornamental and architectural adjuncts as serve to raise his compositions from the rank of mere copies of nature to real tious art-specimens which hang upon the same walls. His flowers, indeed, have no perfume, and his fruits no flavour; but considered as works of art, they possess a higher value and more enduring interest than belongs to many pictures of greater pretensions.

WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN.

"Power to let." Such were the words which some quarter of a century since struck our eye as we traversed the streets of Manchester for the first time. "Power to let?" What could the words mean? We had just left college, and were fresh from the discussions of the schools respecting the origin of man's idea of power, and all the metaphysical jargon connected therewith. Power, therefore, to us meant mental and moral power, a quality inherent in the soul. How, then, could power be "to let?" Light soon dawned on our mind, and by "power" we found steam-power was intended. And veritably the steam-engine is a power, a great social power; nay, if viewed in its remoter results, a great moral and spiritual power; for the steam-engine, by facilitating intercourse, economises time, abridges space, wears down prejudices, enlightens minds, and unites while it enlarges hearts.

Our age is the age of the steam-engine. The steam-engine is the symbol of the age. The fact has been made use of to the disparagement of this generation. But the fact has its bright side. The augmentation of man's material forces is in itself a good. What in the whole history of the world has augmented those forces so much as the steam-engine?

In the sphere of material forces, as in other spheres, like requires and begets like. Discoveries come in a group; improvements go forward hand in hand. The steam-engine would have been of small service without the railway: the existence of the former called the latter into being. Other applications of steam-power ensued us a natural consequence. Hence the rapid and amazing change which has taken place in our means of locomotion within the last hundred years. This change, so very easy to set down on paper or to express in print,

WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, OF MANCHESTER.

has been effected in the face of innumerable difficulties. The progress and the transition have been well sketched by Mr. Thomas Bazley in his "Lecture on Cotton."

"Up to the seventeenth century, goods passing between Liverpool, the destined port of the cotton-trade, and its manufacturing capital, Manchester, had been carried by pack-horses and in waggons; but in 1720 an act of Parliament was obtained for rendering the idle waters of the rivers Irwell and Mersey useful and navigable, though much opposed by the pack-horse and waggon interests. In 1758, however, the Duke of Bridgewater engaged that most practical and distinguished engineer, Brindley, to construct works in harmony with the other achievements of his time; and he was empowered to disembowel the estate of the duke at Worsley of coal, and to construct a canal to convey that welcome fuel to the profitable market of Manchester. This engineer, with singular boldness, directed his canal at a low level, to penetrate the very mines which were to be excavated, and he proposed to cross the river Irwell, at Barton, with it, by an aqueduct at a considerable height; but before he would proceed with his design, he desired his patron to consult some experienced engineer upon the difficulty to be surmounted; and on the duke applying to such an one, the sarcastic reply was, that 'many a castle in the air had been projected, but the place which one was intended to occupy was only then pointed out;' but with unbounded confidence in Brindley, the duke ordered the work to be executed; and the first canal of our country started into successful existence. Assured of the success of a new and great principle, and seeing, with prophetic penetration, that the growing wants of an infant manufacturing and commercial community would require facilities of transit, in addition to the retiring pack-horse, to the waggon, and river conveyances, and that a canal might be constructed with great advantage, to place Liverpool and Manchester in more direct and immediate communication, in 1762 was begun the celebrated Bridgewater Canal, which became another triumph of that energetic age; but it may be well to remark, that before the legislature sanctioned this last projection, the interests of the old carriers, including the river company, were fiercely directed against this innovation upon vested privileges. Conveyance was of indispensable importance to the industry which had continually enlarged its productions; it was requisite for the transport of fuel, food, raw materials and manufactured goods; as well as for those business visits which merchants and manufacturers had to exchange, and which were then effected by that novel agent a stage-coach. Subsequently the career of progress decreed that the mighty power of steam should be the impelling principle of traffic and locomotion; and here again the energy of Lancashire was displayed, for the first efficient railway in the kingdom was established between Liverpool and Manchester, continuing to their trade and commerce the onward impulse of rapid progress. Was this railway established without difficulty? No. The engineering difficulties were said to be insurmountable; but before these were permitted to be grappled with, the legislature, through the combined and powerful interests of the carriers upon the old roads, the proprietors of coaches, canals, the river navigation, and of extensive landowners, who had not the penetration to discern that a new path of progress was projected which would enhance the value of their own property, and also benefit the public, RESISTED THE PROPOSITION; and it was only when selfish interests were made to succumb to the general good, that an act of Parliament was obtained for the first railway. Yet so jealous had the legislature been of every innovation, that the Sankey Canal, of some six miles long, near Warrington, had only been allowed to be made with the express condition, that the boats intended to ply upon it should be propelled by no power except that of human labour: but in derision of antiquated contrivances, and all obstacles, the railway admonishes the advocate of retrogression; for on passing along its line, the traveller may survey the comparatively deserted old high road, that conserved canal where men are still beasts of burden, the Bridgewater Canal, and the old river; and steam, the schoolmaster of improvement, now leaves behind the slow boats and slow coaches of former days."—Pp. 20-24.

An engineer of the same class as Brindley is here presented to the attention of the reader. Of all the generators of motive power, none occupies a higher place than Mr. Fairbairn. Endowed by nature with the fervid genius and the indomitable perseverance characteristic of Scotchmen, he has by his inventive and constructive skill conferred on the world incalculable advantages, and made for himself a name whose repute is limited only by the four quarters of the globe.

The subject of this sketch was born at Kelso, in Roxburghshire, on the 19th of February, 1789. He received the rudiments of a very defective education, first at the parish school in that town, and afterwards at the school of Millachy in the Highlands of Scotland, where he resided from his tenth to his fourteenth year. From this training he acquired some skill in reading and writing, accompanied with a very limited knowledge of arithmetic and a slight acquaintance with bookkeeping and mensuration. On quitting school he was bound an apprentice to an engine-wright in Northumberland. During his period of service he extended his knowledge to the earlier books of Euclid, a few algebraic problems, and the more popular works of English literature. On these subjects, by untiring perseverance in a rigid system of self-instruction, he acquired some useful information, and laid the foundation of those tastes and habits which up to the present hour have been his sole means of relaxation, and proved to him a ceaseless source of increasing usefulness. Prompted by impulses which were felt rather than understood, the apprentice, after the labours of the day, spent his evenings in the recreations of study; and now that he has risen to a very high rank among men of practical science, William Fairbairn still occasionally looks back on this period of his early history with no small degree of pride and satisfaction.

On the termination of his apprenticeship, the young engineer went to London, where he worked for two years as a journeyman millwright; and during his leisure hours constructed several machines of considerable merit. After a roving excursion over most parts of England, South Wales, and a part of Ireland—working his way the whole time—he finally settled in Manchester, in October, 1814, and shortly after commenced business on his own account, with no capital and very few friends. Forming a partnership with Mr. James Lillie, a man of strict integrity, he began in a resolute spirit to struggle with the difficulties incident to his position.

At an early date in his mechanical career, Mr. Fairbairn's attention was directed to the very great defects which existed in the machinery of transmission, or the system of millwork then in use for driving cotton factories. The mills of Lancashire and other districts were then moved by ponderous square shafts and large wooden drums, making seldom more than forty revolutions per minute. Assured that he could effect a great improvement, Mr. Fairbairn prevailed on one of the largest spinners to consent to the complete alteration of his mill-gearing: the whole factory was gutted, and in lieu of shafts seven to eight inches square, and wooden drums four feet and upwards in diameter, Mr. Fairbairn boldly introduced light cast-iron pullies with wrought-iron shafting, varying from two and a half to three inches, and increased the speed so as to obtain from 100 to 160 revolutions per minute. Here was a gain of power four-fold! This improvement was followed by an entirely new principle of coupling the shafts, since denominated "the circular half-lap coupling." A natural consequence was a great augmentation of business; and from that day may be dated Mr. Fairbairn's success in life. Steadily pursuing the useful and honourable career on which he had now entered so satisfactorily, he accomplished several important improvements in the construction of millwork, water-wheels, and other hydraulic machines.

Towards the end of the year 1829, Mr. Fairbairn's attention was directed to the possibility of increasing the speed of boats in their passage through canals, and at the request of the Forth and Clyde Canal Company, he instituted a series of experiments to determine the tractile force at velocities

varying from three to fourteen miles an hour; and further to ascertain how far and with what advantage steam could be applied either as a tractive or propelling power instead of horses. These experiments were published at the expense of the company; and although the objects for which they were undertaken were not fully realised, they led the author's mind to a subject of higher importance, namely, the employment of iron as a material for shipbuilding. Iron boats were indeed in use previously, but they had never been constructed on principles fitted to enable them to resist the violence of storms, and to meet all the requirements of vessels intended to navigate the open sea. Mr. Fairbairn, aware of the importance of this new field of inquiry, bestowed thereon the full energy of his powerful intellect, and was rewarded with great success. Among the earliest improvers of this branch of practical science, he embarked largely in the manufacture of them both in London and in Manchester, and has since constructed above 100 iron ships, some of them war-frigates of nearly 2,000 tons burden.

During the years 1834-1835, the use of a hot blast for melting iron ores became prevalent, and along with this important improvement a very inferior description of iron was introduced. To relieve the public mind, and determine the relative merits of the new manufacture, Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. (now Professor) Hodgkinson were requested by "The British Association for the Advancement of Science" to investigate the cause of certain supposed defects; and after a most laborious experimental research, the reports of both gentlemen were published in full in the "Transactions" of the Association.

Almost simultaneously with this investigation into the properties and comparative value of the hot and cold blast-iron, Mr. Fairbairn instituted an experimental inquiry into the relative values and properties of all the British irons. The valuable results were published in the "Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester." These papers were at intervals followed by others on scientific subjects, which were honoured with the approval of learned societies, and published in their "Transactions." Whilst these investigations were going forward for the purpose of discovery and improvement, Mr. Fairbairn was involved in the multiform and engrossing duties of large engineering establishments, the successful conduct of which has largely increased his reputation and augmented his wealth.

The most distinguished and lasting monument which Mr. Fairbairn has hitherto erected to his fame, is his construction of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges. The conception of the grand and novel design, as Mr. Fairbairn has unreservedly stated, belongs to Mr. Stephenson, who also deserves high praise for the share which he took in the labour as a colleague with the subject of this memoir. The respective shares taken in the construction by these two eminent men have unhappily been brought into dispute. While we maintain the just rights of the one, we have no wish whatever to derogate from the merit of the other; and an impartial review of the controversy authorises us to say, that without Mr. Fairbairn's practical knowledge and skill, Mr. Stephenson's idea would not have been carried into effect.

The reputation acquired by Mr. Fairbairn generally as a constructive engineer, has led to his services being put in requisition in all parts of Europe, whether for the heavier sort of mill work, iron shipbuilding, or locomotive engines; he has also successfully erected more than one hundred public bridges from forty to two hundred feet in span.

These eminent services have brought him honours from many quarters. Learned societies and crowned heads have bestowed on him tokens of their sense of his great and numerous merits.

While thus reaping the appropriate rewards of his genius, enterprise, and industry in the highest walks of life, Mr. Fairbairn, glad to help others to rise, occasionally devotes the resources of his richly-furnished mind to the instruction of the humbler classes. Two lectures are before us on "The Construction of Boilers," and on "Boiler Explosions," which he recently delivered before the Leeds Mechanics' Institution. From this pamphlet we make a quotation:—

"The modifications of the steam-engine which have been adopted since its introduction by Watt, three-quarters of a century ago, have been very numerous and varied; and although the progression in its applications and improvements has been most rapid and wonderful, we are still undecided as to the best form of its construction. Sound principles, scientifically applied, and the gradually increasing excellence of our workshop, have enabled us to attain the great perfection which characterises the working parts of the modern steam-engine. The steam-engine itself may be regarded as a comparatively perfect machine, and I shall, therefore, confine my observations almost exclusively to that very important and necessary adjunct, *the boiler*, which is the source of all its power. With this limitation a very wide field of inquiry is opened out, and in the earliest steps of the investigation we become perplexed with the endless variety of forms and constructions which at different periods have been adopted by engineers, and which have never, unfortunately, received the same judicious attention that was paid to the steam-engine. This is an anomalous and much-to-be-regretted fact, for the boiler being the source of the motive-power, is one of the most important parts of the whole machine. Upon its proper proportions and arrangements for the generation of steam depend the economy and regularity with which the engine can be worked; and upon its strength and excellence of workmanship depends the safety of the lives and property of those who come in contact with it. Regarding the steam-engine as one of the most active agents in the extension of our prosperity, and in the civilization of the world, and seeing how it is mixed up with the daily duties and workings of society, the safety and efficiency of every part, and more especially the boiler, are subjects of national importance; and I feel gratified by being called upon to lay before you such knowledge and experience on this subject of deep interest as I myself possess."

EARTHLY HONOURS.

(*A Sonnet by Edward Bolton, published in* 1610.)

"As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the massy mountains;
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy—which short life gathers.
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy,
The wither'd primrose by the mourning river,
The faded summer sun from weeping fountains,
The light-blown bubble vanished for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
Are emblems—that the treasures we up-lay
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away."

THE CASCADE OF THE ROCK.

Some of the most romantic and picturesque scenes in all fair France are to be found in the department of the Haute-Loire. Geologists tell us that, in days gone by, the district was torn by volcanic eruptions, and the traces of the lava are still to be found. This gives to the place a wild and somewhat terrible grandeur. Elevated peaks bristle over a black and yawning gorge, which, branching off into deep and mysterious recesses, forms the upper basin of the principal valley, in which two mountain rills, the Dor and the Dogue, unite, and give their joint names to a noble river. The rocks, lifting their craggy peaks on high, the fissures in those rocks, the unknown depths which they disclose, the giant trees, the roar of the falling waters, all combined, present a picture of remarkable interest, such an one as Salvator Rosa would have loved to paint. It is a singularly suggestive spot to the imaginative temperament. We people the towering rocks and beautiful green valleys with creatures of our own fancy, weave out a story for each

locality—now of violence and terror, now of calm security and sylvan solitude; and, indeed, connected with the place are many strange eventful stories of the days when the Huguenots enrolled their names among the noble band of martyrs, and when all France was shaken with the first revolution, and legitimacy struggled to the death. Hence, irrespectively of its own natural grandeur, there is peculiar interest attaching to the place—a land of poetry and romance, a region of woods and waterfalls.

The view from the Pic de Sancy is very striking. The Pic is 6,171 feet above the level of the sea, and the prospect which stretches out before the observer is a labyrinth of valleys and gorges, with peaks bristling around on all sides, while numerous small lakes are glittering in the depths.

The waterfalls are the one great characteristic of the place. Some of them are of no great elevation or grandeur, others present a magnificent appearance. Such an one is represented in our engraving. The water has rent the rock, and forced a passage through it, and from the rugged summit pours down its flood into the river, its fall now broken by a projecting rock, its course now turned by some impediment, but still fighting bravely, as if instinct with life and passion, in a noble struggle to be free. An artificial arch erected over the waterfall, the luxuriant foliage, and the graceful trees and herbage around, add to the beauty of the scene. Man is absent, but life is present; for there is life in the struggle and the leap of the mountain stream—life in the leaves that quiver on the boughs and in every blade of grass.

Not far from the Cascade of the Rock is the forest of Murse, one of the finest and most extensive in Auvergne.

THE CASCADE OF THE ROCK, IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE HAUTE-LOIRE, FRANCE.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

CHAPTER II.—MARTIAL WEAPONS AND EXERCISES OF THE JAPANESE.

A KNOWLEDGE of the Japanese weapons is equally important in an antiquarian and historical, as it is in a military point of view,—for the inhabitants of Japan, separated as they undoubtedly were from all intercourse with the opposite continent of Asia, must have preserved intact the primitive forms of their weapons for a much longer period than the inhabitants of the Old World, where so many various nations and tribes, in a more or less advanced state of civilisation, as

JAPANESE CAVALRY.

the case might be, were continually meeting one another upon the battle field, and, as a natural consequence, adopting whatever in their adversaries' mode of arming struck them as superior to their own.

From whence the inhabitants of Japan may first have come, it is pretty certain that they were a nation of hunters and fishermen, who either brought their weapons with them, or else fashioned them after the model of those used by their forefathers. Insulated as the Japanese islands are between two continents, we may, with propriety, be allowed to assume that the weapons of the ancient inhabitants will help us to form a correct idea of those of the most primitive nations of the earth, since the remains of the knives, axes, and other instruments of warfare, which have been found in the graves and caverns of Japan, are exactly similar to those discovered in the graves of the early Germanic races, as well as in Siberia and North and South America, and which are, even at the present day, to be met with among the islanders of the Pacific Ocean and some of the tribes on the north-west coast of America.

Until the seventh century of the Christian era, the inhabitants of the Japanese islands preserved their primitive weapons. Even after *Zin-mu-ten-woo* had succeeded in establishing his authority, there was but little change observable in the arms of the people. The large bows which procured for the Japanese, in the writings of the Chinese historians, the designation of "Robbers with large bows," are still retained by them, at the present day, and their sword-blades are highly prized both by the Coreans and Chinese.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, the Japanese first became acquainted with the fire-arms of Europe, which were soon afterwards almost universally adopted by them. It is a remarkable circumstance, however, that this did not cause the ancient weapons of the country to fall into disuse, as had been the case in Europe. On the contrary, while the former have continued to be improved by every successive generation, the latter still present us with a true picture of the matchlock of olden times, such as the Portuguese introduced when they first discovered Japan.

The most ancient offensive weapons of the Japanese consisted of bows and arrows, javelins, and lances. The bows are, as we have before remarked, larger than those used by the inhabitants of the opposite continent. They are not composed of a single piece of wood, as is the case with those of most other nations, but of three or even more pieces, which are very skilfully placed, layerwise, over one another, glued together, and covered with a thin veneer of bamboo. The middle piece is thicker than the other two, and is generally made of candleberry-myrtle or willow. After it has been scraped smooth, the bow is carefully bound round with the fibres of the hemp plant and rotang* bands, two or three inches broad, at certain regular intervals. Lastly, it is very artistically lacquered white and red. Bows thus formed assume a peculiar and most pleasing form when they are bent. This seems to arise from the fact of the rotang bands being placed at certain intervals from each other; for the greater the intervening spaces, the greater, also, will be the elasticity of those parts of the bow not so bound round with the rotang bands.

The arrows of the Japanese are composed of bamboo, with feathers at the lower extremity, taken either from the wings or tail of the hawk and other birds. Among both the Chinese and the Japanese, the bow-makers and arrow-makers constitute two separate professions. This is natural: countless arrows are shot away and lost, as powder and bullets are with us; while, on the contrary, a single bow, which a man often inherits from his forefathers, lasts for years.

The arrows which are used for amusement or exercise have wooden, horn, or iron heads, which are blunt, and sometimes quite flat. They are of every imaginable shape, according to the fancy of the owner, and are mostly attached to the shaft by a long prong running into the wood, or else fit it exactly as a percussion cap does the nipple of a gun. The last method is the one adopted for arrows used for exercise or amusement. Before leaving this part of the subject, we may mention that the Japanese believe in charmed arrows, as the Germans of the present day, and the Scotch of former times, in charmed bullets. These magic weapons are supposed to belong to the gods, or kamis, whose invisible hand guides them; for this reason they are never feathered.

The quivers answer a double purpose. They are either used by the huntsman and warrior to keep his arrows in, when he is engaged in hunting or war; or together with the bow and arrows, they are set up for show in the entrance-halls to the houses of the great, or in the tents of officers of a superior rank. Like the arrows, the quivers are divided into numerous sorts.

Besides his bows and arrows, the Japanese huntsmen will sometimes employ an instrument very much resembling a common pea-shooter, only much longer, and formed either of bamboo or some other reed. Out of this he shoots a small, sharp, little javelin, about an inch in length, and such is the dexterity which practice gives him, that he seldom or ever fails to bring down his mark. The Japanese amuse themselves by casting this same kind of spearlet at a target made of boards, with a rough portrait of one of their kamis, or of a human face drawn upon it. In our engraving (p. 432) these amusements are shown, as well as the peculiar costumes of the people.

According to the Japanese account of the creation, the world was a mass of mud and water, which their diety *Kuni-soko-talsino-mikato*, stirred round with his spear. Now, as the legends and traditions of every people have always some foundation in their manners and customs, we have every reason for supposing, that, at a very early period, their princes were in the habit of wearing spears formed of the precious metals. At present, the use of the spear or lance is strictly confined to the soldiery, and those nobles who hold office under government. The lance is to be seen displayed in the halls of such nobles, and is always borne, in an upright position before the princes of the empire and officers of the highest rank; before those of a lower class it is carried slantingly.

According to the historical accounts, Rime Inisiki, who lived between the 29th and 71st years of the Christian era, was the first person who manufactured swords in Japan. Those now in use are of various kinds. The principal ones are the *Tatsi* or *Jebano-tatsi* and the *Zindatsi*, large sabres, worn on state occasions; the *Katana*, a long sabre for ordinary use, and the *Wakisasi*, a smaller one of a similar description. The literal meaning of its name is, a weapon stuck by the side; and this appellation was, no doubt, given to it from the fact of its being stuck in the girdle by the side of the larger one. Besides these, there are also the *Sasisoye* and the *Kivaiken*, two kinds of daggers, the first of which is worn by the men and the second by the ladies of rank. The state sabre, like all others in Japan, has no basket to the hilt, which is covered with shagreen, and wound round with silk cord. It is so long that it can be grasped with both hands. The *Katana* and *Wakisasi* are the swords used by the military, who wear both at the same time. This is esteemed a great privilege, and is enjoyed only by them and the nobles of the highest class. This privilege, however honourable it may be thought for the soldier, is exceedingly troublesome when he is on duty, especially to the boys, some of them scarcely ten years old, who are allowed to serve as substitutes for their fathers. It is a most ludicrous sight to see one of these juvenile heroes strutting about with his two monstrous swords, which, according to the imperial edict, must only be stuck half way in the girdle. The observer might, indeed, justly exclaim, with Cicero: "Quis te gladio allegavit?" Persons of the middle classes, peasants, officials, watchmen, and servants, are allowed to wear one sabre only, either straight or curved, according to taste, and resembling the *Wakisasi*, but with a smaller hilt. The custom of wearing side-arms is, as the reader perceives, a general custom, the only persons who have not the privilege

* Calamus rotang: one of the articles imported into the country.

of doing so being monks, shopkeepers, beggars, and leather-dressers. The latter are an abject, degraded race, like the Indan pariahs. The Japanee is proud of his sword: he feels for it a kind of veneration, which is taught him almost in his infancy, and the permission to wear it, which is granted him as early as his fifth year, is looked upon as a great event in his life, and accompanied by festivities and rejoicing. The fact of a sword having belonged to some celebrated personage, or having been made by some famous sword-smith, enhances it immensely in the eyes of connoisseurs: such a weapon will sell for two or three hundred pounds. The blades are of the most admirable quality, and it is the boast of the Japanese that they will cut through an iron nail, without the least injury to the edge. They are always kept very sharp and fit for immediate use. Battle-axes and clubs, also, were formerly used by the Japanese; but, at the present day, they have entirely fallen into disrepute. The Japanese are, likewise, acquainted with the use of cannon; but they have not, as yet, soil. At any rate, it is certain that, if conquered, they would never survive their defeat, as every Japanese, of whatever rank he may be, will always prefer death to disgrace. Although they have but little actual service to perform, their principal employment being to keep guard along the sea-coast, and increase the splendour of the two courts at Miyako and Yedo, they are tolerably active and well disciplined. Our large illustration shows the dress of the Japanese cavalry, which consists of greaves for the legs, and similar defensive coverings for the arms and shoulders. He has also a helmet, with vizor and neck-piece, and a gorget of chain armour. As a general rule, the helmet, breast-plate, greaves, and arm-pieces are made of leather, fastened together by silk cords, and covered with metal plates. It is very seldom that these objects are composed of iron. Entire coats of chain armour are also very frequently worn, and are worthy of being especially mentioned, as they are very similar to those in use among many of the warlike tribes of Asia. The colour

JAPANESE SWORDS AND SCABBARDS.

succeeded in becoming very expert artillerymen. According to Shunberg, they only discharge those in the neighbourhood of Nagasaki once in seven years, to assure themselves that they are still fit for use, and, at the same time, for the purpose of cleansing them. The gunner ties a piece of tinder to the end of a long stick and generally turns away his head when he fires his gun.

The Japanese army consists partly of troops immediately belonging to, and raised by the ziogoon, and partly of those furnished by the princes of the empire and the more powerful nobles, each of whom is required to send a number proportioned to his means. The total number thus raised, is about 400,000 foot and 80,000 horse; 100,000 foot and 20,000 horse being raised by the ziogoon, and the remainder by the princes and nobles. Although the Japanese soldiery have for so long a period enjoyed the most profound peace, they are still brave and hardy; both willing and capable to repel a foreign invader should he attempt to land upon their native

of that part of the costume which consists of leather, as well as of the silken cords and tassels, varies according to the family to which the cavalier belongs. For instance, the powerful house of *Mina-moto* has adopted black; that of *Taira*, purple; that of *Tudsi-wàra*, pale yellow; and that of *Tatsi-bana*, bright yellow. The vassals all wear the respective colour of their lords. Whenever a cavalier wears any other colour than that of his own family or lord, it is because he has adopted the colour of the family into which he has married.

The cavalry are very well mounted. The horses are not very large, but, as a general rule, they are strong, clean-made, and spirited, equalling in beauty and intelligence the Persian horses. The military are the only persons who guide their own horses. Riders of all other classes have them led by one or two servants. The saddles are very similar to those used in our own cavalry regiments: the stirrup leathers are rather short, and a kind of rough skin, rounded off at the bottom, hangs down on each side of the leg for the purpose of protect-

ing it. The stirrups are like the Turkish or Tartar stirrups, and the reins, instead of being made of leather, as is the case with us, are composed of silk.

JAPANESE SPORTSMAN, WITH TUBULAR WEAPON AND DART.

JAPANESE EXERCISE OF THROWING THE DART.

Whether the Japanese army, as it is at present constituted, would ever successfully oppose troops disciplined and armed in the European fashion, is a point which, in our opinion, admits but of one opinion. The Japanese soldiery, like the Swiss of later ages, were once so highly esteemed, that they were eagerly engaged to serve in the armies of the princes of the opposite continent.

THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

On the obverse of the title to the Catalogue of the Irish Exhibition, there is a most appropriate quotation from Cowper, which commences thus :—

"The band of commerce was designed
T' associate all the branches of mankind ;
And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden circle of the globe."

At no period of Irish history has the truth of the poet's dogma been so fully felt and understood as in this glorious summer of 1853, when crowds of visitors from all parts of the world are flocking into Sir John Benson's beautiful building in Merrion-square. How well every line of Cowper's famous verse seems to hit the time and the occasion :—

"Each climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers something to the general use ;"

and

"Ingenious art, with her expressive face,
Steps forth to fashion and refine the race."

It would almost seem, too, as if Cowper had had a prevision of our modern successes in art and commerce—for the poet is the true prophet—rather than that he spoke from the experiences of his own time. Art, he goes on to say,—

"Art thrives most
Where commerce has enriched the busy coast.
He catches all improvements in his flight,
Spreads foreign wonders to his country's sight,
Imports what others have invented well,
And stirs his own to match them or excel.
'Tis thus, reciprocating each with each,
Alternately the nations learn and teach ;
While Providence enjoins to every soul
A union with the vast terraqueous whole."

In resuming our notice of the Irish Industrial Exhibition, it will not be expected of us that we should attempt anything like a regular and succinct account of all the remarkable objects prepared for the gratification of Ireland's visitors, or that we should report, in newspaper fashion, the amount of money received, up to a certain date, from the holders of season tickets, or taken in half-crowns and shillings at the doors. Information of this kind, however interesting, must be sought elsewhere. But, on the other hand, it will be our pleasing task, in our various walks through the beautiful, and now completed, bazaar, to seek out its most novel and pleasing features, and, by aid of pen and pencil, present them to our readers.

We pause a moment on the threshold of the building and look around us. Here in the metropolis of a country, scarcely yet recovered from the torpor of famine, we have a building, in every respect worthy its progenitor of 1851, filled with the results of thought and labour in a thousand varied forms. From the original conception of an Irish International Exhibition to the triumphant 12th of May, when, to the sounds of music and under the patronage of the great and noble, the building itself was opened, nothing has occurred to damp the enthusiasm of the patriotic men who undertook the direction of the affair. On the contrary, the example of the able and enterprising men who so successfully surmounted the difficulties of the Great Exhibition of 1851, appears to have been constantly kept in mind,—so that, in the end, Mr. Dargan, the noble-minded founder of the Irish Exhibition, and Mr. Roney, its indefatigable secretary, had the proud consciousness of having achieved a triumph greater and more enduring than any achieved by Irishmen before,—the triumph of Industry and Peace,—without imperial assistance and by simple force of energy and talent. Like the glass palace in Hyde-park, the Irish Industrial Building has had its difficulties to surmount, its dangers to avert, and eventually its triumph. Like the Exhibition of 1851, it stands forth a monument of peaceful energy and well-directed capital; and long may it be ere the genius and generosity of our Irish fellow-subjects are devoted to less praiseworthy objects. Writing, in 1851, of the show which the exhibitors from the sister island made in Hyde-park, we expressed a hope that the day was not far distant when Ireland, with an Industrial Exhibition of her own, might make real advance as a manufacturing nation. The day has almost arrived. Already are the differences between the Celt and the Saxon almost forgotten; already have thousands of Englishmen found warm welcome in Irish homes—for every visitor to the sister island is received there as a friend; and already does the aspiration of the queen's representative appear to be answered—that God Almighty will bless and prosper the undertaking, and that the Irish Exhibition will be the means under Providence, of uniting the people of England and Ireland in one bond of brotherhood and love.

The various objects exhibited in the Dublin Exhibition are arranged according to the classification adopted in the Great Exhibition of 1851, but in the catalogue the names of the exhibitors are numbered consecutively from 1 to 1833. The paintings, sculptures, castings, &c., in the Fine Arts court bear a distinct set of numbers, from 1 to 1366; as also do the East Indian and other collections of curiosities. This arrangement, though it makes no provision for the probable increase of both exhibitors and objects exhibited, is one which is directly understood by the visitor. We find that there are 1,460 exhibitors from the United Kingdom, and about 400 from the other parts of the world. The foreign nations, which figure most conspicuously in the Irish Exhibition, are France, Belgium, Holland, and the several States comprised in what is called the German Zollverein. In our former notice we spoke briefly of the contents of the exquisite building ; it will now be our task to go somewhat more into detail of the various objects exhibited. And here, at the outset, we must be allowed to remark that the ornamental is greatly in excess of the useful, even among the contributions of the Irish themselves. It has been thought necessary to apologise for the admission of paintings to a place in this Industrial Exposition, and in the introduction to the official catalogue we have the question ably argued. "It has not been without consideration," says the writer, "that the claims of the Fine Arts—in their abstract character, and viewed apart from utilitarian industry (if, indeed, they can ever be justly so viewed)—have been recognised. The difficulty of exclusion appeared at the least as great as of admission. It is not easy often to draw the line of demarcation between objects which come within the strict limits of the Fine Arts, and those Arts which are strictly utilitarian in their character. There are few of the latter which do not, to a greater or less extent, include or intimately ally themselves to the former; and, therefore, were the boundary to be defined with a scrupulous determination to exclude every article whose object is solely utilitarian, the result would be to reject from the Exhibition much that now finds a place within it. When the mere necessities of life have been satisfied, civilisation superadds to the useful the ornamental, and soon learns to recognise it as a necessity of life also ; for the perception of the beautiful is innate to the mind of man, and when the useful has been achieved, the cravings for the beautiful will seek to be satisfied. Hence Sculpture, in the most extended acceptation of that term, enters into the composition of a vast proportion of the articles designed for utilitarian purposes. The same may be said of Painting. In truth, it is difficult, when once we have emerged from the rudest and most elementary state of society, to deny that the Fine Arts are themselves utilitarian. The desires of the eye for that which is beautiful in form and colour, if not essential to mere existence, assuredly are so to the enjoyment of life; and hence sculpture and painting, in the abstract, may, it is presumed, be fitly exhibited without transgressing the strict limits which should be assigned to an Industrial Exhibition. Under this conviction the Committee have admitted works of Fine Art which are not utilitarian, in the ordinary sense of the word ; and they have done so the rather that the study of sculpture and painting is essential to perfection in the ornamentation of almost everything in ordinary

use. Nor let it be forgotten, as one of the *uses* of the Fine Arts unconnected with industrial objects, that the statuary and the painter contribute to the pages of history as well as the Scribe or the Printer. The former perpetuates and diffuses the forms and the character of historical persons and events, of natural history, scenery, and costume, as the latter cannot do."

In furtherance of these views, a Fine Arts Court has been constructed in the extreme southern aisle, between the Archæological and Mediæval courts, principally for the reception of Paintings; and the Committee have been enabled to bring together a considerable collection, at once interesting, as exhibiting the progress of the Art in modern times, and instructive, as containing some superior specimens of the Ancient Masters of the Art. Classification in relation to ages and countries rather than to schools has been adopted; but the collection will be found to contain examples of the earlier schools of Italy—the Lombardic and Venetian, the Raphaelite and Bolognese, of the ancient Flemish school, and of the modern schools of France, Belgium, Germany, and Great Britain. Many of the works of these modern schools exhibit the great progress of the Art of Painting towards another grand development in its history.

In addition to Paintings of the character mentioned, places have been assigned to Pictures which are the product of mechanical skill and the application of scientific discovery; such as specimens of Heliography, or the process whereby the actinic rays of the sun produce permanent pictures of objects upon metallic plates. Encaustic Painting, Cromo-Lithography, and uncoloured Lithography, may also be classed under the general head of Painting.

The application of all these various branches of Painting, as ornamentation, to articles of use—upon ceramic manufactures, as china, porcelain, earthenware—upon glass, slate, enamel, wood, japanned goods, papier machè, paper-hangings, and decorative furniture of all sorts, have their appropriate places in the various manufactures under which the decorated articles are classed.

In the Fine Arts Hall have also been placed some objects of Sculpture—statues and busts in marble; the greater portion, however, of the Sculpture, including marbles, bronzes, casts in clay and other materials, have been dispersed throughout the nave and aisles in a manner which adds greatly to the interest and effect of the general exposition. Amongst them are to be found, in the casts from the bassi-relievi Sculptures of the Metopes of the Parthenon at Athens, the finest exponents of the Phidian era of the art, exhibiting the unrivalled excellence of the Greek sculptors, resulting from their perfect acquaintance with anatomical structure and mechanical balance, and their true perception of form and sentiment. It will be instructive to contrast these with the specimens of the Etruscan school, as exhibited amongst the ceramic manufactures, and mark the absence of flow in the draping, the meagreness in the treatment of details, the exaggeration of attitude and action which characterise the latter.

Several good illustrations of Greek and Roman Sculpture during the post-Phidian eras may also be seen throughout the nave, some of them possessing high merit. There are some specimens of the Italian school, after the revival of Sculpture in the eleventh century, one of which, as the work of the painter Raphael, commands attention. The Sculpture of British artists of the present age is abundantly and creditably exemplified, and the works of some foreign Masters give a favourable impression of their progress in the Art.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE BELGIAN COURT.

Besides the subjects already adverted to, Sculpture embraces within its limits the Modelling and Plastic Arts, and includes works in Stone, in Metallic and Mineral productions, in Ceramic and Vitreous compositions, in Animal and Vegetable substances; in fine, whatever is capable of being wrought into form by the tool or the finger of the Statuary; and that, whether in relief, as in medals, coins, gems, or in intaglio, as in die-sinking, seal-cutting, &c. The application of Sculpture to the useful Arts takes a range of vast extent. Wherever the form or outline of articles is not rigidly prescribed, the Sculptor and the Modeller are called in to give variety and beauty to figure; such is the case in gems and jewellery, in vases, urns, tazze, drinking-cups, and other vessels, in candelabra, and in ornamented furniture, &c. When Sculpture

is found in these combinations, it is transferred to the particular class of manufacture to which the decorated article belongs.

In connexion with the Fine Arts Department, the Mediæval and Archæological courts are to be classed and studied. The former contains within it a large development of the Fine Arts—of Sculpture and Painting—as monumental brasses, coronæ lucis, and windows of stained and painted glass. The latter possesses a rare and valuable collection of objects of ancient art, principally Irish, highly important, illustrating the state of the arts, sciences, and manufactures in this country during several centuries.

The visitor to the Irish Exhibition will, most naturally, be attracted to

THE CENTRAL HALL,

by reason not only of the central situation and superior size of that noble apartment, but also from the fact that the most prominent objects are here exhibited. In the centre stands the grand equestrian statue of the Queen, by the Baron Marochetti (p. 439). This beautiful statue is intended for erection in the city of Glasgow, and is exhibited by the permission of the committee under whose direction the work has been brought to its present state. His Royal Highness Prince Albert exhibits a Grand Centre Plateau, which has been executed under his directions by the Messrs. Garrard of the Haymarket. The Coalbrookdale Iron Company have a large iron summer-house, almost in the centre of the hall; and Messrs. Houldsworth of Manchester have a fine show of furniture and objects for ecclesiastical decoration. The Earl of Eglinton has sent the two fine pieces of plate, called the Emperor's Vase, and the Goodwood Cup, which were won by his lordship's race-horse Van Tromp, in 1848 and 1849. The Earl of Cardigan, and the officers of the 11th Hussars, have kindly lent to the Exhibition the silver equestrian statue which was executed for them by Cotterel for presentation to their late colonel, the Prince Consort; and the officers of the 7th Hussars likewise send the silver statue which was presented to them by the Marquis of Anglesey. It is executed by the same clever artist, Cotterel.

Facing the grand entrance, a Fountain, in cast iron, designed by Lienard for M. André, of Paris, has been appropriately placed; while in a corresponding situation, at the other end of the centre avenue, is erected a fine terra cotta Fountain, executed by Messrs. Ferguson, Millar and Co., of Glasgow (p. 439) Messrs. Pain, Brothers, have their Jacquard loom at work; while near at hand the Messrs. Atkinson and Co., Fenton and Co., Todd and Co., make rich displays of figured poplins, tabinets, &c. There is also a Jacquard loom shown by Messrs. Keely and Leach, which is adapted for weaving figured and plain poplins, in various colours. The "Royal Society for the Promotion and Improvement of the Growth of Flax in Ireland" exhibit a series of specimens illustrating the preparation of the flax plant for manufacturing purposes, and the different processes incident to the manufacture of flax for the loom. Here we have bunches of the flax straw with the seeds on, there various specimens of the same kind of straw after steeping; besides varieties of different kinds of flax, seeds, capsules, &c. Then the flax is shown in its various conditions after being "scutched," "heckled," "roved," "bleached," and, finally, woven into linens, damasks, lawns, cambrics, and other plain and printed fabrics. As we shall have occasion again to refer to Irish flax and its products, we may briefly observe that, besides flax grown in Ireland, the Royal Society exhibit various specimens of Russian, Dutch, Belgian, Egyptian, and English grown flax, all of which are used in the manufacture of that incomparable material—Irish linen.

ENTRANCE TO THE STATIONERY AND BOOKBINDING COURT.

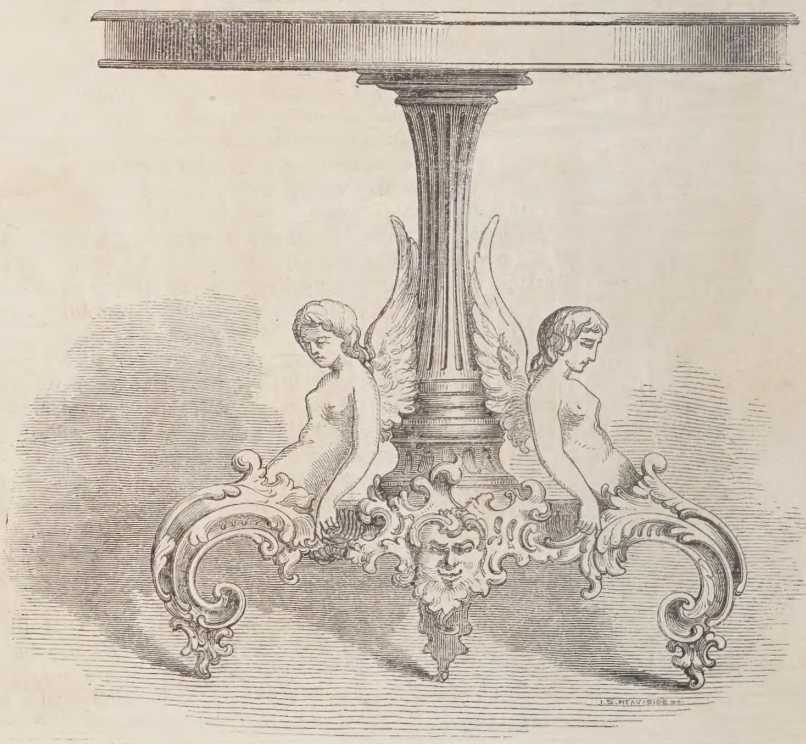
In the Hyde-park Exhibition, Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham, and Mr. Wilkins, of Long Acre, had each specimens of optical glass, in the shape of lighthouse lanterns; and in the present Exhibition the former firm also show an excellent series of lighthouse apparatus, consisting of the most powerful concentric polygonal lenses, filled with dioptric revolving lights, according to the system propounded by Augustin Fresuel. The importance of a first-class lighthouse apparatus on coasts like those of the British isles, cannot be too highly estimated. We understand that the first order of lighthouse lamps shown by Messrs. Chance, are fitted in with lenses, &c., in such a

manner that the light can be discerned in clear weather from a distance of fifty miles.

Mr. Lombard, of Leinster-street, has a gilt table of beautiful design and execution, of which we give an illustration below.

Mr. J. Classon, of Dublin, shows carvings in bog oak, in a variety of forms; Mr. H. Williams has an ivory model of Sir John Benson's original design for the Irish Exhibition Building; Mr. T. Grubb, of Dublin, exhibits various ingenious specimens of improved clock-work, equatorials, &c., adapted for carrying telescopes; Messrs. Kirkman, of London, and Messrs. Marcus, of Dublin, are great in pianofortes, harps, and other musical instruments; while Messrs. Waterhouse, of Dublin, and Mr. R. Phillips, of London, exhibit an immense and splendid variety of articles in gold and silver, to which we shall have further occasion to allude. Mr. T. Bennett, of Grafton-street, Dublin, has several large and beautiful specimens of Irish silver, consisting of salvers, tea and coffee services, centre pieces, candelabras, &c, excellently wrought. A group, selected from Mr. Bennett's stall, appears in page 393. Besides these, the exhibitor shows a large number of articles in electro plate, and various examples of the manner in which gold, silver, and gems, may be made to combine with bog oak carvings. Altogether the display made by Mr. Bennett is highly creditable to his taste and skill.

The collection of busts of distinguished persons in the great hall forms not the least interesting feature of the Exhibition. Visitors are thus afforded an admirable opportunity of studying the features and becoming acquainted with the personal appearance of men who have rendered themselves renowned as warriors, statesmen, and patriots. The founder's own countrymen naturally compose the majority of this interesting collection, and we believe that nearly all the busts were executed by Irishmen—the largest contributors being Moore, Jones, and Kirk. Commencing with the bust of that distinguished warrior, Lord Gough, we recognise in succession those of Major Edwards, Sir Philip Crampton, Lord Clarendon, Lord Brougham, Mr. Jonathan Henn, Q.C. (a splendid likeness by Moore), Lord Denman, the Marquis of Anglesey, the late Tom Steele, and the late John Lawless; Dr. Henry, Provost of the Belfast College; Sir John Herschel, Mr. Cogan, M.P., Sir R. Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Catherine Hayes (by Barter), the Nepaulese Ambassador, Captain Williams, Louis Napoleon and the Earl St. Germans (both by Mr. Jones), Mr. Dargan, Mr. Colley Grattan, Lord Dunboyne, the Dean of St. Patrick's, the Rev. Dr. Todd, another bust of Sir R. Peel, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, O'Connell (by Hogan), and the Duke of Cambridge. Under these, on lower pedestals, there are a number of other marble busts. Between the columns which support the great organ loft five elegant pedestals of carved wood have been placed, on which are erected a series of marble groups, illustrative of mythological subjects, and supposed to have been executed early in the sixteenth century. One of these represents Jupiter destroying the giants, and consists of four or five figures, which were all carved out of a solid block of marble. The figures are very small, but display wonderful boldness and originality, with great correctness of design and exquisite finish of execution. They will attract much curiosity and admiration.



GILT TABLE, EXHIBITED BY MR. LOMBARD, LEINSTER-STREET, DUBLIN.

Messrs. West and Son, of College-green, have an elegant show of Irish manufactured plate. One of the most remarkable specimens in their very beautiful case is a testimonial presented some years since to her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, and executed under the immediate inspection of the Messrs. West, at their establishment in Capel-street. The lower part of this beautiful work is a group, composed of an Irish elk's head in black oak, and two stag hounds in silver; the antlers of the elk are gold, which, conjointly with the trunk of an oak tree in silver, support a highly embossed ornament, on which rests a vase of Irish diamond, and from which springs two rich consols or brackets united by festoons of antique ornaments, and attached to the vases by shields, around which is a profusion of shamrocks. One of the brackets supports a chair of state, or throne, in which is an allegorical figure of Hibernia with a harp; over the figure is a canopy with a phœnix at the top—the back of the seat is friezed gold ornaments, with rich silver scrolls—on the upper part rests a double coronet, in enamelled gold, over the initials C. C., entwined round the letter N in Old English,

under which is a compartment with a bouquet of the "Forget me Not" flowers. On each side of the throne are dolphins in silver; the opposite bracket supports a group composed of an Irish wolf-dog, the toga, or Irish mantle, sword, and shield, &c. &c. The entire work is studded over with Irish jewels, consisting of pearls, amethysts, garnets, and beryls; and, round the base, in letters of gold, are the words "Hibernia grata."

We must pass as rapidly through the Grand Central Hall, as the well dressed crowd will allow us, and just glance at the many beautiful objects around, promising ourself a more particular examination of each during our future visits. Thus, on this beautiful June morning, with the sun shining gaily down upon the moving mass of happy people, and tinting with many colours the glass lighthouse and the splashing waters of the fountain, and feeling ourself in a mood to enjoy and admire all that comes before us, we look upward and around. The graceful lines of the domed roof meet those of the galleries at the northern end of the hall, where, from below, they appear to terminate in the great organ; and then our thoughts revert to that auspicious 12th of May, when, in the presence of thousands, the pealing notes went forth—

"All men, all things, all that has life and breath, sing to the Lord;
Praise the Lord with lute and harp; in joyful song extol Him,
And let all flesh magnify His might and His glory."

At the entrance to the hardware court (p. 438), standing just within the centre avenue, there is erected a statue of William Dargan, the patriotic founder and father of the Irish Industrial Exhibition. Having already given a portrait and biographical notice of this patriotic gentleman, little remains for us to say in connexion with this true patriot and lover of his country. Risen from the people, his whole career has been one of usefulness and persevering industry. As our readers are aware, the offer of a baronetcy has been formally made to Mr. Dargan, in acknowledgment of his high personal character and the great services he has rendered his country. This, however, Mr. Dargan has gratefully and gracefully declined to accept. Nor are we surprised at this determination, for those who know Mr. Dargan best are aware that he has uniformly avoided all kind of display and distinction in connexion with his great work; and that he looks for no pecuniary profit from its results. Under these circumstances, the national testimonial, which is in progress, will be a graceful recognition of the singleness of purpose and greatness of mind which could conceive and accomplish so great an undertaking as the Irish Industrial Exhibition. It is anticipated that the design for the Dargan testimonial will be submitted to our beloved Queen, during her visit to the sister island.

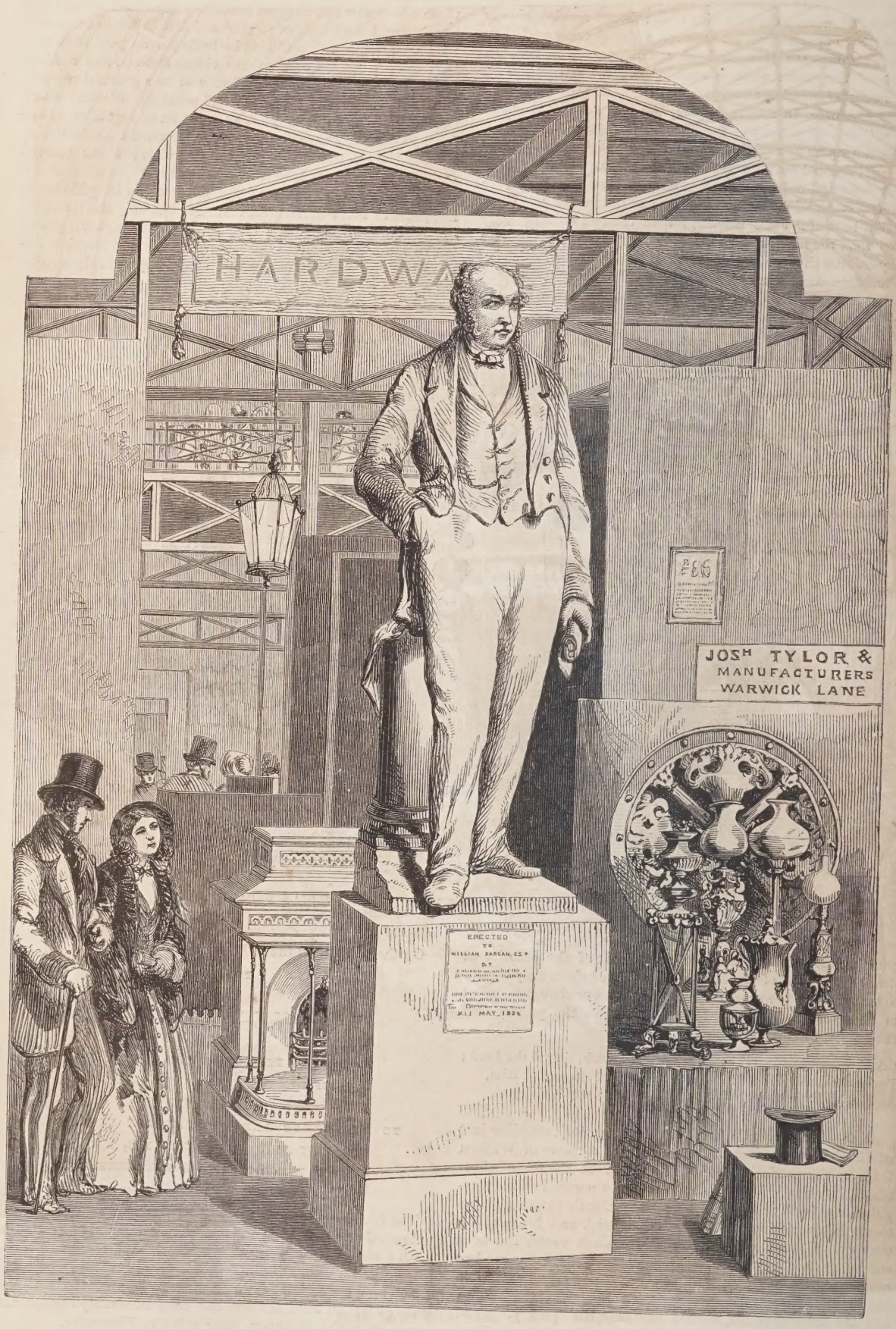
With regard to the statue itself, nothing can be said that is not praise. Mr. Jones has succeeded in catching the "manner of the man" with extreme felicity; and, although not placed in the most conspicuous situation, we doubt not but that this statue will be the most frequently-sought object in the beautiful building.

TAZZA AND VASES, SELECTED FROM THE FRENCH AND BELGIAN DEPARTMENTS.

On the pedestal is the following inscription:

ERECTED
TO
WILLIAM DARGAN, ESQUIRE,
BY
THE PERSONS ON THE STAFF
OF HIS VARIOUS UNDERTAKINGS,
AS A TRIBUTE
TO HIS GREAT AND INESTIMABLE QUALITIES,
NOT ONLY AS A PUBLIC EMPLOYER, BUT AS
THE BENEFACTOR OF HIS COUNTRY.
12th MAY, 1853.

The friends and countrymen of Mr. Dargan will be pleased to learn that a bust of this distinguished patriot is prepared in Irish statuary porcelain, and is sold at a moderate price in the gallery of the Exhibition, Class 25, as well as in Dublin and London. This beautiful and appropriate monument of a great event in Irish history, has been admirably cast at the porcelain works of Messrs. Kerr and Co., Worcester.



STATUE OF WILLIAM DARGAN, ESQ., BY E. JONES. ENTRANCE TO HARDWARE COURT.

VIEW OF THE GREAT CENTRAL HALL.

THE GRACES, BY E. BAILY, R.A.; COLOSSAL HEAD OF NIOBE, BY M. AURILIUS; TERRA COTTA FOUNTAIN; EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF HER MAJESTY, ETC.

The objects, however, which must be esteemed of a more peculiarly Irish character are distributed over the building in certainly not the most conspicuous situations. On the right-hand side of the Great Central Hall we have a splendid display of

IRISH POPLINS, TABINETS, ETC.

These are exhibited by several well-known Dublin firms, amongst whom may be mentioned Messrs. Atkinson, of College-green; the Messrs. Pim, of George's-street; Messrs. Fry, of Westmoreland-street; and Messrs. Todd and Burn, of Mary-street. As trophies of national skill and industry, these beautiful silks, damasks, tabinets, &c., are peculiarly interesting. The patterns of some of the choicest of these figured tabinets and poplins have been furnished by pupils belonging to the School of Design lately established in connexion with the Royal Dublin Society—an admirable institution, which has already justly excited great public interest, and which promises to become an important instrument in developing the latent genius of our Irish fellow-subjects. Adjacent to those stalls, Mr. W. Dunn, and Mr. Moran, of Mark's-alley, Francis-street, display specimens of their silks and poplins.

The silk manufacture is generally supposed to have been introduced into Dublin by the French Huguenot refugees, and to have been established shortly after their residence in that city. In the year 1764, an act was passed which placed it for some time under the direction of the Dublin Society. For its encouragement the Society established a warehouse in Parliament-street, which they placed under the superintendence of persons, annually returned by the Corporation of Weavers to examine the quality of goods sent in by manufacturers, to whom the Society paid a premium or discount of five per cent. on all sales made in the house. Under this management the sales rose to an average of £70,000 a-year. Another act of Parliament followed, however, by which the Dublin Society was prohibited from disposing of any part of its funds for the support of any house in which Irish silk goods were sold by wholesale or retail.

History tells us that China was the first country in which man availed himself of the labours of the silk-worm. From thence silk spread to other countries of the East; and the Romans, who had it in general use, were supplied with it by the ingenious artificers of Tyre and other cities of Phœnicia. Later, the Persians monopolised the supply of the raw material; and, by prohibiting the passage through their country of travellers to and from China, entirely stopped the importation of silk into Europe. Two Nestorian monks, however, are said to have contrived to smuggle some eggs in a hollow cane, which they afterwards hatched by heat, and presented to the Emperor Justinian, whom they likewise made acquainted with the art of manufacturing silk. In the fifteenth century the manufacture was established in England. The countries from whence we chiefly import the raw material are China, Italy, Malta, and Southern France. It is said that in time the British market will be almost exclusively supplied with the raw silk from our Indian possessions, as labour is not only excessively cheap there, but three "crops" of silk may be taken in the year, while in any country west of India only one can be obtained. All attempts hitherto to produce the raw material on an extensive scale in these islands have failed. In 1835 a company commenced operations in the county of Cork by planting 80 acres with 4,000 mulberry trees, but they soon after abandoned the experiment.

The visitor who may wish to witness the process of manufacturing tabinet, can here gratify his curiosity, as the Messrs. Fry have a loom at full work in their stall. Here we behold those extended simple threads of silk and wool converted by the art of the manufacturer into the beautiful fabric, which all the skill and perseverance of the English artisan, and the delicate taste of the French one cannot rival. Among the tabinet patterns exhibited by this firm, is one of the dress wrought expressly for Mrs. Dargan.

In the glass case of Messrs. Todd and Burns, there are exhibited many other specimens of Irish skill. These take the shape, however, of

SEWED AND EMBROIDERED LACE, ETC.,

A branch of industry peculiarly interesting to contemplate, as being entirely the handiwork of the female peasantry of Ireland. The successful carrying out of this kind of cottage labour seems to realize the wish of those philanthropists who object to the congregation of large masses of individuals in factories and close buildings. The introduction of home manufactures of this kind among the rural population of Ireland is of recent date; and it certainly contradicts the assertions of those who call the Irish an idle people, to see with what extreme avidity this work is accepted by the poor. It is gratifying to be able to record the fact of the rapid increase of the sewed muslin and lace work. In the province of Ulster the countrywomen and girls are almost universally busied with this kind of work; and we learn that "in a small town in one of the most distressed parts of the county of Donegal, and the district immediately around it, several hundred pounds have been paid weekly; and by it alone the entire population of the barony may be almost said to have been kept alive. One promising feature of the speculation is, that the supply of hands is not nearly equal to the demand." Throughout Connaught and Munster this branch of female industry is likewise happily extending, and there is not a thread of the delicate tracery before us which does not speak touchingly and hopefully of miseries relieved, and of intellectual and moral faculties developed. We trust that this employment may be made, what it has to some extent become already, a lever for bettering the general condition of peasantry. What more delightful duty could devolve on the wives and daughters of the Irish resident gentry than the task of planting this occupation in the poor cottages around them? There is no pecuniary outlay requisite. Inquiries are very easily made through male relations, if need be, and a communication is very easily opened with the mercantile houses requiring the manufacture.

The exquisite specimens of lace displayed in an adjacent case, by the house of Forrest, in Grafton-street, and brought from their manufactory at Limerick, command attention, as likewise the specimens exhibited by Messrs. Todd and Burns. In fact one impression irresistibly forces itself on the visitor's mind, after contemplation of the different and contrasted articles of Irish manufacture, viz.:—that delicacy and refinement of taste is, as phrenologists say, a Celtic characteristic, proceeding from a large development of the ideal faculty, and that in the display of it the Irish manufacturer and the French one are very closely allied.

Several other specimens of what may with propriety be called "Women's work," are also exhibited by Messrs. Marsland and Co., of Manchester, consisting of crochet, tatting, guipure, embroidery, and other kinds of "needle labour," which, in England, is practised by young ladies at home, but which is here made profitable to thousands. But besides these, various objects in ornamental flower and feather, and hair work, among the latter are a set of ornaments made for her Majesty, consisting of brooch, bracelet, and pair of ear-rings, and a tiara, designed and executed with remarkable taste and skill. The whole of this work is produced by the peasantry of Ireland, in which we are informed this firm affords employment to between two and three thousand persons. It is gratifying to us to hear that, through the influence of Messrs. Marsland, a trade has been created, not only in England, but in America, Australia, and other places abroad, for the fanciful productions of our peasantry. Messrs. Marsland are the manufacturers of the cotton from which most of this work is made, and they also exhibit in their case, samples of it in great variety. Among those samples are some of variegated crochet cotton, intended to supersede Berlin wool and coloured silks for embroidery purposes, and for which they have obtained a patent.

SPECIMENS FROM THE IRISH MINES.

At the entrance of the Northern Hall, are deposited various specimens of minerals, contributed by the Mining Company of Ireland. Nicely arranged in a glass-case are specimens of coal and culm from Cork and Tipperary, lead and silver from

Ballycorus lead works, county Dublin, lead ore from Wicklow, copper, and argentiferous lead ore from the mountains of Waterford. Those contributions from such various localities afford reasonable grounds for belief that the apathy which has so long prevailed respecting the mineral resources of Ireland will soon be dissipated, and that the vast and all but unbroken field of her varied metallic riches will be extensively worked ere long. It is not the least pleasing feature in such a collection that there is no gold included in it. The Mexicans, who have a tolerable experience in such matters, have a popular proverb, that a gold mine ruins a locality, while a copper one makes its fortune; and indeed when we consider the attraction which the discovery of the most precious metal holds out to the influx of the lawless and vitiated of every nation, we are well content that Ireland should not become an Australia or California.

Close at hand to the mineral specimens are some of peat charcoal, manufactured by Thomas Sadlier, Esq., of Tullamore. They include specimens for deoderising and manure, for casting and household purposes. Mr. Sadlier's manufactory has been above three years in operation. Close at hand, we pause before a small mahogany case, containing a number of glass bottles, neatly stoppered and labelled like the phials in an apothecary's shop. These unassuming little glass jars contain that long-sought condiment

IRISH SALT;

a condiment which Swift lamented Ireland's want of, and which Sir Robert Kane did not even anticipate her possession of. This salt has been lately discovered in Antrim, on the Marquis of Devonshire's estate at Duncrue, near Carrickfergus. The fact of such a discovery is considered as of first-rate importance, as hitherto nearly all the salt and coal consumed by Ireland has been imported from this country. A cheap and abundant supply of salt is a great desideratum; for what article does civilised man possess which is available for such numerous useful purposes as salt? Besides its services as a condiment, and in curing provisions, it is now valuable, and in extensive use, as a manure. From its affording chlorine, it is a fundamental necessary for all bleaching processes in manufacture. From its affording soda, it is an indispensable in the fabrication of glass, soap, &c. It is calculated that each adult of us consumes, annually, at least 16 lbs. of salt as a matter of food. As before stated, the chief supply of coal and salt to the sister country is from England; though those peculiar-looking vessels, with unseemly rigging and low hulls, which any lounger may see from the quays and wherries, bring with the wine and fruits of Spain and Portugal, a small quantity of salt. In England, the sources from whence the supply of salt is drawn are said to be inexhaustible. Mr. Porter, in his "Progress of the Nation," calculated, some years since, that the annual production of salt in England reached 500,000 tons, at which time the capital employed in the manufacture was said to be about one million sterling, and the population engaged in it about 12,000 persons. The United States, British North America, Russia, Belgium, and Prussia, were the principal of the distant markets to which those manufacturers exported; and, if the surmised modification in the government of British India should take place, that country will become an additional field for the trade, as the salt monopoly will be almost certainly abrogated. The cost of production of the finest Cheshire article is about 3½d. or 4d. a bushel.

We may also in this place refer briefly to the collection of

PEAT OR TURF

as among the raw materials exhibited. Many specimens of turf and artificial fuel are shown; and considerable attention has lately been bestowed upon its destructive distillation, as most of our readers know, various useful articles may be produced from the bog peat of Ireland,—such as sulphate of ammonia, naphtha, acetate of lime, several fixed and volatile oils, and a substance called paraphine, which greatly resembles bees-wax in outward appearance, and is applicable to the same uses. The chemical products of peat are also shown; but whether the bogs of Ireland can ever be profitably worked for their production is a question for time.

COAL AND ANTHRACITE

are exhibited by Messrs. Butler, Fawcett, Morgan, Mandesforde, &c.

In Ireland there are seven principal coal mines, lying nearly equally to the north and south of the metropolis. They differ materially in their geological circumstances — those to the north of the capital yielding bituminous, or flaming coal; and those to the south, stone coal, or anthracite, which burns without flame. Notwithstanding the abundance of turf, coal was worked in Ireland at a very early period; and pits have been discovered that bear evidence, from the rude stone and wooden tools found in them, of having been worked by a race far anterior to historical records. But from the ignorance displayed formerly, and from the present want of capital or enterprise, or something else, the produce of her mines is far less than they could yield with ease; and Ireland, that possesses sufficient resources to supply her own wants, and to become, moreover, an exporting country, imports a large quantity of coals every year, said to exceed in value a million sterling. The principal coal-mines are seven: one in Leinster, occupying large portions of Kilkenny and the Queen's County, with a small part of Carlow; two in Munster—one of them in Tipperary, bordering on that in Kilkenny, and the other spread over large portions of Clare, Limerick, Cork, and Kerry, being the most extensive coal-field in the empire. All these beds yield anthracite. Of the northern coal-fields three are in Ulster:—one at Coal Island, near Dungannon; the second in the northern extremity of Antrim; and the third in Monaghan. These last are small, with narrow seams; and are, consequently, of little value. The Connaught coal-field extends over a space of sixteen miles in its greatest length, and lies in the counties of Leitrim, Roscommon, Sligo, and Cavan. The total area of these coal-fields is estimated at 140,000 acres. It is impossible to cast the eye over some interesting maps showing the geological formation of Ireland, and exhibited by the Chairman of the Board of Works, without feeling surprise at the mineral treasures that lie neglected, scarcely below the surface of the soil on which the unemployed labourer drags his weary steps.

But it is not only in the quantity of her ores that Ireland is rich, their position is even more fortunate. No river in the empire can compare with the Shannon. Its majestic stream winds through a course of 247 miles, through fields whose fertility cannot be excelled. Here and there it expands into lakes, or more properly into inland seas. Lough Allen, in the centre of the iron-fields, covers an area of 9,000 acres, and is still very inferior in size to Lough Derg or Lough Ree. Here every opportunity is offered for inland navigation, and the cheap carriage of goods. This splendid river rises among the coal-fields of Connaught, and cuts through the Munster coal formation. But still greater advantages exist. It frequently happens that the iron ore, the limestone used in smelting it, and the coal, and, if necessary, turf (for the manufacture of charcoal), all exist in close contact, divided in the centre by a river that affords at once cheap transit and water power. This is the case with the Arigna mine.

IRISH LINENS, DAMASKS, CAMBRICS, AND COTTON FABRICS

should be spoken of at length; we therefore content ourselves with remarking in this place, that the show which the Irish manufacturers make in their country's Great Exhibition is highly creditable to them. The names of many firms might be mentioned, in all the branches of these trades, whose contributions are both large and well selected. And this may also be observed of the hosiery and glove trades.

Of the famous Balbriggan hosiery a fine show is made by Mr. Glenny, of Lombard-street, to whose perseverance and talent the Irish people may be said to owe this now well-known and possibly matchless manufacture. Mr. Glenny obtained a prize medal at the Great Exhibition of 1851, for the excellence of his hosiery, and such has been his success in introducing the stockings and gloves of the poor loomsmen of Balbriggan among his weekly customers, as to have largely benefited the peasantry of Ireland.

THE SCULPTURE IN THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

The "Lesson Interrupted" by Barter, deserves special notice. The group represents two sisters and their young brother—one of the sisters has been in the act of teaching the boy—the other holds over him a cup and ball, which diverts his attention from his book. On the ground are scattered music-books, manuscripts, pens, and other auxiliaries of a domestic academy—near the preceptress is a guitar, upon which the frolicsome sister seems to have beem playing, and to have left aside for the enjoyment of this girlish whim. This is one of those pleasing delineations of social incidents that modern sculptors deem not unworthy their genius. "The Young Musician" by Burnet, is a charming production. A pleasant little boy is engaged in the act of playing an accordian, his mouth wide open, as if intently listening to the sweet sounds he has himself evoked. "The Wrestlers," by J. Lawler. A bird has been caught in a net, and the boys are wrestling to decide the ownership of the prize. The discontented face of the boy who is almost vanquished contrasts admirably with the happy, exulting countenance of the conqueror. "The Dove's Return," by J. Farrell. This is executed in marble. A dove is perched on the right hand of a youth. The work well merits praise

A group, by J. E. Jones, also attracts the eye. An interesting girl holds in her hand a bird—her little sister is at her side, looking up into her face with that expression of curiosity and pleasure which the face of childhood wears, and an expectant terrier is eagerly watching the bird, apparently quite convinced that the young ladies design it for his especial gratification. In the Exhibition are many works which, though small, possess considerable merit—gems that have been executed with great care and genius.

Our space will allow us merely to indicate even the more prominent groups. The illustration of the Great Central Hall will give a better idea of the appearance of some of the sculptures than could any words of ours. Besides these, we may mention the "First Born," by Frances McDonnell, a deaf and dumb artist; J. Lawlor, of London, who has four elegant objects; Mr. Noble, whose statues of "Sir Robert," and the "Duke," are very admirable; Christopher Moore, who has no fewer than seventeen statues and busts; Mr. Papworth, Mr. Williamson, of Belfast; E. C. Physick, of London; Lord Cloncurry, Sir Henry Bruce, and many others; and, in addito these, there are a variety of articles in bronze, contributed by Messrs. Elkington, Mason and Co., the patentees of the electrotype process; and numerous groups and single figures from France, Belgium, and Germany.

THE LESSON INTERRUPTED. A PORTRAIT GROUP IN PLASTER, BY R. BARTER, DUBLIN.

CHRISTOPHER GLUCK, THE MUSICIAN.

It is almost universally affirmed in histories and biographies that the future greatness of celebrated men has been predicted before their talents were fully developed. The authenticity of some of these prophecies may be questioned, but, doubtless, in many cases they have originated in the manifestions of innate, though untutored genius, which some acute observer would discover predominating over the levity of youth. Our engraving represents a scene in the life of Gluck, the celebrated musical composer, in which a monk is predicting to him his future fame.

THE FUTURE SUCCESS OF GLUCK PREDICTED BY A MONK.

Christopher Gluck, generally known under the name of Le Chevalier Gluck, was born in the Palatinate, in the year 1714. His father dying when he was still very young, his education was totally neglected; but he had an instinctive love for music, and travelled about from town to town supporting himself by his talents, until he reached Vienna, where a nobleman, becoming aware of his great genius, patronised him, and took him into Italy, where he received lessons from San Marini. He made such rapid progress in his art, that some dramas which he composed being very highly thought of, he was recommended to Lord Middlesex, as composer to our lyric theatre of the Haymarket.

Soon after this he returned to Italy, where he united with the Italian poet, Culsabigi, in decrying the cynic style of both the music and poetry of the Italian Opera. Culsabigi wrote his "Orfeo" in a different style, which, in the year 1764, Gluck set to music, attempting a new species of dramatic composition, which met with great success. This celebrated opera was successively performed in Parma, Paris, Bologna, Naples, and, in the year 1770, in London. In 1769, Culsabigi and Gluck together produced the opera of "Alceste," and two years later that of "Paride ed Helena," at Vienna, where they received much applause.

Gluck, thinking the French language peculiarly adapted to dramatic composition, set Racine's "Iphigenie" to music; after which he went to Paris, where he caused quite a revolution in the musical world. His operas of "Orphie" and "Iphigenie" were consecutively performed, and enthusiastically received by the Parisians. The latter, being taken from their favourite author, Racine, and set in the style of their favourite composers, Lulli and Ramcan, was peculiarly successful. So much is he the national musician of France, that, since the days of Ramcan, no dramatic composer has excited so much enthusiasm. It has been said in the *Journal de Paris*, that each of his pieces had supported two or three hundred representations. From Paris, Gluck returned to Vienna, where he died, after a lingering illness, in the year 1787, having attained the age of seventy-three.

THE ERDERMÄNNE, OR EARTHMEN OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The Great Exhibition of 1851 made its visitors acquainted with a larger number of strange people, and a greater variety of curious facts, than could have been calculated upon by the most sanguine searchers after novelty. During that eventful year, thousands were brought face to face with the inhabitants of nearly all the civilised countries in the world. Few, however, of the inhabitants of the uncivilised parts of the earth were represented at that great gathering of the nations.

But if the year 1851 was distinguished by the meeting together of the natives of continental Europe, teeming Asia, and rising America, 1853 is remarkable for the visits of various members of those families of men with whom we have hitherto cultivated but slight acquaintance. A man, now-a-days, need not encounter the perils of the sea and the dangers of the land to make himself acquainted with the varieties of the human race, for there are at the present moment exhibiting in London a party of Zulu Kafirs,—those apparently unconquerable enemies of the Cape colonists,—consisting of eleven men, a woman, and a child, who go through their wild dances and fantastic customs with a fervour and energy quite dramatic; a company of Bosjesman from the country beyond Port Natal; two Australian Aborigines; and, lastly, a pair of interesting children, the representatives of a singular tribe,—the most singular, probably, in the world,—from the neighbourhood of the Orange River, in South Africa. These latter, a girl and boy, of the respective ages of sixteen and fourteen, belong to an almost extinct tribe of savages, called the Earthmen, who inhabit a range of country to the north of the Drakenburgh mountains. They are the first of their race who have ever been seen in this country; and we have recently paid them a visit at their temporary residence in Regent-street.

We were prepared to find them uncouth, ugly little savages, but, to our pleasure, we soon ascertained that they were both interesting and intelligent. The tribe to which they belong were called *Erdermänne*, or Earthmen, by the first Dutch settlers in Southern Africa, from the fact that they build no houses, but burrow in the ground like moles.

The Earthmen are regarded as the last link in the human chain (the penultimate being the Bosjesman). They are distinguished, amongst other peculiarities, by their diminutive size, the tallest among them seldom exceeding four feet in height.

We were greatly delighted to find that the little people to whom we were introduced on this occasion have wonderfully profited by their introduction to civilized society. Both *Flora*, the girl, and *Martinus*, the boy, the former fourteen, the latter sixteen years of age, are well formed, agile, and graceful; and they dance, sing, and play about the room with the most perfect freedom and sociality imaginable. They are about 39½ inches high, with skins of a bright bronze hue, intelligent features, and limbs as round and straight and active, as those of any well-bred English children. There is a peculiarity in the countenance of the Earthmen which somewhat mars its beauty; the nose seems to be entirely deficient of a prominent cartilage, and the nostrils are rather largely developed. Their hair, too, instead of being harsh and straight, like that of the Kafir, is of a soft and silken texture and grows in detached spiral tufts, leaving the scalp quite bare in the interstices. Their lips are soft and pulpy, with the mouth rather large, and the chin round and finely formed, their teeth white and regular, their ears small and delicate, and their heads circular and anatomically well-shapen—the phrenological organs of benevolence and acquisitiveness being fully developed. Altogether, the expression of their countenances is mild and pleasing.

The circumstances under which they were brought to this country are thus stated:—The agent of a mercantile house at Natal having occasion to travel over the Drakenburgh mountains for the purpose of trading with the Dutch boors and Kafirs for ivory, &c., encountered a tribe of Erdermänne. Among these he was especially interested with the singular intelligence of this boy and girl; and, ascertaining that their parents had been murdered by the Kafirs—between whom and the Earthmen there appears to exist an intolerable feud—he purchased them, and took them with him to Pietermaritzburgh. Observing their gentleness, docility, and aptness for instruction, he resolved to send them to England to be educated; and, confiding them to the care of Captain Wetherall, of the brig Hannah, they arrived in this country in 1851. They were consigned to the care of Mr. George, of Croydon, who determined to educate them, in the hope that they might become ultimately useful as agents of civilization among their benighted countrymen.

On their first arrival they exhibited the utmost fear and timidity, crouching down in the corners of rooms, and leading a solitary and, apparently, miserable existence. But Mr. George, observing their unsophisticated and simple natures, did not despair of ultimately winning their confidence. For many months his efforts seemed quite fruitless, and the companionship of his own children appeared to exert no good influence on the minds of the little strangers. However, by gently leading them to converse with him, he overcame their timidity, and ultimately won their love. They are now quite domesticated in his family, and the object of their present exhibition is to obtain the means for their further and more complete education, so that at last they may return to their native land as missionaries to the heathen.

The little girl and boy appear to have a good ear for music, and they both play the piano and dance with about as much skill as English children of seven or eight years of age. What is singular, while acquiring the English language—which they speak with great ease, and with far less of foreign accent than is observable among the natives of the continent—they have altogether forgotten their own tongue. It is gratifying, however, to perceive, that in the short time in which they have been in England, the humanising influence of civilised society has effected so complete a change in their moral and physical appearance, that they no longer present any of the disagreeable characteristics of savage life. They still retain the costume in which they arrived, and have never yet appeared in an English dress. They never complain of the cold though they are almost naked; but the heat of a close

apartment appears occasionally to render them languid and dejected. As soon as they arrived, they were vaccinated; and, with the exception of a slight cold which the boy caught in the winter, they have hitherto enjoyed perfect health, and appear to improve daily under the gentle care and tuition of their friend and guardian. They have been examined by several eminent medical men and physiologists, and all agree that their ages are correctly stated.

Though they do not differ in any remarkable degree from the children of the Bosjesman, Bechuanas, Kafirs, and other nomadic races of the South African continent, there is no doubt that they belong, as has been stated, to a distinct, though fast disappearing, tribe. Considered as a portion of the last link in the chain of the great human family, their exhibition must be highly interesting to all observers; but, regarding them in the light of, probably, future pioneers of civilisation to their benighted countrymen, and looking to the influence of cultivated society as tending to instil into their minds the great truths and gentler feelings of Christianity, their appearance among us must be hailed as a fact of more than ordinary interest. Their countrymen have, it appears, no idea of a First Great Cause, and no notion of a spirit of love or friendship. "Of the earth, earthy," they appear to live only to gratify brutish and selfish instincts. A distinct race from the Bosjesman and Kafirs, at whose approach they earth themselves with great rapidity, like mere reptiles, they derive a scanty subsistence from such of the lower animals as are easily captured—rats, mice, locusts, the eggs of birds, and the larvæ of insects—though sometimes a little game varies their rude and filthy cuisine. The tribe is found along the entire range of the Orange River, though they carefully avoid approaching the settlements of the Boors and Kafirs, the latter of whom deem it a very sportsmanlike feat to bag an Earthman. As before stated, the tribe is very diminutive; and it is a singular fact, that the nearer we approach the poles, the darker is the complexion of the natives, and the more diminutive their stature. Indeed, it would appear that the inhabitants of the extremities of the earth are universally poor, feeble, helpless, and degraded, and subject continually to extermination and bondage on the approach of their white brethren. The pigmy tribes of the poles—the Lappes, the Hottentots, and the Earthmen—seem indeed destined to succumb to the forward march of the races placed by nature so much nearer to the sun! The Earthmen must surely be that race of men spoken of by Pomponius Mela: "Troglodytæ nullarum opum domini, strident magis quam loquntur"—The Troglodytes, who possess no intellectual faculties, and make a shrill noise rather than speak!

FLORA AND MARTINUS, CHILDREN OF THE EARTHMEN TRIBE.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER V.

"Throw away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath,
O my God!
Take the gentle path,
O let wrath remove,
Love will do the deed;
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed."—*George Herbert.*

"In every word there is a magical influence, each word being the breath of the internal, moving spirit. Where is he who is proof either against words of blessing or of curse?"—*Dr. Ennemoser's "History of Magic."*

"TELL them I can sée NO ONE, that I am ill—NO ONE! Thank the gentlemen for their kindness—but see them I CANNOT!" spoke Leonard, the next moment, through his locked door to the servant-girl outside.

"But it is not the gentlemen, sir, as comes generally; but somebody, sir, as wants very particular to speak with you—very particular indeed, they says; and says, sir, I must give this here card. If you was well enough to read the card, they says you'd maybe see 'em. I'll shove the card under the crack of the door, sir, they is so very pressin'." And the card duly appeared beneath the door.

With a mechanical listlessness belonging to a soul's musing, Leonard unconsciously bent down and picked up the card, and mechanically he read the well-known name—

"Mr. Andrew Gaywood."

As a drowning man clings, it is said, to a straw, so in a great misery does the sinking soul snatch madly at the faintest ray of comfort held forth towards it. Andrew Gaywood was the sole loving heart of that hard Stamboyse; the name foretold only love and sympathy. Leonard opened the door. There, close upon the threshold, stood—not the poor deformed, mild clerk of Michael Stamboyse's office—but a tall, mild woman!

"Who is it dare pry upon my misery?" exclaimed Leonard, with a harsh, grating voice, and with the blood rushing into his haggard face. The servant-girl glided away down the stairs to lean over the banisters, duster in hand, and listen. But the tall, mild woman, whose gentle eyes filled with sudden tears, stood yet more erect, and calmly holding forth her hands, seized those of Leonard. "Leonard," spoke a voice deep and mild as the eyes; "Mr. Leonard, I know your bitter misery, therefore am I come to you. I am Andrew Gaywood's sister; no human heart must be left, in this great London, friendless, desolate; human sympathy and aid are God's angels upon earth: long have we sought to obtain a clue to you—my brother in Nottingham, I here. Your letter to Mrs. Mordant gave that clue so long required. Mr. Ellis Stamboyse was little aware of the importance of his information when he commanded the intelligence which he had received from you to Andrew." As Lucretia Gaywood continued to speak with an earnestness of love and sorrow indiscribable permeating her every word—the anger died out of poor Leonard's heart. He had again entered his room, and had sunk his head upon the table. Lucretia drew near him, laid, for a moment, her cool hand upon his fevered brow; and as she stood, calm and yet filled with a deep compassion for him—strength, refreshment as from the presence of an angel, seemed to go forth from her, and raise up his fainting spirit. Sunshine fell in through the window, which Leonard, in his fevered panting for any external alleviation of his misery, had flung wide open. It brightened and brightened, filling with almost summer's gleams and spring's mildness the desolate room.

"We believed that you would wish at all events to see your poor mother," said the compassionate tender voice; "and we knew that the life of an art-student was hard and bare of means, therefore if you will permit Andrew the favour of begging you to accept a few pounds of ready money from him—he has received so many and so great favours for these years from your home, and he has such earnest respect and affection for yourself, that you cannot pain him by a refusal. It is here," she pursued, laying a small purse upon the table; "and if there is the slightest thing in which I could aid your immediate departure, believe me it would be a relief to my heart; for your affliction has long been a vast anxiety to us. Were alone yours the sufferings of a stranger I should be earnest in my offers of sympathy; but with *you* I am still more earnest, for you are no stranger to me; and as the son of Augustus Mordant, you have a claim upon all reverers of beautiful poetry.

Leonard accepted this gracefully proffered aid with that warm acknowledgment of a generous sympathy, which is its truest reward.

The following evening Leonard started by coach for Nottingham, Lucretia having in numerous ways, which alone can be divined by any affectionate woman's heart, rendered the preparations for his journey painless as possible to poor Leonard. She had also written, begging her brother to meet Leonard at the coach-office; which he did. And, though but little more than a tight pressure of their hands passed between the two, and but brief words were spoken, Lucretia's thought had produced its good fruit.

Mrs. Ellis Stamboyse and her sister, and good, bustling Mrs. Strudwicke were marvelously busy with the heaping up of rich bridecake in a silver basket, with gossip, and with preparation of the drawing-rooms for the reception of wedding visitors, during the hour that Leonard, with hurried footsteps but lagging heart, hastened out of the town in the direction of the asylum. The sunshine gleamed upon its many windows, as he neared the house of woe. A clear blue sky circled over it, and a flight of pigeons, with wings gleaming as the wings of angels, soared up in whirling flights above its red prison-roofs. Leonard's eyes noticed every thing, every grass-blade tipped with rime, which nodded along his pathway; every fleecy pile of cloud which rolled through the azure heaven. And now he was waiting in a small sitting-room, where the patients received their friends. With the same dull, mechanical perception, Leonard here noticed the cards stuck in the frame of a ground-plan of the establishment hung above the mantelpiece, and also he noticed that the fire-irons were chained to the stove, and that the window was very high and closed in with bars.

And then the door opened, and mechanically turning round, he saw, whilst a great trembling seized his soul—that his mother entered. Except that she was so very thin, and a certain mist hung within her restless eyes, he felt no change in her as she approached him—for she looked but little older, and had always, in years past, a certain wildness in her dress. But it was as a stranger that she addressed her son. This cut poor Leonard, as with a sharp knife, to the very bone. He, it was he, whose features were convulsed with emotion.

"You have done me the honour, sir, of calling upon me—pray be seated;" said the poor mother waving her hand with a strange grace towards a chair. "Visitors are unfrequent now in the world—but I do not wonder that they should not come HERE to see me, though I am the widow, sir, of Augustus Mordant—the poet's widow—for there are sad and terrible things done here. Had my son lived, sir; but, we won't talk about THAT—he was murdered—MURDERED—

MURDERED!" and hoarsely muttering to herself the terrible word, she sunk upon the floor oblivious to all but her anguish, and her frame quivered, as if she were seized with ague.

"Mother, dear—he is here!" said the stifled voice of Leonard, and he pressed his white lips to her poor thin hands; "I am your Leonard, only look at me, mother." But springing up like a tigress, the heart-broken mother seized her son fiercely by the shoulders, and with flashing eyes uttered a wild yell—"*You*—YOU MY son! YOU are his murderer!" The door flew open—a tall man seized upon Mrs. Mordant, and holding her poor hands tightly in his grasp, motioned with his head for Leonard to retire.

Leonard waited no longer; the last drop of misery was added to his cup, and in truth it flowed over. Pacing up and down the hilly fields around the asylum might Leonard have been seen during the whole of that day—he seemed unable to tear himself away from this place of woe—such a mighty pity for that suffering soul, swallowed his own misery. Doubts of all that is holiest at times assailed him—bitterest scorn of his own impotence stung him—all anchorage seemed lost for his soul. To have believed in utter annihilation after death, and to have sunk into a dull oblivion, was all that he desired. The beauty, the perfection, the cheerfulness of nature seemed a cruel mockery of man. No oasis showed itself in the desert of his life—yet, as in the house of death, the mourners rise up and lie down, partake of meat and drink, and take heed of the morrow—so did the body of Leonard mechanically pursue its course, whilst the soul lay dead. Back to London went the body, re-entered the dingy lodgings, and recommenced a dull, soulless, existence—ambition had vanished—hope—love; he never asked himself whether they would any day return.

Leonard sternly refused all intercourse with his acquaintance, and changed his lodging, desiring to be lost in the great vortex of London. Much astonishment did his sudden disappearance after his triumph occasion among the academy students and the professors, and especially in good Lambelli's heart. But in London the greatest wonder only remains a wonder its proverbial length of time—nine days. "He was always a queer fellow, was Hale, he'll be turning up again some of these days, never fear," was the consoling reference to the wonderments of his acquaintance.

Lucretia Gaywood, however, could not so easily be silenced. Leonard, on his return, was too unobservant of external things to notice an air of freshness and of order which reigned in his room,—that all his book had been dusted and arranged; that all his brushes had been beautifully washed, and his paint-box put into nicest order; that sketches, tumbling about, had been cleaned and laid together,—that a fresh cloth was laid upon his table, of a beautiful dull crimson; and that various rents and rags had disappeared from the hearth-rug. Neither did he notice that a new black tin coffee-pot stood on the accustomed spot of a leaky old one, which, for several years, had been a comforting friend of his. Alas! grief, which so often renders the kindest of hearts unkind, had rendered him blind to the ministration of two bright angels, who, during the days of his absence, had worked with busy fingers and sorrowing hearts for him—the angels Lucretia and her little sister Mary.

A great crisis had arrived in the life of Leonard,—he was suddenly become the grave and fully developed man, treading the path of earthly sorrow which our Blessed Lord deigned to tread,—our poor hero had become in due time "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Gradually through that dull time loomed forth the truth of many things—and with truth a certain hope. "Knowing what pain is, having involuntarily caused a pain unutterable, if there be a God of love and mercy, may that God avert from me the bitter curse of further increase of pain—may my life become not a curse—but each day, each hour exist innoxious, if not blessed, through the power of creating joy," thought unceasingly the soul of Leonard. Unceasing ponderings upon these things absorbed his spirit; the seeds of the peculiar nursery of his own and his parents miserable fate, he traced down to their earliest source, seeking with prayers and an agony, as of "bloody sweat," to disentangle the mournful skein of their lives.

The only remaining motive of his soul, during those long months was a stern resolve to avoid causing a pain or injustice towards any human being, and this alone impelled Leonard to exertion. In order, honestly to pay for the slender requirements of his life, he unceasing made the description of designs for the publisher whom we have already mentioned. To begin any great work of imagination seemed to him a mockery—the glory of his earlier aspirations was gone, and he remembered his fervour of but a few months back with a sort of pity. How long this frame of mind might have continued, had Leonard been left undisturbed in this strange and brooding life, we know not. But the seeds of earnestness having been sown by the angel of Pain in his soul, now came the angel o Pity to call them into life by her warm smiles, and by her tears of sympathy.

Leonard was drawing, as usual, one April afternoon, with a dull monotony of hand, and with his thoughts far away, when suddenly once again the angelic vision stood in his room.

"You must pardon our intrusion," said Lucretia's mild voice, "but we have been very anxious about you, and Andrew has insisted upon our disturbing you. We have brought you a little bit of nature, Mr. Hale, to tempt you to come out with us and see what pleasant things are going on in the world, which we are all of us apt to forget. Where is it, dear Mary?" And Mary, a girl of fifteen, with the most modest of deep hazel eyes, brought up from beneath the soft folds of her cloak a rustic basket brimful of clusters of the freshest primroses, and bright gleaming arum leaves, and dark-green dog's merny, and ivy trails, with bushes of violets here and there peeping out of moss.

"How very beautiful! Miss Gaywood," exclaimed Leonard, with such an expression of pleasure in his voice and in his whole countenance as had not been there for many a long month; "and what a kind, gentle thought of yours—beautiful as the flowers themselves!"

"Oh, it is not *our* thought," said Mary, speaking for the first time, and a bright colour spreading over her face, till she looked almost beautiful; "it was Andrew's thought, yesterday, when we were all together down in those beautiful Esher woods—how beautiful they are!—and the birds singing like mad, and Lucretia repeating her favourite lines of Mordant's about the summer grass, we all at once exclaimed how much we wished indeed that you could have been with us,—for Andrew always connects you with thoughts of flowers, and moss, and ivy; and he said, 'Take him some flowers, and try to persuade him to come here—to these Esher woods I mean.' And so, this morning, after we had been with Andrew to the coach, and bade him good-by, we came over here."

As the bright young girl spoke, the dull mist over Leonard's soul was withdrawn for a space, and rays of celestial light fell with a warmth upon him. But he remained quite silent, and there was almost an unresponsively cold look on his face.

"We were so sanguine," resumed Lucretia, "as to believe that, together with these flowers, our words might avail some little with you, and that you might be prevailed upon to take some change. I know myself so well the deadening effect of these London rooms, and especially the reluctance that grows upon one living alone, to break through the charmed circle of solitude, the influence of which grows upon one with the strength of an enchanter's spell. I wonder whether you would ever so far break this spell, as to come out to us at Kentish-town; we've no Esher woods there, nor anything even to be properly called a garden—not what we country folks, Mr. Hale, should call a garden—but we have quiet, and a few trees, and beautiful sunsets from our sitting-room window, and we are near to really lovely strolls at Highgate; and, above all, we have a truly hearty welcome for you? Will you believe this, and will you come and test it?" And such truth and purity lay in every accent of the sisters' voices, and in their kind countenances that Leonard, spite of himself, said, "Yes, I will, indeed!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRADO.

The Prado is the great promenade of Madrid. In Spanish comedies and in Spanish romances it is the chief scene of the story—the most fashionable quarter, the busiest and bravest locality, where Spanish grandees swagger, and Spanish beauties smile. It is in the interior of the city, and begins at the convent of Atocha, a staid, sober-looking building, very dim and dreary, and continues at a right angle to the gate of the Alcala. It is more than 2,120 yards in length. The spot has always attained a high celebrity, higher than Venetian Rialto or Parisian Boulevard, or our own Rotten Row, and has been tastefully adorned from time to time by the reigning monarchs of Spain. Charles III. planted it with trees, and decorated it with fountains and marble statues. Once it was a great place for duels, and many a don has fleshed his sword in that honourable quarter; but its near proximity to the court put an end to this sort of gallantry, and now, in the evening, the place is thronged with all the nobility, beauty and fashion of Madrid. Colour upon colour, crowd upon crowd, in one grand moving panorama, which no tongue can tell, no language can describe.

The Prado is divided into two grand avenues, both overshadowed by trees, and both ornamented and refreshed by fountains. One is appropriated to vehicles, the other to foot-passengers. One of the most beautiful among the ountains is represented in our engraving. The art of the sculptor has been effectively exerted, and the graceful outline of the whole is well adapted to the place. The light falls brightly on the water as it is cast upwards in the air, and falls again in a shower of spray. The fountain is situated in close neighbourhood to the gate of the Alcala, in a spot known as the Saloon, surrounded by some of the finest buildings and fairest gardens in all Madrid. And as it is one of the fairest, so it is one of the most thronged in the city. There the concourse is prodigious. The equipages are very brilliant, chiefly drawn by black mules ornamented with bells, whose ceaseless tinkling is by no means disagreeable. The ladies, in their mantillas of black and white, do not descend from their carriages, and as vehicle after vehicle rolls on its way, the scene is extremely animating. The water-sellers busily ply their trade, and their musical cry is incessantly heard. The scene which the Prado presents is unrivalled in the world. The stately trees, the well-cultivated gardens, the architectural beauty of the buildings, the marble statues, the graceful fountains, the gay groups, the tinkling bells, the murmur of light laughter, the tramp of feet, and the sound of the falling waters—all unite to present us with a picture such as Spain alone can give.

FOUNTAIN ON THE PRADO, MADRID.

END OF VOL. I.

JOHN CASSELL, PRINTER, LUDGATE-HILL, LONDON.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA TAKING POSSESSION OF THE "SEAS, LANDS, AND COASTS, AND PORTS AND ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH," IN THE NAME OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF CASTILE.

THE

ILLUSTRATED

MAGAZINE OF ART:

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM

THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS

OF

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LOCAL AND DOMESTIC SCENES, ORNAMENTAL WORKS,

ETC. ETC.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

MAGAZINE OF ART.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN BY VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA.

The adventures of the early explorers of the American continent furnished to the wonder-lovers of the sixteenth century the same rich delights which the knights and dames of an earlier age found in the exploits of Charlemagne and his peers, of Roland at Roncesvalles, and of Amadis de Gaul. Even the old black letter men who pored in solitude over the accounts of the Argonautic expedition, or the adventurous rambles of Perseus, and believed them all, because it was impossible to prove them false, began to doubt as they heard of the dazzling conquests of the Spaniards, whether the classic age of marvel, was yet passed. There certainly never was an age in which rude physical courage and energy gave more striking manifestations of their power, and we have now only to lament that the sense of justice and humanity was not at that time so fully developed as to make them subservient to the wants and happiness of mankind, instead of pandering to lust and covetousness.

In the character of Columbus himself, and in all his acts, there is everything to admire. There was in him that devout simplicity, that humble aspiration, that chastened and refined enthusiasm which animated the artists of his day, and made art not so much a profession as a religious faith. He followed out his convictions with an earnestness and single-mindedness, which were in themselves the best guarantees of success, and sought his reward, not so much in personal aggrandisement, as in the advance of science and the diffusion of knowledge. It might have been said of him with no less truth than of our own great hero, that no woman ever feared to mention his name with honour, and no priest to couple it with prayer.

The men who followed in his footsteps were of a widely different stamp. They speedily took from the stories of new world exploration all the show of noble daring and disinterestedness which gave to the earlier voyages an air of epic grandeur, and changed an iliad of sailors into a series of marauding expeditions, full of romance, valour, and audacity to be sure, but tainted by the constant overflow of all the blackest passions of the human heart.

A Spanish colony existed in 1510 at St. Domingo, under the government of Admiral Diego Columbus, and from it bands of adventurers issued at various times, for the purpose of exploring the interior of the southern continent, and in the hope of meeting with rich booty. One of the most daring, most romantic, and most unfortunate, was Alonzo de Ojeda, a model of fiery courage, untempered by one grain of prudence or caution. During one of his visits to St. Domingo, when full of hope and enthusiasm, but sorely pressed for money, he so dazzled the imagination of a rich lawyer, whom he there met, named Martin Fernandez de Enciso, by his glowing pictures of the riches and fertility of the forests of the continent, that he induced him to invest all his riches in fitting out an expedition, with a part of which Ojeda started directly himself, leaving Enciso to follow with the remainder. Ojeda passed through wondrous perils and hair breadth escapes, to find himself, at the close of his strange eventful history, a ruined and broken-hearted man. It is not our purpose, however, to follow him through his romantic career. Our attention must for the present be confined to Enciso and his party, who prepared to follow his confederate with supplies and reinforcements. When he was on the eve of sailing, all the gentlemen of "doubtful reputation," debtors, swindlers, and other unfortunates, with whom St. Domingo already abounded, became most anxious to accompany him, finding, naturally enough, the vicinity of their creditors highly disagreeable. The latter, however, getting wind of their intention, placed a close watch around the coast and harbour, and obtained an armed vessel from the admiral to escort Enciso's ship out of the port. The would-be emigrants were thus grievously disappointed, but one among them was determined not to be baffled, and we all know that where there is a will there is a way. He concealed himself in a cask, which he caused to be carried on board, as if containing provisions for the voyage, and when the vessel was fairly at sea, he emerged from his hiding-place, and presented himself to the astonished gaze of the commander on deck. The latter was at first in a great rage, at the deception which had been practised upon him, fumed, shouted, and swore roundly that he would place the delinquent on shore on the first inhabited island they met with. The intruder, however, was a fine tall muscular fellow, bronzed by the sun, and well inured to fatigue, and there was a look of quiet daring in his eye, which made him, after all, no very unwelcome visitant to the leader of an expedition directing its course to unknown and barbarous shores.

The name of this new recruit was Vasco Nunez de Balboa. He was a native of Xeres de los Caballeros, and of poor but noble family. He had been brought up, according to the custom of the time, in the service of a nobleman named Don Pedro Puerto Carrero, and had enlisted amongst the adventurers who accompanied Rodrigo de Bastides in his expedition to America. Peter Martyr, in his Latin Decades, speaks of him as an "egregius degladiator," a skilful swordsman, or, as some say, an adroit fencing-master; and gives him the character of a soldier of fortune, of loose, prodigal habits. He had for a short time taken up his abode at Hispaniola, and had commenced to cultivate a small farm at Salvaterra; but he soon found himself involved in debt, and at last made his escape in the way we have described.

Enciso had expected to find Ojeda comfortably settled in a strong fort called San Sebastian, surrounded by treasure and lordly abundance; but alas! instead of this, he found but a howling wilderness, the fort a heap of blackened ruins, and its garrison gone he knew not whither. The Indians were timid or hostile, and, to add to his misfortunes, his vessel was wrecked on the coast, and the crew escaped with difficulty. His supplies were soon exhausted, but where to seek assistance he knew not. In this dilemma, Vasco Nunez, the contraband passenger, came to his aid, by informing him that he had formerly sailed along the coast, and knew an Indian village on the banks of the river called Darien, where they would find plenty of everything they needed, gold and food. They followed his guidance, attacked the village successfully, and found an immense booty. The soldiers were delighted; their hardships were over. Enciso here fixed his head-quarters, assuming the title of alcalde mayor, and Vasco Nunez became a general favourite. But the first edict of the alcalde forbidding all trafficking with the natives for gold on private account, upon pain of death, produced general dissatisfaction. It was in accordance with the king's command, to be sure; but men who had risked their all for gold were not to be baulked in the acquisition of it by any squeamish loyalty. They murmured openly, and Vasco Nunez encouraged them in their murmurings; and at last a powerful party, of which he was the head, denied Enciso's right to the position he had assumed, and at last formally deposed him from his authority. In his place, Vasco Nunez and one Zemudio were elected joint alcaldes, and a cavalier named Valdivia, regidor. Nunez was now in his element, in

the prime of life, tall, well-formed, and vigorous, and with an open prepossessing countenance, and in possession of an authority all but supreme. He determined to carry matters to the extreme against Enciso, and therefore summoned him before him to answer the charge of usurping the powers of alcalde mayor. As might have been expected, he was found guilty, thrown into prison, and his property confiscated. By the intercessions of his friends he was soon liberated, and permitted to return to Spain. As Nunez knew well, however, that he would plead his cause ably before the king, he sent one of his own friends to argue his own cause against him.

Vasco Nunez now (1511) strained every nerve to distinguish himself in his new government, and thus remove any unfavourable impression regarding his proceedings which the home government might be disposed to entertain. His first object was to collect as large a quantity of gold as possible, and for this purpose he instantly sent out exploring parties into the neighbourhood. One of these, under the command of the famous Pizarro, then a subordinate in the army, met with a severe reverse in a conflict with the Indians. Nunez, at last, set out himself at the head of 120 men, and attacked a place named Coyba, surprised the cacique, made him prisoner, and plundered his village. The unfortunate chief finding himself a captive in the hands of his enemies, implored mercy, offered to supply the Spanish troops with provisions, and to reveal the riches of the land, and as a pledge of his good faith gave his daughter in marriage to Nunez. The prayers and tears of the cacique might doubtless have knocked in vain at the door of the conqueror's stern heart, but the beauty of the Indian maiden quite vanquished him. He released the prisoners, entered into an offensive alliance with her father, and on receiving a supply of provisions started on his march for the chastisement of some of his father-in-law's enemies. From some of them whom he awed into subjection, and from whom he extorted vast sums of gold, he first heard of a great ocean which lay beyond the mountains to the westward. He continued his explorations for some time with varied success, suffering terrible hardships from cold, hunger, fatigue, and watching; nightly harassed by vigilant enemies, and daily worn out by toilsome marches through trackless forests, and across precipitous and dreary hills. In the midst of such difficulties any but "men of iron," who carried with them nothing of civilisation but its ingenuity in destruction, and whose sole hopes lay in their valour, must have sunk down in despair. But such spirits as Vasco Nunez had at command were daunted by no perils, and dismayed by no difficulties, and he was advancing from conquest to conquest, when news arrived from Spain, that for the moment paralysed and unnerved him, and seemed to blast every one of his hopes for ever. One of his private friends informed him by letter that Enciso had lodged his complaint before the king, and after a long trial had obtained the condemnation and deposition of Nunez, who was at the same time sentenced to pay costs and damages, and that he would in all probability be shortly summoned to Madrid to answer other criminal charges in person. This was a heavy blow, and Nunez's ancient firmness seemed to have deserted him. But it was only for the moment. He had as yet received no official intimation of the result of the trial, and until that arrived, he was still his own master, and might still hope for extrication from his perils. His only safety lay in the achievement of some striking exploit which should atone for all his past offences, and restore him to the king's favour. Now or never! The choice lay between glory and a prison, and there was little time for deliberation. A thousand men, it is true, would have been necessary for such an expedition as he contemplated, but where were they? Vasco Nunez was not the man to be baulked by unpropitious circumstances; so when a thousand men were not to be had, he determined that one-fifth of that number should do their work. Of the hardy and reckless crew that surrounded him, he chose 150 of the most daring, and devoted, to whom danger, mystery, unknown and frightful hazards, were sweet as women's kisses, and arming them with swords, targets, crossbows, and harquebusses, informed them that he was to put their and his fortunes on the cast, and set forward in search of the great unknown ocean beyond the hills, accompanied by a large number of bloodhounds, long trained in Indian warfare.

On the 6th of September, 1513, he took solemn leave of the main body of his forces, and after a prayer, suitable to the occasion, struck into the wilderness with his little band of explorers. For ten days they pursued their way amidst almost incredible hardships and fatigues, suffering intensely from hunger, torn by briars in the thickets, half drowned in the swamps, and daily exposed to the fierce attacks of the Indians, who hung on the march in great numbers, and every hour threatened to overwhelm them. Often the Spaniards had to fight their way for miles in the face of the most fearful odds, but their unconquerable valour, their fire-arms and bloodhounds, generally brought them unscathed through every encounter. At last they arrived, laden with booty, at the foot of the great mountain range, beyond which they were told lay the object of their search, and after resting here for one night, Vasco Nunez prepared to ascend in the morning early, to get the first glimpse of his new discovery. But of all his followers sixty-seven only were strong enough to climb the mountain to gaze upon the object of their toils and struggles.

When the day dawned, they set forth from the Indian village, in which they had passed the night, and by ten o'clock, by a toilsome ascent, through thick forests, they emerged upon the bare and rugged region, which lay below the summit. The Indian guides here pointed to a craggy eminence, from which the first view of the ocean might be obtained. Nunez commanded his men to halt, and now proceeded alone. With a throbbing heart he ascended the bare mountain top. The crisis of his fate was come, and he trembled with anxiety. At last he stood upon the summit and gazed eagerly westward. Below him lay a vast chaos of rock and wood, and pampa, and roaring torrent, and, oh, joy unutterable! away in the distance, the long sought ocean danced and glittered in the morning sun.

"A les, O desiderabilis,
Quem petiebamus in tenebris!"

Vasco Nunez fell on his knees on the spot, and poured forth his heart in thanksgiving to God, who had so abundantly blessed him. Here was the great Indian Sea, which washed the isles of spices and of gems, where the golden dreams of the old world poets were living, palpable realities, and Vasco Nunez was the happy discoverer. His followers soon joined him, swore to follow him to death, and having chanted a *Te Deum* on the spot, they made preparations for descending to the sea coast. The way was long and difficult, and the tribes through whose territory they had to pass were fierce and hostile, and before he reached the end of the journey, Nunez was forced to leave behind most of his men to take rest after their fatigues, and advanced himself at the head of a small band of the bravest and best armed, accompanied by the cacique who reigned over the adjoining district, and some of his chosen warriors. The thick forests which covered the mountains descended to the very margin of the sea, surrounding and overshadowing the wide and beautiful bays which penetrated far into the land. The whole coast, as far as the eye could reach, was perfectly wild, the sea without a sail, and both seemed never to have been under the dominion of civilized man. They had arrived on the borders of one of those vast bays to which he gave the name of St. Michael, the saint on whose day it was discovered. The tide was out, and so gradual was the incline of the strand, that the water was full half a league distant. Nunez seated himself under the shade of a tree until it should come in. At last it came dashing on to his very feet with great impetuosity. He started up, seized a banner on which were printed a Virgin and child, and under them the arms of Castile and Leon. Then drawing his sword he advanced into the sea until the water was up to his knees, and waving the standard, exclaimed with a loud voice,—

"Long live the high and mighty monarchs, Don Ferdi-

nand and Donna Juanna, sovereigns of Castile, of Leon, and of Arragon, in whose name, and for the royal crown of Castile, I take real, and corporal, and actual possession of these seas, and lands, and coasts, and ports, and islands of the south, and all thereunto annexed, and of the kingdoms and provinces which do or may appertain to them, in whatever manner, and by whatever right or title, ancient or modern, in times past, present, or to come, without any contradiction; and if other prince or captain, christian or infidel, or of any law, sect, or condition whatsoever, shall pretend any right to these islands, or seas, I am ready and prepared to maintain and defend them in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, present and future, whose is the empire and dominion over these Indian seas, islands, and terra firma, northern and southern, with all their seas, both at the arctic and antarctic poles, on either side of the equinoctial line, whether within or without the tropics of cancer and capricorn, both now and in all times, as long as the world endures, and until the final day of judgment of all mankind!" His followers hailed this pompous declaration with loud acclamations, and declared themselves ready to defend his claims against all comers, and advancing to the brink, having tasted the water, and found it to be indeed salt, they returned thanks to God once more. When these ceremonies were concluded Vasco Nunez drew his dagger, and cut three crosses on trees in the neighbourhood, in honour of the Three Persons of the Trinity, and his example was followed by many of his soldiers.

The after history of Nunez was melancholy in the extreme. After going through unparalleled hardships and dangers in exploring the coast of the Pacific, he once more crossed the isthmus, and returned to Darien laden with treasure. During his absence a new governor had arrived, who was animated by the bitterest enmity against him, and although the magnitude of his discoveries had restored him to favour at Madrid, his foes in the colony were numerous and determined. A trumped up charged of treason was brought against him, and he was arrested in the midst of his glory and prosperity; tried hastily and condemned, and executed in the square of Acla, amidst the tears and lamentations of the soldiers and people. He died as he had lived, with undaunted courage, in the forty-second year of his age, and in the prime and vigour of his life, and Spain long mourned him as one of the bravest, the most intrepid, and most enterprising of her great captains.

HISTORY OF SUGAR.

I WAS led to investigate the history of sugar by a casual remark of the late Sir Joseph Banks, one day at breakfast. I forget now how the conversation arose, but he inquired whether I had met with any of the remains of the sugar-cane in Sicily, mentioning that it had been previously produced in the island of Crete, but the sugar manufactured in that island was more crystallised than ours, and was called, from the the place where it was boiled, sugar of Candi, otherwise sugar Candy, and it seems never to have been prepared better there than in that form.

It is certain, however, that in the year 1148 considerable quantities of the article were produced in the island of Sicily, and the Venetians traded in it; but I have met with no evidence to support the "Essai de l'Histoire du Commerce," in which the author says that the Saracens brought the sugar-cane from India to Sicily.

"The ancient Greeks and Romans," says Dr. William Douglas, "used honey only for sweetening." And Paulus Ægineta, who calls it cane-honey, says it came originally from China, by the East Indies and Arabia, into Europe. Salmasius says, however, that it had been used in Arabia 900 years before. But it is certain that sugar was only used in syrups, conserves, and such like Arabian medicinal compositions, when it was first introduced into the west of Europe; but Mr. Wotton, in his "Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning," says that the sugar-cane was not anciently unknown, since it grows naturally in Arabia and Indostan; but so little was the old world acquainted with its delicious juice, that "some of the ablest men," says he, "doubted whether it were a dew like manna, or the juice of the plant itself." It is, however, certain that raw sugar was used in Europe before the discovery of America.

About the year 1419, the Portuguese planted the Island of Madeira with sugar-canes from Sicily; and Giovanni Batero, in an English translation of his book, in 1606, on the "Causes of the Magnificence and Grandeur of Cities," mentions the excellence of the sugar-cane of Madeira, for which it was transported to the West Indies; and there can be no doubt that Madeira was one of the first islands of the Atlantic Ocean in which this important article was earliest manufactured.

It was about this time (1503) that the art of refining sugar was discovered by a Venetian, who is said to have realised 100,000 crowns by the invention. Our ancestors made use of it as it came in juice from the canes, but most commonly used honey in preference.

From the Brazils and the Canaries sugar-canes were brought and planted in the Island of Hispaniola, and in the same year sugar was brought from the Brazils into Europe. The commodity was then very dear, and used only on rare occasions, honey being till then the general ingredient for sweetening of meats and drinks.

When sugar was introduced into this country first is doubtful; but in 1526 it was imported from St. Lucar, in Spain, by certain merchants of Bristol, who brought the article which had been imported there from the Canary Islands.

In the year 1641 the sugar-cane was imported from the Brazils into Barbadoes, and being found to thrive, sugar-mills were established. A Colonel James Drax, who began the cultivation with about £300, declared that he would never return to England till he had made £10,000 a-year; and Colonel Thomas Modyford was still higher in his expectations.

It was from the island of Barbadoes that the slave trade began. The first planters finding such immense profits, induced the merchants at home to send ships with assorted cargoes for the product of the island, but they found it impossible to manage the cultivation of sugar by white people in so hot a climate. The example of the Portuguese gave birth to the negro slave trade, and it flourished till abolished by Act of Parliament; but in that age it was a most flourishing business, and the ports of London and Bristol had the main supply. Barbadoes, in the year 1569, attained its utmost pitch of prosperity. In a pamphlet entitled "Trade Revived," it is spoken of as "having given to many men of low degree vast fortunes, equal to noblemen; that upwards of a hundred sail of ships there yearly find employment, by carrying goods and passengers thither, and bringing thence other commodities, whereby seamen are bred and custom increased, our commodities vended, and many thousands employed therein, and in refining our sugar at home, which we formerly had from other countries."

In 1670 our sugar colonies drew the means of support from what were then our North American colonies, particularly New York, Pennsylvania, and the Jerseys; and the first time that sugar was made subject to taxation at home was in 1685. Like other merchandise, it was previously subject to a five per cent poundage.

In 1739 the importation of sugar from the West India Islands was so great, that there was a relaxation of our colonial policy towards them; and they were permitted to carry their sugar to any part south of Cape Finisterre, without being obliged to land them first in Great Britain. From this time sugar has continued to increase, and it is needless to pursue its history further; it was then a great article of trade, and, as an ingredient, the consumption has been continually increasing. Whether the cultivation has exceeded the wants of the commercial world, or that the new colonies have been found more fertile than the old, I cannot pretend to say; but at this moment the proprietors of the sugar estates are suffering at all hands, and their greatest calamity is not the emancipation of their slaves.—*From Mr. Galt's Literary Autobiography.*

MORE ABOUT THE DIGGINGS.

FOREST CREEK, HALF-WAY BETWEEN THE MIDDLE DIGGINGS AND GOLDEN POINT.

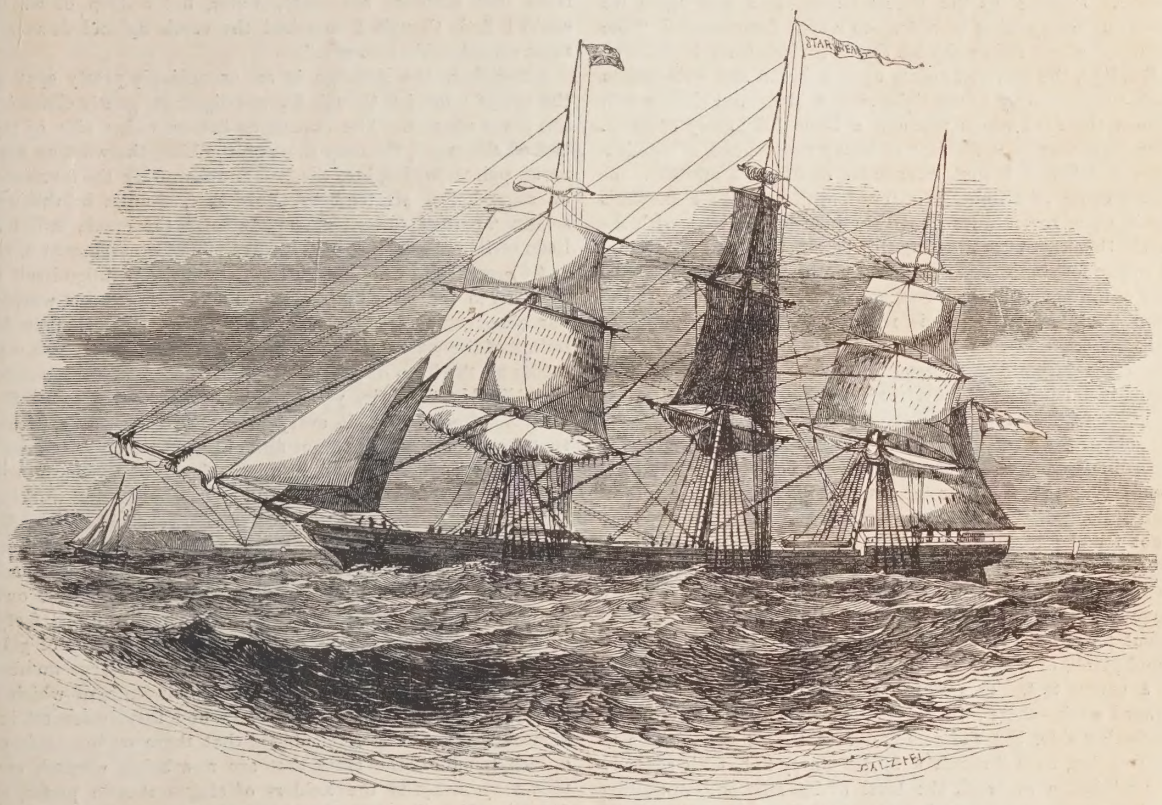
WATER HOLE IN THE FOREST CREEK DIGGINGS.

"About the 20th of last month, a prospector at the Forest Creek Diggings was fortunate enough to find a nugget of gold, weighing upwards of 40 lbs. The lucky individual immediately sold it to a speculator for £1,600, and is now on his

way to England." Some such paragraph as this is every now and then copied from the Sydney or Melbourne newspapers, and speedily makes the "round of the press." As a matter of course, it is read by tens of thousands of people, and—equally as a matter of course, it would seem—out of these tens of thousands, many hundreds of "enterprising young men" find their several ways to the ship-brokers and the docks, and thence across the great Pacific to that wonderful El Dorado in the south. And so it is always: the young and ardent find a home in any land to which fortune may chance to take them; but when they grow old, and weary of the toil of riches, they turn their faces lovingly back to the scenes of their youth, and long to rest their bones in the churchyard,

"Where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Our readers know something about Mount Alexander, from the sketches, both pictorial and literary, which have already appeared* in this work; from the same source—the facile pen and pencil of a lucky digger—we are enabled to present



STAR OF THE EAST, BELONGING TO THE GOLDEN LINE OF AUSTRALIAN CLIPPERS.

them with a couple of views of the almost equally celebrated Forest Creek. This river has been a famous place of deposit for the uncertain gold. In the winter it is a roaring, boiling torrent; but in the summer,—the November and December of Australia—when our artist made his admirable sketches, the hot sun had dried up the waters, and the diggers had filled the abandoned "holes" with the refuse of their cradles. They were thus enabled to work and to carry on their mining operations in the dry bed of the river.

Upwards of a mile of the creek is here seen to advantage. The washers are busily engaged in the various operations of "puddling" the rich clay in tubs, of "washing in the cradles," and the ever-present "tin dish." The drying up of the creek has enabled the miners to carry on what is called "dry diggings;" which is, to excavate until they come to the "gold deposits" of dust or "nuggets." The miners work with a spade or large knife, and this operation is also called "nugget-ing." By this method of working, all the small gold is lost for want of water; but at the various dry diggings many parties have "done wonders." In this way the solid lump of gold found three months ago—October 12th, 1852—at Mount Alexander, weighing 27 lbs. 8 oz., was turned up from a hole a few feet below the surface. "Many of the digging parties have been accumulating heaps of rich earth to be washed when the rains fall, and there can be little doubt that hand-some fortunes were made from the soil which was thus stored up during the summer, for the rain has long since come down in great abundance."

Many persons, supposed to be fully competent to form an opinion, have stated that great as has been the quantity of gold brought to Melbourne and Geelong, there is a much greater quantity left in the soil. Indeed it is a well-known fact that those wily diggers have done very well who have been "fossicking," as it is termed; that is to say, going about the deserted holes and heaps of refuse, and washing the soil over again in a tin dish. "All who have any idea of gold diggings," says our Australian friend, "will allow that the soil must be rich indeed to pay in this way, but it has been very common for men to get from half an ounce to two ounces a day each."

Fears have been expressed by many that the rich deposits may fail altogether, and that then an immense number of individuals will be suddenly thrown on the labour market of Australia; but scientific men, who have visited Mount Alexander and the other diggings, fear no such result. Gold is known to exist in large quantities all along the banks of creeks and in the river flats, miles from "the mount," and some express an opinion that "Victoria" will be exporting the precious metal in abundance when California shall fail, or have become, comparatively speaking, exhausted; "in fact," exclaims our enthusiastic artist, "for hundreds of years it will pay the labouring population to seek for gold. The various diggings at Mount Alexander are already extended over a

* Magazine of Art, Vol. I. p. 349-352.

length of forty miles, and during the winter it is expected that many rich diggings will turn up in the "Gullies" in the ranges and spurs of "the mount."

But to return to our engraving, the tall straight tree on the left, in the foreground, is the "stringy bark," with which the banks of Forest Creek are principally wooded; at the foot is the "honeysuckle," a tree seldom growing to a large size. On the right, in the midst of the tents, is seen the "red gum," with its twisted and gnarled trunk and branches. This wood has been much used in the colony for furniture, picture frames, work-boxes, &c. It has a very fine grain, and is capable of receiving a high degree of polish. A little to the left we have the "white gum," easily recognised by its smooth white bark. In the distance is seen the light and graceful "she oak," with its long wiry leaves sighing in the breeze.

The second engraving is a view of a water-hole in the Forest Creek diggings. Here also much gold has been found. It should have been stated that the Forest Creek and Bendigo diggings form part of what is known as the Mount Alexander district. Passing up the Forest Creek—and here again we quote our enterprising traveller—to a spot denominated "the Springs," where the road joins the direct line from Melbourne to Bendigo, the traveller comes upon a broad and well-beaten track running away to the right over a steep and sliding hill. Thence the road winds through a beautiful grassy country, lying immediately at the foot of heavy ranges, one of which is the world-famed Mount Alexander itself, and another, the Mount Byng of Mitchell, until at length he reaches Barker's Creek, some seven miles above the junction of that with the Forest Creek. After crossing this creek, the road follows up its course for some distance, and then breaks off over the tail ends of innumerable short broken ridges, for about four miles, when the Porcupine inn is reached. It is astonishing to mark the change that has taken place in this locality. No longer the insignificant hostelrie, known only to those well versed in bush life and travel, it has now become a spot whose name, fame, and reputation have travelled as far as those of the gold of the country around. From this point the road is exceedingly hilly and broken for six or seven miles, and the scenes that the traveller witnesses with jibbing horses and irate bullock drivers would be amusing in the extreme, were it not for the torture inflicted upon the poor dumb beasts to force them to breast their way up the fearful gradients before them. At one point, in particular, a gap in a high stony range has to be crossed, by a road which presents an unbroken ascent for close upon a mile, diversified only by an occasional pinch, every one of which puts the mettle of the teams to a severe test. This range once passed, all is straight forward work—there is, of course, a corresponding descent on the farther side, but the remainder of the road, right up to the Bendigo, runs through a broad grassy flat, with scarcely an undulation to break the level of its surface, continuing until the white tents which form part of the outposts of the diggings are seen glistening through the trees. Not a quarter of a mile further on, the road enters upon the Bendigo itself, just at Black's store, at the end of Golden Point—every Diggings has its Golden Point. From Black's store, for about three miles up the creek, the great body of the tents are pitched, as within that distance the larger portion of the gold that has reached Melbourne from Bendigo has been dug out. Beyond this limit, going still up the creek, the tents become more scattered, and after a while terminate suddenly. At this point the character of the scenery becomes more rude and broken, approaching nearer to that of the Forest Creek, though still not so bold or striking as many of the spots in the latter place. Descending the creek from Black's store, we find the flat which borders it on either side gradually expanding, being in many places upwards of a mile in width, whilst the ranges become less and less elevated, less stony and more grassy, until at about a distance of six miles from Golden Point, where the last outlying tent is to be found, a scene such as is to be witnessed only in Australia meets the eye. The points of gentle undulation—they can scarcely be called hills—well grassed and lightly timbered, fall gracefully down upon the broad and open plain with which they blend, breaking the monotony that might otherwise pervade the view. The flat itself presents the very *beau ideal* of what is known to bushmen as an open forest country; the timber heavy, but the trees only lightly scattered, whilst the rough grass having been eaten off by the half-starved horses and cattle of the diggers, has allowed the young shoots to push forth vigorously and abundantly, forming a verdant and closely-matted covering for the earth. "In addition to this, it was during a sunny moment, after several heavy showers, that I visited the spot, and the old gums were decked out in their brightest livery, in honour of my visit, whilst the parrots and gillimockers in the trees sang out, as well as their unmusical voices would let them, a song of welcome. I can assure you, that for fully half an hour, I luxuriated in the view before me, my old mare, meanwhile, filling her stomach upon the short sweet grass at her feet, quite as complacently as I fed my eyes upon the landscape. Altogether, it was one of the most delightful spots that I have ever come across, but it lacks that absolute necessary, water, not a drop of which could I find, though I searched the creek up and down for some considerable distance."

Altogether, the Bendigo is an exceedingly pretty spot in the eye of a tourist, though for the digger its gentle character has fewer charms. The expansive flat on either side of the bed of the creek, the easy slope of the hills, the want of bold rocky points jutting into the bed and favouring the formation of water-holes, all tend to show that, though in the wet season a perfect torrent may pour down the creek, still but little of it will settle, or become available for permanent use.

At present the whole of the digging on the Bendigo itself is confined to the old claims, which have not yet been worked out, since comparatively few holes have been opened since the failure of the water. "And where," methinks I hear you say, "does all the heap of gold that reaches us from Bendigo come from?" My dear sir, you may take a circuit of two miles from Bendigo, and visit every gully and watercourse within that range, and you will not find one into which the miner's pick has not entered; and in the majority of them you will find a band of hardy diggers snugly ensconced and working away, as usual, with varied success. However, in every gully that has been so pierced, without a single exception, there have always been two, three, or more parties, who have made a rich haul out of their holes. I visited several of these out-of-the-way spots, and was shown holes whence thirty, forty, sixty, and even a hundred and thirty pounds weight of gold had been extracted. In many of these gullies a large number of the owners of claims have pitched their tents, of which I have counted upwards of a hundred and fifty in several instances. When it is remembered that there are hundreds of gullies lying off the creek that are now being worked, and that very many of the holders of claims therein prefer, as diggers ordinarily do, to live as near to their work as possible, some vague idea of the number of persons scattered over this portion of the country may be arrived at. This scattering may also account for my disappointment on reaching the Bendigo; as having just come from the most thickly located portion of Forest Creek, I expected to find as large an assemblage of tents and stores as I had left behind me. This, however, was very far from being the case at the time of my visit, though I am led to believe that, before the want of water drove away the numbers of persons that are now sitting down on the neighbouring creeks, there must have been a larger mass of persons congregated together in one spot, of limited extent, than ever there was either at Forest Creek or any other Australian digging.

A friend of mine, in whose opinion I can place every reliance, assured me that, in the palmy watery days of Bendigo, fully fifteen thousand souls were camped on the banks of the creek within a length of a mile and a half. One spot was pointed out to me, that had obtained the name of Bendigo Terrace, which some short time back formed a long street of some four or five hundred yards in length, running between

regular lines of closely packed tents. The remains only of the terrace were visible on my visit, but the numerous pegs left in the earth showed me plainly what it must have been in its days of glory. That so large a number of persons should be packed in so small a compass, may seem strange; but when it is remembered that all the most richly productive ground lay within the length of a mile and a half along the creek, and that all the diggers were consequently congregated immediately around this spot, the fact may be readily accounted for. However, when the water at Bendigo failed, the Sheepwash Creek had to be resorted to for washing. Many persons engaged in carting or washing, &c., removed there, and thus took from the numbers at the Diggings. At the Sheepwash again, the numerous cradles that were worked soon turned the water holes into mud holes, and a push further a-head to the Emu Creek had to be made. At this latter place there are now some five or six thousand souls located. Both these streams lie easterly from Bendigo. Bullock Creek, on the western side of the Bendigo, was also taken up by the diggers about the same time as the Emu Creek, and boasts of a population very nearly equal to that of the latter. Altogether, taking Bendigo and the adjoining gullies, the Sheepwash, Emu, and Bullock Creeks, there cannot be less than fifteen thousand diggers thereon, and counting women and children, there are over twenty-five thousand souls upon them.

HOW TO GET TO THE DIGGINGS.

Seek out the best house, the house of the highest character, in the Australian emigrant trade, at whatever port you intend to start from, and be guided by them in all things. In all the large ports, there are some four or five ship-brokers to any one of whom it is hardly possible to give the preference over the others of its class, and in selecting the great Liverpool house of Millers and Thompson, it will be seen that the priority we assign them arises not so much from any peculiar advantage their arrangements possess, but because of the new features introduced by them in the employment of vessels of a highly superior class. Elaborate tables of fares and scales of dietary might be furnished, but our present object is to show the spirit of emulation that has seized upon the shipowners engaged in the Australian trade; and for that purpose we give a representation of a vessel that is regarded as an excellent specimen of marine architecture.

This really splendid-sailing clipper-ship was built by Messrs. W. and R. Wright, of St. John's, New Brunswick, and she arrived at Liverpool a few months ago, where her appearance created quite a sensation among nautical circles. Her registered tonnage is 1,219 tons. Her dimensions are:—Length of keel, 206 feet; on deck, 221 feet; from figure-head to taffrail, 237 feet; breadth of beam, 40 feet 10 inches; depth of hold, 22 feet; register, new, 1,219 tons; old, 1,650; depth of keel and keelsons, through and through, 8 feet 8 inches (17 inches, sided); mainmast, 41 inches diameter, extreme length, 84 feet; topmast, 19 inches diameter, extreme length, 53 feet; topgallant-mast, 14 inches diameter, extreme length, 75 feet; bowsprit, out-board, 27 feet; gib-boom, 55 feet; length of mainyard, 89 feet; topsail-yard, 70 feet; topgallant-yard, 52 feet; royal-yard, 36 feet; skysail-yard, 27 feet. Her bending suit of sails, exclusive of studding sails, comprises a little over 5,000 yards of canvass.

The Star of the East had not been in Liverpool a week before she was purchased for £16,000 by Mr. James Beazley, the ship-owner. She has been chartered for Australia by Messrs. Millers and Thompson, of Liverpool, the owners of the "Golden Line" of Australian packets, who have lately also despatched the Miles Barton, a sister ship, but on a smaller scale. In accordance with her first-class character, they have fitted her out with a view to prove that a fast and well-found vessel is also a paying vessel. She sails early in July for Sydney, and will call at Melbourne to land passengers, all of whom will be well accommodated, as the number she takes, for her size, will be rather limited. From Sydney she will proceed to China, for a cargo of teas, silks, &c.; and she is expected to bring home the first consignment of new teas.

A CHINA "PLATE."

In looking at a picture of the superb structure which is known as the Palace of the Emperor of China—a building erected at an uncertain date, for the chief of a country of which we have but an indistinct kind of knowledge, belonging to no regular order of architecture, and reminding us rather of some youthful dream of the Tower of Babel than of anything else—we begin to entertain a degree of respect for the Chinese surpassing any that we ever felt before.

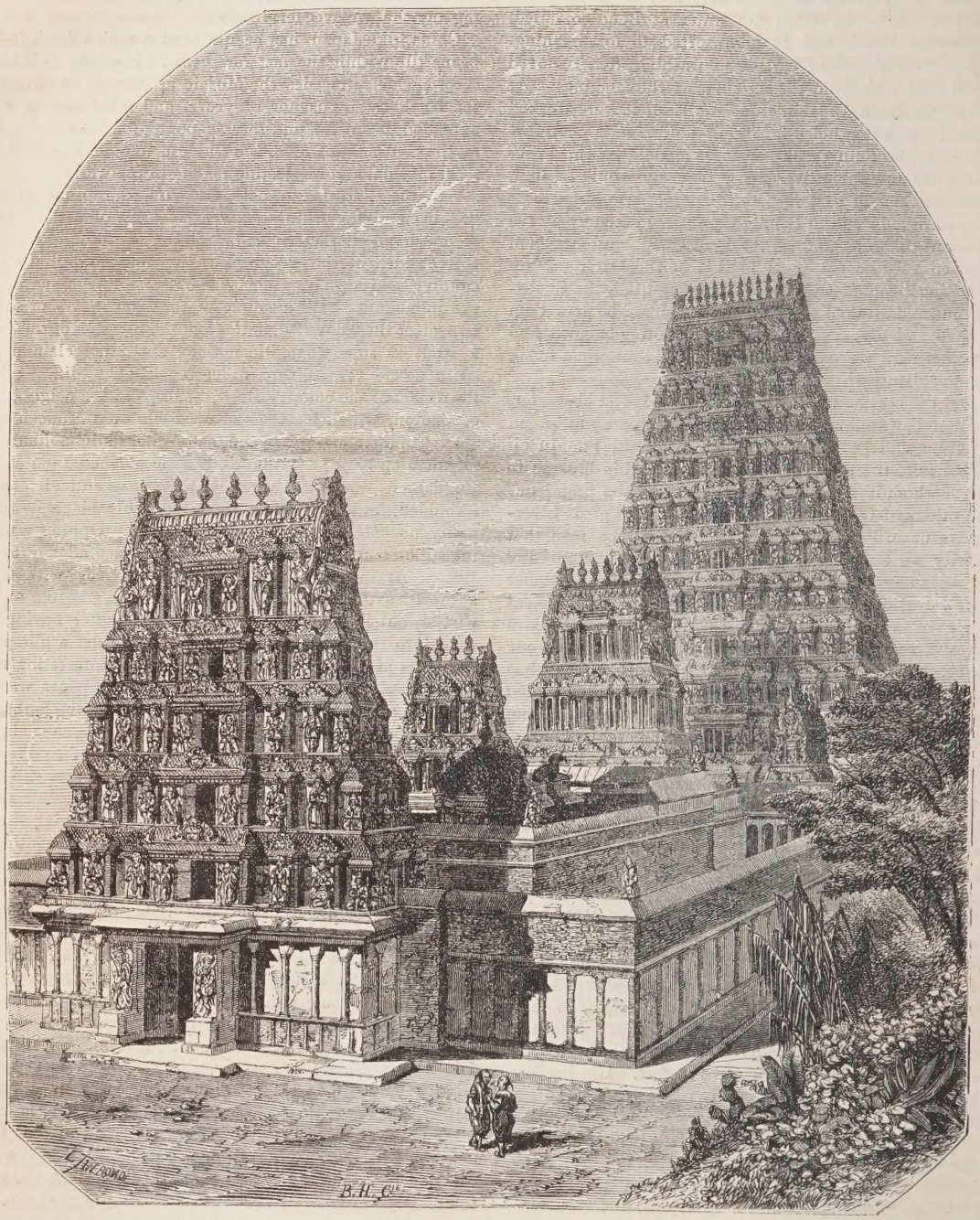
China, like Japan, has been almost a sealed book to Europeans till within the last few years. Boasting an historical record which precedes the Mosaic account of the creation of the earth by thousands of years, and inhabiting a widely-extended, beautiful, and thickly-populated land in the centre of the continent of Asia, the Chinese may be regarded as the most original and interesting people in the world.

All the knowledge possessed by Europeans regarding "China and the Chinese" is necessarily of a doubtful and second-hand character. It is true that we possess a tolerably correct idea of the geographical outlines and limits of the country, and have dim fancies about the stupendous wall that the inhabitants built a couple of thousand years or so since, to protect the "flowery land" from the invasion of the Tartars, as well as some romantic notions about porcelain pagodas, earthenware towers, and other remarkable edifices; but of the aspect of the country itself,—except in the neighbourhood of Canton, which is made to resemble an European city as much as possible,—and of the manners of its inhabitants,—but for such stray information as can be gleaned from "roving Englishmen," who *will* be poking their noses into all manner of forbidden, and-to-other-people inaccessible places,—we have really no special and reliable records. Opium wars and intestine struggles have, doubtless, had a tendency to bring Europeans into a somewhat closer intimacy with Chinese authorities than was perhaps altogether agreeable to either parties, but it is nevertheless a fact, that after having just a peep into the book of Oriental manners, just a glimpse of a few of its pretty pictures, the covers of the interesting volume are suddenly and ruthlessly closed, and the pages we would fain read are no longer visible to the eyes of "the barbarian."

And of the history of the Chinese nation we have almost as little real knowledge. How the vast extent of country came to be first inhabited, and how many distinct races and dynasties have lorded it over the contented and impassible natives, it is difficult, perhaps impossible to tell. During the long series of ages that have elapsed since the vast continent of Asia was peopled with wandering tribes, it has repeatedly happened that a multitude of warlike barbarians have issued forth from their homes in the inhospitable regions of the north, and poured down upon the more prosperous, but less hardy, nations of the south, overpowering them in war, and taking possession of their homes, to be themselves dispossessed in their turn by some subsequent immigration from the same quarter. The history of China presents numerous instances of this kind of invasion and subjugation. In the early part of the thirteenth century, the Tartars in full assembly unanimously resolved to follow one of their most eminent leaders, named Tchingis-Khan, whithersoever he went, and to fulfil all his commands. He turned his arms against China, and met with great success in his expedition. But it was not till after his death, in the year A.D. 1227, that China was completely subdued by the Monguls. In the year A.D. 1279, Kublar-Khan, a descendant of Tchingis-Khan, was crowned emperor of China. But the Tartar dynasty was soon overthrown, and the emperor Schunti was compelled to flee for refuge to his native regions, where his son Bidusar afterwards founded the kingdom of the Kalkas-Monguls. Cher, the leader of the first insurrection against the Tartars, then ascended the Chinese throne, and founded the Ming dynasty, which continued through a series of sixteen powerful monarchs, down to the year 1614. In the history of China this period, during which the Ming dynasty swayed the sceptre, is considered the golden age. The seat of empire was at

Nankin. Repeated invasions were made upon the Chinese territory by the Tartars during this interval; and in spite of every attempt to prevent them from gaining a footing on the borders, they at length became powerful enough to commence a formal war against China. Under the last king of the Ming dynasty an insurrection broke out, in which Litshing, the leader of the rebels, got possession of the capital, and the emperor committed suicide. The Chinese general then appealed for assistance to a neighbouring Tartar tribe, by whose aid the rebels were dispersed. But shortly afterwards, in the year 1645, this tribe, under their king Taitsong, took Nankin, murdered all the descendants of the Ming dynasty, and got complete possession of the empire. The son of Taitsong, a youth named Shintshi, was placed upon the throne, though only about six years of age; and from him is descended the present occupant of the imperial throne.

As we all know, the revolution at this moment going on in China is fomented by what may there be called the "national party," who are seriously endeavouring to overturn the Tartar dynasty, and restore the ancient race to the throne of China. By the latest intelligence received, we learn that the "rebels" have been driven from Nankin, after having made an attempt on the palace of the emperor, and that the "court party" are again paramount. Whether this revolution will be a successful one, and, if successful, whether it will be likely to open up the vast kingdom of China to the enterprise of commerce-loving Englishmen and go-a-head Americans, Time, as the proverb says, alone can tell!



THE PALACE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AT NANKIN.

A WATCH OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Our design represents a watch invented by Beaumarchais in the seventeeth century. It is accompanied by the key, seal, and chain, and is a very interesting specimen of horology at that period. In those days watches were formed after the strangest possible fashion, sometimes like an acorn, at others like an olive, a shell in a Latin cross; watchmakers racked their brains to devise a new, and in most cases, incommodious article, something that should be of the most costly and at the same time the most conspicuous. Utility and convenience were things they did not consider in those good old times. There is a watch of Oliver Cromwell's still preserved which is about as cumbrous a machine as one could well imagine, but which was doubtless once considered a very fine specimen.

WATCH AND APPENDAGES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In the eighteenth century the watchmaker Lepine invented a new method of regulating watches. It was a grand secret. His fame and fortune were both made. Watches constructed on the new principle were called Lepine watches. At the same time a young man, Pierre Augustin Caron, after much labour and expense produced a new method of escapement, one which was remarkable for its completeness and simplicity, and which created a great sensation among all the watchmakers of that epoch.

When Lepaute, another skilful horologer, knew of the escapement of young Caron, he set to work to modify the new plan, and by some slight alterations to make it his own. Hardily he maintained his pretensions to originality, Caron indignantly protested; Paris was divided between the two claimants: the matter was referred to the Academy of Science. The evidence was very carefully prepared, and examined with the utmost attention. After a most minute inquiry the illustrious company declared that Pierre Augustin Caron was the inventor of the escapement, and pronounced their decision entirely in his favour.

This was the first step and the first triumph of Beaumarchais. He profited by the opportunity afforded him in being called as a witness upon the trial to exhibit his own skill in horology; and so well pleased was Louis XV., that he named him henceforth as his watchmaker. Beaumarchais was employed in the construction of a watch for Madame de Pompadour, which was the admiration of all the court. He had now the means of bringing forward his own improvements, and his unrivalled skill and constant perseverance rendered very great service to the art of horology, both in his days and in ours.

In our engraving three views are given of one of those watches for which Beaumarchais was so justly celebrated. They present, together with the chain and other appurtenances, a very beautiful appearance, being richly engraved after the fashion of the period.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER V.—PART II.*

"You will; that is right and kind! but when—let us fix now?" said Lucretia. "You would not come back now with us, would you? This is a very sudden thought, I grant—and startling perhaps to you; but never mind, the sooner, the more suddenly, the better for such a hermit as you are. If we left you time for consideration of the subject—we never should see you!"

Leonard smiled. "I will return with you now even, if you really invite me!"

"We do! we do!" repeated the sisters. Mary especially looking greatly pleased. "Meet us," said Lucretia, "in twenty minutes at the corner of Tottenham-court-road. Mary and I have to call at a shop in Oxford-street; and so, until then, good bye." And the sisters were gone.

It was certainly a clever stratagem of the sisters to have thus suddenly taken poor Leonard at his word, and thus arrange this meeting. For no sooner had their bright presence vanished out of the dusky room, than our hero repented him of his promise. The remembrance of his worn clothes rose up with an importance which they never before had had in his eyes—the pain ever in his soul, seemed to return with a bitter violence, as if to reproach him; thus even for a few moments he had enjoyed respite from its gnawing tooth. But the fresh odour from the primroses and violets rose up towards him with the vernal gentleness of the sisters' voices, and their mild eyes seemed full of reproaches. "They are too pure to trouble themselves about my old coat and hat," thought Leonard, with a smile creeping over his sad face. "What a marvellous world this is, where the sternest griefs can even for a moment be mingled up with such ridiculous trifles."

A respite to Leonard's dull grief came whilst he sat in the tiny little sitting-room of the Gaywoods' cottage at their bright little tea-table. Lucretia pouring out the most fragrant tea; and Mary, bringing forth from a Japan cabinet, much too large for the room, all imaginable dainties from the East and the West—preserved ginger, Guaina jelly, and other delicious condiments and confectionaries. "We have long been wanting a guest of especial honour to enjoy all our dainties," laughed Mary, as she dived still deeper into the cabinet, and bringing forth fresh jars and quaint baskets. "Those good brothers of ours, Thomas and Robert, keep our old cabinet always so full, that we really often propose—don't we Lucretia, dear?—to set up shop with our stores. I fancy I could drive a prosperous trade, if Lucretia would only let me have a stall at the Kentish-town gate, near to the old apple-woman's. Every month, almost, Thomas sends us some beautiful things to look at, or some good things to eat; and Robert, who is in India—poor Robert—"with a sigh"—is quite as bad in cramming our poor little cottage with stuffed birds, wonderful shells, shell-baskets, ivory boxes, and Indian idols. This is the reason why Lucretia and I have to live like a couple of 'Nellys' in an 'Old Curiosity Shop!' But do try some of this beautiful jelly; its colour is lovely, is it not? there always seems to be a tropical sunshine glowing within it;" and Mary floated about like sunshine herself.

But not alone were the dainty foods and marvels of the "curiosity shop"—which, by the bye, extended throughout the whole house, from scullery to attic—the sole entertainments offered by Lucretia and Mary to their guest.

Mary glided like a sunbeam out of the room shortly after the disappearance of the tea-tray—in fact, to "wash-up" the tea-cups down in the most ideal of little kitchens—for the Gaywoods kept but one little maid, and such delicate china cups, the gift of "poor Robert," were never entrusted to any unskilful hands. Lucretia and Leonard fell into discourse, such as Leonard had rarely ever enjoyed, and, contracted as was his acquaintance with women, certainly never before with a woman. Of poetry they talked; of Keats, and Shelley, and the new poet Tennyson as the overture. Then Lucretia's little book-shelves having attracted Leonard's eye, the discovery within it of various periodicals containing fugitive pieces of his father's, all carefully marked by Lucretia's hand, surprised him with a mingled thrill of joy and pain.

"How much," said Lucretia, without looking up from the delicate needle-work at which her fingers were industriously stitching—Lucretia was always seen employed at *idle times*, as she would term them, upon the most delicate of needle-work—needlework which helped out the very slender income of the two sisters—"How much, and how often, I have desired that the poems of your father should some day be collected into a worthy form. Those gems of poetry, scattered as they are through the periodicals of the time, are lost entirely, except to the earnest seeker of his rare genius. Were I rich, that is a labour of true love in which I would indulge; and I should consider that to unite in one great blessing the scattered fancies of such a mind, would be as benevolent an act as the digging of a well in the desert for the reviving of fainting travellers—and, indeed, the draughts of refreshment to my own spirit which I have quaffed from his poetry, would render such an act but a simple one of earnest gratitude."

"I have frequently desired such a thing myself," said Leonard, with his old mournfulness stealing shadow-like over his face; "and one of my thousand fancies has been to sketch a few designs, suggested by various of the poems. It would truly to me be a labour of love, Miss Gaywood; for, with all my unhappy father's weakness, to me he ever appears surrounded by a wondrous glory of even celestial beauty, and——"

"Is it then possible that *you*,"—suddenly interrupted Lucretia, looking up at Leonard with an almost stern reproach in her tone—"that *you* echo the cruel injustice of the world, and fling a stone against the memory of a man certainly more sinned against than sinning, and that man your *father*. Words such as *his* lips have uttered it were faithless indeed to believe proceeded from any but the most generous, the most noble soul. Oh! Mr. Leonard, let us cultivate an unbounded charity and faith; they alone enable us to pass with joy through the earth. Trust me that, believing in perfection, perfection reveals itself to the believer." Lucretia's usually calm manner was momentarily ruffled, her fingers trembled as she resumed her needlework, and a flush passed over her Madonna-like countenance. "Pardon my warmth," she resumed, with a heavenly sincerity looking forth from soft eyes as they rested upon Leonard's mournful face; "I owe your father too deep a debt of gratitude lightly to hear a shadow of reproach cast upon him, and especially by a son. Whatever strength may be given me to perform the duties of existence—whatever sunshine is cast over Mary's and Andrew's life, and mine—we may in a great measure attribute to your father's influence. Years ago—years before you were born—Mordant was an inmate for one whole summer of our father's house. Our father was the schoolmaster of a village upon the borders of Sherwood Forest. I was quite a little child then, but each word, each look of the poet, remains engraven for ever upon my memory. What a marvellous power did he not possess as the interpreter of nature! With a child's simplicity with a woman's love, and the knowledge of a philosopher, he unfolded the marvels of beauty and joy contained in every natural object around him. He stretched forth his hand and removed the seal; he opened his lips, and behold, the hieroglyphics of God glowed in living fire before even the eyes of an ignorant child! Each acre of the old forest became an acre of paradise, over which the feet of angels eternally paced, leaving the impress of glory, mystery, and joy, behind them. I was, through his teachings, ever hearing the still, small voice of God in the trees, in the murmur of the waters, in the

* Continued from Vol. I. p. 447.

hum of the bees, in the rustle of the flowers—everywhere I beheld "the Burning Bush," and, removing my sandals, adored, prostrating myself upon the holy ground. And when I tell you that your father's words, and gentleness to man and bird, and beast and worm, sinking into the child's heart, as seeds sown in a willing soil, came up in after years and put forth flowers of still deeper thought and purport, do you not acknowledge that *that* child owes a deep debt of love and gratitude towards the sower of the good seed?"

Lucretia's eyes rested, with warm tears of emotion swimming in them, upon Leonard; but he did not reply, as he sate with a bowed head. "Incomprehensible, Protean nature of the Poet," mused he; "what human being can compute the balance between the good and the evil which thou hast produced?" But it was balm to the wounded soul of the son to recognise the lovely fruit brought forth by his father in one human life at least. And this might be but a single sheaf from a vast harvest.

Mary had returned during Lucretia's unusually excited address; and, sitting upon a low seat at her sister's knee, was gazing earnestly and silently up into her face. Twilight was stealing into the quaint little room, and no sound for a few seconds was heard but the quick and monotonous click of Lucretia's needle, as, sitting at the window, she still mechanically pursued her work.

Suddenly a cab, laden with luggage, stopped before the gate of the little garden; there was a violent ringing of the bell. A gentleman's face looked inquiringly out, and a child was seen convulsively to cling round his neck. Lucretia and Mary starting suddenly up, cried, as with one voice, "That is not Robert—that cannot be little Cuthbert! No, it is *not* Robert," cried Lucretia, a sudden paleness spreading over her face; and she flew out of the room, and was seen standing beside the cab door; and the gentleman was seen speaking hurriedly, and Lucretia stretched her arms towards the child endeavouring to untwine his little hands, clasped tightly round the gentleman's arm. But the child clasped them ever tighter and tighter, and a sad wail of childlike misery pierced even into the little parlour. Mary, who breathlessly had watched this scene through the window, now also flew to the cab. But no endeavours of the sisters could induce the child to untwine his hands; he fell sobbing upon the breast of the gentleman, who appeared to become more and more impatient. At length he raised the little boy in his arms and bore him, still violently sobbing, into the sitting-room; Lucretia and Mary, with distressed countenances, following hurriedly.

"I regret, ladies, that I cannot stay with this poor little fellow, but it is of vital importance that I start to-night for Scotland; we have already, in seeking you, lost only too much time. Strange, unaccountable, that neither Gaywood's letter nor mine, sent from Marseilles, should have reached you! But Cuthbert!—Cuthbert, my man, these are your aunts—this is your house—be a brave little Cuthbert. These ladies love you very much." And as he spoke, the strong sun-burnt man, with a mother's tenderness, kissed the boy's beautiful curling locks, and even the slender little fingers so intricately clasped round his arm. Lucretia and Mary, their loving faces bathed in tears, sought by every possible means to soothe him and attract his attention; but the boy, staring with large mournful deep violet eyes at them for one moment, uttered a sad cry, and once more buried his face upon the stranger's broad chest.

"It is very painful to resort to force with the poor child," said the gentleman, in a voice of emotion. "Nothing but this severe illness of my poor mother could induce me to leave my poor little companion in such distress, but we *must* release his hands;" and the strong man's hands unclasped the tender fingers of the child; and Lucretia and Mary holding him in their arms, the stranger hurried out of the room, jumped into the cab, and rapidly rolled away.

Little Cuthbert struggled violently, burst from the sisters, and, looking round in wild amaze, caught sight of Leonard, who was gazing at him from the window; he flew to him, clasped Leonard's hands, and imploringly looked up into his face.

"You, you'll take me! They frighten me—you are a good man! They frighten me—Papa—Mr. Rutherton—" and the poor little fellow once more burst out into violent sobbing, and clung to Leonard.

"How very extraordinary!" exclaimed the two sisters greatly distressed. "What an unaccountable thing, poor, poor little fellow! It must be that he is not used to women; his father wrote us word that almost from his birth he had been little Cuthbert's nurse, and that he feared he would grow up very strangely; he has no mother, poor, poor little fellow!" And they looked at each other, and then at Leonard, with a strange uncertainty.

Leonard, sitting upon a sofa, had taken little Cuthbert on his knee; and the child, flinging his slender arms around his neck, sobbed as though his very heart would break. Leonard made no attempt to soothe him, beyond stroking his soft hair and winding his arms tenderly about him. But a sudden, deep, and marked sympathy, had permeated the souls of the unhappy man and the unhappy child. All remained in deep silence. "May I carry Cuthbert into your garden, Miss Gaywood?" at length spoke Leonard. "I fancy, someway, that that might do him good."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," exclaimed the sisters. "Poor, poor little fellow!"

Leonard bore the child, still weeping, out into the twilight garden. The stars were already peeping forth here and there in a silvery grey sky; and long streaks of orange and violet lay upon the horizon, gleaming through the budding trees. All was hushed, except the distant murmur of the city. Leonard seated himself upon a rustic chair beneath a weeping ash upon the little grass-plot, and pressing the weeping child yet closer to him, began in a low voice to speak of this kind Mr. Rutherton, and of the long voyage, and of his home in India. Gradually the little breast heaved less violently, and the child, listening and becoming spell-bound by the tenderness of the voice, began, with convulsive sobs ever and anon breaking through his replies, to freely talk with his new friend. Leonard's keen sympathy had discovered the key with which to unlock the little heart. Cuthbert's highly excitable and nervous temperament responded to the imaginative nature of Leonard, and the boy's eyes opened with eagerness, and his lips poured forth a stream of hurried words whilst he filled up the pictures of his Indian life, the outline to which had been suggested to him by Leonard. And thus the two sat in long discourse till the large full moon rose shining through the trees, and Leonard felt the little figure shiver as it lay nestling up to his breast—his soul all eagerness about "that beautiful, beautiful day when papa took him out to ride with him on Mr. Langton's beautiful white Zippi—that's the elephant, sir—such a beauty; and, you know, white ones are very rare, even in India; and——" "But you are cold, dear Cuthbert; let us now go in and tell your aunts about all these wonderful and beautiful things," urged his friend. "But—but—they make me feel quite—quite afraid, sir; they are strange—all is strange," whispered the poor child, half weeping, as he crept up to Leonard's ear, and laid, with an indescribable trustingness, his little cheek upon Leonard's shoulder. "Am *I* not strange, also?" inquired Leonard. "No!" said the child, quite boldly; "I've often seen you in my dreams—*you* are an old friend quite—*they* are not; and all you say is so nice, and you love India as I do. I'll always obey *you*—I know instantly those people I'll obey. I'm very bad and wicked at times; even papa says so: and then, if people don't love me, I wish I was dead, like my beautiful mamma, whom I never knew, but who lies buried beneath the great Banian tree. I wonder, now, whether your mother is dead?—I know, though, she is."

"Let us go into the house," again urged Leonard; and with slow steps towards the house the two friends walked. But Cuthbert, when he approached the door, was not so easily persuaded to enter. "It's so dark, and like a box," he said; "I think it as bad as a ship; now don't you, sir? I sha'n't, I'm sure, like this England—I always dreamed I hated it, and that I was always wishing to go to sleep with my mamma

under the great Banian-tree." "But you will like your aunts if you don't like England," remarked Leonard. "Shall I? Do you like them, dear, kind man? Oh, then, perhaps *I* shall; only I never had any women about me—papa said always it was a great pity there were no women about me."

Meanwhile, the two poor aunts had been most busy in preparing a bed for the traveller; in having his foreign-looking boxes unpacked, and then in spreading a little repast to tempt the poor child to forget his miseries. Mary had brought out all their Indian dainties, in their native jars and baskets, and arranged them prettily upon the table before the sofa; had lighted the candles, and brought up out of the kitchen, as an attraction to the child, a beautiful parroquet which Robert had sent them over a year or two previous, and whose harsh and jarring cry had caused him to be banished, spite of his gorgeous plumage, to the lower regions. Several times had the sisters glided to the garden door; but seeing Leonard and the child quietly seated beneath the weeping ash, they wisely returned, leaving the pair undisturbed.

The child was now more courteous to his aunts, yet still very shy, and clung with a convulsive grasp to Leonard's arm, sitting beside him upon the sofa, and only choosing to eat such things as he placed upon his plate. But the Indian baskets and jars, and the parroquet especially, reconciled Cuthbert to his new home; and after various lively sallies, the little head sank upon Leonard's breast, and the heavy, swollen eyelids closed in sleep. It appeared, however, as if in slumber the child's anxiety returned shadowly into his soul; for he clung yet closer to his new friend, and heavy, sob-like sighs heaved his little frame.

Dreading to re-awaken such a sad grief in the little unhappy one, Leonard besought the sisters to leave him reposing within his arms yet a little while. "I fear," said he, "it is growing late, and that I may be intruding; but for the sake of this dear child you will, perhaps, pardon such intrusion. In a half-hour or so, perhaps his sleep will be deeper and calmer."

"Oh, we are only too grateful to you!" cried both the sisters. "But with your permission, Mr. Hale," said Lucretia, "we will now perform our little evening duty; for the reading of the beautiful words of Scripture I need not apologise to you; and we endeavour, for the sake of our little maid, to strictly adhere to time and season. Mary, dear, ring the bell for Margery."

The holy hush of the room, through which Mary's deep, earnest, and soulful voice, fell like a quiet blessing as it read:—

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;
"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;"

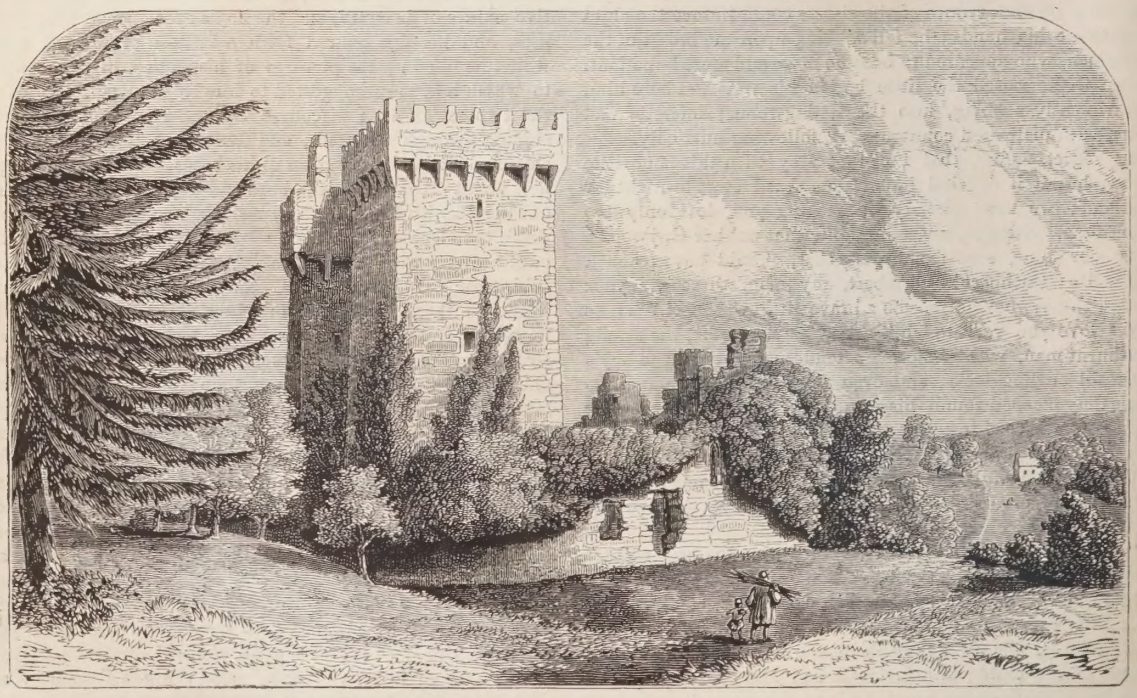
the gentle aspect of the three women, and the warm grasp of the little slumbering mourner, sent a gush of peaceful love through poor Leonard's heart, as though an angel from God had laid upon it his gentle, beneficent, healing hand. And when the three women, kneeling, repeated with a low, deep, fervent murmur, the sublime and tender words of the Lord's Prayer, Leonard sank his face upon the child's head, and bedewed the soft locks with a few trembling, warm tears, such as had not for years gushed up from his soul. It was the sanctification of a fresh chapter in Leonard's life.

ANCIENT CASTLES IN IRELAND.—BLARNEY CASTLE, ETC.

All the world—that is to say, all those "good folk in comfortable circumstances," who are in the habit of making short summer trips into the country—are hastening to Ireland to view the wonders of the Great Exhibition; and, mayhap, to wander along the banks of the lovely lakes of Killarney, and make thoughtful, but pleasant, pilgrimage into the wilds of Connemara and the west, and philosophise upon the past, present, and future of that

"Emerald set in a golden sea,"

which has so sorely troubled the politicians of the last century or two. For such kindly-disposed travellers—if any there be among our "world" of readers, as doubtless there are—all



BLARNEY CASTLE, COUNTY CORK.—VIEW FROM THE MEADOW.

political allusions to state quackeries and solemn shams, as Carlyle would have it, must be distasteful; and, as the line at the head of this paper invites us to a more pleasant theme, we gladly pursue it.

"The antiquities of Ireland," says the well-known author of "Cork and the South of Ireland," "afford a rich and extensive field for research. Her isolation and sequestered position, her freedom from Roman conquest and subjugation, in the period of Rome's highest power, has left to the character of her Celtic archæology features peculiarly her own; undiscriminating enthusiasm at one side; and again, on the contrary, an over-sceptical theorising rationalism, embarrassing and obstructing its useful culture. What effect the vicinity of Roman civilisation produced on the arts and social condition of this country we have no present evidence to determine. The vast variety of implements, utensils, and objects of art disinterred from time to time, and the numerous monuments which still subsist, afford no means to inform us as to the extent or nature of such influence, if any. The character of Irish remains, indeed, is more impressed with an Oriental than

BLARNEY CASTLE, FROM THE PEEP HOLE ON THE BRIDGE. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

whilst the acquaintance of her early pagan population with letters, and the large amount of extant literature which has descended to us, capable of throwing so much light on the condition of her ancient races, have invested the whole subject with an importance and interest surpassing that of the antiquities of any other western nation in Europe.

"This broad and inviting field of research has been hitherto but imperfectly and partially wrought, seldom indeed by the scientific inquirer, and but too often only by incompetent or prejudiced labourers. There has been abundance of wild and a Greek or Roman origin, and tends to sustain the eastern descent claimed by the Irish senachies (or clans) for their ancestry. Some few Roman coins alone, sparingly discovered, tell of a limited Roman intercourse. In like manner the actual presence of the northmen on the Irish soil seems to have been nearly as ineffective. Occupying, for above two centuries, a considerable portion of the island, and especially of its maritime cities, it is strange that they have left hardly any traces or vestiges behind them. Beyond a solitary tower in Waterford, and a few silver coins, the Irish antiquary

cannot really point to a single memorial (save the record of their devastations) on the page of his history. Whilst in England and Scotland, and even in the Isle of Man, the sculptured cross and the Runic inscription still remain to identify their sway, in Ireland neither the one nor the other throughout the whole breadth and length of the land can be found.

"Ireland, then, has no remains of Roman magnificence to exhibit, no vast temples, amphitheatres, or aqueducts; nor does she possess any of those antiquities which the northern archæologist could identify as of Scandinavian origin; but she has, on the other hand, many relics of early Phœnician intercourse—vestiges of a religion, an architecture, a language, and a literature, claiming derivation and affinity with the remote East.

"The antiquities of Ireland may be classified into three grand divisions—the primæval or pagan, early Christian, and mediæval. In the first are comprised stone monuments appertaining to the Druidical religion, such as circles, cromlechs, pillars, holes, and rocking-stones, rock-basins, &c., raths, cahirs, duns; the fortified residences of the ancient inhabitants, consisting of great earth works, or Cyclopean stone enclosures, lofty round towers, used at once for sepulchral and religious purposes; stones inscribed with the virgular character, called Ogham, dome-roofed structures, round, oblong, and square, with massive walls constructed of uncemented stones. The Cromlech, or Druidical altar, is a monument well known in these islands and in northern Europe, and not unfrequently found in India and America. It is occasionally met with placed within circles of pillar-stones, but it is often difficult to distinguish between it and the kistvaen. The latter monument, when divested of its covering of earth or stones, is to all appearance a perfect cromlech; but there are many of the latter which, from the nature of their sites and peculiarity of construction, could never have served this purpose. It is right to say that the term cromlech seems to be of modern origin; it does not occur in any ancient Irish MS. hitherto examined; the native name is that of *leabba* or *leacht*, a bed or stone monument.

"There are varieties of the circle, some which must undoubtedly have served for religious or judicial purposes, and others found encompassing tumuli. There can be no precise limits to the number of the stones composing these monuments, but several circles are known to contain only *five*, which seems to have been a favourite number. There is no doubt but that the cromlech (not the kistvaen) and the circle were used sepulchrally, as remains of interment have been frequently found within them. Ireland contains no circles of equal magnitude to those of Stonehenge and Avebury in England."

But if Ireland may not boast of many Roman antiquities and Druidical circles, she has, on the other hand, some of the most picturesque old castles—many of them, alas! in ruins—which are to be seen in Europe. All over the island, from Dunluce to Bantry, these remains of Ireland's days of glory are to be found. At one time the tourist in the Sister Isle finds himself beside the "treaty stone," in King John's castle, that storied pile in the city of Limerick which was so gallantly defended by the remnant of the Irish army, in 1690; at another, he wanders musingly around the silent and deserted halls of Tara, or moralizes on the littleness of human grandeur within the cold and saddened domain of Dangan. In the very heart of the western mountains, he pauses to think over the ruins of Ross castle, which surrendered to Lord Muskerry in 1652; and still further west, he may remember the deeds of the great Duke, while pondering over the ruined walls of Carbury castle, which once belonged to, and is said to have been built by, his ancestors the Cowleys.

For the present, however, a brief notice of two of the most famous of old Ireland's castles,—or, more properly speaking, of Ireland's old castles,—must suffice.

Blarney Castle, the Blarney Stone, and the "Groves of Blarney," are well known by reputation all over Europe—and indeed, wherever Englishmen and Irishmen chance to travel. A four mile ride by the railroad, or a walk through pleasant fields will take the visitor from Cork to Blarney. The castle, we are told, comprises a vast square tower erected in or about 1530, by one of the potent sept of the M'Carthy Mores, records of whose prowess are everywhere to be met with in this part of Ireland and some evidences of which the tourist will discover as he proceeds further south. But of those of our readers who would at once satisfy themselves on this head, in reference to a spot so renowned as that of which we are now treating, may consult, with great profit, the local historian, Windle, whose "South of Ireland" will be found very valuable, containing nearly fifty pages devoted to Blarney, its castle, stone, cromlagh, tunnel, lake, glen, round tower, and immortal "groves," the authorship of which deathless lyric has begot almost as many claimants as cities erst contended for the birth-place of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle." These stanzas have been given in nearly all the tongues of the earth by the laureate of the Lee, Padre Polyglot Prout, whose liquid triplets to that limpid stream we shall presently quote. We need not occupy our space with the original of Millikin's half-dozen verses descriptive of how "the trout and salmon play at backgammon," as no one can be in Cork and find himself at a loss for the song, with *ad libitum* variations, including, of course, Prout's supplemental lines;—

> "There is the stone there, that whoever kisses.
> Oh! he never misses to grow eloquent;
> 'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
> Or become a member of Parliament."

> "A clever spouter he'll soon turn out, or
> An out-and-outer—'to be let alone.'
> Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him—
> Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone."

Which is the identical pebble, or real Blarney Stone, is somewhat difficult to point out to the downright plain-dealing English visitor, for the Irishy redundant reason that there happen to be *two* portions of the edifice to which the miraculous power of conferring mellifluous and mesmeric eloquence is attributed by conflicting local authorities. One stone is pointed out to visitors as the veritable *osculatorium;* and we incline to this opinion, inasmuch as it is much more easy of access, and seems to have suffered from previous devotion in being much worn and broken. Another stone is also indicated, but this is held to be a *lapis offensionis* and a *petra scandali;* and with some reason, for it is situate in the wall just below the edge of the parapet, and requires the party performing the kissing business to be let down by the heels in order to do so, over a parapet some hundred feet from the ground. This perilous predicament, however is not always insisted upon; for Mr. Barrow, in his piquant manner, describing how he went through the process, says:—"I ascended to the summit of the tower, on a corner of which is placed the famous Blarney Stone, which I was very gravely assured possessed the power of making those who kiss it ever after agreeable in their conversation to the ladies. 'A consummation devoutly to be wished,' thought I. 'Och, your honour must kneel down and kiss it three times,' quoth the guide; 'and shure you'll be able to coax the ladies—fait, there's never the gintleman that misses!' 'Now, my friend, tell me truly if you don't mean by "talking blarney," the impudence of telling "mighty big lies" without blushing?' 'Fait, and I believe your honour has just hit it; and shurely don't the gintlemen talk blarney to the ladies, and do it all the better for kissing the stone?' I found there was no resisting the virtues of the Blarney Stone, so down I popped, and the stone having been well washed by the rain, I bestowed upon it three kisses, which, however strong their virtues may be in warming the hearts of the ladies, struck icy cold to my lips." Mr. Windle, whose local *amour propre* might be supposed to incense him against the flinty-hearted Saxon satirists of his slab, ingenuously says himself: "The touch of the Blarney Stone makes a liar of the first magnitude, but a smooth and graceful liar—its eminent perfection is a sweet and graceful tongue in whispering the softest words into the ear of woman, full of guile, and blandishment, and potential flattery, and uncontrollable in its

sway over the credulous. Miss Plumptre translates Blarney into the single word 'Rhodomontade,'—a faculty of speech marvellously perceptible in the vicinage around, whose inhabitants, it is said have been mistaken by Boullaye le Gouz and Latocnaye for a colony from Gascony. They are, of a truth, a swaggering, vain glorious, wheedling population." Flattering this, and from the Herodotus of the place too! All these imputations, however, can hardly be true; for even the proprietor's kiss of the stone itself, like the Wonderful Lamp in the hands of the old magician in "Aladdin," did not confer happiness, inasmuch as the castle and all its contents had not very long ago to be sold by public competition—a profanation bemoaned in an appropriate strain by Prout in an inimitable parody on Moore's "Eveleen's Bower," beginning—

"Oh! the muse shed a tear,
When the cruel auctioneer
With a hammer in his hand to sweet Blarney came!"

In 1821, Sir Walter Scott, with his son-in-law, Lockhart, Miss Edgeworth, and other celebrities, paid the homage of their worship to the load-stone, much to the chagrin of the citizens, who were eager that the Wizard should in preference inspect their noble harbour and the lions of "the spreading Lee, that, like an island fair, encloseth Cork with his divided flood," as is said in the "Faërie Queene;" or, as a more modern bard describes it:—

"As crystal its waters are pure,
Each morning they blush like a bride;
And when evening comes grey and demure,
With the softness of silver they glide.
"Of salmon and grey speckled trout
It holds such a plentiful store,
That thousands are forced to leap out,
By the multitude jostled on shore."

Surprisingly enough, however, Lockhart confounded this famous Spenserian stream with the Shannon!—a blunder which forms the text of one of those most instructive "Essays of an Otogenarian," by the erudite and amiable "J. R." of a thousand periodicals—James Roche, formerly a banker, and lately a retired citizen of Cork, which justly and affectionately regarded him as one of the most worthy of her many honoured sons, and now sorrows for his death, since April in the present year.

Renvyle Castle, in the county of Tipperary,—a remarkable ruin overlooking the sea—has a fame of another kind, however. Here again history and romance with their thousand recollections spring up to people the *locale* with the phantoms of the past, as if specially to heighten, as it were, the present charms of that singularly lovely landscape, by reminiscences of the turbulent and bloody deeds of which it was the site, and which are here recalled by the presence of Renvyle Castle—

"Beneath whose battlements, within whose walls,
Power dwelt amid her passions:—in proud state
Each feudal chief upheld these armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date:"

a kind of recollection, however, much more suitable for antiquarians and bookworms, than for quiet Irish tourists in the summer of the famous Exhibition year.

TUBULAR BRIDGE OVER THE WYE.

The engineering achievements of modern times have been so singularly characterised for originality and boldness of conception and success in execution, that the word "impossible," as applied to anything which may be required, appears, if not to be repudiated, yet practically, to be ignored. The difficulties which presented themselves in the formation of that mighty and elaborate system of locomotion, which has been established in this and in other countries, seem to have challenged the dormant energies of our engineers only to be vanquished; and one after another noble structures have been reared, not simply to promote in a high degree the welfare of men, but to declare with silent yet impressive eloquence the dignity of the intellectual endowments which have been conferred upon him, for the dominion of the material creation, by the Father of all.

One of the most remarkable and interesting engineering works of modern times is the railway bridge crossing the Wye at Chepstow, which has just been completed. In the planning out of the South Wales Railway, which is to unite Gloucester with Milford Haven, and has already been opened as far west as Carmarthen, it was found necessary to cross the Wye, near Chepstow; and the problem to be solved was not an easy one. As it is a navigable river, the admiralty required that the space over the mid-channel should not be less than 300 feet, and that a clear headway of fifty feet above the highest known tide should be secured; so that across this "tidal chasm" an iron bridge had to be hung, capable of supporting the heaviest burdens that passing trains could impose. The work obviously demanded the highest efforts of mechanical and constructive skill, but the bold and experienced mind of the engineer was not overtasked by the exigencies of the case; and Mr. Brunel has produced a work which is believed to combine perfect efficiency with singular economy of material. In proceeding to describe this remarkable structure, as the two lines of railway are supported by separate though perfectly similar means, it will be necessary to make particular reference only to one.

The bridge, which Mr. Brunel has erected, consists of four spans, three of about 100 feet each, and one of 290 feet, extending altogether from bank to bank for 610 feet. The three smaller spans rest upon iron piers, filled with concrete, sustaining cast-iron girders, on which the railing is laid. The fourth and chief span, which is on the suspension principle, is supported by means of a tube more than 300 feet in length, and 9 in diameter. The tube itself rests on the summit of piers erected on the east bank and in the centre of the river, and to the ends of the tubes are attached the suspending chains. Now, in an ordinary suspension bridge, the chains hang in a festoon, and are free to move according to the weights passing under them, which are not in general great. This flexibility, however, would be altogether inadmissible in a railway bridge, for the continuity of the rails would be destroyed if a very small deflexion took place when traversed by a heavy locomotive. With a view to supply the necessary rigidity, Mr. Brunel has introduced at every third part of the tube a stiff wrought-iron girder, firmly connecting the tube with the roadway girders, and, with the aid of other adjusting screws, the suspension chains are stretched as nearly straight as is desirable. Other diagonal chains connect these points, so that at whatever part of the bridge a train may be passing, its weight is distributed over all the tube and chains by these arrangements.

In the operations connected with the sinking of the cylinders which form the piers of the bridge, some curious facts came to light. The workmen had first to pass through nearly thirty feet of blue clay and sand, below which they met with a thin bed of peat containing timber, some solid oak, hazel nuts, and other substances of the same kind. They next came to several feet of fine blue gravel, and then they found the bed of boulders upon which the cylinders were originally intended to rest. After this was a bed of red marl, beneath which they discovered solid rock, resembling what is known as milestone grit, into which the cylinders were sunk. The mode in which this part of the work was performed was

ingenious :—"The cylinders were placed on planks to prevent them cutting into the soft mud. One by one, cylinders were added, until they had reached the top of the stage, about forty feet in height, which had been erected for the purpose of sinking the cylinders. The weight of this column then cut through the plank, and the cylinder sank about six feet into the mud. Men then descended into the cylinder, two or three working there at a time; and as they excavated the soil, so the cylinder gradually sank, and as the column descended, fresh cylinders were added at the top. The excavation then continued, without interruption, until a depth of about seventeen feet was attained, at which point the water broke in from below in such force as to require the constant operation of two thirteen-inch pumps worked by an engine. The water burst in at a moment's warning, as soon as the spring was tapped; and the most remarkable phenomenon attending this occurrence was the fact, that the spring-water invariably rose in the cylinder exactly to that height at which the tube was standing in the river at this moment. That it was not an irruption of the water of the Wye is considered to be beyond dispute, inasmuch as the river at this point is, from the action of the tide always tainted with mud, which is held in solution in great quantities at all times, while the water which rushed into the cylinder from below was of exceeding purity, and contained not a particle of salt." *

From the time of the first tapping of the spring, the pumps of a thirty-horse power engine had to be kept at work until the cylinders had been sunk to the rock; they were then filled with concrete. This irruption of water, at the depth of seventeen feet from the level of the bed of the river was the same in the sinking of all the cylinders for the centre or principal pier; but the water did not interrupt the work to so great an extent in making the other piers, and the workmen proceeded to a greater depth. The spring appeared to be in the bed of gravel, about twelve feet from the point where it first burst into the cylinder. One fact, which demanded special provision in the computations of the engineer was, that the spring tides on the river Wye rise here from fifty to sixty feet—a greater elevation than in any other river in the kingdom.

Interesting as is this remarkable structure in itself, it is still more important as a link of union between the west-centre of England, and the increasingly prosperous districts of the south of Wales. For some months after the opening of a considerable portion of the South Wales Railway, there was a hiatus at Chepstow, till the bridge could be completed, and while passengers found that it was no small inconvenience to be conveyed by omnibus over a rough country, and then over Chepstow town-bridge to the station on the other side the river, there was even more serious difficulty as regards the goods and mineral traffic, to carry on which was impracticable on any large scale. In the summer of last year the first tube connecting the line was opened for traffic, and within a few weeks the second tube has been raised, the final arrangements completed, and the bridge finished. And now, by one of the most delightful rides which can be found, the traveller is borne along the banks of the glorious Severn till he reaches a land of surpassing beauty, and far away from the toil and turmoil of business may fill his mind with scenes of loveliness and delight, and store his heart with memories of happiest hours, which he will ever love to recall as he thinks of Chepstow, Tintern, and the Wye.

SECTION OF THE CHEPSTOW TUBULAR BRIDGE.

The proportions of this colossal structure may be inferred from the large amounts of material consumed in its erection, of which the following are the principal items :—

	TONS
Wrought-iron used in three spans of 100 feet each, double line	277
Wrought-iron in girders, &c., of main tube, of 300 feet span, double line	278
Two wrought-iron tubes	302
Suspending links in main chains and diagonals	256
Total employed, including nails, not mentioned above	1231
Cast iron	1003

Masonry in abutment and pier, 3,240 cubic yards.
Total cost above £65,000.

* "Our Iron Roads."

UNION OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

UNION OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

We cannot in adequate terms commend the idea of universal brotherhood without doing honour to its originators. Amidst all the wild excesses which have now for long enough desolated the European continent—excesses of despotism no less terrible and destructive than the licence of democracy—this principle has sprung up and flourished like an oak cradled by tempests. The wild hordes who sacked the capitals of Europe in 1848, and kicked crowns and mitres about like boys playing at foot-ball, cherished, in the midst of all their orgies, a vision of universal happiness, in which the rights of weakness should be recognized and respected, in which the long and disastrous alliance of poverty and crime should be dissolved, in which education, gratuitous and obligatory, should become the birthright of every child of the meanest proletaire, and in which standing armies, the tools of lust and ambition, should melt away before the dawn of knowledge and the spread of commerce, and each citizen become the guardian of his own hearth. That they failed in realising it is a blot, not on their theory, but on human nature. Theories are at all times worthy of reverence, because they are the elaborated productions of human reason, but alas! it is not by forces of this kind that nations are governed. How many passions and prejudices, how much blind bigotry, how much sordid selfishness, battle fiercely against the fairest and best planned schemes of the enthusiastic philanthropist, of which he in his overflowing goodness of heart had taken no account! The lamentable events of 1849 have taught us the bitter lesson that this consolidation of nations separated by seas and mountains, laws and language, is not to be the work of a single revolution, and will not spring from the convulsed and aching body politic, like Minerva from the brain of Jove. Beautiful and glorious it will be when we see it, but like everything else which derives its worth from human hands, it must be the work of labour. The Venus of Phidias was not chiselled in an hour. To have conceived it even is a mighty step in advance. To form a proper estimate of its value, let us only remember the notions which France and England—the two nations who can and will do most to hasten this desirable consummation—entertained regarding each other a century and a half ago.

There is still in France a class of men known as *feuilletonistes*, who earn a livelihood by compounding stimulants for the readers of the journals under the shape of short, spicy, but impossible stories. The only limit to the fecundity of these writers is the mechanical labour of inscribing their effusions upon paper. To pay them by the yard would be as fair a way as any. To say that Sheridan's retort applies admirably to them, "that they refer to their memory for their jokes, and to their imagination for their facts," would be only saying what everybody may guess. Their one great aim is to make out the needful quantity of matter, provided always that it be of an exciting kind, and they consequently give themselves little trouble regarding the accuracy or correctness of their statements. When any of them visit England, the results of their observations are transmitted to their readers in Paris in the shape of amusing absurdities, in which many of the old and time-honoured fallacies appear in a new and more attractive form. M. Jules Janin, one of the gayest, happiest, wittiest, most mendacious, and most showy of his class, honoured us with his presence during the Great Exhibition of 1851. He saw written up on the front of the Royal Exchange—"The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;"—and he forthwith took a note of it, and transmitted it to Paris as proof of an assertion which he then and there made, that such was the intensity of the aristocratic feeling amongst the English, that they inscribed on their public buildings an acknowledgment that all the land of the country belonged to the lords. His peregrinations through the metropolis called forth many statements as laughable and as ill-founded as the foregoing, but our space will not permit us to record them. They are so many proofs of the amount of evil influence which flippant and careless romancers may work in originating and perpetuating prejudices and false notions of the manners and character of other nations, if the poison which enters in at the imagination be not counteracted by the diffusion of sound and correct information.

Happily, we have now an antidote to this poison—for poison it is—in the vast and striking increase of intercommunication between all the European countries, but particularly between France and England since the close of the last war. When we remember what a journey to Paris was in the days of our grandfathers—the time it took, the trouble and expense it entailed, and the dangers that surrounded it,—we can hardly wonder at the existence of the prejudices and misconceptions on both sides. To contrast it with the ease, speed, and comfort with which a journey to the French capital can now be accomplished, would be a repetition of what everybody knows. Who is not tired of seeing a statement in huge letters upon all the walls in London and upon the sides of a host of ponderous vans, to the effect that the journey from London to Paris can now be accomplished in twelve hours, or, as it is concisely, though eliptically, expressed, "Paris in twelve hours?" Or if time be not so much a consideration with you as money, not to know that you can get there and back for 27s. argues you a man of uncommon bluntness of perception or weakness of vision, for there is no fact of which the inhabitants of the metropolis are so frequently reminded. In the transmission of intelligence we have made still greater strides than in creating increased facilities for travelling from the one country to the other. The heading, "By Submarine Telegraph," which precedes those short announcements of the latest news in the morning papers, is pregnant with meaning. It states a fact of more momentous import than any that was ever set forth in the intelligence which usually follows them—the annihilation of distance and of time, the equipment of words with the wings of thought to fly over the land and under the sea, invisible as a dream, but quick as the lightning. Why are we said to have lost our romance? Are we not daily touching every transaction of life, whether of business or of pleasure, with its golden light? Was the conveyance of your letters, a century ago, to your friend in Paris by that slow old coach, and dirty old packet, and the long and wearisome delay which ensued before you could possibly receive an answer, half so romantic think you, as making your love, and hope, and sympathy your kind thoughts, your sad regrets, throb along the iron pulse which lies amongst the pearls and amber, and traverses the caves of old ocean? Where was the romance of intelligence brought by a mud-bespattered courier on a jaded horse or signalled by the ponderous wings of the old semaphore? Did not news of the overthrow of a dynasty, the outbreak of a revolution, the loss of an army, the winning of a victory, lose half its mighty significance, its awfulness, its grandeur, by travelling in the pocket of such a messenger as this—the sublime in the keeping of the ridiculous? If you want to give us an idea of romance, of the romance of power, of science, and knowledge, tell us of events that change the destinies of the world by transmitting the news to us in a flash of lightning along the bed of the ocean; tell us in London all that happened in Paris an hour before; keep up an ever-flowing current of intercommunication, of sympathy, of progress, of new ideas in art and commerce and literature, and weary us not by groundless lamentations over the death of chivalry, of the picturesque, and the romantic.

If we were asked where we see the best guarantees for the peace, and liberty, and welfare of Europe, we should reply, in the cordial union of France and England, undoubtedly,—in the multiplication of the ties of commerce and of social intercourse. We look at this question altogether apart from any considerations regarding the government of either country. No man who has been born and bred on English soil can have either sympathy with, or admiration for, the power which now rules the French nation; but it is not with it, but with the

people that we have to do. It is of yesterday—in a year it may have passed away, and have been forgotten like its predecessors; but the people will last, we believe and hope, as long as the world shall last. They are France—the France of Louis XI., and Louis XIV., and Napoleon the Great, to be sure; but still, in each advancing year, a wiser, and a better and abler France, full of noble aspirations, of high thoughts and deep sympathies with all that is good and great in humanity, enthusiastic in the pursuit of science, brave, generous, and courteous, with thousands of great names on the roll of her history which we ourselves would be proud to own. For centuries we have combated her by land and sea, urged on by the wicked and detestable teachings which pointed her out as our natural enemy, and led us to believe that our glory, safety, and welfare lay in conquering her. We now know better. The railways have taught us a new lesson. The French have come here in shoals, and examined us for themselves. They have found in us much to love and admire, have discovered that we don't sell our wives, are generally moderate in our cups, and don't constantly keep exclaiming "gottam," and occasionally taste other food than *rosbif*. Feuilletonistes may fabricate and blunder, but they will not get many to believe them. We, on our part, have got over our infantine creed on the subject of wooden shoes and brass money, frogs, and starvation, and cowardice. We like French cookery, we admire French genius, we study the French literature, and we speak the French language. To confirm and promote the good feelings which have thus been generated, every effort has been recently made. The submarine telegraph is a bond which will do more to promote the solid unity of the people than any schemes of social regeneration, which propose to shut men up in huge barracks, and make them live in a sort of Agapemone, where everybody will have everything in common,—a capital plan, we should imagine, for making everybody as morose and as uncomfortable as he could be.

It is undeniable that men often need only to be known that they may be loved. If you wish to make people hate each other, keep them apart. If you wish to promote union and sympathy, make railways, give freedom to trade, let them travel, see one another, and trade with one another, and the good genius of humanity will do the rest. This is a truth which governments are at last beginning to recognise. We already see the results. We see England and France more and more banded together, aye, and despite the plans and policy of despots or diplomatists, banded for liberty and right. Their united fleets now thunder defiance against the grasping and detestable injustice of Russia. The two nations have come forward as the guardians of international faith—as the police of the public law of the world. A constant interchange of good offices is kept up between them in every quarter of the globe, while the energies of each, instead of relaxing under the influence of peace and harmony, are stimulated by a generous rivalry which has for its object the happiness and well-being of mankind. A copyright convention has secured to the authors of both the fruits of their industry, in whatever part of each country his works may penetrate. A larger public is thus opened up, and genius and intellect are stimulated and encouraged by the thought that the two greatest nations of the world will peruse their creations, but that neither will peruse without rewarding.

He who does not see in all this omens of untold blessings for the whole world, must be a dweller in Cimmerian darkness. While two great peoples are in the advanced guard of the army of progress, we may look forward with hope and confidence to the day which so many martyrs and patriots have died to hasten. The doctrine of brotherhood between all mankind, which Christ came on earth to preach, finds its best support, not in the cold discourses which fall heavily on dull ears, but in the promotion of material enterprises. Strange and providential adaptation of means often base, and often unworthy to a noble and glorious end! The covetousness, or avarice, which causes a railway to traverse a neglected and isolated district, proves the harbinger of knowledge and enlightenment and comfort to thousands, who might otherwise have sat in darkness. Let not, therefore, the *gens d'esprits*, and the "idealists" rail too fiercely against the money-hunting *bourgeoisie*—against the *concessionaires*, and *rentiers*, and *agens de change*. These men are hastening the fulfilment of their best hopes, it may be in a way that seems roundabout, or mischievous, but it is the way appointed by Providence, and in the long run its wisdom will assuredly appear.

In concluding, we are glad that all we have said is illustrated and enforced by an engraving from a cunning hand, that will, perhaps, convey to the eye of the reader a more vivid picture of what we rejoice over in the present relations of France and England, and look for in their future intercourse, than we have been able to portray by the pen. Peace sits enthroned in light, and grasping in her right hand the Union Jack and tri-colour, war-worn flags, consecrated by a thousand triumphs by land and sea, surrounded by a thousand ennobling memories of bravery, generosity, and heroism. Both flags of liberty and glory, so long divided and hostile, are now mingling their folds peacefully in the sunlight; at the feet of the goddess, the workman and the *ouvrier*, representatives of classes which all the world over are unrivalled, in courage, endurance, and intelligence, ingenuity and skill, clasp their hard hands in friendship across the hive of the busy bee, the emblem of their strength and boast, and their only escutcheon, though full as proud a one as that of the Montmorencis or the Percys. Below them are the youth of both countries, their *jeunesse dorée*, surrounded in profusion by evidences of the taste and ingenuity of their fathers, and engaged in the pursuit of the arts, sciences, commerce, and literature, with an ardour which promises to make them, like Homer's heroes, abler men than they. On the one side we see the curtain being drawn over the Past, and on the other the shadow which hitherto veiled the landscape is rapidly passing away and revealing the light beyond. While one shrinks with horror from the contemplation of the battle-field, where the smoke of the destroying cannon, and the scent of carnage linger even yet, another points exultingly to the promise of the Coming Time, when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into reaping-hooks. The ocean, covered with the ships of both nations, bearing hither and thither the fruits of the replenished and subdued earth; the railroad annihilating distance, and acquainting men one with another; the electric telegraph, a band of union which, it is to be hoped, will never be broken asunder; free-trade in all that is necessary to the welfare of either nation—verily, these are as fit emblems of the Present as tilts and tournaments, men-at-arms, and knightly prowess in blood-stained fields, were of the mighty Past. The ripe harvest of golden grain is a better representative of national prosperity and national content than was ever "flag that braved a thousand years," be it tricolour, or Union Jack, or any other. These are the foundations on which enterprise and industry shall rest. These are glorious emblems, but the "bow of promise," which hangs in the cloud, is full of still nobler meaning,—for it points to an epoch, in which the thousand ills which still afflict us, which blast our best anticipations, disconcert our best planned schemes, and oftentimes cast the best and greatest of us back into despair—despair of mankind and his destiny—shall pass away like a cloud, and leave behind nought but light—the light which shall "shine more and more unto the perfect day."

The Future is truly the idol of our souls.

> "To thee the Martyr looketh, and his fires
> Unlock their fangs, and leave his spirit free;
> To thee, the poet, 'mid his toil aspires,
> And grief and hunger climb about his knee,
> Welcome as children; thou upholdest
> The lone Inventor by his demon haunted.
> The prophet cries to thee when hearts are coldest,
> And gazing o'er the midnight's bleak abyss,
> Sees the drowsied soul awaken at thy kiss,
> And stretch its happy arms and leap up disenchanted."

THE MOSQUE EL MOYED.

MAHOMET is one of the men whom history is forced to commemorate. Everywhere in the east you are reminded of his life and doings. Centuries have rolled away since he inscribed his Koran on the shoulder blades of mutton, but all day long the priests still read his strange old book, and the traffickers in the busy market bow down when the voice of the priest is heard—"to prayers, to prayers, God is the true God—to prayers, to prayers—Mahomet is his prophet." What a wonderful change that wild son of the desert effected in the habits and feelings of those eastern people—how changed are they since they went on pilgrimage to the black stone and worshipped at Kaaba!

Strange places are the eastern mosques; speaking of those of Cairo, Bartlett, in his "Nile Boat," says, "Among the four hundred mosques in the city, many of which are in a state of decay, very beautiful specimens may be met with." One of them our engraving represents. The Mosque-el-Moyed, or Medrecet-el-Moyed, was erected at the beginning of the fifteenth century (in the year 807 of the hegira), by the sultan Abou-el-Nars, Sheik-el-Mamoudy, surnamed Melik-el-Moyed, of the illustrious family of the Daherites, upon the spot formerly occupied by a prison, where the Emir Mentech was detained captive. The interior decorations of this religious edifice are very costly and beautiful. The ceiling is divided into different compartments by rich mouldings, painted and gilt. Within the most sacred portion of the mosque there is a gorgeous display of valuable jewels set in gold and silver, while curiously wrought tapestries of the finest material, arrayed in graceful folds, add to the magnificence of the scene.

Three minarets are erected on the mosque, one at the north-west angle of the building, and the other two at the south-east angle. These two last abut upon the gate of the Bazaar el Soukarieh. From the galleries of the minarets the priests call the faithful to prayers. A number of shops are attached to the exterior walls of the mosque, and the tenants have to keep the place in good repair. It is a fine old specimen of eastern architecture, perhaps one of the finest in all Cairo. In the Mosque-el-Moyed there is great care displayed for the accommodation of the priests in ascending the minaret at the time of worship, as one of the most important parts of their religious economy is this public declaration of the hour of prayer, and of their faith in Mahomet, who fell like a spark on black unnoticeable sand, "but lo, the sand proved explosive powder, and blazed heaven high from Delhi to Grenada!"

VIEW OF THE MOSQUE EL MOYED, AT CAIRO.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

BIANCA, GIULO, AND JACQUES, IN THE BOUDOIR.

CHAPTER VIII.

Herm. "——— Pray you sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry or sad shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter;
I have one of spirits and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, sir;
Come on, sit down, come on and do your best
To fright me with your spirits."—*Winter's Tale.*

The day was far spent when the two youths, Giulio Polani, and the Sieur de la Mole found themselves, once again in the streets of Venice. The spot at which the former arrested the steps of his companion was one which might well command the attention of a stranger. It was close to the north-western angle of the grand-ducal palace, and the spectator could obtain a full view either due westward along the great piazza, terminated by the church of St. Giminiano, or, turning his head southward, survey the piazzetta through its whole line, till the eye rested on the waters of the Giudecca. The lower story of the palace was supported upon arches that sprang from massive pillars, and thus formed a magnificent arcade down the whole western front. This was the favourite promenade of the Venetian nobility, both in the morning between six and eleven o'clock, and in the evening between five and eight. The "Broglio," as it was called, was in fact the exchange of Venice for the nobility, quite as much as the Rialto was the exchange for the merchants; and in good truth as much business was done in the one locality as in the other; and though the actors were of a different class, the transactions themselves were often very similar in their character. If at the Rialto the merchant sold his merchandize to the best purchaser, so too at the Broglio, the noble often sold his influence, his vote, it might be his honour, to the highest bidder, the only difference in the two transactions being the openness with which the one, and the secrecy with which the other made his bargain. If the usurious money-lender overreached or oppressed in the one place, the greedy aristocrat circumvented and ensnared in the other. In the one there were frauds, and chicane, and the tricks of trade; in the other, corruption, and intrigues, and the specious deceits of polished life. Each had their class-vices, and venalities, whether practised beneath the gown of the patrician or the cloak of the merchant.

But no such sentiments as these were suggested to the mind of the foreigner as he viewed the scene before him. Notwithstanding that the vast majority of the nobility was now absent from the city, serving in the army and on board the fleet at Palestrina, there were still left a sufficient number, especially of those to whom the regulation of the state was committed, and whose presence in the city was indispensable, to give brilliancy and effect to the concourse. Beneath the arcade might now be seen groups of nobles, some in couples, others, but less frequently, in larger numbers, promenading to and fro. It was noticeable, too, that the mechanics and artisans, and indeed all classes of the citizens who were not noble, did not venture to intrude themselves beneath the sanctity of the arcade; while a closer observer would have discovered that, even among those who assumed the right to walk within the pillars, a certain etiquette was observed, which separated even the nobles into classes; and distinct portions of the promenade seemed to have been conventionally appropriated for each class, upon which the others carefully abstained from intruding.

Outside the line of the arcade, the piazzetta was crowded with persons of every grade of the citizens below the rank of noble, and in addition were to be seen the denizens of most of the nations of the world, whom the commerce of Venice brought constantly to the city. Persians and Turks, Dalmatians and Greeks, Jews from every region, and Christians from all parts of Christendom. These, as they passed to and fro, or stood in groups, added infinitely to the picturesque effect of the scene, by the variety and contrasts of their costumes, and the brilliant colours of their atire, compared with the sobriety and sameness of the garb of the Venetian citizen.

It was not without some excusable pride that Giulio noticed the manifest admiration of his friend, as he looked around him and contemplated one of the most imposing spectacles of the kind that even a travelled man could then behold, for assuredly in no country could one see more architectural magnificence grouped together—a nobler square, a purer sky, or a richer assemblage than the piazza and piazzetta di San Marco exhibited on a fine evening in the end of spring, or during the early summer. At length the young stranger turned to his friend and said:—

"In good faith, my Giulio, thou hast done well to bring me hither at such an hour as this. He who should miss this sight would carry away with him but an imperfect idea of your fair Venice."

Giulio made no reply, but his smile showed that he appreciated and enjoyed his friend's remark: the latter resumed:—

"Come now, thou shalt explain to me the significancy of the various robes which I perceive the nobles wear. In truth, I thought your citizens affected but little distinction in dress, deeming all denizens of the republic on an equality—is it not so?"

Giulio smiled once again, but with an import different from before—it was the smile of one who cared not to answer a question when he scarce knew whether it was prompted by naivetè or a pleasant malice.

"The mere citizens all wear the cloak of Paduan cloth, as you may perceive," he at length replied. "But the clarissimi who bear any office in the state wear their gowns of office."

"Ah! I comprehend. Well then, who may that distinguished person be who wears the long gown of red damask, with the full sleeves, and the flap falling over his left shoulder?"

"What, he with the red hose and shoes? oh, that is the chief of the Council of Ten. The other with whom he walks in such earnest conversation is one of the secretaries of the council,—he with the gown of blue cloth with blue flaps edged with taffeta."

"Truly a mysterious-looking pair they seem," said the foreigner, laughing gaily: then checking himself as he observed the serious visage of his friend, he continued: "Pardie, I forgot, dear Giulio, that I am in Venice, and not in La Belle France. Well, there is a fine, martial-looking fellow in the gown of black damask, within which, as it opens, you can see his crimson doublet and hose. He is not one of your city *savi*, surely?"

"No," replied Giulio; "that is a knight of the Terra Firma."

"Ma foi! Say you so, indeed? In good sooth I should not care to get upon my war-horse in such a cumbrous garment, if I were the good knight. It would be sorely in the way of a demipique saddle, and one would scarce be able to put lance in rest or flourish a brand with these long sleeves trailing about."

"But thou shouldst see our knights of the Terra Firma *upon* the terra firma, Jacques," retorted Giulio, with some show of irritation; "thou wouldst then know how they can lay aside the long gown for the hauberk, and the felt hat for the camail de fer."

"Ah, I cry you mercy," said the Frenchman, interrupting

him, with an apologetic bow. "I forgot that you have no horses in the city of the lagune."

In observations such as these the young men continued to indulge for a space as they walked down the piazzetta towards the water's edge.

"And now, Giulio," said his friend, "thou hast shown me much to-day, but there is one sight which I would fain see beyond them all."

"Name it, dear Jacques."

"And thou wilt promise to gratify my wish?"

"Assuredly, if it be within my power."

"Well, that is reasonable. Dost remember, Giulio, one lovely moonlight night, when thou and I lingered in our pinnace by a fair villa upon the banks of the Seine?"

"Ah, yes, Jacques: but what of it now, I prithee?"

"Why this, Giulio. Thou didst then speak of thy own home and thy own kin, and, in chief, of one whom thou didst call sister, though sister she was not at all; and I thought then, that if ever I should come to Venice, I would ask thee to show me a woman such as thou didst then describe. And I told thee, Giulio—did I not?—how that brothers were but partial judges. And thou didst maintain that our Gallic maidens were not fair as she of thine own Venice. Then, Giulio, we made a sportive wager of I forget how many crowns, each maintaining the beauty of his own land; and thou said'st that if I should come to Venice I should be convinced by my own eyes, and should give judgment against myself with mine own lips. Was it not so, Giulio?"

"In truth, dear Jacques, it was even as thou sayest. But the matter passed altogether from my mind, even until thou hast now recalled it."

"Well, art thou prepared to yield the palm to our French demoiselles, or art thou still as confident in Venetian beauty?"

"Nay, it is thou, Jacques, that shalt yield. What sayest thou? Shall we leave the noise of the city and seek the placid lagunes, as the sun is sinking? Most gladly will Bianca receive as her friend one who is the friend of her brother."

"Be it so, then," said Jacques; "and now let us lose no more time."

There was then, as there is now, and we make no doubt will ever be, while one stone of Venice remains upon another, a traghetto, or boat-stand, at the foot of the steps of the piazzetta. Several gondolas were lying at the water's edge, the gondoliers stretched lazily along the benches waiting for some chance fare.

"Antonio!" cried Giulio, hailing one of the boatmen.

"Eccomi, eccomi, signor. Son pronto io," responded a young man, springing upright, and with a sweep of his oar-blade sending his little craft right up to the foot of the stairs.

The young men entered. Giulio pointed with his hand beyond the Giudecca in a north-easterly direction.

"Ah, si, si, eccellenza: capisco ben," said the young gondolier, with a sly smile, and a stroke of his oar that drove them swiftly along the water.

"Well then, Antonio, if thou dost know whither thou art to go, I shall have the less to tell thee. And how is thy mother?"

"The Virgin be praised, eccellenza, the old woman bears up bravely, especially when she can get half an hour's gossip with a friend, as she did yesterday, when good mistress Giudetta called to see her."

By this time the gondola had cleft its way into the middle of the Canale di Giudecca, and was nearly opposite the Island of San Giorgio Maggiore. The noble church which now stands upon the island had not yet been reared, but the convent and ancient chapel of the Benedictine monks were to be seen casting their shadows eastward upon the water.

"How calmly the water laves the shore of yonder isle," remarked Jacques, "what a picture of that dreamy repose which one can fancy is never broken by a ruffle."

"And yet," replied his friend, "at times the wind sweeps across its surface, and the waves roll in from the Adriatic, so that few gondolas would venture to cross the water."

"Ah! true, eccellenza," said Antonio, "unless the blessed San Giorgio himself should take it under his protection, as he did when the city was saved."

"And how was that, pray?" asked Jacques.

"What! has the signore never heard of the miracle of the three holy saints?"

"Never," said Jacques.

"Oh, che crederia?" exclaimed the boatman in surprise; but pardon,—the signore is perhaps a stranger?"

"It is even so; but thou shalt tell me the tale."

"Nay, signore, it is no tale, it is as true as the blessed Gospel. I heard my father tell it a thousand times—and he heard it from old Domenico himself, for they were great friends."

"Well, then, Antonio, thou canst tell it to the signore all the better, I suppose," said Giulio.

"Ay, eccellenza, I have it as pat off as if it were written out for me in a book and I could read it."

"Commence then, good youth, for I am anxious to hear it."

"Volontieri, signore?"—and so Antonio proceeded with

THE LEGEND OF THE THREE SAINTS.

"Well, then, good gentlemen, it is about forty years ago, as well as I can count, that what I am going to tell your excellencies took place. The season was a terribly wet one: the rain fell, fell day and night, just as if the clouds had no bottom to them; and then the Brenta, and all the other rivers that flow into the lagunes, were swoln to the top of their banks, and poured down in oceans. For thirty days the flood continued to increase, and the waters to rise all round the city and the islands, till people began to think that God was going to destroy the world once again with a deluge. Well, signori, on the thirtieth day, as it was coming on towards midnight, a tremendous tempest of wind sprang up all of a sudden, so awful, they say who heard it, that it seemed as if all the devils in hell had broken their chains and come howling and sweeping through the air. Just at this very time, a poor old fisherman, that went by the name of Domenico, was drawing up his little boat as well as he could to the bank of the Terra Nuova—"

"Nay, there thou art going astray, assuredly, Antonio," said Giulio, interrupting the chronicler. "It was at the Riva of the Canale di San Marco that old Domenico chanced to be when the tempest caught him,—so they who knew best affirm."

"Under favour, signore," replied the gondolier, "he who knew best where old Domenico made fast his boat that night, was, I should suppose, old Domenico himself, and he told my father 'twas at the Terra Nuova—and my father told me 'twas at the Terra Nuova, and I tell your excellencies 'twas at the Terra Nuova, and—"

"Proceed, in the name of the Virgin, then, after your own fashion," cried the youth, cutting short the discussion.

"Sicuro, signore: one should not commit any mistake in so important a matter. Well, then, the poor fellow was in a sad plight, drenched to the skin, and hungry, and weary; for he had been toiling all the day, trying to catch a few fish, but the fish were all frightened and would not take any bait. So when he had moored the boat in the best shelter he could find, he was just stepping upon the bank when he perceived a man standing in front of him.

"'You are in luck,' said the stranger; 'just in the nick of time.'

"'As to luck,' replied Domenico, 'I never was in luck in my life; but I am just in time, I believe, to save myself from spending the night in the bottom of the canal.'

"'Thou art in luck,' repeated the other; 'thou shalt earn a good fare, and ferry me across to San Giorgio.'

"'Diavolo!' cried Domenico, 'come si puo andare a San Giorgio? How the devil, signore, could one get across to San Giorgio such a wild night as this? Noi ci annegheremo. By the blessed San Marco, we should be drowned to a certainty.'

"'By the blessed San Marco,' said the other solemnly, 'not a hair of your head shall be wet. Come.'

"The stranger spoke with an air of authority that Domenico found himself unable to resist, and stepping in he sat down at the stern, while the fisherman pulled away with all his might for the island. The will of God so appointing it, he reached the shore in perfect safety. Then the stranger, who during the time had neither spoken nor moved, arose, and ere Domenico could demand his fare, he was on the bank.

"'Aspettate qui un poco,' said he to the old man, with a wave of his hand, 'wait for me here for a moment;' and so he vanished in the darkness.

"Domenico was very angry, for he thought that the stranger had played him a slippery trick, cheating him of his fare as well as putting his life in jeopardy. However, when he looked back across the dark and troubled waters, he thought the best thing he could do was to stay where he was for the night. He had scarcely made up his mind to this, when he saw the stranger returning with another person, seemingly a young man of a warlike appearance. The two stepped into the boat, and the former, turning to Domenico, said in the same authoritative voice—

"'Va verso San Nicolo di Lido.'"

"'To San Nicolo di Lido!' repeated the old man in astonishment. 'Chi mai potrebbeci andare a un remo? In the name of the Holy Virgin, who would be able to row to San Nicolo di Lido?'

"But the other said in a very quiet calm voice, 'Va Sicuramente che tu potrai andare. Be well assured that thou canst accomplish the task. And then, he added, seeing Domenico still hesitating, 'e sarai ben pagato.'

"Well, off he pulled lustily, commending himself to God and the Virgin, and though the water was rough, and the night as wild as ever, they reached San Nicolo in safety. The two men now left the boat and quickly returned with a third, a venerable-looking person, who seemed, as Domenico told my father, like an ecclesiastic. They were no sooner seated than the same who had heretofore spoken, directed Domenico to pull away out as far as the two castles. This seemed the strangest order of all, nevertheless he felt somehow as if he had no power to refuse: so he took to his oars once more, and made the direction of the castles. All the way the storm was at the highest, and as they were just getting out into the open sea, they beheld coming towards them from the two castles at a marvellous speed, as if flying along the waters, a galley full of devils; such, at all events, Domenico took them to be, from their terrible looks and their awful curses and denunciations; and as they came close up to the little boat, he could hear them vowing that they would inundate all Venice, and plunge her for ever in the abyss. Suddenly the sea, which up to this time was tossing in the most turbulent manner, as the old man used to declare, became as calm and tranquil as it is this moment. Then the three men stood up, and making each the sign of the cross, they addressed the demons, and they conjured them in the name of Christ to depart and go their ways. No sooner had they done this, than in an instant the galley disappeared and was never again seen or heard of. Then the three men caused Domenico to row them back again to the Lido, where the ecclesiastic got out, and thereupon his first acquaintance said to the boatman, 'Now for San Giorgio Maggiore.' Away pulled Domenico, for by this time he felt that he was in company with those whom it would not be very safe to gainsay: besides, he had lost all sense of danger, so away he pulled till he ran the boat up beside the very self-same spot on the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, where he had taken in the soldier. No sooner was the boat at rest than out stepped the second of his mysterious fares, and disappeared as strangely as he had come. There was now only the original person left in the boat. Domenico looked at him for further directions, whereupon he merely said, 'A Terra Nuova.' To the Terra Nuova accordingly the old man shaped his course, and at last arrived at the very post where he was about to moor his boat when he met with this singular adventure. The stranger was just stepping ashore as the others did, when old Domenico bethought him that it was now high time to remind him of his promise. With somewhat of a fearful heart, for, as he said, he knew well he was dealing with no ordinary person, he ventured to say,—

"'Eccellentissimo. I have seen a great miracle, no doubt. Nevertheless, miracles will not fill a poor fisherman's belly now-a-days. Your worship will, I humbly hope, pay me as you have promised for my hard night's work.'

"'What thou sayest is just enough,' replied the other. 'Tu hai ragione. Go then in the morning to the Doge, and to the Procuratori di San Marco; tell them what thou hast seen and heard, and desire them to pay you.'

"'Ah, Dio, noble sir,' said the old man, 'were I to tell them all these marvellous things, they would not believe a word of them, and they would, I fear, pay me with the lash or the prison.'

"'They *shall* believe thee,' said the other. 'Tell them thou hadst San Marco in thy boat, and the cavaliero San Giorgio, as likewise the holy bishop, San Nicolo, and that Venice would have been drowned, but for us three and thyself, who served us so bravely!'

"The old man knew not what to say when he found himself in the presence of the great patron saint of our city. At length he shook his head and said,—'Evangelista Santissimo, eglino non me crederanno. Alas! they will not credit such a one as I.'

"'They shall,' said the saint, 'I tell thee, they shall. Here, take this ring and show it to them in the morning, and say I gave it to thee.'

"Thereupon he departed, leaving the old man full of perplexity, not well knowing whether the whole was not a dream —except that he really had a rich gold ring in his hand, studded with precious stones. So when the morrow came, the old fisherman presented himself before the Doge, and told his tale, ending it by showing the ring. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of his highness at this, for he knew the ring in an instant. However, he sent off to the sanctuary of San Marco, to find if the ring was in its place, and lo, it was missing from its place. Just at this moment intelligence was brought that the water was falling rapidly in the lagunes, which gave such confirmation to the fisherman's narrative, that no one was impious enough any longer to doubt a word of it. His highness gave the ring, forthwith, to Ser Marco Loredano and Ser Andrea Dandolo, who were then the Procuratori of Saint Marks, and they lodged it in its place in the sanctuary, where it is, they say, up to this day!"

"Well, and what became of Domenico? was he paid his fare in the long run?" asked Jacques.

"Ah! Per Bacco, his fortune was made. The signory did not neglect the saint's directions, but they settled a state pension on the old man, which made him comfortable for the rest of his life. So that, eccellenza, is the true account of how the *three saints* saved the city of Venice."

Ere Antonio had concluded the legend of the three saints, the gondola had passed from the lagunes and entered the Adriatic. A short time sufficed to bring the party to the point of the shore, near which stood the villa with which the reader is already acquainted—that in which Bianca Morosini now resided. In that same sweet boudoir, with its balcony looking out upon the sea, was the maiden seated when the young men entered the house. What was the subject of her thoughts just then, one would scarce have needed to ask who could have seen the *abandon* of that graceful form half reclining on the couch, and marked the long black lash of the closed lid as it reposed on the upper part of the cheek, whose paleness was not invaded by the faint blush that tinged the face a little lower. He would have at once pronounced the subject was one in which the fancy was busily at work, and which engrossed the heart much more than the intellect—and that smile upon the scarce parted lips betrayed that the pictures of the fancy and the speculations of the heart were both pleasurable. At the farther end of the apartment a young

maiden, apparently about her own age, was employed arranging some flowers in a vase. She was attired in a variety of bright colours, and in a costume somewhat fantastic, and as she moved about, the toss of her head and the coquettish expression of her eyes announced the lady's maid—such as she was in Venice—one who, by her own freedom of manners, amply made up for the reserve in those of her mistress, one who, in the church, or at the public gardens, or passing through the public streets behind her mistress, was ever on the alert to watch every favourable opportunity to facilitate the little love adventures of herself or her mistress, to tell young gallants *by accident* where they were to be found in the evening, what mask her lady appeared in at the ball, and learn in return the colour of the gentleman's *domino*, and to make assignations at the *ridotto*, or at the chapel, or in the saloon of some common friend, who might be favourably disposed towards the young people. In no part of the world, not excepting Spain, had the ladies' maid more arduous functions to discharge than in the fair city of Venice. Nor will this be wondered at when it is remembered that nowhere were the daughters of noble houses watched with more strictness than in Venice. The greatest possible horror of *mesalliances* was entertained by those proud aristocrats, and parents who could not obtain suitable matches for their daughters preferred to consign them to convents rather than to the protection of husbands beneath their own rank. To guard against any mischance of this nature was, therefore, a principal object with those who had the care of the young Venetian ladies, and so they contrived to keep them as much as possible from that free intercourse with the other sex which was more or less liberally accorded in other countries. To counterplot parents and guardians in this respect was, after all, a natural, though certainly not a very commendable, consequence of the over strictness which was exercised, and hence a thousand ingenious devices and contrivances were resorted to by clever lacqueys and smart ladies' maids, to forward the love affairs of those whom they served. One had only to look at the sparkling black eyes of Giovanna, and the quick and restless glances with which they roved about from object to object, to be convinced that she was fully endowed with those qualities of intrigue, sagacity, and readiness that were necessary for a lady's maid; and yet never were such inestimable qualities more totally useless, at least so far as the mistress was concerned than in the present instance. Dear, simple-hearted Bianca! She had no lovers, no gallants—no heart affairs—save one, and that one was too sacred for the intermeddling of a waiting-maid; and so Giovanna was forced to content herself with rendering the ordinary and more legitimate services of her station, and of cultivating her talent for intrigue in the affairs of her own heart only.

The entrance of Giulio and his friend caused, of course, some little excitement in the boudoir. The faint flush deepened and mounted on the cheek of Bianca, as, after welcoming Giulio, she received the courtesies of the stranger. The serving-maiden did not fail to admire the fine figure and fashionable attire of the foreigner, and to fall into instant speculation as to who he was, what he was, and why he was here. She contrived to throw the flowers out of the vase, that she might have the excuse of waiting in the apartment to re-arrange them; but this was at length accomplished, and she retired, leaving the three to enjoy their own society without the surveillance of others.

And why should not we follow her example? Why should not we permit one episode in the social existence of three young people to pass without recording every word, anatomising every sentiment, moralising upon every action? Already have we given our readers an insight into the heart of one of the three—that clear, pure heart that one might look through as he would look through the translucent water, or the clear crystal. The heart of man is less easily read, for there are many things to tincture its purity, to make opaque that which should be transparent—complex feelings, conflicting master-passions, contending interests. What, then, were the sentiments which the two others of the party entertained for the beautiful girl in whose presence they sat, it would be premature to say. One of them, Giulio, felt at least all the love of a brother, all the pride of a brother; but did he feel anything more? Was his love stronger, tenderer, more exacting than the love of a brother? Did he feel even a momentary pang of jealousy as he witnessed the admiration of his friend, which the latter did not even seek to conceal? Did the gallantries of anyone but himself to the girl seem misplaced, and did he long for the hour when he should enjoy her converse without the presence of a third; and, above all, of a third of his own sex, and of attractions such as he could not help admitting Jacques was possessed of? All these questions we shall not now answer; nor shall we speculate on the precise nature of the feelings which Jacques entertained towards the lady. Certain it is, however, that upon the return of the two youths that evening to Venice, their conversation was by no means as unconstrained and as animated as it was wont to be of old. Giulio was abstracted, moody, and for minutes together totally silent. Jacques appeared less gay and careless in his manner; and, at times, Giulio surprised him gazing upon his face with an expression of melancholy, yet kind, interest, as if he had penetrated the young Venetian's secret love, even before the latter had fully acknowledged it to himself. It seemed as if the memory of the ciarlatano's prediction of the morning came upon the young men like a dark shadow, from whose gloom they could not altogether emerge.

It was not till many hours of the early night had passed over their heads, as they sat in the Palazzo Polani, recounting over the wine-flask some of their pleasant days, that their wonted cheeriness of tone and manner returned to either. At length they parted with a cordial embrace at midnight, each returning to his apartment, having planned the pleasures of the succeeding day.

In the morning, when Giulio had dressed, he sought his friend's apartment, but it was empty. As he was returning to the salone, wondering at the early movements of his guest, Tomaso handed him a letter: breaking the silken thread that tied it, Giulio read the following words,—

"It is necessary that I leave Venice without delay. Till we meet again, accept my thanks and confide in my love. I have lost the wager, dear Giulio, and thou hast won. Be it so. I shall pay thee, assuredly—perhaps when thou least expectest it.

"Adieu.

"Jacques."

Giulio was both surprised and grieved at this sudden departure of his friend. To all his enquiries he could get no other answer than this, that early in the morning his guest had gone out, but returned shortly after, apparently in haste with a packet in his hand, which looked as if just received. He announced to Tomaso that he had suddenly received information which required his immediate departure, and ordered his cloak-bag to be put in the gondola which awaited him at the water-gate of the palazzo. He then wrote the few lines which he left for Giulio, with directions to give them to him when he left his chamber, but by no means to disturb him in the meantime. And so he departed.

After turning the matter again and again in his mind, the young Venetian came to the conclusion that his guest had gone to the osteria, and there found a letter for him, which required his presence speedily elsewhere. What the nature of this summons might be he had no means of forming any idea, but the fact of Jacques having been seen with a letter in his hand upon his return to the palazzo seemed to justify the conclusion to which he had come. At length he dismissed the subject, with the belief that a little time would clear up the matter, as he had no doubt that Jacques would soon write to explain it; and so, when he had taken his morning's repast, his thoughts turned not unnaturally to the scene of the previous evening, and then he thought of Bianca, and then—he stept into the family gondola, and desired Beppo to row to the Villa Morosini.

PROFESSOR FARADAY'S EXPERIMENTAL INVESTIGATION OF TABLE-MOVING.

The "new power," which table-moving has been thought to disclose, has at length been investigated by an experimental philosopher. The conclusion to which he has arrived is, that tables are moved simply by unconscious muscular action, having nothing to do with electricity, magnetism, attraction, or any unknown force whatever, much less, as some have boldly asserted, the motion of the earth, or supernatural agency. The morbid state of the public mind, both in Europe and America, on the subject of table-moving, required some corrective; and Professor Faraday, with a view to banish false notions respecting it, has taken considerable pains to discover the real motive-power by which the various phenomena of table-moving are produced. The results of his ingenious and successful experiments, and the methods by which he arrived at them, have been communicated to the public by that eminent scientific authority. That our readers may retain in a permanent form that which otherwise might exist only in the pages of a newspaper, we present them with a brief epitome of the professor's experiments.

After explaining his reasons for making the inquiry—not that his own doubts on the subject of table-moving might be satisfied, for he never had any, but that he might be enabled to give a decided opinion, founded on facts, to the many who applied to him—the professor proceeds to show by what steps he arrived at the conclusion that the table, or any other inert matter, had no power of moving except that which was communicated directly to it from the hands of the operators. He associated with him several honourable, but sincere, believers in the table-moving mania; and, after a few experiments, in which abundant motion was communicated to the pieces of furniture operated upon, he clearly saw that the table moved under the action of ordinary mechanical power, when the parties did not intend, and did not believe, that they moved it by any such means.

But he sought to *prove* to these honourable believers, and through them to the public, that they really did move the table in this way, and that the influence of expectation on their minds was the actual cause of their hands moving the table, and that the table did not move their hands. His first object, therefore, was to remove all suspicion of electrical agency. Hence plates of the most opposite electric affinities, namely, sand-paper, millboard, glass, moist clay, tinfoil, cardboard, gutta-percha, vulcanised india-rubber, wood, &c., were made into a bundle and placed on the table under the hands of the operators. The table turned, nevertheless, though no electric or magnetic effects could be produced. Bundles of other substances were used and placed under the hands of different persons, but still the table turned. Neither during the use of these substances, nor at any other time while the experiments were in progress, could any apparent motion be observed in the hands of the operators; and no form of operation or mode of observation gave the slightest indication of any peculiar natural force. No attractions or repulsions, or signs of tangential power, appeared—nor anything that could be referred to other than the mere mechanical pressure exerted moderately by the operators. The tables went round, forwards, backwards, and sideways, at the will of the turners, and nothing of either "collusion, illusion, or delusion" was apparent.

But this cursory examination did not satisfy the professor. He therefore proceeded to analyse the kind of pressure exerted, at first unknown to the operators. Several pellets of a cement made of wax and turpentine were fixed on the under side of a piece of cardboard, and then placed on the table. The table turners laid their hands on the cardboard, and the professor waited the result. The table moved as before; but on examining the under side of the cardboard it was easy to see "by the displacement of the pellets that the hands had moved further than the table, and that the latter had lagged behind; that the hands, in fact, had pushed the card to the left, and that the table had followed and been dragged by it." It was evident, therefore, that the table had not drawn the hands and persons, nor had it moved simultaneously with the hands. The hands had left all things under them behind, and the table evidently tended continually to keep the hands back.

"The next step was to arrange an index which should show whether the table moved first, or the hand moved before the table, or both moved or remained at rest together." Various ingenious contrivances were invented and applied, "the result of which was," says Professor Faraday, "that when the operators saw the index it remained very steady; when it was hidden from them, or they looked away from it, it moved about, though they believed that they always pressed directly downwards; and, when the table did not move, there was still a resultant of handforce by which it was wished the table should move; which, however, was exercised quite unwittingly by the party operating. This resultant it is which, in the course of the waiting time, whilst the fingers and hands become stiff, numb, and insensible, by continued pressure, grows up to an amount sufficient to move the table or the substances pressed upon. But the most valuable test of this index apparatus (which was afterwards made more perfect and independent of the table), is the corrective power it possesses over the mind of the table turner. As soon as the index is placed before the most earnest, and they perceive—as in my presence they have always done—that it tells truly whether they are pressing downwards or only obliquely, then all effects of table-turning cease, even though the parties persevere, earnestly desiring motion, till they become weary and worn-out. No prompting or checking of the hands is needed—*the power is gone*; and this, only because the parties are made conscious of what they are really doing mechanically, and so are unable unwittingly to deceive themselves. I know that some may say that it is the cardboard next the fingers which moves first, and that *it* both drags the table and the table turner with it. All I have to reply is, that the cardboard may in practice be reduced to a thin sheet of paper weighing only a few grains, or to a piece of goldbeaters'-skin, or even—in principle—to the very cuticle of the fingers itself. Then the results that follow are too absurd to be admitted; the table becomes an incumbrance, and a person holding out his fingers in the air, either naked or tipped with goldbeaters'-skin or cardboard, may be drawn about the room, &c.; but I refrain from considering imaginary yet consequent results which have nothing philosophical or real in them."

The professor's conclusion is, that the mind becomes absorbed, and the muscles follow the will of the operator without his being aware of it; just as, in the process of walking, the legs move without a direct appeal to the senses, the mind having once determined that they *shall* walk. It is not insinuated that the experimentalists in table-moving are not perfectly honest in their desire to arrive at the truth; all that the professor declares is, that they are self-deceived. "Persons do not know," says this authority, "how difficult it is to press directly downwards, or in any given direction against a fixed obstacle; or even to *know* only whether they are doing so or not, unless they have some indicator, which, by visible motion or otherwise, shall instruct them; and this is more especially the case when the muscles of the fingers have been cramped and rendered either tingling or insensible by cold or long-continued pressure. If a finger be pressed constantly in the corner of a window-frame for ten minutes or more, and then, continuing the pressure, the mind be directed to judge whether the force at a given moment is all upward, or all downward, or how much is in one direction, and how much in the other, it will find great difficulty in deciding; and will, at last, become altogether uncertain."

It is proper to observe that, notwithstanding the high position which Professor Faraday deservedly occupies in the scientific world, both the fairness of his experiments and the soundness of his conclusion have been called in question. Facts have been communicated to the public which certainly do not, at first sight, appear easy to be reconciled with his theory. The subject must be still further investigated before it can be considered as satisfactorily settled.

ENGLISH WATERING-PLACES.—LOWESTOFT.

We need only look into the periodicals of the last century —the "Spectators," "Ramblers," and "Freeholders"—to get a tolerably true idea of the way in which our ancestors spent their summers. Then, as now, town-bred ladies and gentlemen, professional men and merchants, authors and shop-keepers, soldiers and sailors, and tinkers and tailors, were glad enough to get away from business in the city and to enjoy a little fresh air "out of town." But their choice of retreats was rather circumscribed; for, with the exception of Bath, Tunbridge Wells, and Cheltenham, there were few places which possessed sufficient attractions for the Lord Harrys and Lady Bettys of the time, and fewer still which had sufficient energy to call public attention to their beauties, much less to provide for any sudden influx of holiday-makers. The meeting of frilled and powdered gentlemen and hooped and furbelowed old-young ladies in the pump-rooms at Cheltenham, or the assemblies at Bath, where a system of stiff and formal courtesy, very suitable to the disciples of Beau Nash, solemnly carried on, was the extent of fashionable recreation—varied now and then by a little scandal, gambling, and love-making. In fact, the genteel folk of that day, as of this, invariably carried their town manners into the country with them.

Bath, and Cheltenham, and Tunbridge Wells have gone out of fashion, and no one now-a-days thinks of meeting the "best society" in those very clean and exclusive watering places; but the halo of their former glory hangs about them still, and it is not difficult, standing at one end of the Long Walk at the wells, to imagine burly Dr. Johnson holding a conversation with Steele and Goldsmith at the other, with a well-dressed group of delighted listeners standing under the shade of the old elm trees.

The growth of the population—more than doubled within fifty years—necessitated, as it were, the discovery of new Meccas and Medinas for the toil-stained pilgrims from London; and the rapid extension of the railway and steam-packet system has enabled thousands to get out of town for a day or two, who, under the old *regime* of post-horses and mail coaches, would have died, perhaps, without so much as looking at the sea from Margate Jetty.

And so now—thanks, again, all-powerful steam—we are enabled, in an hour or two, if not altogether to

> "Breathe the fresh air of the mountains,"

at least to recreate our bodies, and refresh our minds amidst the delightful scenery of Devonshire, or the Isle of Wight; or, if not inclined to go quite so "far away from home," we may "get a blow" on the Thames to Gravesend or Ramsgate, or, quietly dropping down to Bishopsgate-street, or London Bridge, find ourselves speeding away, at forty miles an hour, in the direction of Brighton or Lowestoft.

Both these towns have achieved popularity in comparatively recent times. George the Fourth, as became the "finest gentleman in Europe," brought old Brighthelmstone into fashion, and Mr. Kemp, a merchant and builder, munificently completed what the sovereign had begun, by building an entirely new town, which has been called after his name. Lowestoft, however, has not had the advantage of princely patronage, but mainly owes its present importance as a watering place to the desire of the Eastern Counties' Railway directors to make it a packet station for Denmark and the North of Europe.

Various opinions prevail as to the derivation of the word Lowestoft. By some it is supposed to be derived from Lodbrog, a Danish king who, it is said, having jumped into a boat to save a favourite hawk which had fallen into the sea, was carried across by a storm up the mouth of the Yare to Reedham, in Suffolk. Here he was kindly received by the inhabitants, and conducted to king Edmund who was then with his court at Caistor, about ten miles off. After having resided with the king for some time he was murdered by his falconer through jealousy of his success in hawking. Another derivation of the name is that it comes from *Lother Wistoft*, a *toft*, or cluster of houses, by *loth* or slow river—a description peculiarly applicable to the Waveney, which flows with a languid stream strongly contrasting with the rapidity of the *Gor*, or *rapid* near Gorleston. These questions, more interesting to antiquarians than general readers, we cannot enter into at present. Similar, though not perhaps equal, obscurity veils the early history of the town, in consequence of its destruction by fire in 1606, involving the loss of the town records, which were preserved in the vicarage. Little is known beyond the fact that is was perpetually at war with Yarmouth, on account of the attempt of the corporation of that town to monopolise the sale of herrings. The enmity between the two places was exhibited in the time of Charles the First, when they took opposite sides, and contended with great fury and alternate success.

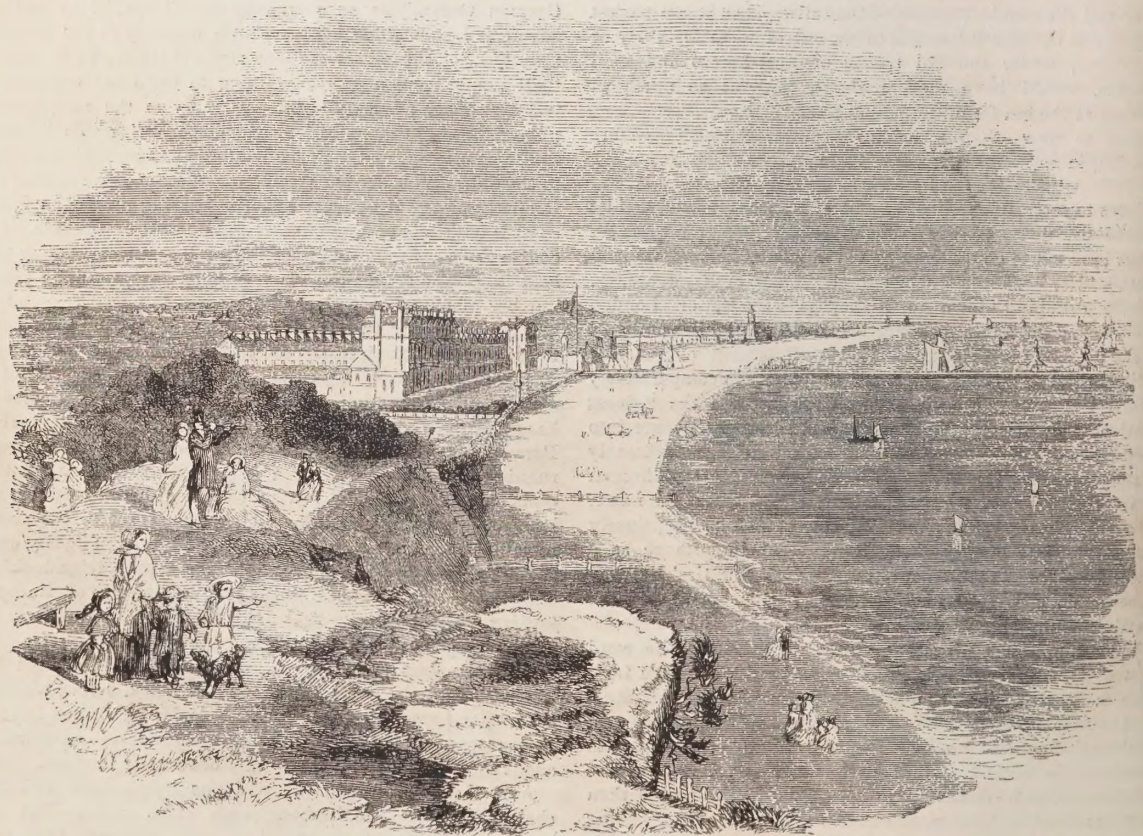
In point of position, there are few towns within a few hours' railway journey from London, which can rival Lowestoft. The most easterly point of land in England, this little town is rapidly rising into public favour, on account of the extreme salubrity of its atmosphere, notwithstanding its apparently exposed situation, and the easy means of access it possesses with the metropolis, and the whole eastern division of England, through its connexion with the above railway,

> "Enthroned upon an ancient hill it rests,
> Calmly it lifts its time-worn head; and first
> Of all old England's busy towns, whispers
> Its orisons, and greets the rising morn."

Although only recently erected into a "watering-place," Lowestoft is one of the most ancient towns in the empire; or, to speak in more strictly correct language, there is little doubt that the Romans had a station on or near this spot. The present town consists of a single street, directly facing the beach, and "commanding an extensive prospect of the German Ocean," as an auctioneer would say, if he had to advertise Lowestoft as "a snug little property in the Eastern Counties." But in this one long street there are to be found "all the conveniences appertaining to the most complete" watering-place; together with—to carry on the auctioneer's phraseology—"that splendour and elegance" which belongs to the new town, and "that quaintness and bustle" peculiar to the old. Wide sands extend from the sea-shore almost to the pathways of the street; and the bathing on the shelving coast is both safe and practicable at all times of the tide. Of course there are the usual hotels,—the Royal Hotel taking the lead in public estimation,—a banking house, and the usual number of churches and chapels proper to a well-frequented and rapidly rising town. Fortunately for the peace of both the visitors and the inhabitants, Lowestoft has not yet arrived at the distinction of a parliamentary borough, or even of a mayor and corporation, like Gravesend and Garratt. But it has attractions of a far weightier kind in its beautiful Marine Parade, opposite the beach; and a couple of piers, each running about a quarter of a mile into the sea. From the esplanade, the sea view is very fine; for there is scarcely an hour in the twenty-four in which the aspect of the scene remains the same. Now a gay yacht or two skim lightly over the waves; now the offing is crowded with foreign-looking craft from France and Holland and the North of Europe, jostling with a mosquito fleet of fishing-boats on their way to the opposite coasts, in search of cod and whiting for the London markets; and again, light wherries, impelled by brawny arms, shoot across the way of black, heavy-looking colliers, and row-boats full of merry-looking girls and boys—young men and women they call themselves—disporting about the harbour in all the luxury of summer idleness.

And then the fishmarket, and the lighthouses, and the chalk-cliffs, and the harbour, each claim notice—had we space; but the artist's pencil is more eloquent than the writer's pen, and so let that suffice.

ENTRANCE TO LOWESTOFT HARBOUR.



VIEW OF LOWESTOFT—FROM PAKEFIELD CLIFF.

HOWETT'S ROYAL HOTEL, LOWESTOFT—FROM THE PIER.

THE FISH MARKET, LOWESTOFT.

SIGNS OF OLD LONDON.

TRADESMEN'S SIGNS.

The rapid strides which have taken place, in the form of renovations, to accord with the tastes of the present race of the citizens of London, have conspired to erase almost all trace of the curious signs which formerly occupied so prominent and conspicuous a place in their streets. These signs may fairly be regarded as a species of heraldry or symbolism, and as such are deserving the attention of the antiquary, not only in exhibiting peculiar features in the appearance of the city, but as illustrations of the manners and customs of our ancestors. Although as a rule these distinguishing marks have been abolished, we have still types of the custom preserved. The gold-beater still exhibits his "Golden Arm and Hammer" projecting from the wall of his house; the fishing-rod maker, the trout dangling at the end of a line, the "Barber's Pole," the "Virginian Black" and the roll of the tobacconist, the "Black Doll" of the rag shops, and some few others, are met with in most of the streets; neither ought we to omit the more costly, and sometimes elegant, signs of the insurance offices, and which in many cases add greatly to the embellishment of our streets. But while this is the case, even the lowest description of our public-houses and inns, with their stuccoed renovations, appear to aim at an entire change from their former appearance, and carefully conceal their original sign.

The introduction of devices and signs against houses appears to have been a very early custom; indeed, it was the only mode of identification before the introduction of numbering, which was not adopted till the middle of the last century. These distinguishing marks were not only used by tradespeople and places of resort, but by private families. At the same time, the practice was not universal in either case, as we find in the descriptions of houses as "over against the Condyt," "neer to the May Pole," next Paull's Cross," "adjoining St. Dunstane's," &c.

Some of these descriptions appear to us of very inconvenient length, and in some instances exceedingly elaborate, as in the case of the address of William Faithorne, the engraver, in 1691, "at the sign of the 'Ship,' next to the 'Drake,' opposite to the 'Palgrave Head Tavern,' without Temple Barr," and in an advertisement, in 1701, of a public exhibition, "at the 'White Head,' near Pall Mall, facing the Haymarket, within two doors of the glass lamps." In the early part of the last century, we find, by the different communications to the newspapers, that the state of the streets caused great dissatisfaction to the public, not only from the encroachments made by the shopkeepers, who vied with each other in trespassing on the public way by their bow-windows, and who emulated to thrust each new one beyond his neighbour's. Notwithstanding the many complaints that were constantly made, it was not until 1766, that the subject was entered into by the corporation, who determined to remove many of the inconveniences and obstructions. By the evidence then published, it appeared that they chiefly consisted in projections or penthouses, and these, when loaded with flower-pots, often occasioned accidents, from their falling into the streets, and were exceedingly unpleasant to the passengers below, when these hanging gardens were over-watered. A writer of the period describes the extravagance of the signs, as "very large, very fine, with gilding and carving, but as very absurd. Golden periwigs, saws, axes, razors, trees, lancets, knives, salmon, cheese, blacks' heads, with gilt hair, half moons, sugar loaves, and Westphalia hams, repeated without mercy from the Borough to Clerkenwell, and from Whitechapel to the Haymarket."*

* The old song records them thus:—

"I'm amused at the signs
As I pass through the town,
To see the odd mixture—
A Magpie and Crown;
The Whale and the Crow;
The Razor and Hen;
The Leg and Seven Stars;
The Axe and the Bottle;
The Tun and the Lute;
The Eagle and Child;
The Shovel and Boot."

London was not the only city decorated with signs. In the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV., the inhabitants of Paris made a successful appeal to the king for their removal. It appears that their city was in a very sickly condition, and the mortality very great. The report made by the faculty was to the effect, that the signs prevented a free circulation of air through the streets, on which an edict was published, that no sign should be more than eighteen inches by twelve, and the weight limited to four or five pounds. At this time many of the iron signs in London weighed 400 or 500 pounds, and some a great deal more. In 1718, the front of a house, opposite Bride-lane, Fleet-street, fell down, and killed two young ladies, a cobbler, the king's jeweller, and several others, besides many maimed. This was occasioned by the wind blowing hard against the large sign and iron. The newspapers of the period recount many instances of accidents from the signs becoming detached from their frail supports, and it is even within the memory of many now living, that this was the case. Amongst the many objections which were then raised against them, and called for their removal, was that of the owners not always keeping them in proper repair, and allowing them to be blown down on the heads of the people. Besides this, those which swung, suspended by projecting poles or from hooks, kept up, in windy weather especially, a constant grating, creaking, squeaking, and other inharmonious and discordant noises, to the special annoyance of strangers sojourning in the neighbourhood.*

The court of Common Council appointed a committee in the same year, to consider the subject of the removal of these nuisances, which were ordered henceforth to be fixed to the front of the houses, flat against the wall. The spirit of improvement did not stop here; the water spouts, which had contrived to distribute their contents over the passengers, were removed; the streets were for the first time inscribed at the corners with their names; brass plates were introduced on the doors of the gentry, and the numbering of houses completed this portion of the great work of amendment.

From this time the streets wore a different aspect. The shops, which before had, for the most part, been little better than cribs for storing away goods, and in many instances without glass sashes, now adopted them, and exhibited their different wares. Many of the shopkeepers abandoned their signs altogether, while others adopted the plan suggested by the authorities, by having their signs painted on boards or flat pieces of iron, and nailed against the wall. These, in their turn, vanished, when the front of the old wooden projections decayed; and the signs themselves found their way to the old iron shops, or in a few cases were preserved by the owners as relics for the gaze of future generations. All that has been left to us are a very few and scattered examples.

The signs adopted by the tradespeople of London almost set at defiance a hope of achieving anything approaching to a satisfactory classification. At first sight, they appear to have been selected without reference to the trade or occupation of the owner of the house. We find the old sign often retained

* Gay, in his *Trivia*, in reverting to this subject, says:—

"But when the swinging signs your ears offend,
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;
Soon shall the kennel swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames."

And in his directions to the stranger walking the streets of London,—

"If drawn by business to a street unknown,
Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train."

by a new tenant selling totally different wares, and sometimes a joint occupation of different callings, as in the case of Isaac Walton, who sold his goods in the shop of another, in Fleet-street, at the sign of the "Harrow."

While some signs were taken from the crest or heraldic bearing of the family owning the business, as in the case of the "Grasshopper of the Greshams," others have a reference to that of their patrons, as in the case of William Seres, a bookseller, in 1566, in St. Paul's Churchyard, who lived at the sign of the "Hedgehog," the badge of his patron, Sir Henry Sidney. The crests of various noble families are constantly met with, as, for instance, the "Eagle and Child" of the Stanleys, in several parts of Westminster, as well as in the city; and a still more common practice of adopting the entire arms or supporters of the different companies owning the property, or to which the tradesman belonged, and which accounts for the constant recurrence of the "Three Tuns" of the vintners. The "Queens' Heads," which form the crest of the mercers and others, are still found in stone inserted in the brickwork in many parts of the city.

In the investigation of this subject it is curious to remark upon the little assistance there is to be obtained by the most careful examination of engravings and drawings of that period. In many cases the signs were either omitted altogether, or so carelessly drawn, as rather to mislead than guide us in our researches; amongst other channels for information, and not the least valuable, will be found in the tradesmen's tokens, the subject on the obverse being mostly chosen from the sign of the house from which they were issued. The majority of these interesting evidences emanated from inns, coffee-houses, and other places of public resort. A list of several hundred tokens relating to London, has been published in an admirable work by J. Y. Akerman.* Another source of information is the titles of books; but this, of course, relates exclusively to the trade of bookselling and stationery. Of all the motives which induced a selection of subjects for signs, perhaps, the most singular is that of a play upon the name. We find, for example, William Norton, the printer, used the rebus of a sweet-william growing out of a tun, with the word "NOR" upon it. Pelham More, at Moorgate; his sign was a blackamoor's head and sun. John Day, the well-known printer, lived by the Little Conduit in Cheapside, at the sign of the "Resurrection," and which represented a boy being aroused from sleep, the rising sun, and the motto, "Arise, for it is daye." The sign of Grafton, the publisher and chronicler, was a branch or graft of a tree growing in a tun, and which gave rise to a witty remark of his rival, John Stowe, who said, in allusion to his chronicle, that it was the noise of empty *tonnes* and unfruitful *graffes*," to which Grafton replied by calling Stowe's work "lyes foolishly *stowed* together." Numerous other examples are found in the "Salmon and Bowl" of John Salmon, in Spitalfields, the same sign of Mrs. Salmon of the well-known wax-works in Fleet Street; the "Heart" of Jane Hart, in Southwark; the "Bell" of John Bell, in Wood Street; the "Key" of Jane Keye, in Bloomsbury market, and many others. The booksellers often seemed to aim at appropriate signs in reference to the works they sold. The sign of the "Evangelists" often occurs. Robert Wyer, in 1527, kept a shop "in Saynt Martyns Paryshe, at the signe of St. Johan Evangelyste," and perhaps the signs of the most frequent occurrence are those of the signs appropriated to the Evangelists, as the "Eagle" of St. John, the "Lion" of St. Mark, the "Bull" of St. Luke, and the "Angel" of St. Matthew. Others, more common, have the same reference. Abraham Veal, the printer, in 1548, kept a shop "in Paule's Chayne, at "John Baptist," and Henry Smythe, at the "Holy Trinity," without Temple Bar. In 1509, Henry Pepwell kept the "Trinity," and Michael Lobby the sign of "Saynte Mychell." Reynold Wolff at the "Brazen Serpent," which was supported by a "Fox" and a "Wolf," in allusion to his names, and it may be here worthy of remark that by his will he bequeathed his sign to his son Robert, a proof of the value of these objects, as well as of the estimation in which they were held. In the same locality, Gabriel Cawood had for his sign the "Holy Ghost." Others of a more terrestrial conception, and savouring of Romish ascendancy, were used, as the "Mitre," "Crosier," "Cardinal's Cap," and "Golden Cross." Hewghe Singleton dwelt at the "Dobblehood," in Thames Street; Thomas Hacket, at the "Pope's Head," in Lombard Street; and Julian Notary, the well-known bookseller, kept his shop, as he tells us by his titles, "Juxta Templum-barre, sub intersignio trium regum," and another shop in "St. Paules chirche yarde, at the west dore, besyde my lorde of London's Palayse, at the sign of the 'Three Kings.'" These were doubtless meant for the three kings of Cologne, of which tradition we have other indications in London. The sign of the "Keys" and the "Cross Keys" are common, and which may have reference to the keys of St. Peter. Bernard Kintot had his shop between Temple gates, at the sign of the "Cross Keys." The titular saints have also contributed subjects, as the "Wheel of St. Catherine," and the "Dragon of St. George," as well as these saints themselves. "The shyp of folys of the worlde, emprented by me Richard Pynson, in Flete Strete, at the sygne of the George, MCCCCCVIII.

> Our shyp here levyth the sees brode,
> By the help of God Almyght, and quyetly
> At anker we lye within the rode;
> But who that lysteth of them lye,
> In Flete-streete shall them fynde truly,
> At the George in Richarde Pynson's place,
> Prynter unto the Kyng's noble Grace."

William Middleton, in 1541, who succeeded Pynson, kept up the same sign, and used, as his rebus, a *tun* in the middle of a shield between two angels. The gridiron of St. Lawrence is another example; and we cannot omit the "Devil" of St. Dunstan, which was the sign of a well-known house in that parish, the resort of the wits of the last two centuries. In the same parish was the "Little Devil," where the members of the embryo society of antiquaries were wont to meet, before they removed to the "Mitre," which is still in existence.

The sports and pastimes of the people have contributed their subjects; for instance, the "Maypole" was to be found in the immediate vicinity of the spots on which they erected them, as well as the objects with which they were decorated. Robert and William Copeland, the former of whom was servant to Wynkin de Worde, kept a shop, in 1515, at the sign of the "Rose Garland," in Fleet-street. The old scrivener, "Ihon Waylande, at the signe of the Blew Garlande," in the same street. "Lilies, Violets, Sunflowers, and Marygolds," were not uncommon; while sports in the arena have provided us with "Bears, Bulls, and Cocks," without number; as well as the "Horn" of the huntsman. The "Falcon" was a favourite sign. Wynkin de Worde set up a press on the spot now occupied by No. 32, Fleet-street, and afterwards by Griffiths, "at the signe of the Faucon, in Saincte Dunstone's churchyarde, in the west of London, 1565;" as well as by a succession of printers and publishers, including John Murray, the publisher of Byron's works, and Samuel Highly, the well-known medical bookseller of our time. The court at the side of the house still goes by the name of this sign. John Harrison, who published the first edition of "Venus and Adonis," and "Rape of Lucrece," dwelt at the sign of the "White Greyhound;" and the first edition of Richard II. was printed at the sign of the "Fox." The celestial bodies furnished subjects: "Suns, Moons, and Stars" were interminable. Wynkin de Worde, "at the signe of the Sonne." Richard Tottel and Richard Pynson both lived at the "Hande and Starre," which is the house now occupied by Butterworth, the publisher; the site of their printing-office being now occupied by Dick's coffee-house. At the "Star," on Snow-hill, at the house of his friend Mr. Strudwick, John Bunyan died, in 1688.

* "Tradesmen's Tokens current in London and its Vicinity between the Years 1648 and 1672, by John Younge Akerman, Fellow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries." J. R. Smith. London, 1849.

JAMES WATT.

James Watt was born at Greenock, on the 19th of January, 1734. His great-grandfather owned a small estate in Aberdeenshire; but having joined in Montrose's insurrection, he was killed in battle, leaving an infant son to be brought up by relatives. When the orphan child grew to manhood, he showed great capacity for mathematical pursuits, and followed the profession of a teacher of mathematics in Greenock, where he died at the age of ninety-one. Two sons survived him: the elder, John, adopted his father's profession, to which he added that of a surveyor, and was much employed in Ayr and Glasgow, but died a few years after his father; the younger, James, was a block-maker and ship-chandler in Greenock, engaging occasionally also in ship and house building and general trading. He was an active and enterprising man, much esteemed by his fellow citizens, who chose him to fill some of the municipal posts of honour. Latterly, however, his concerns did not prosper—perhaps he had too many trades—and he retired from business with reduced means and impaired faculties, some years before the close of his life. His family consisted of two sons—James, the subject of our sketch, and John, who was drowned at sea in his twenty-third year. Of the mother, Agnes Muirhead, little is known, farther than that she belonged to a respectable family, so that we have not the means of discovering whether this case affords confirmation or the reverse of the assertion so often made, that the mothers of great men are almost always found to be persons of superior mental endowments.

When a child, James Watt's health was so delicate, that his school education was much interrupted. His mother taught him reading, his father writing and arithmetic. As is often the case with children compelled by ill health to a sedentary life, he became an incessant reader, and likewise formed habits of reflection far beyond his years. Some anecdotes of his childhood, which have been preserved, show how early the peculiar bent of his genius developed itself. A gentleman one day calling upon his father, observed the child bending over a marble hearth, with a piece of coloured chalk in his hand. "Mr. Watt," said he, "you ought to send that boy to school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home." "Look how my child is employed before you condemn," replied the father. The gentleman then observed that the child had drawn mathematical lines and circles on the hearth. He put various questions to the boy, and was astonished and gratified with the mixture of intelligence, quickness, and simplicity displayed in his answers. He was then trying to solve a problem in geometry Another story tells how his aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, sitting with him one evening at the tea-table, said, "James, I never saw such an idle boy! Take a book, or employ yourself usefully; for the last half-hour you have not spoken a word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, and catching and counting the drops of water. At the same time the boy showed other talents of a very dissimilar kind. Nobody could tell a story like James Watt. His mother once left him in Glasgow, at the house of a friend, and was astonished, on her return, by a request from the lady whose guest he was, to take her son home; for, said she, "I cannot stand the degree of excitement he keeps me in: I am worn out for want of sleep. Every evening, before ten o'clock, our usual hour of retiring to rest, he contrives to engage me in conversation, then begins some striking tale, and, whether humorous or pathetic, the interest is so overpowering, that the family all listen to him with breathless attention, and hour after hour passes unheeded." This accomplishment he retained in an extraordinary degree through life; and those who went into his company with the expectation of finding a grave, reserved man, absorbed in his own peculiar pursuits, were astonished to meet instead, one of the most genial, humorous, and fascinating companions. The lad had a taste for all kinds of knowledge, and everything he took up he studied with characteristic enthusiasm. On the banks of Loch Lomond, whither he was often sent for health, botany and the traditional lore of the neighbourhood were his delight. At home, chemistry, and natural philosophy in various branches, with medicine, surgery, and mechanical contrivances, filled up his busy hours.

At the age of eighteen he went to London, to learn the business of a mathematical instrument maker; but in little more than a year was compelled, by ill health, to return home. The two following years he spent under the paternal roof or in visits to his mother's relatives in Glasgow. He was not idle, however, but diligently occupied in perfecting himself in his business. In 1757, he determined to settle in Glasgow, but some of the trade's corporations stood on their privileges, and would give no place to the new comer. In this dilemma, the professors of the university kindly came to his relief, and naming him mathematical instrument maker to the university, gave him apartments within their premises, in which to carry on his business. The University of Glasgow could then boast of Adam Smith, Robert Simson, Dr. Black, and Dr. Dick, and it may be inferred that the person who could at twenty-one secure their zealous aid, must have given no doubtful indications of ability. Here Watt formed a lasting friendship with Dr. Black, and about the same time commenced his friendship with Robison, who was then a student at Glasgow, and afterwards professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. The intelligent young instrument maker's shop became a favourite resort with the choice spirits of the place, in which to discuss all curious questions in science, art, or literature. "Whenever any puzzle came in the way of us students," says Robison, "we went to Mr. Watt. He needed only to be prompted; for everything became to him the beginning of a new and serious study, and we knew that he would not quit it till he had either discovered its insignificancy, or made something of it. He learnt the German language in order to peruse Leopold's 'Theatrum Machinarum.' So did I, to know what he was about. Similar reasons made us both learn the Italian language. When to his superiority of knowledge is added the naïve simplicity and candour of Mr. Watt's character, it is no wonder that the attachment of his acquaintances was strong. I have seen something of the world, and I am obliged to say I never saw such another instance of general and cordial attachment to a person whom all acknowledged to be their superior. But this superiority was concealed under the most amiable candour, and a liberal allowance of merit to every man." Here is an instructive picture. A young tradesman, most diligent in his workshop labours, yet finding time to learn foreign languages, and acquire so much general information as to be the superior companion of men, whose lives were spent in intellectual pursuits. And how charming, too, the modesty and candour which accompanied his great attainments. This is the crowning grace of all.

In 1763, he left the college, and opened a shop in the town, previously to his marriage with his cousin, Miss Miller. The steam engine had been a frequent subject of conversation with his friend Mr. Robison, who had suggested the possibility of applying steam power in moving wheel carriages. In the year 1761 or 1762, Watt had tried some experiments on the force of steam in a Papin's digester, but it was not until the winter of 1763-4 that the incident occurred which led to his great discovery. The history of this event had better be given in the words of his son, taken from the memoir of his father, furnished by him to the Encyclopædia Britannica. A working model of a steam-engine, upon Newcomen's construction, had been sent him for repair by Anderson, professor of natural philosophy. "When he had repaired it and set it to work, he found that the boiler, though large in proportion to the cylinder, was barely sufficient to supply it with steam for a few strokes per minute, and that a great quantity of injection water was required, though it was but slightly loaded by

the pump attached to it. It soon occurred to him that the cause lay in the little cylinder (two inches diameter, six inches stroke), exposing a greater surface to condense the steam than the cylinders of larger engines did, in proportion to their respective contents. By shortening the column of water in the pump, less steam and less injection water were required, and the model worked at a proper speed. Thus the purpose for which it was put into his hands was accomplished, and with this mode of accounting for the defect, and this result, most artists would have been satisfied ; but the case was different with Mr. Watt. He had now become aware of a great consumption of steam, and his curiosity was excited to a more accurate investigation of the causes, in which he proceeded in a truly philosophical manner. The cylinder of his small model being of brass, he conceived that less steam would be condensed by substituting cylinders of some material which would transmit heat more slowly. He made a larger model, with a cylinder (six inches diameter and one foot stroke) of wood soaked in oil and baked to dryness. He ascertained from experiments made with boilers of various constructions, that the evaporation of boiling water is neither in proportion to the evaporating surface nor to the quantity of water, as had been supposed, but to the heat that enters it, and that the latter depends chiefly on the quantity of surface exposed to the action of the fire. He likewise determined the weight of coal required for the evaporation of any given quantity of water. Being convinced that there existed a great error in the statement which had been previously given of the bulk of water when converted into steam, he proceeded to examine that point by experiment, and discovered that water converted into steam of the heat of boiling water was expanded to 1,800 times its bulk, or, as a rule for ready calculation, that a cubic inch of water produced a cubic foot of steam. He constructed a boiler to be applied to his model, which showed, by inspection, the quantity of water evaporated, and consequently enabled him to calculate the quantity of steam used in every stroke of the engine. This he now proved to be several times the olume of the cylinder. He also observed

that all attempts to improve the vacuum, by throwing in more injection water, caused a disproportionate waste of steam; and it occurred to him that the cause of this was the boiling of water in vacuo at very low heat (recently determined, by Dr. Fuller, to be under 100°), consequently, at greater heats, the injection water was converted into steam in the cylinder, and resisted the descent of the piston. He now perceived clearly, that the great waste of steam proceeded from its being chilled and condensed by the coldness of the cylinder before it was sufficiently heated to retain it in an elastic state, and that, to derive the greatest advantage, the cylinder should always be kept as hot as the steam which entered it; and that when the steam was condensed, it should be cooled down to 100°, or lower, in order to make the vacuum complete. Early in 1765 the fortunate thought occurred to him of accomplishing this by condensing the steam in a separate vessel, exhausted of air, and kept cool by injection, between which and the cylinder a communication was to be opened every time steam was to be condensed, while the cylinder itself was to be kept constantly hot. No sooner had this occurred to him than the means of effecting it presented themselves in rapid succession. A model was constructed, and the experiments made with it placed the correctness of the theory, and the advantages of the invention, beyond the reach of doubt.

In the course of these trials he was much struck by the great heat communicated to the injection water by a small quantity of steam, and he proceeded by a very simple experiment to satisfy himself upon that subject, when he discovered that water converted into steam will heat about six times its own weight of water at 47° or 48° to 212. He mentioned this extraordinary fact to Dr. Black, who then explained to him his doctrine of latent heat, to the support of which Mr. Watt had afterwards the satisfaction of contributing his experiments. From some of these he was led to suppose the latent heat of steam to be above 1,000°, but he afterwards considered 960° a more accurate determination. From others he deduced the important conclusion that the sum of the latent and sensible heat of steam, at different temperatures, is a constant quantity, the latent heat increasing as the sensible heat diminishes, or, in other words, that a given weight of water in the state of steam contains nearly the same quantity of heat, whatever may be the bulk or density of the steam.

The invention now complete, the next consideration was how to obtain funds to execute it on a large scale. At length Mr. Watt applied to Dr. Roebuck, of the Carron Ironworks, and a partnership was formed, by the terms of which Dr. Roebuck was to receive two-thirds of the profits of the improvement. A large steam-engine was then constructed by Mr. Watt, at Kinneil, near Borrowstonness, Dr. Roebuck's residence; the trials with which realised their most sanguine anticipations. Soon after, however, Dr. Roebuck's circumstances became embarrassed, and this, along with Mr. Watt's engineering engagements, delayed for some time the introduction of his discovery to the public.

A patent was obtained for it in 1769, but for some years nothing further was done in regard to it. In the meantime Watt had relinquished his business of mathematical instrument maker, and adopted that of civil engineer. In 1767, he made a survey for a canal of junction between the rivers Forth and Clyde, by what was called the Lomond passage, but the bill for it was lost in Parliament. He surveyed and superintended the making of the Monkland Canal. For the Crinan and Caledonian Canals, also, surveys were made by him at different times; the former was executed several years afterwards by Mr. Rennie, and the latter by Mr. Telford, on a much larger scale than was originally intended. He was employed likewise in improving the harbours of Ayr, Port Glasgow, and Greenock, in deepening and improving for navigable purposes the Clyde and other rivers, in building bridges at Hamilton and Rutherglen, and other works of public utility. While engaged in one of his surveys, in the end of 1773, he received the afflictive intelligence of the death of his wife, who left him a son and daughter.

Not long after, Mr. Boulton, of Soho Foundry, near Birmingham, a man of great intelligence and enterprise, and possessing large capital, bought Dr. Roebuck's interest in the steam-engine patent, and took the inventor into partnership—a connexion fortunate for the parties immediately concerned, and most important in the history of the world's material progress. Watt now removed to England, and obtaining an extension of the term of his patent to twenty-five years, the making of steam-engines was commenced at Soho by the firm of Boulton and Watt. About this time he entered into a second marriage, with Miss M'Gregor, the daughter of an old Glasgow friend, and in her we are told he found "a zealous and able coadjutor."

The engines made at Soho were at first only used for mining purposes. They were soon introduced into Cornwall, and found of the greatest value. The saving in fuel amounted "to three-fourths of the quantity consumed by those of the best construction previously in use." The patentees were entitled to a third of this saving. Many attempts, however, were made to defraud them of their dues, as well as to pirate Watt's inventions. From 1792 to 1799, they were engaged in vexatious law-suits in defence of their rights. Watt jocularly writes to his friend, Dr. Black:—"We have been so beset with plagiaries, that if I had not a very good memory of my doing it, their impudent assertions would lead me to doubt whether I was the author of any improvements in the steam-engine, and the ill-will of those we had most essentially served, whether such improvements have not been highly prejudicial to the commonwealth." All the proceedings terminated in the full confirmation of Watt's claims. During these years enterprising men were engaged in various quarters in attempting to adapt the steam-engine to water conveyances. Long before Watt's time, indeed, the practicability of employing steam power in navigation had been frequently suggested. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, both Savary and Papin indicated the possibility of some such use being made of their engines. In 1730, Dr. John Allen "proposed to give motion to vessels by forcibly ejecting a stream of water or current of air from their stern;" and seven years after, Jonathan Hulls published an account of a steam-boat invented by him. "In 1757, the celebrated Daniel Bernoulli, in an essay which obtained a prize from the Academy of Sciences, after demonstrating the effects of many mechanical contrivances which might be substituted for oars in moving vessels, suggests paddle-wheels moved by steam power or the force of gunpowder." About seventeen years later, experiments with steam-boats were made on the Seine by the Comte d'Anxiron, under the auspices of a company formed for the purpose. They failed, and a year or two after were repeated by M. J. L. Perien, with improved machinery, but not much success. All similar attempts showed the same results, till Watt's engine, with its wonderful power of universal adaptation, was brought into use.

The first really successful steam-boat experiment was made in Dalswinton Lake, Dumfriesshire, in October, 1788, by Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton. This gentleman had been experimenting for some time on the best mode of impelling vessels by the power of men and of horses applied to the paddle-wheels. The idea of using steam power he owed to the tutor of his family, Mr. Taylor. The difficulty was, how to apply the engine to the boat, and Mr. Symington, an engineer, who was at that time endeavouring to adapt the steam-engine to wheel carriages, was consulted. By the joint exertions of the three, a plan was formed, and a twin or double pleasure boat built with the engine in a strong oak frame placed on one side, the boiler on the opposite side, and the paddle-wheels in the middle. The success of the experiment was complete, and the boat went at the rate of five miles an hour. Mr. Miller had a larger boat built soon after, which was tried in the presence of many spectators; but unfortunately the paddle-wheels broke. A second trial was made with stronger wheels, on the 26th of December, 1789, when it was found that the vessel sailed at the speed of seven miles an hour.

In 1801, Mr. Symington was employed by Lord Dundas to

make a tug boat for dragging vessels on the canal. The Charlotte Dundas was accordingly constructed, which "took in drag," says Mr. Symington, "two loaded vessels, each upwards of seventy tons burden, and with great ease carried them through the long reach of the Forth and Clyde Canal to Port Dundas, a distance of nineteen miles and a half in six hours, although the whole time it blew a very strong breeze right ahead." Its use was relinquished from an opinion, held by some of the canal proprietors, that the paddle wheels injured the banks of the canal.

A year or two after, Symington was visited by an American, Mr. Fulton, who had been engaged in steam-boat experiments on the Seine, under the patronage of Mr. Livingstone, the American chancellor. Symington took him on board the Charlotte Dundas, had it put into motion, and furnished him with all the information he desired. Fulton then ordered an engine of Boulton and Watt, it is said under an assumed name, had it conveyed to America, and, in 1807, the Clermont with the Soho engine was launched in the Hudson river, to sail between New York and Albany—the first American steamer, and the first steam ship anywhere, regularly employed for commercial purposes. The Americans have also the credit of being the first to venture on deep sea navigation in steamers; this bold feat—as it was then accounted—being accomplished by Mr. Stevens of Hoboken, who had his vessel taken from the Hudson to the Delaware by sea.

In 1813, the Cornet, a vessel of about twenty-five tons, was built at Port Glasgow, by order of Mr. Henry Bell, and was the first steam passage ship in Britain. It plied on the Frith of Forth. By and bye, others were started, and such sea voyages as between Great Britain and Ireland, and from Leith to London, or Glasgow to Liverpool, were ventured upon.

The next great advance in steam navigation was made by Mr. Napier, by whose means a regular steam communication was established between Greenock and Belfast, and to him is due the praise also of getting post-office steam packets established. In 1822, the "James Watt" steam vessel was built, to ply between Leith and London. "With the exception of the low proportion of its power to its tonnage," says the historian of steam navigation in the Encyclopædia Britannica, "the 'James Watt' possesses almost all the qualities of the most improved vessels of the present day."* In 1826, the "United Kingdom" was built, the first of the Leviathan class of steamers; and, in 1838, notwithstanding the outcry as to its impracticability, regular steam communication across the Atlantic was established, thus bringing the old and new worlds into close neighbourhood.

It is time to return from this digression to Watt's personal history. He had been peculiarly happy in the choice of a partner, for Mr. Boulton, in the most judicious manner, took all the cares of business on himself, so as to leave Watt free to devote all the energies of his inventive mind to the advancement of science and the useful arts. The application of the powers of steam to give a rotary motion to mills, occupied much of his attention. After various unsuccessful attempts, he was induced "to turn his thoughts to the adaptation of the reciprocating motion to the production of a continued regular rotary one. This he accomplished by a series of improvements, the exclusive property of which he secured by successive patents in the years 1781, 1782, 1784, and 1785; including, among other inventions, the rotary motion of the sun and planet wheels, the expansive principle, the double engine, the parallel motion, and the smokeless furnace. The application of the centrifugal regulating force of *the governor* gave the finishing stroke to the machine."* Thus perfected, how truly is it found to justify Lord Jeffrey's remarks, that it "has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible all over the world the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned, completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter, and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power, which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations."

In 1780, Watt invented a machine for copying letters and drawings; and in the winter of 1784 contrived an apparatus for heating the room in which he wrote by steam. In 1786, he and Mr. Boulton went to Paris, by invitation of the French government, to suggest improvements in the mode of raising water at Marly. While there, Berthollet communicated to him his discovery of the bleaching properties of chlorine. On his return, Watt informed his father-in-law of the process, and under his direction it was successfully tried at Mr. M'Gregor's bleach-field, near Glasgow. The introduction of this valuable improvement into Britain must, therefore, be numbered amongst the many benefits bestowed upon it by means of this great man.

From early youth he had been fond of chemical studies, and in this department, likewise, he was destined to be a successful inquirer. In a letter, written to Dr. Priestley, on the 28th of April, 1783, he announces his hypothesis as to the composition of water, to which he had been led by some of Priestley's experiments. Cavendish, as is well known, came to similar conclusions about the same time, and verified them by experiment. We do not enter on the vexed question as to whom the honour rightly belongs of being considered the discoverer of the composition of water, "the greatest and most prolific discovery," says M. Arago, "of modern chemistry;" but it is certain that Watt did not borrow his theory from any other person.

On the expiration of his patent, in 1800, he retired from business, with abundant wealth, full of years, and loaded with honours, an active, prosperous, cheerful old man. But even he had to feel, that in his best estate "man walks in a vain show." Death entered his family and snatched from the affectionate parent the dearly-cherished youngest son. Gregory Watt, who had, with his elder brother, succeeded to his father's business, was a young man of high mental endowments, distinguished attainments, and brightest promise, when disease and death came to withdraw him from all earthly occupations. It was a sore stroke to the aged father, and reads a salutary lesson to all.

Although no longer in business, Watt was still busily and usefully employed. Having been applied to by a Glasgow company for advice as to the conveyance of water across the river from a well which afforded a natural filter, he proposed to lay across the bed of the river a flexible main with ball and socket joints, the idea of which was suggested to him by a lobster's tail; and some time after it was effected with entire success.

He paid his last visit to Scotland in 1817, when his friends were delighted to find him active and cheerful as ever. The next year Mr. Watt invented a machine for copying pieces of sculpture. Though never finished, several specimens were executed by it, which he distributed amongst his friends as "the work of a young artist just entering his eighty-third year."

Early in 1819, symptoms of declining health alarmed his friends, and on the 25th of August his long and useful life closed, at Mr. Watt's own residence, Heathfield, in Staffordshire. His health had been delicate from childhood, and during a large portion of his life he suffered greatly from headache; yet, notwithstanding his incessant labours, he lived to see his eighty-fourth year. No doubt the simplicity and temperance of his habits tended to counteract the natural debility of his constitution. In life many honours had been bestowed upon him. He was a member of the Royal Societies both of London and Edinburgh, and a corresponding member of the Batavian Society. The University of Glasgow bestowed on him the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1806, and he was one of the foreign members of the National Institute of France. After death, filial affection and public gratitude awarded him such homage as monuments and statues can give. A marble statue, by Chantrey, rests on his tomb; another, by the same artist, was presented by his son to the University of Glasgow; and, far better, £3,500 was expended by the younger Watt

* Encyclopædia Britannica.

in a handsome building for a library in his father's native town, in which the inhabitants have placed a statue of their distinguished townsman. Every one who has visited Westminster Abbey will remember the colossal statue of Watt, also the work of Chantrey, which stands there, bearing an inscription from the pen of Lord Brougham.

Mr. Watt was no less beloved for his private virtues than respected for his public services. He is another instance, added to the many already on record, of greatness and amiableness combined,—of a man with intellect sufficient to conceive and execute the greatest designs, and the plain, practical good sense and good temper which give security to friendship and happiness to all around. He claimed no right of genius to infringe the laws of social life, and indulge his own whims at the expense of the feelings and convenience of others.

THE SACRED IBIS.

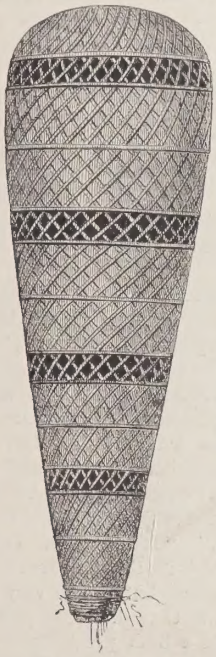
The ancient Egyptians rendered divine honours to the Ibis. They religiously preserved it in their temples, and esteemed it as the incarnation of deity. They attributed to it the most exalted virtue, associated it with the mysteries of Isis and Osiris, recognised in it the guardian of the land, and made it the object of idolatrous service at all their solemn banquets. The priests of Hermopolis preserved in their temple an ibis, which was said to be immortal. The reason for worshiping this peculiar bird was that it had rendered great services, true or supposed, to the land of Egypt; so it was reared with the tenderest solicitude, wandered unmolested through their towns, and he who killed an ibis, though inadvertently, was punished with death.

THE SACRED IBIS.

Herodotus tells us, that the ibis saved Egypt from the invasion of a host of winged serpents, and that in consequence, the Egyptians entertained a great veneration for their deliverer; and different ancient authors after Herodotus,—Cicero in his "Nature of the Gods," Pomponius in his "History of the Universe," and others,—relate the same story. It was commonly believed that the ibis not only killed but devoured the serpents, and as these fiery flying creatures were deadly foes to man, the bird who became their enemy was the friend of man, more than a friend—a guardian—a god.

Other reasons which may have given rise to the honours anciently bestowed upon the ibis, have been suggested in modern times. The bird inhabiting the borders of the Nile would become associated with that sacred river. The inundations of that stream, which fertilised the surrounding districts and secured plentiful harvests, was, and still is, one of the greatest blessings of the land; and in those distant times, when to man's untutored intellect all was godlike or God, the bird which found its home near the fructifying river, may

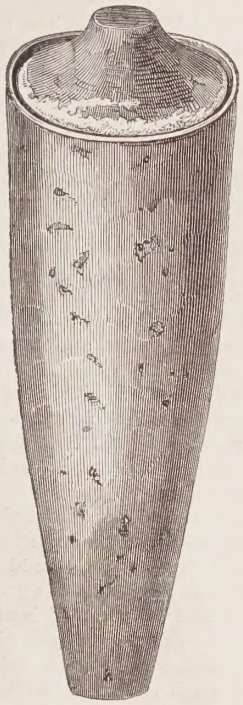
have been regarded as the guardian of the stream, and so, the benefactor of the country. As to the story of the winged serpents there is nothing, it was formerly argued, in the habits, the conformation, or the propensities of the ibis, to warrant its acceptance and belief, and by many, the narrative of Herodotus is regarded as a fable; but fable or not, the thing



MUMMY OF THE EGYPTIAN IBIS.

was once devoutly believed, and so great was Egyptian veneration for the bird, that when an alien army besieged an Egyptian city, the inhabitants durst not resist them, because in their company an ibis was seen.

In our own time, antiquarian research has discovered many curious remains of this holy bird of the Egyptians. Perfect specimens of the ibis have been found in the catacombs of Egypt. Very many mummies in a state of preservation have been found at Saccara, Memphis, and Thebes, for the old Egyptians were careful to preserve from corruption even the dead bodies of these birds. The mummies are remarkable for the attention which has evidently been bestowed upon them. Their exterior is composed of fillets of linen-cloth arranged like trellis-work; in the interior the birds are always disposed in one form, being closely packed together, strongly impregnated with bitumen; and the bird, with its linen covering, is then enclosed in an earthen pot, of a peculiar shape, tapering towards the lower extremity. The opening of



EARTHEN PITCHER CONTAINING THE MUMMY OF THE EGYPTIAN IBIS.

the pot is covered with an earthen lid, hermetically sealed. In the catacombs of Memphis there is a large collection of these mummies, systematically arranged, one above the other; the place is called the Bird-pit, and some very interesting specimens have been brought to Europe.

EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE OF THE SACRED IBIS.

The general characteristics of the ibis are: a long beak, bent, almost square at the base, but round and obtuse at the point; the nostrils are small, and situated very near the commencement of the beak; the head and upper part of the neck black, and devoid of plumage; the legs are long and slender, and the claws very remarkable in appearance. There is a

great variety of species, common to different countries, which possess the same characteristics as the ibis, but it has been doubted whether the bird which the Egyptians worshipped as divine is really known at the present day.

The inquiries of the learned have, however, satisfactorily answered the question. The researches of Savigny and Cuvier were not without result. The catacombs of Thebes and Memphis have disclosed the secret. The mummies, which long ago were so carefully prepared by the wise men of Egypt, have afforded the means of ascertaining the nature of the deified bird. It appears that there are two species, perfectly distinguished from one another. They are those which ornithologists designate under the names of the white ibis (ibis religiosa) and the black or green ibis (ibis falcinella).

The white ibis, or sacred ibis, has a full robust body, the head and neck denuded of feathers, the tail short. The general plumage is clear, spotless white, with the exception of the tips of the quill-feathers, which are generally black, reflecting a bright violet or green. Travellers have observed this species on the banks of the Nile, and it is identical with the white ibis represented in old Egyptian sculptures and found in Egyptian tombs.

The black or green ibis is of a black plumage, which reflects in certain lights a green or violet colour. This bird is found in Europe, India, and the United States. It received, as well as the sacred ibis, divine honours, but is less frequently found among the mummies.

The ibis dwells in society. They are found in flocks of six or eight; the flocks of the black ibis sometimes exceed thirty or forty. The parent birds carefully build the nest for the young, and rear the little ones with the utmost solicitude, so that poets have celebrated them as models of tenderness and fidelity, whose love is only destroyed by death. Their habits are peaceable and affectionate. In youth the neck is partially covered with down or small feathers of a blackish tint, which fall off when the plumage is mature, leaving the head and neck bare, which, with the beak and feet, are of a decidedly black colour.

Bruce was the first who broke through the popular errors respecting the ibis, and made it quite clear to all, that the true sacred ibis, such as was of old worshipped in Egypt,—such as is still found in the mummy-pitchers, represented in the pictures discovered at Herculaneum, and sculptured on ancient medals and vases,—was no other than the bird known by the name of Abou-Hannes, or Father John, of modern Egypt. Speaking of two mummies taken from the pits of Saccara, Cuvier says:—"On carefully exposing them, we perceived that the bones of the embalmed bird were much smaller than those of the tantalus ibis of Linnæus; that they did not much exceed those of the curlew in size; that its beak resembled that of the latter, being only a little shorter in proportion to its thickness, and not at all like that of the tantalus; and lastly, that its plumage was white, with the quills marked with black, as the ancients have described it. We found, after some inquiries, that the mummies of the ibis which had been opened before by different naturalists were similar to ours."

It seems that the errors once prevalent regarding the ibis arose from that strange old story of Herodotus about the bird's devouring flying serpents. It was thought that a bird which could do this must be strong and powerful, and armed with a large beak; and naturalists therefore sought for the bird among such as possessed these characteristics. Cuvier, without arguing the truth of the story, says:—"Positive proofs, such as descriptions, figures, and mummies, ought to preponderate always over accounts of habits too often imagined without any other motive than to justify the different worships rendered to animals." "It might," he says, "be added, that the serpents from which the ibis delivered Egypt are represented to us as very venemous, but not as very large. I have even obtained direct proofs that the birds preserved as mummies, and which have had a beak precisely similar to that of our bird, were true serpent-eaters; for I found in one of their mummies the still undigested remains of the skin and scales of serpents, which I have deposited in our anatomical galleries."

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER V.—PART III.*

It is now a considerable space of time that we must hasten over in our narrative. Leonard became a constant visitor at the Gaywoods' little home, and the affection of little Cuthbert grew the strongest bond between them. The child, spite of a peculiarly affectionate nature, was passionate, most difficult to govern, and of such a sensitive temperament—at times, with an occult sense, as it were, showing itself within him by strange dreams and instincts—that Lucretia trembled for his health, either physical or mental. With Leonard she took earnest and deep council. Her brother Robert wrote, urging that his little son should immediately be placed in some school, where, among boys of his own age, the morbid and unusual developments of the child's nature should be ground off by contact with the realities of life. A public school in the city where his friend Rutherton had been educated, he indicated as the school where, when old enough, Cuthbert should be placed. But Lucretia recoiled from such a training for this peculiar child.

Communicating with Mr. Rutherton during his stay in England, and most earnestly (in an interview she had with him before his return to India) entreating him to influence her brother so far as to defer Cuthbert's entrance into a public school, until at least he had attained the age of twelve, Lucretia obtained a partial compliance with her prayers. Cuthbert should remain under his aunt's roof till he was ten; now he was eight. These two years should be most religiously employed for good, she determined, and many were her earnest conferences on this subject with Leonard, who held such singular sway over the child's mind. And in her schemes, also, for Mary's education, Lucretia took council with her friend. But not alone was Leonard's influence felt over Cuthbert, and in Mary's German lessons, but his whole graceful, poetical, and artistic nature flowed forth from him in warm and vivifying radiations—a fresh interest in life had awoke within him, and with it a more natural tone of mind. This period of his life was, perhaps, if not the most full of strong joy, the most painless. The purest and noblest friendship bound these friends together, each influencing the other for good. And Lucretia's influence, though of a different nature to his upon Mary, herself, or the child, was even a more vital one. It was a keen *moral* influence. Lucretia's upright mind, unswayed by specious reasoning, struck directly to the moral heart of a subject. Unceasingly, also, she sought to arouse a spirit of joyful, prayerful activity within poor Leonard, whose misery seemed to have bound him with fetters of listlessness and sloth as regarded all creative labour. She sought to work upon his soul through his moral being. Ambition—fame—never entered into her view of Leonard's career. His affections were the lever by which she sought to raise up his dormant energy.

To her influence, especially, may be attributed Leonard's resolve to spend several years abroad. It was a real sacrifice to Lucretia the loss of his society, but she speeded him forth without one selfish regret. And the cheerful tone of his letters—the eager joy in the great works of great men, who until then had been to him mere words and misty dreams—was a

* Continued from p. 12.

four-fold reward for any pain she herself had endured. It was evident to her, that Leonard's artist soul had ascended into a peculiarly elevated region of thought and feeling.

Two years or more had elapsed from the time of Leonard's departure, when a couple of pictures excited an unusual degree of attention in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. They were hung side by side, and being the works of men whose names were new to the public at large, and each possessing in its way a marked character, were always surrounded by a throng of critics, admirers, and cavillers. The larger of the two pictures contained many figures, and possessed a strangely weird spirit, which instantly arrested the attention. Heavy dim tempest-clouds, with lurid reflections in them, were rolling up athwart a brilliant sunset sky—a sky so translucent, that the eye, penetrating through the jagged fissures of the storm-clouds, felt as though it might pierce to the very gates of heaven. A stretch of ocean, reflecting the dusky shadows of the storm and the dying radiance of the heavens, boiled up against a rocky shore. Upon a promontory, jutting forth into this panting ocean, amid sea-grasses and sea-blossoms, bent and torn by the sudden tempest falling upon the world, lay the dead body of a beautiful and young man. His peaceful white face was turned full towards the sky—a livid shadow falling upon it from the tempestuous clouds. The face was as the face of Christ in its look of a deep love, unutterable; no stamp of pain was upon his mouth or brow, although blood oozed from the breast, staining with clear crimson the broad folds of a white tunic, edged with a deep golden border. The hands had fallen crosswise over the body; the sea-flowers and grasses bent over him, bedewing the poor, beautiful corpse, with their tears. Ravens and doves whirled through the sky in mad grief. Trees upon a distant cliff bowed themselves before the coming sorrow, or stretched forth their huge arms, appealing to heaven with a mighty agony. Not nature alone mourned over the stricken white form, but men also, and women and children. Warriors and sages, of godlike mould, bowed their heads, mourning and pondering over the great misery. One warrior, of especially majestic mien, with a golden shield gleaming as a sun on his broad shoulders, leant upon a huge mallet of iron, and gazed inquiringly, with an enigmatical look in his stern and solemn eyes, upon the face of the slain; whilst another form of yet more godlike proportions, and wrapt in a violet mantle which fell over golden armour, raised his countenance with a sudden and awful joy as the astounding tidings of a far-off future are whispered to him by two ravens, messengers from All-Father, and who, with heavy wings, poised themselves above the silver locks of the sage, which were confined within a circlet of gold.

It was the death of Balder,—the God of Love of the old Scandinavian mythology—gone from the world, where Love and Justice, and gods and men, and nature, must mourn the death of Balder until his final restoration—when there will be a fresh heaven and a fresh earth, and the great harmony of gods and men shall be born.

The other picture was a striking contrast in composition, subject, and colouring. It simply represented Paul and Virginia within the depths of their tropical forest. It was the embodiment of the most pure, the most virginal love—yet a love of the senses as well as of the soul; it was a burning gleam of perfect joy, yet but a gleam—the intenser the more transient. The very vividness of the flame cast a shadow afar off. Lips pressed to lips—the children stood beneath the dim shadows of the heavy fern-like palm-leaves—scarlet and azure passion-flowers springing up from the mossed earth, clustering and entwining with tight tendril clasps; whilst moonlight-tinted blossoms of strange fantastic forms, but pure as the brows of angels, gleamed down, drooping from the verdant canopy. The children's arms encircled each other with a clasp tight as that of the passion-flowers. A flush tinted Paul's brow; but Virginia, with her earnest deep eyes, was white as the moonlight blossoms. There seemed a might of love and purity, binding the two together, which must be omnipotent over fate itself; but already the forboding breath of a hurricane raised the heavy leaves of the palm—already through the tangle of the forest a glimpse of the heavy billows of a tempestuous ocean was caught—and a keen observer read a spasm upon the lips of Paul.

Lucretia, and Mary, and little Cuthbert, as well as the rest of London, often stood before these pictures. Lambelli and Strudwicke, too, and very often Honoria and her friend Agnes Singleton.

"Is it not really glorious, Agnes," said Honoria, with her peculiar swan-like motion, and with her noble eyes beaming with joy, upon one of their visits, "to be the possessor of these two beautiful pictures. How much more glorious, though, to have painted them! I am delighted that John has painted so well, and that this, his first picture exhibited, has done him such credit. It *is* lovely, only a little too sweet and sentimental to be quite to my taste. John must not grow mawkish. There has been enough painting and writing in the world about that *one* phase of love. Love is universal—this is but its commonest phase. And he still wants boldness and strength too, I feel, in many ways: but there is the true stuff in him. Oh, it is a joy to think that the hand and mind which wrought out this picture have been cultivated and developed instead of being left to harden into dulness in a turnip-field. Thanks, dear father, for your faith in the poor little '*Giotto!*' Yes, it is a great and glorious gift is wealth; for now, besides helping on these two fine young fellows, can I cause you, dearest Agnes, great joy through this extraordinary picture of Balder, as you, through your interpretation of the old myth have caused me great joy. You must always consider this picture to belong as much to you as to me. I feel that it must and will influence you greatly in the writing of the Scandinavian portion of your work on the Universal Faith, of which you were speaking the other night. This is, indeed, conceived in the large and broad spirit after which we aspire. We must know this Leonard Hale, Agnes, whenever he returns to England. I feel that he is one of 'the salt of the earth'—a spirit who will do us all good. And his influence upon John will be good. He possesses especially that largeness of conception which I desire to see John possess. But, come, Agnes, the rooms are beginning to fill; and if I see any silly fools gazing with stupidity written upon their faces, whilst their ignorant tongues dare to cast blame upon this beautiful work of art, I may lose all patience, and utter some unpleasant truth, which would be as galling to the poor wretches as a slap in their silly faces. We will enjoy *our* pictures, Agnes, for a few quiet days together at the dear Hellings." Saying which, the beautiful Honoria and her friend, the young authoress Agnes Singleton, drove away from the exhibition towards one of the most squalid quarters of London, where Honoria had various beneficent missions to accomplish.

It seemed as though each external success of Leonard brought with it an internal woe. The great epochs of life often strangely repeat themselves; and thus was it with Leonard. The letters from Lucretia, and the newspapers sent by her kind hand announcing her great joy in his picture, and the universal response to its excellence, were followed with a sharp pain, springing from the old root of his misery.

It was at Innspruch that the sad letter reached him. He was on his way from Italy towards Munich, where he proposed to sojourn a few months. His whole soul had sung a hallelujah for days, as he had journeyed across those marvellous Alps. And the tender flowers, and clear green Alpine waters—the dim pine forests, and the sublime mountain crags and jagged pinnacles crowned with eternal snows, glittering in rainbow glory, or veiled with cloud, had bound him with the deepest spell of joy which his soul ever knew; and with the joy came the impulse of creation, as of old. And now quaint Innspruch, as he entered it from the mountain gorges, with the mistiness of twilight gathering over its fantastic towers and roofs, had

held forth promise of another rich and quaint feast of enjoyment. At Innspruch also he awaited letters—and of letters at the post-office he found a whole packet—the letters announcing the success—another letter, dispatched later, announcing the pain. Glancing over the contents of the earlier letters as he walked back from the post-office to his inn, the last sad epistle remained unopened, till he was sitting, with a combined tea and supper spread before him, in a brightly-lighted *salle* of the great hotel. As he read, his cheek went white as ashes, and a faintness as of death crept over him. Thus ran the letter:—

Kentish Town, June.

Dear Friend,—We have been anxiously waiting news of your receipt of the letters and papers announcing the signal success of your beautiful picture. Of our deep joy in this success I have already spoken. But now I write about something more important still. Your poor mother, dear Leonard, is very ill; and as the powers of her mind seem singularly restored—as so frequently you know is the case before the last sublime and awful change takes place—and as she speaks of you with the most yearning affection, we all desire your immediate return. She is in London. All particulars I will, dear friend, communicate when we meet. I need not *urge* your most immediate return. To my eyes this great change in the poor sufferer is a divine blessing; try, dear friend, so to view it. There are deaths, which we all know, are so much less sad than many a life. I need not assure you that all that our attention and earnest care can do for your poor mother is done. Would that we could send a consoling angel to conduct you hither. With the most earnest sympathy,

Your's ever,

LUCRETIA GAYWOOD.

When Ursula Mordant's son read these words, her sorely tried spirit had passed away from the poor corpse. The mist of madness had been cleared away many days since, leaving the soul a seer, vigilant, and far-seeing even into futurity. Sitting by the pillow of the dying woman, Lucretia had glimpses of a spiritual life so glorious, yet so sublime, both revealed in the flickering of intensest beauty over the dying countenance, and in the scattered words uttered in a voice of soul-thrilling gentleness—that never could she refer to these revelations, even to Leonard, except by hint, and then it was with a great shuddering of joy and awe seizing upon her frame. "Leonard! Augustus! we faint beneath our heavy cross—beloved ones, we faint, we fall! But lo! the crosses are human wings; we mount—we—!" and the head sank, irradiated with a celestial beauty, upon the shoulder of Lucretia.

Ursula Mordant died in one of the great hospitals of the metropolis, and was buried in the burial-ground attached to it.

Leonard travelled as only those travel when life and death are in the scale. Mere death—a death of peace for this poor tortured spirit—he did not dread; but the foreboding angel within his breast whispered that more sad things than death waited to be revealed; and such foreboding voices are only too often the voices of truth.

Lucretia informed Leonard of the spirit's release; and gradually, when the broken heart could endure the sadder truth, communicated the following details:—

Late, one lovely June evening, she, Mary, and little Cuthbert, were returning from a stroll in the fields, when, beneath the hedge of a lane, she perceived in the dusk the figure of a woman lying upon the bank. Suddenly foreboding evil, Lucretia sent on quickly Mary with Cuthbert, fearful lest the child's lively imagination should be excited or distressed. The woman had evidently fainted, and from her grasping a small knife in her hand, and from blood oozing through her dress, Lucretia instantly divined that she had attempted to destroy herself. Of course, as always occurs in such cases, neither Mary encountered a policeman to send to Lucretia's aid, nor yet did a policeman's anxiously-desired figure saunter up the lane. To Lucretia it appeared ages before any assistance arrived, and to leave the woman she did not dare. At length, a young man, evidently returning from painting in the open air, with his sketching materials slung around him, came in sight. Lucretia hailed him as a friend in need. Leaving his picture and paint-box behind him, at full speed he set off up the lane for help, returning, in an almost incredibly short time, with a doctor and a couple of policemen. The woman appeared seriously, although not dangerously, to have injured herself; but from her strange and incoherent speech upon returning to consciousness, her unhappy condition was evident to all. She was conveyed to an hospital, attended by Lucretia and by our friend John Wetherley, again brought into contact with Ursula Mordant by one of those singular fatalities which occur much oftener in life than the novel-reader is willing to grant. John Wetherley, when he called the next day upon Lucretia Gaywood, to offer his co-operation with her in any way for the alleviation of the poor unfortunate's misery, related the circumstance of his having, as a child, encountered a mad woman in the woods above a beautiful old place in Nottinghamshire—the Hellings. The discovery made by the two, John and Lucretia, that Nottinghamshire was the native county of both, became, together with mutual reminiscences of the neighbourhood—Clifton Grove, and Wilford, and the River Trent—quite a bond of extraordinary sympathy between the new acquaintances. And a yet stronger sympathy arose when Lucretia discovered, by glancing again at his card, the name, having been misread by her at the first moment, that *he* was the painter of the "Paul and Virginia," the beautiful picture hanging at the side of Leonard's "Balder." And John then related various circumstances regarding his early history, and spoke of the Pierrpoints' noble conduct towards him, in a manner which altogether charmed Lucretia.

"I fancy we shall like Mr. Wetherley very much, Mary," said Lucretia; "and that he would like poor Leonard greatly; for he has long been—for years, he says—following in the footsteps of the painter of Balder. 'Everywhere have the memory and achievements of this clever artist risen up before me like a beacon from afar, urging me on to greater industry and success,' were his words. Nay—is it not strange?—I have promised that they shall meet at our house upon Leonard's return. But how strange that insanity should bring about his acquaintance with Leonard—how certain spheres seem to unite people, however remotely. Poor Leonard must never know of this origin of our acquaintance; and in all our intercourse with Mr. Wetherley let us most scrupulously preserve poor Leonard's incognito. Let us never refer to Leonard as having a connexion with Nottingham. And yet I cannot but regret concealment."

Still greater surprise awaited Lucretia when, upon her visit that day to the hospital, by the incoherent speech of the suffering woman, she discovered her to be the widow of Mordant and the mother of Leonard. A great and solemn change suddenly showed itself in the dying woman: and Lucretia, communicating her knowledge of the truth to no one but Mary and Andrew, wrote to Leonard, as we have seen.

How Mrs. Mordant had escaped from the asylum, and how she had travelled up to London, always remained a mystery. The belief in her son's existence seemed gradually to have dawned upon her mind after poor Leonard's miserable interview, and to seek for him through the world had become her ruling idea. It was supposed that, in pursuance of this idea, she had wandered up to London. There were laid in her coffin various scraps of childish paintings of flowers and a little needle-book, which she had appeared, in her insanity, to have treasured beneath her pillow, forgetting their existence in the clearness of vision before her death. John Wetherley, in after years, hearing of this singular circumstance, gave his explanation. Little, as he assisted in raising the bleeding woman from the bank, did he imagine that his childish drawings and Honoria's needle-book were concealed among her garments.

LORENZO DE MEDICI RECEIVING THE EXILED GREEK PHILOSOPHERS.

THE MEDICI FAMILY.

Without meaning, in the least, to depreciate historical parallels in the abstract, but being decidedly of opinion that they are by no means sure ground to stand upon when one feels the divine phrenzy coming upon him, and is preparing to utter historical predictions, we think that the thanks of all discoverers of them are eminently due to his present Imperial Majesty the Czar Nicholas, autocrat of all the Russias, &c. &c., for the striking resemblance which he has created between the course of events in European history, in the year 1853, and European history in the year 1453.

In the latter, Constantinople was the capital of an effete empire, which had once spread the terror of its arms throughout Europe, was implicitly obeyed from the shores of the Euxine to the coast of Gaul, and had been renowned for its wealth, luxury, and magnificence. In that year, the luxury, the wealth, and magnificence remained; but the courage, genius, and hardihood which made them had departed. Of all the vast territories in the east of Europe over which Constantine the Great had reigned, his namesake and successor had preserved nought, except a small tract of territory on the shores of the Hellespont, and a nominal rule over the hardy and intractable tribes who peopled the fertile plains of Thrace and Epirus. The Turks had absorbed all the rest. The sultans had fixed their residence at Adrianople; the Ottoman troops, whenever a difficulty arose between the two powers, showed themselves on the heights over the Bosphorus, and Constantinople trembled. The emperor was constantly begging aid from the sovereigns of western Europe, and though often promised it, never by any chance received it. The sultan was perpetually making unreasonable demands from him, and charging him with impossible offences, which he bore with a meekness befitting his fallen state. Who would have thought that this derided, insulted, heartbroken man was a descendant and successor of the ancient Cæsars, who had ridden over the world, conquering and to conquer, who proudly boasted of their mission—

"Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos"?

that this little strip of ground was all that was left of the great empire which stretched in one unbroken sweep from the Occident to the Orient sun, from the Ultima Thule to the gorges of Mount Atlas! that those crumbling fortifications and that gorgeous church were built by the great Constantine! that these effeminate, vain, and debauched nobles, and this poor, crouching herd of vassals, clients, and retainers looked on themselves as filling the place of the turbulent populace and conscript fathers of ancient Rome! that this decayed and worn-out state was the last link between modern Europe and the Europe of antiquity—the bridge across the mighty chasm of the barbarian invasion and the dark ages! And, nevertheless, so it was. Its hour was now come, and it was to disappear for ever. Early in 1453, panic reigned at Constantinople; Mahomet II. was about to assail it with a powerful force. In 1853, panic reigns in it also; but now it is the Turks who are to be assailed, and—strange retribution!—it is the head of the Greek church who threatens to extinguish their empire.

The parallel is complete in all but the closing scene; and this was a scene of horrors, which we would fain hope the wisdom and humanity of the west will never suffer to be re-enacted,—the mounting of all the male inhabitants able to bear arms upon the walls; the hurried repairs of the old and tottering towers; the suspension of all business and pleasure; the agony of suspense, or the terrible calm of despair, in lordly mansions, on which art had lavished all her skill and treasure, and which for centuries had been adorned by wit and beauty; the thunder of cannon against the bulwarks which had been built to withstand the catapulta or balistæ, but not the huge stone balls of the Ottoman artillery; and then the last fearful night: a breach practicable, and myriads of men watching for the dawn—the Turks that they might mount to the assault, and the Greeks that they might perish with their faith and empire; darkness everywhere, except in the churches, where the lights from the altars gleamed on crowds of old men, and children, and beautiful women, prostrate on their faces, praying in terror; and the peasants on the further shore of the Bosphorus listening in awe to the wailing sound of the *Kyrie Eleison*, which was wafted across from the doomed city. Constantine, the last of the emperors, died in a manner worthy of his name and lineage—sword in hand, at the head of his followers; and with him perished the western empire.

Amidst a great many in this overthrow who were by no means to be regretted, and whose extinction was rather a benefit to the world than otherwise, one class was entitled to especial sympathy and regret. It would be doing injustice to the Greek empire to omit mentioning that it still sheltered a large portion of the learning of the ancient world, and that it was the only spot in Europe where the language of Demosthenes was still the mother tongue of the educated and refined, and where the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle were still studied and admired. Driven from every other part of the continent by the ravages of the barbarians, the arts and sciences had taken refuge here, and enjoyed all the prosperity that they could look for in the dominions of a feeble despot.

There were still found in Constantinople a large number of men who preserved, amidst the prevailing corruption, much of the simplicity of an earlier age, and cherished the traditions of the academy, despite the loss of the patriotism and love of liberty, from which it derived half its lustre. The ancient Greek was there spoken in all but its ancient purity. It was only amongst the common people, amongst the islanders and sailors, that it had been debased by intermixture with barbarous dialects; whilst the Latins were feebly groping their way amongst the disputes of the dialecticians, and the mummeries of superstition, many at Constantinople were daily and nightly poring over the works of the classic authors. This devotion to solid learning was adulterated, no doubt, by a great deal of the trifling and finical conceit, which made the Athenian sophists contemptible; but still, when compared with the pursuits of the western monks, it was cultivation of the highest order.

Most of these men fled precipitately on the fall of the empire. The Mussulman conqueror had, or was reputed to have, little sympathy with science or art, and their votaries, consequently, expected little favour from him, even if the difference of faith did not render them obnoxious to his followers. They were nearly all past the meridian of life. Their sober, scholarly, and retired pursuits would have ill-fitted them for the rebuffs and disappointments of a wandering life in foreign lands, even if youth had supplied hope, courage, and vivacity. What they wanted was a quiet refuge, where they could linger out to the close of their career, in calm retirement, and forget in the study of their books and MSS. their own misfortunes and the ruin of their country. This, happily, they soon found in Italy. That unhappy country was then enjoying the only gleam of prosperity which has ever shone upon her since the fall of Rome. She had recovered from the rude shock of the barbarian invasion. The disordered elements of society had gradually assumed shape and organization, and the fifteenth century found her divided into a number of independent republics, built up and supported by commercial prosperity, and in the enjoyment of unexampled liberty and happiness. The arts were flourishing to a degree unknown in the rest of Europe, and in all the graces of life—wealth, refinement, and cultivation, she held such a proud position, that she might still without presumption apply to the Transalpine world the epithet of barbarous.

In these republics, commerce had assumed the place of honour, which, amongst the northerns, was accorded to arms exclusively. Their proud patricians were not knights or barons bold, but wealthy merchants, who gradually assumed the position of merchant princes, and distinguished themselves

as munificent patrons of learning. The proudest amongst these were the Medici of Florence, who, time out of memory, had occupied a high position in the republic, and had filled many of its most distinguished offices. The head of the family, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, was Giovanni de Medici, who added to his already large store of wealth by his close attention to business, and secured the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens by his affability and moderation. His son Cosmo succeeded him in his wealth and dignities. The earlier part of his public career was disturbed by some of those intestine broils which seem inseparable from a popular form of government. He triumphed, however, in the long run over the malice of his enemies, and spent the greater part of a long life in uninterrupted tranquillity and prosperity. He had no greater pleasure than the encouragement of learning and the society of learned men; and his efforts raised Florence to the proud position of being the resort of all the wisest, wittiest, and ablest scholars, poets, and artists of the day. The study of the ancient classics had at this period but just commenced. A few—and a few only—of the marvellous productions of ancient genius had been dragged to light from the convents and castles, in which they had slept since the fall of the empire, but by the exertions of Boccacio, who was as famed for his learning as for his humour, the study of the Greek language had been introduced into Italy, and during his lifetime had been cultivated with success. At his death, however, it fell into neglect, but after a short interval was again revived through the exertions of Emanuel Chrysoloras, a noble Greek, who was entrusted with several important embassies to Italy, while Constantinople was threatened by the Turks, and taught it himself at Florence and other cities about the beginning of the fifteenth century. He left behind him many zealous disciples amongst the Italians, who laboured strenuously and with some success, to follow up the work which he had begun. But, though they kept their attention fixed upon their work, and kept alive the interest of the literati in it, it was impossible that they could make much progress. The number of works which they had the opportunity of examining was extremely small, and they were endeavouring to acquire a dead language by the slow and uncertain process of guessing out the meaning, construction, and connexion. They had none of the aids with which every school-boy now finds himself furnished—grammars, exercises, commentaries, keys, notes, and the oral instructions of men to whom, from their earliest years, the dead languages have been an all-absorbing subject of thought and study, based upon the labours of thousands who have trod the same path before them. Let us remember all that we have, and we shall have a better idea of all that they wanted, the countless tomes of every date since the fifteenth century to the present time, the huge heap of annotations, emendations, and various readings, containing so much rubbish mingled with so much sterling thought. With all this, some of us found Greek difficult enough; many of us have lost our little share of it long ago; what then must have been the difficulty of those whose only hope lay in their own brains and industry? It is hardly to be expected that the study would not have flagged and finally died out, had it not received an unexpected stimulus.

The fall of Constantinople filled Europe with terror and astonishment; but whatever scandal it may have caused to the orthodox faith, was compensated by the assistance it brought to the cause of learning. The philosophers, who fled before the swords of the Janizzaries, were received in Italy with open arms, and their welcome was the warmer because they carried with them a large store of rare and valuable manuscripts, some of them containing gems of antiquity which were before unknown to the scholars of the west. The fittest place to bear such treasures to, was the court of the Medici—for court it might be called—where great wealth spent on the noblest objects was backed up by a supremacy over a whole nation, which was founded only in respect and affection, and was not sanctioned by a single law. The exiles were received with characteristic hospitality, and in the pile of manuscripts which they laid at Cosmo's feet, he found himself more than rewarded for all the favours he could heap upon them. Demetrius, Chalcondyles, Johannes Andronicus, Calistus, Constantius, and Johannes Lascris, and many others, whose names lent lustre to the last years of the tottering empire, met with an honourable reception, and by their instructions and example gave learning an impetus which has carried it on without faltering to its present proud position. Libraries, one of which is still, after a lapse of three centuries, a favourite resort of the scholar, were founded, and copies of the various works were rapidly multiplied by the printing press. The Greeks did not fail to trumpet abroad the praises of their benefactor, and the kindness and encouragement he showed them is the best claim to immortality, which the Medici family possess.

The friendship which was shown to learned men by his grandfather was cultivated in a still greater degree by Lorenzo de Medici, that great light of Italian literature and art. Their labours were repaid by his bounty, and encouraged by his smiles; professorships were established for giving instruction in the Greek philosophy and literature, to which scholars from all parts of Europe—from England, amongst others—resorted. Lorenzo was no less remarkable for his political wisdom and commercial success than for the delight afforded him by the society of the learned, and consequently the Greeks were frequent guests at his splendid villa in the environs of Florence. It is a singular circumstance that this great man should have found a biographer worthy of him, after the lapse of three centuries, in the greatest of our commercial emporia.

THE LAND OF GOLD.*

"YOUNG men accustomed only to the desk, and unfitted for any mechanical occupation, will find it next to impossible to procure employment in Australia." Almost every letter that is sent home from Melbourne, and nearly every newspaper published in the colony, repeats this warning. But in spite of warnings of every kind, young men from shops and counting-houses appear to be the very persons who, for the last twelve months, have filled the greater part of the berths in emigrant ships bound for the land of gold. Again and again it has been stated that these are not the class of colonists necessary to the commercial prosperity of the colony, or likely to prosper in it themselves. For many years to come, physical, rather than mental, labourers will be the need of Australia. Melbourne, although the richest city in the world, is, at the present moment, the worst lighted, ventilated, and paved; and its inhabitants, although the most wealthy, taken as a body, are as badly lodged as the peasantry of the poorest villages in Germany, or the dwellers in the most miserable log-huts in the backwoods. Nevertheless, there is abundant employment in Australia, besides gold-digging, for tens of thousands of artizans and labourers. Every man who has the strength and will to wield an axe or a spade may succeed in Australia; for, before the colony is fitted to receive intellectual labourers, houses must be built, roads and railroads made, bridges erected, and other social conveniences supplied. Handicraftsmen of all descriptions, agricultural labourers, and "navvies," are the most likely men to succeed in Australia.

It appears from a paper drawn up for the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce, by Mr. Westgarth, that the colony of Victoria—the modern name for the Port Phillip district—is in a most flourishing condition, both as regards its moral and commercial prospects. The history of the colony, as recorded by Mr. Westgarth, presents the most remarkable instance of commercial progress that, perhaps, the world ever saw. Ten years ago, the towns of Sidney, Melbourne, and Port Phillip

were mere entrepôts for the agricultural produce from the interior of the country; and Australia itself was principally notorious for the lamentable failure of the settlement at Swan River. In 1851, the colony of Victoria contained a population of about 95,000 souls; in 1852, that number had more than doubled, and at this moment it cannot be estimated at less than 300,000. Nothing can be a more astonishing or decisive proof of the advance of this colony than the marvellous rapidity with which its population has increased. Twenty years since the white man was unknown in the districts which he has now made his home: the discovery of the gold took place, and, in a short time, the colony of Victoria—the principal auriferous district in Australia—was unrivalled for the magnificent scale of its wealth and commerce. There is no resisting "facts and figures," so we will make use of a few of them. In March, 1851, the population of Melbourne was estimated at 23,000; at the present moment that city and its outskirts cannot contain fewer than 85,000 inhabitants; two years since the town of Geelong numbered about 8,000 souls; at present it cannot, certainly, have less than 20,000. The shipping entered inwards to the colony of Victoria, in 1851, comprised 669 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 126,000 tons; in 1852, the number of vessels had increased to 1,657, with an aggregate tonnage of 408,000 tons—an increase of about 325 per cent. in a single year! In the same period, the value and extent of the imports and exports to and from Victoria had increased in like proportion. In 1851, the imports were valued at £1,056,000; in 1852, they had increased to £4,044,000; the exports for the same years were—in 1851, £1,424,000; in 1852, £7,452,000! But in regard to this latter item, the exports for the year 1852 may be considered as greatly understated when given as £7,500,000; for large as the sum may appear, it has been ascertained to be very far short of the actual truth. Gold is the principal article of export from the colony of Victoria; and the probability is, that almost every person who left the diggings for Europe or America took with him a large quantity of the precious metal, which would not necessarily come into the official records. In 1852, the customs returns gave 1,975,000 ounces as the quantity exported; but 1,600,000 ounces, in addition, have been traced as having been exported from the neighbouring colonies, or otherwise brought from Australia without official cognizance. Taking these circumstances into consideration, and valuing the precious metal at its now ascertainable worth, it appears that gold to the value of upwards of £15,000,000 sterling—twice the amount given in the customs returns—has been dug from the bowels of the earth, washed from the sands of the rivers, or discovered by fortunate "prospectors," in various parts of Australia, in a single year!

In fact, the colony of Victoria is at this moment the richest, and the most varied field for enterprise in the whole world. A man with a little money can buy land and rear sheep; or he can invest it in articles of consumption at home, and make a good profit by retailing them in Melbourne and the diggings. In the interior of the country, every child is a help instead of an incumbrance; and a man with a family, whose ages vary from three years to twenty, is as well off as if he had a large capital. Every kind of manual labour is at a premium in the cities of Melbourne, Geelong, and Sidney; and in the interior the scarcity of hands is very severely felt. All sorts of provisions, likewise, are sold at highly remunerative prices:—sugar, 7d. a pound; flour, 50s. a barrel; wines and spirituous liquors extremely dear; and roots and all other agricultural produce are sold at "a very considerable advance upon previous quotations."

This last phrase, which we take from the *Melbourne Argus* of April the 7th, naturally leads us to the conclusion that farming is a very profitable kind of employment in Australia; and, opening a private letter which has been given us for perusal, almost the first sentence we meet with is—"If you have any friends coming out with capital, advise them to buy land and try their hands at farming."

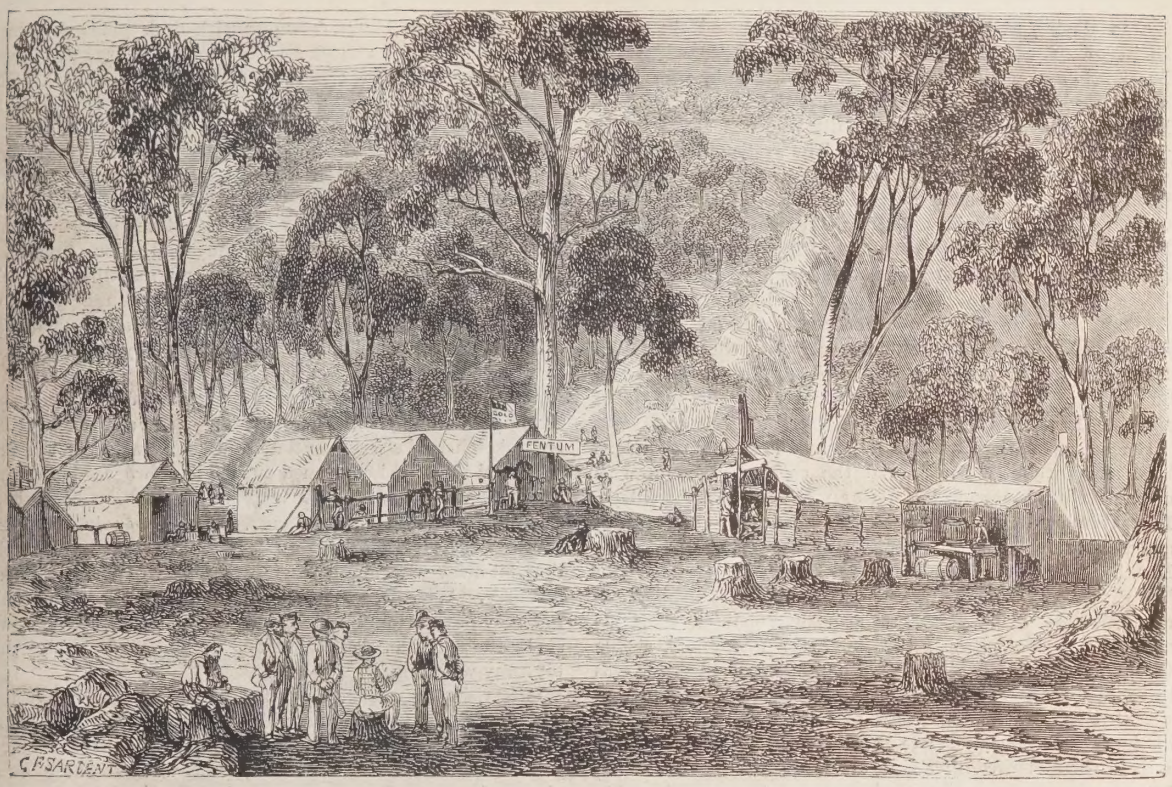
It is well known that Mount Alexander—the district including Ballarat, the Bendigo, and the Forest Creek diggings—is the most auriferous region in Australia. In our first engraving (page 44) we have a view of this celebrated mountain from what is called the Porcupine Road. The next (page 44) is a busy scene, Golden Point Ballarat—every one of the diggings has its golden point—is about seventy miles from Melbourne in a north-westerly direction, and about fifty from the thriving town of Geelong. At this spot it was that the celebrated "Cavenagh find" took place—as thus recorded in the *Geelong Advertiser* of September 27:—"On Saturday night last two brothers named Cavenagh arrived in Geelong with 60lbs. weight of gold, value £2,300, the produce of four weeks' working. The party actually netted £100 per day." The excitement consequent on the arrival of this news was immense, and "doctors, lawyers, merchants, tradesmen, carpenters, bricklayers, masons, shepherds, and labourers, all rushed off to the new El Dorado." In the case of the Ballarat diggings, the speculators were not disappointed, for they still continue to be highly productive.

The two other engravings (page 45) speak eloquently for themselves. The districts all around have proved highly auriferous; and "enterprising men (we quote the own correspondent of the *Argus*) cannot fail to make a fortune." The numerous dry diggings have been very successful of late; and it is by no means uncommon to see a man setting off to work in his hole, the only tool or implement that he carries with him being a large and pointed knife, called a "fossicking knife." The mode of proceeding is by no means uninteresting. "Arrived at the hole, which, by the way, may have taken him and his mates a week or more to sink, he descends, and lighting a candle and his pipe, he lays himself out at full length on the rock which forms the bottom of his hole, and whilst he blows out the fragrant wreaths from his dudeen, he quietly amuses himself, at the same time, by digging out with the point of his knife, such nuggets of the precious metal as may offer themselves to his view. Of course, in this operation, the small specks of gold are not collected, as this would be too troublesome a process; but the earth containing them is gathered up in a pocket handkerchief, and I have more than once seen two ounces washed out from a handkerchief full of stuff, whence the large pieces had been previously picked. By this "fossicking," as it is termed, men have been known to obtain three and four pounds weight of gold in a day; though such cases are not, as a matter of course, numerous. This species of dry digging is now much resorted to, not only on the Bendigo, but on the Forest and other Creeks, the scarcity of water preventing the possibility of washing all the earth that would, were this element plentiful, amply repay the labour. Thus it happens that very much of the earth, now lying at the bottom or around the mouth of many of the holes, having been cast aside as useless during the drought, contains a per centage of gold sufficient to make the washing of it in the wet season highly remunerative. In fact, to prove this, after the recent showers up here, for they were no more than showers, many people were out prospecting amongst the refuse stuff thrown out of the holes, and I have met with persons who have thus collected two and three ounces in a few hours. I myself, not being too proud to dismount and become their possessor, picked up three pretty little nuggets that very handsomely offered themselves to my attention as I rode along past a number of deserted holes. It has often struck me that in many instances where a heavy find of gold has been made, very nearly as much of the precious metal is shovelled out with the earth as is gathered by the diggers; for with two and three ounce nuggets glittering in their sight, they have no eyes for the fine grains, which, in a rich hole, so thickly stud the earth that surrounds the larger nuggets. Besides which, let the digger search as carefully as he will, unless the whole of his good earth be washed, he will almost invariably throw out as much gold as he collects."

The present shipping arrangements enable emigrants to reach the land of gold at a comparatively trifling expense, whether the port of embarkation be London or Liverpool. One word of advice: there is more comfort and economy in a small ship than a large one.

MOUNT ALEXANDER, FROM THE PORCUPINE ROAD.

VIEW OF GOLDEN POINT, BALLARAT—TAKEN FROM THE NORTH-WEST SIDE OF THE CREEK.



VIEW OF THE POST-OFFICE AND THE "ARGUS" OFFICE, FOREST CREEK DIGGINGS.

VIEW AT THE JUNCTION OF BARBER'S CREEK AND THE FOREST CREEK—THE GOVERNMENT CAMP IN THE DISTANCE.

A DAY AT CHITTENNANGO FALLS.

I WAS staying at Casa Novia. I had exhausted the rather limited amusements of that rural place, and time began to hang heavily on my hands. My friend Frank, who is an artist, and had sought the village on a professional speculation, had painted everybody in the vicinity who was at all willing to descend to posterity on canvas. The systematic flirtations which we had carried on with all the belles of the neighbourhood had ended in such a tangled web of jealousies, as to destroy all confidence in us as marrying men. There were no billiards; we had no guns to shoot with, and even if we had, I doubt if there was anything to shoot; we had read the "Life of Washington," the only book our landlady possessed, through three times. Dominoes became painful to us, we had played them so often, and the society of the village bar-room was neither interesting nor select. In short, no two human beings were ever more destitute of the means of amusing themselves than Frank and myself.

It was a clear September morning. The sky was of a deep blue and without a cloud, and the early sun shone with oppressive brightness on the staring white walls of the village. I was standing at the window, tapping listlessly on the panes, and wondering whether the pig, who was trying to get into Mrs. Spreet's garden, would succeed in opening the gate with his snout. Frank was seated at his easel, finishing the eleventh portrait of himself that he had painted since his arrival, and Mrs. Rollit, our landlady, was dimly visible through the half-open door, plucking a large fowl which was to serve for our dinner. Just at this moment my attention was attracted by the appearance of a pedlar who had arrived in the village the day before, bringing his waggon out from a little shed at the other side of the street, and installing between its shafts a clever, short-tailed horse, with a big head, and thick, muscular legs that gave promise of a mile in "two, thirty," if he liked.

"Hallo!" I cried, opening the window, "you're not going to leave us so soon—are you? Why, you ought to get a week's trading, at least, out of such a place as this."

"Well, I guess I'm goin' on a little further," he answered, stowing away sundry boxes under his feet in the waggon. "The folks here don't appear to be very lively, and I calculate I'll make a better trade in Chittennango."

"Chittennango! what a strange name! Where is it?"

"Have you never been to Chittennango?" asked our pedlar, elevating his eyebrows with a glance of rather contemptuous amazement; "why it's just the place for fellows like you, who go poking about after the beauties of natur. There's rocks, and waterfalls, and trees, and it's altogether what people call pictureask."

"How far is it?"

"Five miles, more or less. If you come soon, may be you'll meet me there. Good bye!" And the pedlar gave his horse a chuck with the reins, and went down the hill in the midst of a hot, curling cloud of dust.

"Frank," said I, turning round, "here's luck; let us go to Chittennango."

"Let me finish this eyebrow," answered Frank, peevishly.

"The pedlar says there are waterfalls and rocks there."

"Very probably," said Frank, drily.

"And that there is a factory there with the loveliest girls."

Frank threw down his palette, rushed to the mirror, disposed of his hair to the best advantage, and in half an hour we were on our road to Chittennango.

The road on which we walked wound along the edge of the Chittennango river, a bright, joyous stream, broken into frequent babbling rapids, and full of wild, capricious windings. These turnings and doublings, in which the road shared, were in some places very sudden and abrupt. Sometimes the stream would bend back, and all we could see of it were little blue glintings through the dark trees, like the peeping eyes of some forest maiden.

The river runs on the right side of the road, and on the left rises up a steep bank, frowning with dark pines that hang like a beard upon its cheek; while here and there great jagged rocks gleam out like the tusks of some wild animal. This bank, which is very lofty, is seamed and worn with elemental strife. Great scars are visible on its sides, where the winter torrents have torn away huge masses of earth and rock; and one can see from the tall pines that lie prostrate, but still clinging to their birthplace with a few tenacious roots, that the fierce winds of March have not spared the place. Climbing over all this savage grandeur, one sees the long tendrils of the wild vine festooning the trees and mantling over the rocks; while crowds of wild flowers gleam through the inmost depths of the forest with fragmentary glimpses of blue and gold.

Frank and I could not help stopping every hundred yards to admire some fresh beauty. Each winding of the river, as it were, recombined all the old elements of the landscape, forming another from them entirely new and enchanting. Our sketch-books were continually in our hands for the first mile, and if we had continued our mode of progression during that distance the rest of the way, we should have been about five days reaching Chittennango. Frank was in great ecstasies. "The scenery was so lovely. He must really take that bit away with him. There was plenty of time—no need of hurry. What was the use of being a bachelor if one could not stay out as long as he liked?" And down Frank would sit by the roadside, pencil in hand, to take, as he said, "that bit away with him."

It was during one of those fits of admiration that a new and unexpected feature was added to the landscape. Frank was sitting on a huge stone, which had fallen at some remote period from the cliff above us, and was sketching away vigorously at a solitary group of elms, that stood on a small spur of land which jutted out into the stream. I had taken a small reach of the river to my share, bordered with spruce and maple, and spanned a little way up by a slender rustic bridge. Some tall sedge broke the level line of the margin of the stream, and the whole constituted a charming bit of quiet river-beauty. I was busy making certain dots and lines which were intended to indicate rocks and trees, when an exclamation from Frank caused me to raise my head suddenly. A new feature had obtruded itself upon my landscape, one which I had made no provision for in my sketch, but which, nevertheless, was a most interesting addition to the former charms of the scene. On the slender rustic bridge, which I have mentioned as spanning the stream some twenty yards above where we sat, stood a young girl. She wore one of those wide leghorn hats, with long crimson ribbons streaming over its brim, which undulated gracefully in the gentle wind that stole down the banks. In one hand she held a small basket filled with wild berries, while in the other she bore a branch of green elm which she waved like a fan. It was a charming pastoral picture. Theocritus might have written an idyl upon it. Guercino might have painted it. The girl was very pretty and seemed somehow to belong naturally to the scene. When she reached the middle of the bridge she paused to look at us. We certainly returned the compliment. As to Frank, he stared with all his might and main. But there stood that light, delicate figure, framed in an exquisite natural picture, and balanced on that slender aerial-looking bridge, till it almost seemed as if some wood-nymph had taken a fancy to masquerade and got herself up in leghorn and muslin. While we were gazing with mute attention a shout rang from the opposite side of the river, and a troop of boys and girls all laden with baskets of wild fruit and green boughs issued from behind some trees, and made signals to our nymph. Two or three of the boys ran up on the bridge and seemed, as it were, to take her captive, and bear her back among them. The slight bridge undulated with the struggle, and after a few vain attempts to elude her captors she went slowly back to the noisy throng, and vanished behind a clump of elms.

About two miles from Casa Novia, and close on the river,

are several mills, all of them possessing considerable external evidence of prosperity. They employ a great many of the young people of the vicinity, and we had every reason for supposing that our rural goddess and her companions were *employés* of one or other of these establishments. It appeared to be a holiday with them at these mills; for in the open space before the door, which was well shaded with tall elms, there was a merry party of boys and girls dancing to certain unearthly sounds which a young lad, in a white jacket, drew from a dilapidated violin. The women were generally pretty, and all possessed the most delicately fair complexions, the result of so much in-door confinement in the factories. They appeared very happy and contented, and the dance went on with unflagging spirit. Irresistibly attracted by this rustic jollity, Frank and I stopped to look on. Presently we received a cordial invitation from some of the young ladies to join the festivities, and in another minute we were linked with a couple of partners in the performance of a Virginia reel. While thus engaged a burst of laughter rang through the place, and our dance was suddenly interrupted by another troop of gay rustics with green boughs in their hands, who came rushing down the slope towards us. It was the same group we had seen on the river, and in their midst our eager eyes discovered the goddess of the bridge. Strange to say she was not at all pretty, and her hands and lips being stained a dull purple colour with blackberry-juice did not add much to her attractions. Her figure, that before seemed so aerial and delicate, we now discovered to be bony and angular, and the curles which the wind seemed to play with so lovingly as she stood on the bridge, had, on a closer inspection, a decided tendency towards that fiery hue which people sometimes soften down under the name of auburn. So much for the poetry of circumstance. On the bridge she was all that a romantic imagination could desire. In the mill-yard the charm had vanished, and she stood confessed a lean, red-haired, raw-boned Yankee girl.

About a half a mile further on we came to a reach of the river, the effect of which, with its strongly marked lights and shades, reminded us both of an etching by Rembrandt. The stream has, as it were, cut a semi-circular piece completely out of the wooded precipice before described, forming thereby a sort of dark cove, along the edge of which the road still runs. The cliff, which here faces the west, is so much undermined that it hangs menacingly over road and river, and flings its black eternal shadow far across on the opposite bank. The pines, and spruce, and hemlock trees stand bristling out from this toppling bastion, and seem suspended by their roots above one's head. A terrible and unearthly gloom pervades the spot; the sunlight never falls at any period of the day upon stream or forest. The river runs by in the shade, cold and dusky as Acheron. An unwholesome chill oppresses the heart while in this gloomy sanctuary. Birds do not love the spot, and their song never echoes through the trees. The villagers do not linger there, tempting as its shade may be to brows scorched with the summer's sun. It is a place that seems made for murder and crime. And as if to mock the melancholy darkness of the scene, the river above and below glistens like gold through the trees, and invites the saddened wayfarer to hasten out of this Trophonian gloom.

When we suddenly emerged from this dismal spot into the bright sunshine, and saw the laughing sparkling river and the verdant trees, the change in our spirits was electric. While we were passing through the home of shadow, we had scarcely spoken. The scene was grand, doubtless, but its grandeur was oppressive, and weighed upon us so much, that to utter our thoughts would have cost us a considerable effort. But now that we had left it behind, we felt somewhat as Orpheus must have felt when he arrived on earth after the visit he had been paying to Pluto. Everything seemed to have acquired fresh splendour. The trees were greener than before—the river more golden, and the wild flowers, that lined the bank, seemed to speak to us in a joyful whisper and welcome us back again to the world, which they and the sunlight illuminated.

After loitering in this manner along the road for a distance of four and a half or five miles, the subdued sound of falling water, softened by the trees, apprised us that we were close upon Chittennango Falls. At a little distance, they cannot be said to be very imposing, but I know no place that, on a closer acquaintance, possesses more charms. From the top of the fall to the bottom may be something over 130 feet, but the water does not gush in a direct stream for this distance, but is broken and split by ledges and tongues of rock, which, though they interfere with its sublimity, certainly add to its picturesqueness. We first came upon the fall looking down the river from above, and although the sensation of looking down a height is not so great as that of viewing a vast precipice from the base, yet the view that now met our eyes was striking in the extreme. The river ran winding between lofty pine-covered cliffs until it became, like the track of a hare, lost in doubling. The mid-day sun glared hotly above our heads, and a blue mysterious mist hung over the stream and filled the lower end of the deep chasm through which it ran, veiled thus in vapor; I know not what mysteries connected themselves in my mind with the course of that river.

But bless my soul! what a thing it is to be a dreamer. Here am I keeping the reader all this time on the top of the fall, staring down that mist-haunted valley and wondering what has come over his enthusiastic guide. To make up for lost time, let us seek that pretty rustic bridge which lies about 100 yards above the fall, and cross over to the other side. Here we come upon a fine bit of motion in the shape of that morsel of cataract which gushes close to our feet. It is a fine emblem of power. No stopping it for an instant. It was born to go on, and on it goes. Let us follow its example. At this side of the stream we can clamber down a few yards, and timidly approach that great gush of water which courses down the centre of the fall. But looking down through clefts of rocks and clinging to creepers become tiresome; so crossing the little bridge again, we seek the bed of the stream below, so as to see the cataract in all its grandeur. The side we are now on is entirely inaccessible to either ascent or descent. One can look down through great clefts that exist in the rock sheer to the bottom; and awful, weird-looking chasms they are, filled with that dim blue vapour through which one fancies strange shapes swim and float, like the rising visions in a magician's caldron. To reach the bottom of the fall we have to wind through a delicious wood path filled with wild flowers, where the trees are matted so thickly over head that nothing pervades save a green twilight, while the dense underwood is one impenetrable mass of shadow. This path winding downwards brings us out on the bank of the stream just under the fall. The view here is splendid: straight above our heads rises the tall shaggy precipice, over which the river tumbles foaming: from its steep sides the giddy pine hangs out grappling each crevice with its roots, like some daring invader scaling the walls of a beleaguered city; vines rambled here and there through every hole and corner; and wide, awful looking fissures gaped in the rocky sides, like wounds from which trickled a dewy blood. Over all this rushed the white waters, tumbling, foaming, roaring; flinging up bright globes of spray as conjurors fling up gilt balls, and anon falling with a deep, portentous sough into the sullen pool below. On the right-hand bank of the stream, opposite to where we were standing, was a young elm tree, the most graceful I had ever seen: it stood alone upon a spur of land or rock, and its leaves were as yellow as the ceuci's hair; but up among those golden leaves a crimson foliaged vine had clambered, trailing its blood red splendour over bough and trunk, and hanging in scarlet streamers from the outer branches. The tree looked, with its yellow plumage and slender form, like some fair-haired village maiden in holiday time decked out with a whole haberdasher's shopfull of scarlet ribbons. It was a splendid piece of colouring, and despite his want of material, Frank must needs sit down and sketch it. He had scarce begun, when flop—dop! a great stone fell within an inch of his head, and went rolling among the crags; we both looked up but could see nothing. Again, flop—dop—flap! another stone, hitting the sketch-book fairly in the centre and sending it flying into the

stream. Then a whole shower of stones, one after the other, fell about our ears, and kept us dodging like Indians behind a log. Frank is a philosopher, so instead of getting into a rage, he said simply—

"It is a fact worthy of remark, that most people have a great desire to throw things from a height. Watch a party of people on a bridge or the top of a tower, the first thing they do is to drop pebbles to the bottom, without knowing why or wherefore. There is, evidently, some fool practising this pastime above, so we had better leave this and go up too. We might as well see to whom we are indebted."

"Then who—" commenced Frank, rather angry at his mistake.

"I believe I have been the culprit," said a very sweet voice behind us. We turned and beheld a very pretty woman smiling half sarcastically at us.

"Madam," said Frank, gallantly doffing his cap, "pray do not mention it. If it is at all essential to your enjoyment that there should be a human being underneath the cliff, while you pelt great pebbles over, pray let me know and I shall be most happy to sit in a conveniently unsheltered spot."

The lady laughed at the sarcasm, and in a very short time

CHITTENNANGO FALLS.

On reaching the top, we beheld a gentleman standing on the edge of the fall, looking into the depth below in a contemplative manner. "Just the kind of fellow to throw stones," muttered Frank, as he went up and tapped the dreamer on the shoulder. The man started and turned round.

"Those who throw stones from the top of a cliff," said Frank, with an aphoristic air worthy of an oriental, "should recollect that some day they themselves may be at the bottom."

"I have not thrown even a pebble, sir;" said the gentleman rather shortly.

we were all chatting together as if we had been intimate for years. Our new friends had been just married, and were spending their honeymoon at Chittennango Springs, a place higher up the river, and just becoming fashionable. Heaven preserve the Falls from such a destiny.

Frank and I walked home by moon-light, rather tired, but delighted with our excursion; and for the remainder of our stay at Casa Novia, whenever Frank grew tired of painting himself, or I of singing duets with one of the Miss Minks, we donned thick boots, put some luncheon in our haversack, and set out to spend a day at Chittennango.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

ENGLAND has long held the empire of the sea: this has been her distinguishing characteristic. In times of danger she has not trusted in her fortified cities or her martello towers, but in her wooden walls, which have been to her an invulnerable defence. War has desolated other lands,—fruitful fields have been turned into desert wastes,—labour has been driven from its daily toil,—happy homes have been blasted,—on vigorous youth and blushing maid—on smiling childhood and grey-haired old age—on sacred priest, and mother, more sacred still—has come down a common curse; but here in England our insular position may account for this. Another, and a more potent reason is, that her sons have been brave and daring—full of a resolute courage no adversity could damp—of a lofty hope no disappointment could destroy.

In a humble cottage on the banks of the Tavy, not far from Tavistock, was born one of the men most eminent for the qualities we have named. In that neighbourhood, in the year 1546, lived a clergyman with a large family; and, as is often the case, with limited means. This clergyman was blessed with twelve children, of these the eldest became known to posterity

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

we dwell secure—of all these terrors we have only known the name; for England's fleets and England's naval heroes have never failed her in her hour of need. Nor is this all. The British flag has proudly waved o'er every sea and floated on every wind; it has bound up nations by the bonds of commerce; it has carried the English Bible and English civilisation to every corner of the globe. Where the savage wandered it has planted flourishing communities, whose coming splendour bids fair to more than rival our own; it has been, in every corner of the globe, the banner of the free. In some degree, as Francis Drake; the father was connected with Sir John Hawkins, the great naval commander: this would, possibly, account for the fact of young Drake's being destined for the sea. His father's removal to the neighbourhood of Chatham may also be taken as another reason for devoting the boy to that element on which he was afterward to win so fair a renown. But his beginning was humble enough: he was apprenticed to the master of a small trading ship: there he conducted himself so well, that his master dying, the ship and other matters equally acceptable were left to Drake. In this trade Drake

continued and became a money-making man; but this little traffic with the Dutch coast was not to occupy the whole of Drake's existence. Destiny had something greater and grander in store for him. We need not tell the reader how glorious was the reign of Queen Elizabeth—how society was stirred up from its very depths. That age was remarkable for an intellectual activity and a spirit of enterprise and speculation such as we should have never seen. It was the age of Shakspeare—of Bacon—and Raleigh—the powers of the human mind were concentrated on every conceivable subject; the loftiest intellects were spell-bound by the mysterious marvels of the illiterate and rude; men's lives and fortunes were frittered away in search of the philosopher's stone that was to turn every thing it touched into gold, and that was to preserve, to the age of Methusaleh, the life of its fortunate possessor. It was an age that reverenced Dr. Dee as a philosopher, and that was shortly to credit every thing Raleigh penned when he wrote his wondrous tale of nations of Amazons, whose heads were under their shoulders—of El Dorado and its mountains of glittering gold. Over every thing a fervid imagination threw its gorgeous robe: at that time romance had her home, not merely at the Globe theatre, but in all broad England; from the Land's End to the Tweed, she had a local habitation and a name. The enterprise of England was allured by the flattering accounts brought home, by Sir John Hawkins, of the glory and treasure to be met with in the Spanish Main. Accordingly, Drake sold his ship and sailed out with his relative for that attractive spot. The adventure was unsuccessful: it redounded not to Drake's credit, for he somewhat basely deserted his companion, and lost his money besides. He gave proof, however, of his nautical skill, for he safely brought home the "Judith," a small vessel of 50 tons. In accordance with the morality of that age, Drake's next attempt was to compensate himself by a buccaneering expedition against the West Indies, in 1570. In 1572 we again find him in the Spanish Main, taking towns and receiving enormous ransoms. His next engagement was under the Earl of Essex, in Ireland: this led to his introduction at Court by Sir Christopher Hatton, and to the great voyage which won for him his fame as the circumnavigator of the globe. It seems from the Isthmus of Darien he had already looked on the South Sea, and had prayed that he might be the first to sail an English ship there. Drake went the right way to work to ensure the prayer being answered, for he left no means untried for the realization of his daring aim. The queen smiled upon his enterprise; and with vessels, the largest of which was but a hundred tons burden and the smallest ten, in December, 1577, he sailed from Plymouth for the South Sea. In the following June he arrived at the Straits of Magellan; thence he proceeded along the coast of Chili and Peru, coasted California and part of North America, of which he took possession under the name of New Albion; then he sailed across the Pacific ocean, and returned home by the Cape of Good Hope, having completed the circumnavigation of the globe in two years and ten months. This was his crowning glory. The Spanish ambassador complained, but the queen could not resist the popular impulse which had made the name of Drake dear to all his countrymen. She dined on board his ship, the "Golden Hind," and made the circumnavigator a knight. The ship was drawn on shore and sacredly preserved till it fell to pieces, when out of its planks a chair was made which was presented to the University of Oxford.

But now came rumours of war at home. In that age the greatest power in Europe was wielded by Spain. It was true of her, that the sun never set on her dominions. And Spain, with her great riches, with her daring sons, with her imperial powers, with the sanction of the Pope and the prayers of the faithful, prepared to wage war with England's queen. Our country needed stout hearts then: fortunately we had them. Drake was sent to destroy the fleet forming the Spanish Armada: he entered Cadiz, burnt 10,000 tons of shipping; he then burnt 100 ships and took three castles between Cadiz and St. Vincent (this he called "singeing the king of Spain's beard"); and then captured a Spanish carrack, laden with precious booty, which, however, was not all kept by Drake, for part of it he appropriated to supplying Plymouth with water. When the Armada came, he was entrusted with the defence of the country, as vice-admiral under Sir Thomas Howard of Effingham. His name was a word of terror to the Spaniards; they deemed it useless to fight against it. On account of it one ship, at least, surrendered without a blow. The next year, in an attempt to restore Don Antonio to the race of Portugal, he was not so successful.

In 1595, Drake and Hawkins, who had become friends again, sailed to win booty in the Spanish main. It was a strong armament; they numbered twenty-six ships and 2,500 troops. But the battle is not always to the strong. Thus it was in this instance. The scheme failed: Hawkins died of vexation; Drake made subsequent attempts to restore success, but equally in vain. He, also, died of vexation; but he had a sailor's funeral and a nation's tears.

> "Where Drake first found, there last he lost his name,
> And for a tomb left nothing but his fame.
> His body's buried under some great wave;
> The sea, that was his glory, is his grave.
> On whom an epitaph none can truly make,
> For who can say, 'Here lies Sir Francis Drake?'"

Such was the tribute of the poetry of his age to the hero sleeping far away from his home and his fame. We give one more:—

> "The waves became his winding-sheet, the waters were his tomb,
> And for his fame the ocean sea was not sufficient room."

Drake is described as having been low of stature, with a broad open chest, brown hair, fair complexion, and clear large eyes. He was a married man, and served twice in parliament. In his own neighbourhood, and for many an after year, he was considered as a magician and in league with the devil. The popular mind could in no other way account for his unparalleled success. Fable after fable has been grafted on his marvellous career. According to the traditions of the western countries, in order to obtain fresh water with which to supply Plymouth, he mounted his horse, rode about Dartmoor till he came to a spring sufficiently copious for his design, then, wheeling round, pronounced some magical words, and galloped back into town, with the stream in full flow at his horse's heels. His success against the Armada was accounted for in an equally miraculous manner. According to one version, he raised his fleet by taking a piece of wood and cutting it in pieces over the side of his own vessel, when every chip, as it fell into the sea, immediately became a man-of-war.

Tried by the standard of our times, much of Drake's character must be condemned—but in his age divines sanctioned his expeditions. For a man always writing with great religious profession, we think Southey has taken a too favourable view of Drake's character. Of modern writers, Bancroft has taken the fairest view. "The lustre of Drake's name," he writes in his "History of America," "is borrowed from his success. In itself this part of his career was but a splendid piracy against a nation, with which his sovereign and his country professed to be at peace. Oxenham, a subordinate officer, who had ventured to imitate his master, was taken by the Spaniards and hanged; nor was his punishment either unexpected or censured in England as severe. The exploits of Drake, except so far as they nourished a love for maritime affairs, were injurious to commerce; the minds of the sailors were debauched by a passion for sudden acquisitions, and to receive regular wages seemed base and unmanly, when at the easy peril of life there was hope of boundless plunder. Commerce and colonisation rest on regular industry." But we must not be too severe. We must not judge the men of the past as if they were possessed of the light and knowledge of the present. We see in Drake a rude daring energy, which seemed wonderful in his own age. There was in him not merely the greedy love of gain, but a desire to plant the British flag in seas and lands where before it had been unknown. The honour of his nation lured him on. Thus it was, he was buccaneer—discoverer—hero—precisely the character deemed great and noble—held up to admiration in the days in which he lived.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER V.—PART IV.*

More than a twelvemonth has elapsed since the death of Mrs. Mordant, and Leonard is living once more in England. This second shock had passed over him, leaving but slight, yet significant, external sign. The fervour of creation which had fired him among the Alps had never returned; a strange apathy devoured him. Sketches, it is true, were struck off, then days were spent in dreaming; and great works were thrown aside with disgust, after a few weeks' labour. Leonard had received various commissions, among them one from Lord de Calis, the uncle of Honoria; but the very necessity of fulfilling an engagement, in the morbid state of Leonard's mind, deprived him of the power to work. This strange apathy extended not alone towards his own pictures, but towards the works of others. He rarely now felt joy at the sight of picture, statue, or print—everywhere he seemed alone to recognise failure, or weariness of spirit, or conceit, or affectation. His sole impulse was towards nature—his innate, enthusiastic adoration of her became his consoler and joy-giver. Days, weeks, and months, were spent in this worship; and he commenced various studies, elaborated with a patience and love unutterable of her prodigal beauty, even in her humblest walks. He painted masses of lush vegetation down by brook-sides; golden calthas; and, later in the year, the quaint arrow-head, with its broad leaves, mingling with the rose-tinted and graceful butomas; the snowy meadow-sweet waving above an undergrowth of azure forget-me-not, and crimson loose-strife, and majestic typha, and gleaming Aaron's-rod; tangles in woods and hedge-rows, and bits of moor-land, he painted with waving cotton-rush, pale grass-of-Parnassus, and dusky crimson sun-dew; and dry heathery banks, gleaming with their myriad of flowers. But exquisite as were these faithful, loving transcripts, to himself they gave no joy. Rarely even were the studies completed; for his keen perception of nature's perfection sickened him with the imperfection of all human copies. For hours would he lie in the grass, glorying in the marvellous beauty around him, and wandering away by subtle degrees into obscure and mystical regions of thought, which were unfolding their portals to him.

Lucretia marked with the most lively anxiety this alarming apathy; but to her hand seemed to be denied the key with which to unlock his heart. Nay, the very anxiety she expressed seemed but to estrange him from her. We need not say how deep a pain this was to Lucretia; but like all pain, she bore it silently in her heart.

To her infinite surprise, she learnt through John Wetherley, who had become a more frequent visitor at the Gaywoods than Leonard, that their old friend was engaged to be married to Agnes Singleton the authoress! Lucretia believed now that the mystery was solved; and painful in the extreme as Leonard's silence was to her, and as his withdrawal from their old intimacy had been—she with her whole soul now rejoiced in what she believed must work in his life a change for happiness! Yet, she had read Agnes Singleton's books—and clever, brilliant, profound in thought as they were, there was yet a certain character of hardness—an absence of *love*—which excited an astonishment in Lucretia's mind as to the fascination which Leonard could have found in the writer, and as to the sympathy which possibly could exist between her and Leonard. Lucretia knew, both from Leonard himself, and from John, that Honoria Pierrpoint having become the purchaser of the "Balder," had, shortly after Leonard's return, called at his studio, and with a cordiality irresistible, invited him down to her little villa at Box Hill, where Leonard had become a frequent visitor, the whole tone of Honoria's circle, the nobility, and beauty of the atmosphere around her, falling like balm upon his morbid soul. All this Lucretia knew, and wove her own romance upon these slight premises. But the reader must be made acquainted with a little more detail.

* Continued from p. 40.

Lucretia was right in her judgment as to Agnes Singleton's works. A hardness, an intense pride, and a scorn of much that the world considers sacred, were harsh features in the writings of Agnes—and were harsh features in her nature also. Intellect, and not love, had been her divinity. Battling towards a free intellectual atmosphere through the ranks of prejudice belonging to a peculiarly narrow sect of religionists, she had encased herself in an armour of scorn and pride; she had gained immense power of will, self-confidence, and independence in the struggle; but had left behind her her kindred, and the gentle grace which peculiarly belongs to womanhood, and which may render strength the more glorious when united to it. She professed herself to despise all such graces, but within her soul lay the germs of love and of gentleness, spite of the rude, hard encrustation of pride and scorn.

The picture of "Balder" had spoken to her intellect and to her imagination; and expressing her earnest admiration to Leonard upon their first meeting at Honoria's, she had unconsciously waxed more than ordinarily eloquent, and discovering in her listener an unusual intellectual sympathy, the whole powers of her mind had been drawn forth by the magic of sympathy, and Leonard had from the first hour of their intercourse become dazzled and fascinated by a being totally unlike any thing he had previously encountered or imagined.

He had become fascinated, dazzled, filled with a deep interest, was bound by some potent spell; but was it the spell of love? He breathed freer in the presence of Agnes than now in the presence of Lucretia, and cast aside the dark memories of the past—and questioned not of the future—but had Agnes touched the core of his soul, which, overflowing with love for all things, even the humblest should for a bride have flamed up with a fire, even as a fire of sacrifice?

In Agnes the germ of love, within the core of her being, had, as if struck by an enchanter's wand, sprung forth into sudden vigor, and waxed daily stronger and fiercer, surrounding her even as with a halo of gracefulness and tenderness, at least in the eyes of Leonard; whilst, at the same time, her own strong and vigorous life developed itself yet more strikingly through this new impulse. Agnes never once attempted to conceal from herself the affection with which Leonard inspired her.

"It matters little to me whether it be returned," said Agnes once to Honoria; "the fact of a new and powerful influence swaying my spirit as a mighty wind rushing over the earth sways and changes the atmospheric currents, is the great thing. It will have a marvellous influence upon my work, Honoria; all strong passions, all experience—aye, bitterness, martyrdom, are necessary baptisms for the life of the teacher." And Agnes, for the sake of her work and her career, would willingly have gone to the stake. Her affection for Leonard—*his* even for *her*, should that ever exist—was but a secondary object, the one which was of importance as serving the primal object.

Honoria, with all her peculiarly bold opinions—with all her regard for Leonard, and her love for Agnes—was alarmed by the feelings of this singular girl, and often pondered into what course fate would bend these strong wills. And thus months had passed on, and, to the surprise of themselves no less than to the surprise of Honoria and Lucretia, Agnes and Leonard had plighted their troth! In Agnes their engagement had only increased the dominant impulse of her soul—pursuit of success in the career which she had set before herself; in Leonard—his apathy.

John, also, has undergone various revolutions of soul since he and Leonard have met. For years—as we have seen at Lambelli's, then at the academy, and even within the walls of the Exhibition itself—had the genius of Leonard ever been arousing him to action, speaking to him of an excellence yet unattained. At each contact with Leonard's spiritual influence, John had endured peculiar sensations, the most generous acknowledgment of Leonard's superiority, the highest delight in his excellence; yet, as regarded himself, mingled with dogged determination to attain an equal excellence, if not a superior one—the bitterest disgust, self-contempt, and hatred, of what he already had done. In the Exhibition, when he saw his picture, his beloved "Paul and Virginia," he could have torn it down from the wall; he could have trampled it indignantly beneath his feet, as he had done the comforter of his poor old grandmother; a thousand feelings flashed before him, and filled his soul with sickness. Honoria's enthusiastic admiration of the "Balder" he echoed with the most thorough truthfulness; yet each word of praise cut him to the soul, filled him with an agony of jealousy: yet he himself would have been the very first to have yielded the palm to Leonard, and well knew that *his* picture stood far below anything that Leonard would ever paint. He respected Honoria's judgment which did *not* praise the "Paul and Virginia," yet *one* word of praise from her would have been nectar and ambrosia. If such had been the influence of Leonard through his works upon John, how much more intense were the feelings which Leonard in person produced. Leonard's excessive refinement of taste, which rarely permitted praise to escape his lips—his coldness towards John's artistic powers—his criticism so marvellously just, yet so cutting—his breadth and cultivation of mind, and marvellous play of fancy—the perfect ease with which he executed things that were in John's eyes exquisitely beautiful, yet which he himself criticised as keenly as he did the works of others, or flung aside with contempt—and, above all, the respect and admiration with which Honoria regarded him, the evident delight she took in his society, and with which she preached him up to John, aroused storms of the most contending emotions within John's breast. Many a time, leaving Leonard's presence, he has rushed home, pulled forth his pictures or his sketches, gazed at them grinding his teeth, then fling them indignantly from him. Has been known even utterly to destroy a picture or sketch, and, rushing up and down his room in a state of extraordinary excitement, has denounced himself as a blockhead, an idiot, a fool, and terminated his invectives with exclaiming, "Yes, that Hale *is* right; he is a genius, a great, a noble and grand genius; the breath of the divine artist has breathed upon him! I—I?—I'm only a lad taken out of a turnip-field; let me never forget *that*. And what means have I possessed for the expansion of my mind? Miss Pierrpoint? Of course Hale and she can have grounds of sympathy which she cannot have with me. I'm but the lad out of the turnip-field, and am indebted to her for all the little I have learnt; but oh, for one, no not *word*, but expression of admiration, of pride—no—in my work, from her by look or emotion in her beautiful face. Well, Hale is greater than I ever shall be, but that's God's work, and not Miss Pierrpoint's; and if he skins me alive with speaking the truth, I ought to thank him for it, were I only *morally great*. Aye, flay me alive, Hale! I'll profit by every wound you inflict upon me; there is the mighty, the increasing love of nature and of my art within me, and they may achieve for me excellence, though it be a different excellence to that of my tormentor!"

And John's picture's in the next exhibition truly proved, to himself, as well as to others, that he had profited by this "flaying."

Honoria even acknowledged the superiority of these pictures to the "Paul and Virginia;" but the vanity of John suffered, as usual, from Honoria's words. John's soul expanded immeasurably beneath the influence of Leonard, and with this expansion awoke a perception of Honoria's greatness of character and beauty of soul, which swallowed up every lesser emotion. What had been John's love for L'Allegro—a mere romantic dream? He now stood upon the brink of a mighty passion—the more potent, because reason, duty, honour, all admonished him of danger.

Such was the position of affairs when we find assembled at Honoria's Italian villa at Box Hill, upon a lovely autumnal evening, Leonard, John, Agnes, and Honoria, together with Mr. Pierrpoint and Honoria's companion, the elderly lady dressed in black, with the silver hair and quiet smile.

The four had been spending a day, worthy to have been celebrated in the "Decameron." Leonard and John had been painting in the woods, Honoria and Agnes either sitting with them reading aloud poetry, or conversing; or they had wandered away by themselves through the woods, returning to find Mr. Pierrpoint and the old lady arrived, together with an abundant repast, spread out by Honoria's servants beneath the trees—and decorated by the hands of the young painters with garlands of richly tinted leaves. Returning home as evening approached, with sketches and sheaves of leaves and flowers as glorious trophies, Honoria had coffee served up in her little library, the French windows of which opened upon a low terrace, and commanded a magnificent expanse of woodland scenery—now bathed in the warm rays of an autumnal sunset.

The gayest tone pervaded the little circle. John alone was silent. He never yet had been able entirely to overcome the chill which Mr. Pierrpoint's manner struck to his heart; besides which, his love for Honoria throughout this poetical day had waxed even deeper and stronger, and to speak in her presence made his words come thick and incoherent.

"That turn of expression again reminds me marvellously of my old friend, Mordant, the poet. Poor Mordant!" suddenly remarked Mr. Pierrpoint, turning towards his daughter as Leonard ceased speaking with an animation somewhat unusual with him. "At various times have I been struck with a resemblance between Mr. Hale and that gifted, that unfortunate man. Had Mr. Hale, now, been Mordant's son, the world would have exclaimed, what an extraordinary family resemblance! For my own part," pursued Mr. Pierrpoint, "being a believer in the transmission of the same type through many generations, I dare say, could we but obtain the clue, consanguinity might be discovered to account for this resemblance—which is not alone mental, but physical. Yes, the more I recall Mordant's features, the more does the resemblance haunt me. What a termination was his to the most promisingly brilliant of careers!" continued Honoria's father, musingly. Then turning towards poor Leonard, who, with his coffee-cup in his trembling hand, had turne towards the open window, and appeared absorbed in contemplation of the glorious landscape, "I believe you once expressed yourself as acquainted with the writings of the man to whom I refer. Brilliant, caustic, at times rising int sublimity, some of the finest and most eloquent writing in our language, in my opinion, has flowed from his pen; yet he has left behind him merely fragments: still they are gems of the purest water and deserve a setting of the finest gold. It was a favourite idea of mine, years ago, to collect and edit an edition of poor Mordant's works, prefacing it with my own recollections of the man; for circumstances and congeniality of taste had, at one time, brought us much in contact. But more pressing business always interfered. Besides which, one spur was soon lost—the benefit which such an edition might have been to his family; for his poor widow soon became an incurable maniac, and his son, I understood, died. The child was a child of great promise, I remember, but sadly neglected; and you, Honoria, must still recollect having once seen Mrs. Mordant—that poor mad woman—at the Hellings! Yes, she, indeed, had endured enough misery to destroy any reason. Now, Mr. Hale, if ever you should feel inclined, you and Mr. Wetherley there, to undertake the illustration of Mordant's poems, I should feel greatly inclined to carry out my scheme. It would be a labour of love which you, Mr. Hale, can comprehend." Mr. Pierrpoint pausing, as if for a sign of assent from Leonard, and a silence having crept over the little company, he, by an almost superhuman effort, found his lips

replying. "It is singular, but I have already made various sketches, illustrating, or suggested by, these poems. I shall be happy to place them at your disposal, sir." Leonard's voice startled himself, there was such a hoarse sepulchral echo in its tones.

"That man possessed the most extraordinary power of fascination I ever encountered," pursued Mr. Pierrpoint, unobservant of anything peculiar in Leonard's voice. "The actions he was guilty of, had they been performed by another, would have disgusted and alienated his friends a dozen times over, and have been pronounced downright dishonest; but even over his creditors his magic extended itself for years. It was only the old story over again; and I, for one, was always willing to help on the good within him, as it was a rarer good, after all, than the generality of good in honest men. I willingly closed my eyes to the evil, endeavouring to close also the eyes of others, for such a genius does not come among us every day."

"Father," said Honoria, suddenly rising, as if propelled by an unseen influence, and with her whole countenance flushed with emotion, "pardon me, but from *your* lips never should I have expected to hear such words. The evil in a rarely-gifted being, such as men unite in pronouncing this Mordant to have been, called upon all true friends of his—all true worshippers of genius—all high-minded and high-souled men—to have opened their eyes especially to this evil, to have probed it to the core, to have removed temptation if you will from the sorely tempted, but *never* to have sanctioned *two* codes of morality, one for the gifted and one for the ungifted. From Him to whom much is given much will be required: and neither can the personal happiness of the genius himself be secured by deviation from the law of rectitude handed down to us by the Divine, nor yet can the stigma be removed from him in the eyes of the world. We, father, to whom is granted the appreciation of the rare gift of genius—who cherish it as breath from God Himself; who regard the poet, the painter, as a high-priest in the temple of nature—must *require* from the priest purity of an especially high order. What unction in his words—in his teachings—if the seal of conviction stamp not his life! The Cabbalah says that a lower and far more

LEONARD AND HONORIA IN THE STUDIO OF JOHN WETHERLEY.

revolting degree of uncleanness attaches to the moral or physical impurity of a priest, of a holy man, or of a vessel devoted to a sacred use, than to the impurity of a man or vessel of lower sanctity. Especially is this true with regard to the world's estimate of the high vocation of its teachers. Far be hardness of heart and uncharitableness from us; but let a higher code of purity inscribe itself upon the tablet of our souls;—let us not aid in the erection of whited sepulchres, without all beauty, within desolation and rottenness; for the desolation within must come forth, and with its pestilential breath cast horror and contempt upon the beauty! John, Mr. Hale, Agnes—you who are going forth as priests to serve in this temple, to offer up before the Divine, and to raise the Holy of Holies before the gaze of his people—preserve white and spotless your garments, because your *souls* are undefiled!

A strong emotion passed through her listeners, and Honoria, with glowing cheeks, her eyes brilliant with tears, and with the swan-like movement of her round white neck, stepped forth upon the terrace. "Let us breathe a cooler air," said she; "and John, I want to speak with you about something before you leave us this evening."

Mr. Pierrpoint and the old lady, however, remained seated in the library, and exchanging a look of admiration of Honoria as she stepped forth, followed by her friends.

Honoria and John walked on silently side by side till they entered a pleached walk of roses, which stretched across one side of the lawn. Leonard and Agnes had betaken themselves to the banks of a little stream, which flowed through the garden, and across whose glossy darkling mirror a pair of swans approached.

"John," said Honoria, after they in silence had paced side by side the mossy turf of this shady bowery walk, "I am a keen reader of the human soul, and yours I have long read as a book; and for sometime upon its pages, especially throughout this day, I have read there of a great and mighty emotion, which, unless it bend itself into its *true* path, can only render your life a wreck and a mistake. Did a similar emotion live within my soul, John, I should scorn to permit mere worldly considerations to deter my acknowledgment of its existence. True, earnest, and unselfish love, I place among the very rarest and the most sacred gifts of God. This, you know me sufficiently well, instantly to believe. Because I have faith in your candour, your strength and uprightness, do I say all this. I should not say it to an ordinary man, for I have but a very mean opinion of man's moral nature in general. A true, firm, and devoted friendship do I feel for you; and your success in the world, your living out the artist's life, such as I believe this life may be lived out, is one of the most earnest desires of my heart. Do not let us be disappointed in this desire! But to achieve such a life, my friend, no worm of hopeless misery must gnaw at the roots of your life—strength, soul and body, must be yours! Sorrow, and the baptism of fire coming to steadfast souls, bring alone strength and a morrow of joy. I must have you put the curb of reason and truth upon your imagination—she must not, as a demon, drag you down into hell, and then, as an angel, lead you up into heaven; or if she do this, she must alone mirror my image to you in the heaven, as your stern judge and guide! 'Paint each countenance as though it were the countenance of your Beloved!' I once heard a great master say to his scholars—'let each fold of drapery, each flower, each leaf, each gem, be as if it belonged to your Beloved.' So say I to you, John, your passion must wreak itself upon your art; if you have the true artist's soul, the struggle will not be so difficult. Love of your art must be greater than love of me. Were I your wife, John, I would have it so, much more as your friend!"

John walked beside this singular Honoria, a most extraordinary tempest of feeling raging within him. "Ah, if she loved, if she *ever* had loved, how differently would she have reasoned," thought he to himself; "how cold, how unsympathetic her words; how far, far from her calm realm of reason is my soul. Whilst her rich voice fills my ear—whilst I am in her presence—I desire only to feel that one vast bliss. I would learn the universe from her wise lips. I would lay my soul in her hand, and she should guide it as a child—oh, to be of service to her, to remain near her—even as a menial!" And how much he owed her. And had he not always loved her, long, long years? Was it not love which, nursing within his breast, when the ignorant child had bowed his face among the flowers of the Hellings wood? Alas! poor John, were you not almost falling into depths of folly as absurd as in days of yore; are you, then, grown no wiser with years—and with the remembrance of sweet L'Allegro? In a bewilderment John walked, his hands convulsively clasped, and cold, with a great trembling which shivered down him, his face very white, and no voice proceeding from his firmly-set lips. He heard Honoria's words clearly and distinctly pouring forth; and a warmth seemed to flow forth from, and a glory to encircle her whole being; but the words conveyed no meaning to his soul—only at a later time did they, heard and buried within his memory, come forth and show themselves to his understanding, and each word was a word of steel. At length Honoria, suddenly pausing, fixed her noble, frank countenance with her clear eyes upon him, and stretching forth her warm, jewelled hands, took his clasped, trembling ones, and spoke with a voice which trembled for one moment with emotion, then clear as a trumpet awoke his intellect:—"Pardon, pardon, John, for pain caused you so unintentionally, so painfully to myself. Henceforth, we stand upon the rock of truth—our friendship must become purer and stronger; never more doubt my faith in you, or in your genius. I have always been *severe*, because I am ambitious for you. Show me that you can conquer your weakness, your strongest temptation; show me by your work, that I have given you strength—even though I have given you pain. We will avoid meeting for some time; but our friendship shall not, must not suffer!"

It was already dusk, and looking around her, Honoria said, with her usual abrupt decision: "You had better return to town to-night; my carriage shall take you. Master your feelings sufficiently to permit you to bid adieu to my father and Mr. Hale. I will explain in a satisfactory manner your departure. Remember I shall most anxiously await the evidences of your conquest!" And, leaving poor John speechless and heart-broken within the dusk of the beautiful garden, she glided towards the house.

It was towards the end of March of the following spring, that Honoria first acknowledged the battle that the soul of John Wetherley had fought. With a flushed cheek Honoria, clad in her riding-dress, entered John Wetherley's studio. No John was painting there: but Leonard stood before a nearly completed picture upon an easel. He gazed at Honoria's excited countenance, as she entered, without surprise; but with a strange mingling of sadness and almost of sternness. Standing aside, he placed a chair before the picture, motioning her to be seated. Honoria's eyes resting upon the picture, she clasped her hands, and bowing her face, tears of a bitterness such as never before had fallen from Honoria's eyes, fell glittering towards the earth.

Beneath the picture, written as if in letters of blood, she read the words—

"Love is Endurance, Martyrdom, and Victory."

The scene was a dim dungeon. At the foot of a dark row of heavy columns stood a rack; upon its bars reclined the youthful and wan figure of a man. His face shone with the glory of a victorious love, and he raised one hand as if blessing; instruments of torture lay around; an open Bible was pierced with a bloody sword. The two hardened torturers fell aside, covering their faces, as if blinded and stricken by that countenance of love. The other arm of the martyr encircled a woman, who, clinging to him firm and calm, supported her husband in her arms, supporting him through the fierce pangs of his suffering, bathing his parched brain, and kissing his pale cheek—enduring martyrdom of spirit to soothe his pangs by her strength and love.

A PEEP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.—LETTER IV.

Whitehaven, September 1st, 1820.

My dear Father,—You say it is more than two months since I have told you of any country goings on, but there has been less to describe in that way during the midsummer months, and except the pleasures of sheep-shearing and hay-making, I did not hear or see anything worthy of being minutely recorded. Harvest-home was new to me, and as it took place in glorious weather, we were all assembled in the home field, where the reapers finished their work, and a tremendous cheer greeted the falling of the last cut of the falling grain. The fortunate man, who had the honour to wield the final blow, became the hero of the day, and was elevated, in great triumph, on a throne of wheat sheaves, piled up in one of my uncle's largest carts, which bore him away to an immense barn, where a feast of butter-sops and ale was served up, and a riotous dance concluded the festival. The prettiest part of it, to my fancy, was a late serenade, very charmingly sung on the lawn about midnight, and under the light of a splendid golden moon. There were several wind instruments, and the sweet serious character of the thanksgiving-music, which constituted the principal part of the performance, combined with the correct harmony of three or four mellow voices, seemed a fitting and delightful acknowledgment of the bounty which had just been so lavishingly bestowed on His creatures by the Almighty Parent of all. I forgot to mention that, before harvest, we attended Lammas fair, which collected a large number of holiday people, and is peculiarly honoured by the sailors belonging to Whitehaven and the neighbourhood. Very smart they were, new rigged, as they called it, from top to toe in the cleanest of new summer clothing, worn in the most jaunty possible way. In the afternoon we partook of Farmer Dodd's hospitality, and I observed that almost every lass in the room wore a coquettish bunch of blue ribbons in her hair, the gift of one of the light-hearted young sailors, some of whom, I believe, danced seven hours that night without let or hindrance. The wearing of these knots of blue ribbon is considered a sign that a young couple are engaged to be married, and gave rise, I suppose, to the old song, beginning

> "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
> Johnny stays long at the fair;
> He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons
> To tie up my bonnie brown hair."

When I saw Susannah with one hid in her luxuriant flaxen ringlets, I ventured to offer her my congratulations on her engagement to my cousin William, which I had long suspected, but had not before dared to speak of to either of them. She looked blushingly happy, and you will, I am sure, be pleased with your future niece, whose rusticity is set off by so much true womanly delicacy of feeling, and so much gentle archness of manners, that I expect she would be admired even in our fastidious West End circles. It was strange, at the fair, to see such rows of persons waiting to be hired as domestic servants, the men holding straws in their mouths, which the more dandified stuck into the band of their hats; while the girls carried a green sprig in their hands, to intimate their readiness to enter into service. Well! now I must tell you about last night, when a merry party, that had collected at my uncle's, ended in a way I did not look for; and which makes me fear I shall have to leave the Friars, which I have no inclination to do for some time to come. Among the guests was an old Shropshire gentleman and his lady, who were on a visit to the Rector of Handley-Cross, in this neighbourhood; and as they were very lively and told us of many customs peculiar to their own county, they added much to the pleasure of the evening. When the old lady heard some one say the new moon had just risen, instead of making a curtsey, as many other ladies then present did, she asked for a silk handkerchief, and informed the party that any one, by holding it up between the moon and him or herself, would know how many years would elapse before he or she were married; the number of moons visible through the silk denoting so many twelve-months. I watched several persons try their fate, and was astonished at the different number of moons these good folks declared they perceived. The old lady would not be satisfied until I took my turn at the window; and as I could not make out more than one moon, I had to undergo a prodigious amount of banter, and sly prophecies that I should be married before this time next year. Mrs. Estlin, our good-natured informant, said, that when a child, she never met a snail in the early part of the day without throwing it over her left shoulder, to ensure good luck; and, for the same purpose, she remarked, more gravely, it was always well to have some money in one's pocket when new year's day arose, on which anniversary it seems that the Salopians also consider it prophetic of lucky fortune, if the first person they meet is one of the opposite sex to themselves. Mrs. Estlin asked my aunt if she might be allowed to see the kitchen; and a considerable party following her, she mentioned a Shropshire sport, much liked, she said, in their county, but which could only be played in an apartment floored with bricks or tiles. Every one was anxious to try the new game, which, however, she duly warned us, was not particularly refined; and a bowl of water, a plate of ashes, and the left wing of a goose having been placed along the floor according to her directions, down on all-fours squatted some of the most mad-cap young girls in the company. They were all blindfolded, and the amusement consisted in trying make their way to the bowl of water, in which case the oracle predicted the successful girl would marry a handsome young man; but if the candidate stumbled upon the plate of ashes, it declared she would never be united in wedlock; or if she alighted upon the goose wing, she was destined to become an old man's bride. I must confess I thought the sport rather vulgar, though it was impossible not to laugh heartily at the decrees of fate in particular cases. When it was ended, a true Cumberland frolicking was entered into, called "Peas scalding." A very large wooden bowl was put down in the centre of the kitchen table, round which some twenty couples sat down, and then Sally filled the dish with smoking hot peas fresh boiled in their pods, to which butter and salt were added. Robert had prevented my sitting down with this assemblage, which I was glad of, when, from the high chair on which he had made me stand, I saw that every one was devouring the peas by the aid of fingers and thumbs promiscuously thrust into the bowl. The empty pods were thrown into a basket on the same table, and the peas had just vanished, when I perceived a merry little girl suddenly steal behind William's chair, whence she aimed an empty hull at the nose of the person opposite; and this signal appeared to be the appointed token for the most exuberant manifestations of high spirits. Presently whole handfuls of pods were thrown one to the other, some rubbing the faces of those present with these emerald missives, until I thought it time for me to beat a retreat. The parlour was filled with old folks, who were quietly conversing or playing round games of cards, and I took breath, unperceived I hoped, behind a window-curtain; but I found Robert had not lost sight of me, and having professed a great desire to join me in looking at the stars, which were then very beautiful, he took the opportunity of asking me whether I could be happy to live always in the country. I felt so much surprised, by the unexpected proposal that followed this opening, that I hardly knew how to reply; but, as you know, I returned a civil negative, since Robert, cousin though he be, is still almost a stranger to me; but it gave me real pain to see how utterly wretched he looked as he briefly said, "I might have guessed how invincible would be your repugnance to quit the gay world, which you seem born to shine in, and have only to implore your forgiveness for my folly and presumption." He turned away abruptly as he finished speaking, so that I had no time to assure him that he mistook my reasons for declining his offer; and it so happens that he has not addressed me since. The post-boy is waiting for this; so, in much haste, dear Papa, believe me to remain, as ever, your affectionate daughter, Dora Harcourt.

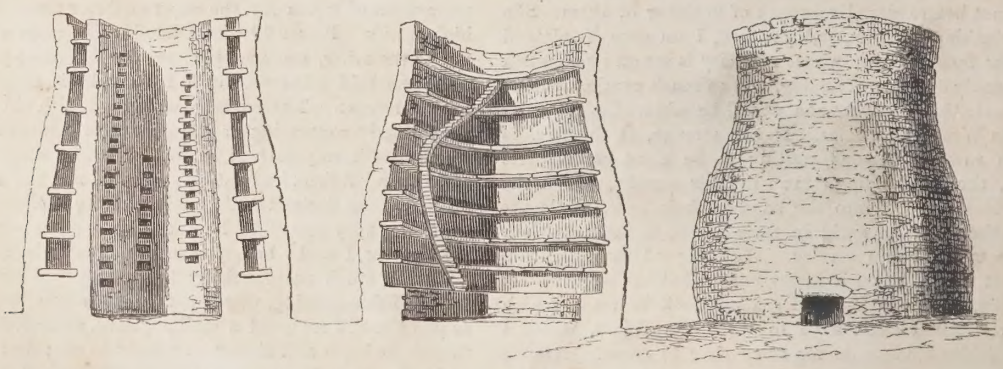
ANCIENT TOWERS IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

Not far from the ancient residence of the chief of the Clan Mackay, in the extreme north of Scotland, there is an ancient fortress known as the Tower of Dornadilla. This Dornadilla was the fourth king of Scotland, and reigned 250 years before the birth of Christ. His father, Mainus, was a man pre-eminent for wisdom and justice, and loved peace and prosperity above the strife of spears and the triumphs of conquest; and when Dornadilla came to the crown, he found the kingdom peaceful and the people happy; so he devoted his life to the pleasures of the chase; and the chief thing known about him is, that he framed those laws for hunting which prevail to the present day.

TOWER OF MOUSA.

The Tower of Mousa, represented in our engraving, is another ruin of the same description. It is of a circular shape, fifty feet in diameter and forty feet in height, and is constructed of large stones, uncemented. The peculiar form of the building rendered it utterly impossible to scale the walls, and its stony strength was sufficient to bid defiance to the attack of the foe. The walls are fifteen feet thick.

In the islands of the Hebrides similar towers are found; they are discovered in nearly every part of northern Scotland, dotted over the face of the land, the delight of the tourist and the puzzle of the antiquary. They have been ascribed to the Scandinavians, the rough Norse worshippers, the people of Thor and Odin; and again to the Danes, whose piratical invasions and hardy prowess once made all northern Europe tremble; but the most likely hypothesis is that which places their origin in the days of that terrible warfare which continued for so long a period between the Picts and Scots.



INTERIOR OF THE TOWER—AND THE EXTERIOR RESTORED.

The tower which bears his name is constructed of roughly hewn stones, without cement, and is about thirty feet high. The entrance is low and difficult, and the walls immensely thick. Within, a series of stone galleries or benches rise up, one above the other, a ladder, likewise of stone, leading from one tier to another. These galleries, commencing at a slight elevation from the ground, are continued to the summit

GROUP OF ARTICLES IN GLASS, PORCELAIN, AND TERRA COTTA.—FROM THE STALLS OF SEVERAL EXHIBITORS.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER VI.

"Teach me thy love, thou meek philosopher!
Show me thy nightly visions, bright-eyed seer!
Give me thy faith!—why should I blindly err
And shrink with anxious fear?"

Mary Howitt.

But let us return to Leonard. The words of Mr. Pierrpoint had sunk with the sharpness of a dagger into Leonard's soul—the old wound re-opened—the fearful moment had arrived, when, cost him all brightness of the future, Agnes must know the truth. To have so long with cowardice concealed the truth from her was baseness.

Silently Leonard and Agnes paced the terrace, and silently descended towards the little stream. Leonard's eyes never raised themselves from the earth; but in Agnes there was an extraordinary excitement, her large brown eyes flashed with a weird light—her slight form raised itself with an extraordinary vigour, her small white hands were grasped as if she sought to repress some violent internal emotion. She seemed to shrink from all contact with Leonard, and yet, her eyes watched him with an eager restlessness, with a searching, extraordinary gaze.

They descended the sloping banks of the stream—the swans approached, their plumage tinged with the glow of the departing evening, as the eternal snow of the Alps is tinted; but neither of the lovers observed this beauty upon the swans, nor their approach. Suddenly Leonard cast himself down upon the turf, burying his face in hands which trembled like aspen leaves, and bowed his head upon his knees. A vast spasm seemed to shoot through nerve and brain. Agnes watched him, like one turned to stone, except that her eyes became even brighter and keener, and her face seemed to sharpen in the approaching twilight.

"Leonard—*you* are Mordant's son—that poor maniac was your mother!"—slowly, clearly, and sharply ejaculated Agnes—her voice seemed to come forth from her inmost being, and yet her lips scarcely moved; but her hands grasped each other tighter and ever tighter, and her face became more rigid.

"God, thou art merciful," murmured a faint, hoarse voice from between the clasped hands of Leonard; but he neither raised his head, nor ceased to shiver with his strange spasm.

"It was *base*—" spoke Agnes, with a voice clear, low, and sharp—"*base* to have concealed aught of such import from me; you have sunk deep, deep in my esteem; you should have mirrored yourself in my soul, as in a glass, as I have done and ever would do by you. What is your faith in me, Leonard, when you conceal matter of such vital import? But, this will require much consideration on my part, and—reason with me is strong as love. But Leonard, Leonard," cried she, wildly flinging herself down beside him, and drawing his bowed head towards her and pressing it against her breast, and looking down upon the closed eyelids of her lover's white face, with an expression which must have wrung his soul for ever had he seen it, "Why, why, have you done what was base—unworthy of you, of me; of your father's memory?—speak, speak to me, clear yourself. I now know all—it is dreadful, sad; but worst, worst of all, is that cowardice, that baseness! But I love you, Leonard—Oh, God, oh, God, how much, how at times beyond reason, I knew not till this moment;" and Agnes burst into a fit of weeping.

Why did not Leonard take her in his arms, and with words of eloquent truth confess his weakness, unfolding his soul's sickness before this deep, strong love? He neither heard nor saw it. Agnes was a portion of the present—of the future—her words descended not into the dark, troublous Bethesda of his soul as the angel of healing. The wings of the mournful Past were around him—the Past held him chained with the letters of fatalism. Leonard, God had placed a strong, an energetic, a fervently loving soul beside yours, proffering to you a draught of Lethe; unveiling a new heaven and a new earth, and you turned aside, dashing the cup from her hands, and binding yourself yet tighter and tighter in your chains. You said to your soul, these are the chains springing from the graves and the dead lives of Augustus and Ursula Mordant; my life was their life—my death will be theirs. But love, Leonard, is life, is the fulness of life, the creative power, the consoler, the strengthener! Let love lay a hand of magic upon your bruised heart. But no electric thrill passes through you; yours is a death, a darkness, an annihilation!

When Leonard, as if by a violent effort, aroused himself out of his miserable paroxysm, he saw Agnes rapidly pacing up and down the side of the stream; her arms were tightly pressed upon her breast, her profile looked stern and hard. As he approached her, she turned almost fiercely round, and said, "Leonard, I shall set off to Sweden,—I shall now do that which I have long intended to do; you must throw off also this sloth which has crept upon you—which, to a degree, has crept upon me. Now that I know the secret of your life,—which I had certainly every right to have known much earlier,—I shall look at your character from a totally different point of view. This sloth, this morbidness, is to a degree inherited—that is a serious, very serious matter in my eyes, with my knowledge of physiological laws, an awful subject of importance. But you must arouse yourself,—Leonard! Leonard!" cried she with a momentary glow of that deep tenderness passing over and softening her features; "my pride will be bitterly wounded if you do not achieve all that, as my husband, you must achieve. I will not," and a fire flamed up through her whole being, and she stamped her foot violently upon the ground, "marry a man whom I must despise—who is a slave either to circumstance, to fate, to weakness! I will be great, and so must he! My eyes are unsealed, Leonard, you have a stern judge;" and with an indescribable pride she approached Leonard, and laying her quivering hand—a hand quivering with passion, not with weakness—upon his arm, she slowly said, "I never break my word—I have given my troth—I shall not withdraw it; but I shall be your judge—your task-mistress. You must be strong, free, and noble. I will tear out my very heart and trample it beneath my feet sooner than it shall swerve from the dictates of my reason!" And Leonard felt that she would do this. He had not seen the undying love which had looked out of her sad, strange eyes; he always had considered her one of those women in whom the intellect far overbalances the heart,—he had been fascinated, his intellect had delighted in intercourse with her—she had bound him with an irresistible spell—but *love* her he did not; at this moment this became clear to him—and he cast the fault of it upon her. "Where in her is the sympathy," said a cry of anguish in his soul, "before which I could unfold my misery,—she has no love, no pity in her nature,—love, which is the sole pulse, yet waking within me stops, as she with her pride, her stern merciless eyes approaches me!" Yet, why did he not then unbind the chains which bound him to this cold being? "Agnes," he said, in a tone cold as her own, "I am glad you know this *one* secret of my life. I was about to have told it to you when your lips spoke the words—the misery connected with it—the whole blight which it has flung over my life, you with your strong and powerful nature never would or could perceive; you do not conceive the tortures which it and its concealment have occasioned me, could you—even you, dear Agnes, might pardon. Now that you know this secret, and look into the one darkened chamber of my soul, have mercy—pardon if you can. You are right in your determination to pursue your career, and to put now into execution your journey to Sweden. I should bitterly regret to in any way have

placed an obstacle in your path; your energy cannot fail to influence me. Ask anything now concerning my life, Agnes; all lies before you. Publish my real name if you will, to Miss Pierrpoint, to the world; I no longer care. There was at first no more reason in assuming the name than to conceal myself from the pursuits of my poor, poor mother, and to shroud my success—miserable success—from the eyes of my uncle, until it should burst upon him with a perfectly blinding glory. Fool that I was! Then came habit and a hundred small entanglements that rendered it difficult for Leonard Hale to return into Leonard Mordant. But I detest falseness as much as you do. It will be well to have this ended."

"But this cannot so soon be ended, be set right," said Agnes, "yet the way will clear itself up to me—the way will open—but no more untruth—no more shadow of an untruth!"

"There are old friends of mine, kind, loving, and *trusting* friends, whom I have only too much neglected of late, Agnes, and whom I should like you to become acquainted with—Lucretia and Mary Gaywood, and their little nephew, Cuthbert. The Gaywoods have known me from a child; knew my unhappy parents, and yet they still respect and even, I believe, feel affection for me—talk with them, Agnes."

"I shall wish to know them," was her brief reply.

Oh, Leonard and Agnes! a cloud, a phantom, a misery almost without a name has risen up between you! In Leonard was aroused pride, spite of his self-condemnation—and there was no love of the one who had wounded and aroused this pride, rather a terror of her, and disgust began to whisper within the secret and dim recesses of his soul.

In Agnes was aroused suspicion, which would never, never rest, and which, with its lynx eyes, would pierce through long years past and long years to come, and a sense of justice and firmness seized upon this suspicion, making it their servant, their bloodhound, who must hunt out the *truth*, and *then* must come the final struggle of Love and Reason.

The two walked up and down by the dark margin of the brook,—twilight sank duskily over all,—and as they walked they conversed with a strange calmness, and as though no terrible shock had agitated their inmost souls and the whole course of their lives. Agnes had arranged the plan of her journey, she would start within a week.

A sudden gust of wind swept across the water, agitating its placid surface; the swans aroused by the approaching storm fluttered their wings, and uttering a wild cry dashed out into the stream from their lair beneath the reeds. The wind roared through the trees, and heavy rain-drops began to fall; the two returned towards the house where already Honoria was calmly reading aloud an article in the Quarterly Review to her father and the old lady by the brilliant light of the lamp. John was speeding away towards London.

Without one pressure of their hands or lips the lovers came out of the storm and the darkness into the warm and brilliant room, their faces had a ghastly and haggard look, and it seemed even to their own souls as though their lives were for ever riven asunder.

Agnes spent the last evening of her stay with Leonard at the Gaywoods. It was a wretched evening, like the whole of this wretched time. Lucretia, spite of her earnest desire to like Agnes and believe her worthy of Leonard, could not forget her conviction of the hardness of her nature, and secretly disliking the idea of her, was cold and restrained. Agnes immediately set the Gaywoods down as women of the mere ordinary run, of whom in the bottom of her heart she had a decided contempt, and a proud and cold expression sate upon her countenance quite sufficient to authorise Lucretia in her present somewhat hasty judgment. The secret distrust of each other in the minds of Leonard and Agnes rendered their mutual affection no cement with which to unite these elements of repulsion.

Leonard wished the Gaywoods had not seen Agnes; and even little Cuthbert added to the discomfort and ill-omen of the visit, by drawing Leonard aside in the garden, where pulling down his head, he whispered into his ear:—

"Dear friend!" the child was in the habit of so addressing Leonard, "you don't then like *her?* She's not your wife. I'm *sure* then you don't like her!" And the strange child, either from a certain jealousy, or from some of his strange intuitions would not allow Agnes to touch him, and would not look at her.

Poor Agnes; poor Leonard! How those words, "But you don't like her!" rang like a demon's voice through his soul night and day, day and night for many months to come!

Agnes' letters were long and full of detail, her career seemed to be one of unclouded success, although not without its difficulties and its fatigues; but these, to a nature such as that of Agnes, only gave zest to her undertaking. The fresh world of thought opening up to her in the life of the north, and in the rich material for her work on the "Universal Faith," which she discovered in the libraries of Upsala and Stockholm, and in the conversations which she frequently enjoyed with one of the greatest of Sweden's learned men, a professor of Upsala, who had assisted her in her researches with a benevolent and fatherly interest, of which Agnes could never speak in sufficiently warm terms, fired Agnes' soul with a tenfold vigour. All details she communicated to Leonard with a scrupulous care, believing that they would be of scarcely less interest to him than to herself, his sympathies being especially Scandinavian. "I will not weary him," spoke Agnes often to herself, whilst she penned her letters, "with the deep yearnings which fill my heart towards him; my *actions* shall prove my deep, increasing love, which this great absence but reveals. His perhaps is a nature, itself undemonstrative where the deepest feelings are concerned, therefore, a nature pained and annoyed by demonstration in others—still it is a strange anomaly, his unbounded expression of love towards all in the universe, except toward his bride, his betrothed!—But strive unceasingly to arm and warn him against his morbid sloth—I must, whether it pain or not—candour and truth must go hand in hand with my deep love!"

Leonard reading these letters reasoned from his own point of view—"What a proof is here of her cold unsympathetic nature—at this great distance she alone writes of her work, of her success, of speculative intellectual matters—detailing, word for word, conversations with the old book-worm! The dazzling dream gradually vanishes! Where is the love, the tenderness, the sympathy which my soul cries for and nowhere finds! This unmeaning goad, too, of her words, 'how is your picture for Lord de Caelis, progressing? Send me word, Leonard, what you are doing. I shall be a very hard taskmistress, and you must have such and such things completed by my return!' How little can that nature of steel and iron sympathise with the riven nerves and sickening brain! No, Agnes, ours has been a great mistake! Lucretia—who is charity itself—I have always felt did not like Agnes; *she* recognised her as cold and hard—I cannot be mistaken—Agnes is one of those strange and miserable women in whom the life of the heart has become withered up to nourish the brain!" And Leonard brooded and brooded, falling only deeper and deeper into his musing, and believing himself thwarted by fate on all hands.

Lucretia, spite of herself, did Agnes a bitter injustice—both in her own heart and in Leonard's—she spoke rarely to Leonard of Agnes, from many reasons; and Leonard was only too thankful to cease speaking of his betrothed with his old friend, for the thought of Agnes gradually deepened into a sharp pain. The old intercourse between Leonard and the Gaywoods returned, both Leonard and Lucretia tacitly feeling as though poor Agnes had been the enemy who had stepped in between their beautiful friendship—another unspoken thought which strengthened their injustice towards the poor girl. She became a perfect scape-goat with Lucretia for all Leonard's short-comings. "Ah!" sighed Lucretia to herself, "if that Agnes Singleton had only loved Leonard as such a nature deserves—if she had only possessed heart enough to comprehend such a being, what a change should

not we have seen in him! But his life seems eating itself away with misery—she should never, never have left him—she *could* not, had she rightly loved! She it is who should have drawn him forth from his sad dreams, should have been the spur, the vigour of his existence! But she is eaten up by her vanity, and by her heartless ambition! Such beings do not deserve the noble name of woman!—they are even a thousand times, in my eyes, more disgusting than the woman whose whole existence is absorbed in warming her husband's slippers and mending her children's socks!" And Lucretia, with all her charity, in her inmost heart of hearts, gave vent to a vast indignation—and bitter injustice!

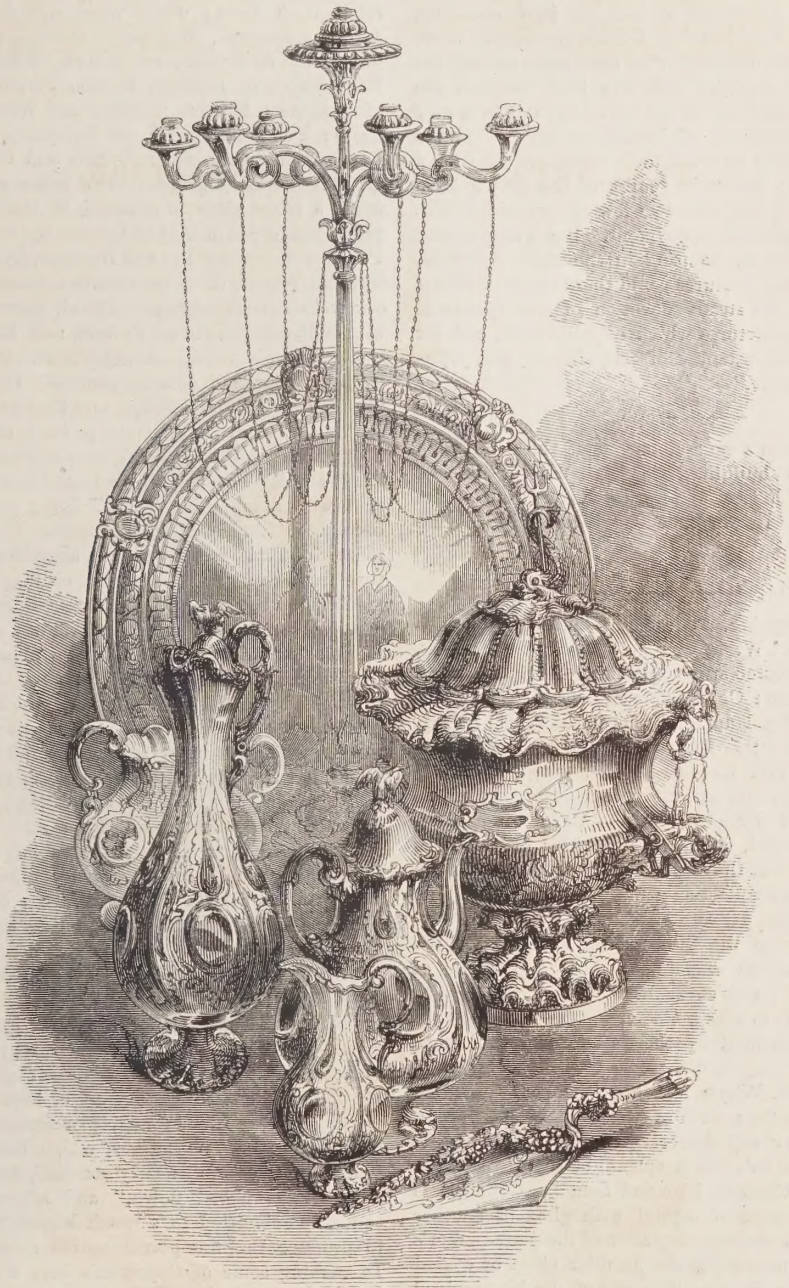
And thus month after month rolled on. Of John Wetherley the Gaywoods saw little—he was so very hard at work, he declared; and "He overworks himself dreadfully, we are sure," often observed they; "he is grown almost as thin and pale as Leonard—what can we do for him?" But their hearts could do him no good; neither could any friendly attention from Leonard, who frequently looked in upon him, always finding John frantically at his work. Leonard's keen sense divined John's secret; and the wonderful power which suddenly developed itself in John's present picture called forth even words of praise from Leonard, and first awakened respect within him both for John and his genius.

THE GREAT DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

GROUP OF OBJECTS DESIGNED FROM THE ANTIQUE.—EXHIBITED BY THE LONDON AND PENZANCE SERPENTINE COMPANY.

In this great international bazaar, as in its glorious progenitor of 1851, we have a vast display of the mental and manipulative powers of man. Here we have laid open to our view the treasuries of thought and labour. On the threshold of investigation—says an acute writer—"we have the produce of the mine and quarry; the abundance that the teeming earth yields to man's industry for his health and sustentation; the raw materials from which he fashions forth all that is necessary to his comfort, his protection, and his luxury; the various tools and machinery which he

invents and adapts to aid the processes of manufacture; the woven fabrics and the objects of simplest construction for every-day use." Thus far, we perceive, that man has been seeking to satisfy the positive recognised necessities of his nature; and we are struck with wonder at the range of science and experience involved in those simple productions, no less than by the marvellous inventions and contrivances for the economy of human labour and the facilities of production.



GROUP OF OBJECTS IN SILVER PLATE.—SELECTED FROM THE STALL OF MESSRS. WATERHOUSE AND CO., DUBLIN.

A new chain of facts and ideas present themselves at this point. The tree of the forest is felled and cut into planks for the erecting of rude houses; but taste and the inextinguishable love of ornament inherent in the mind of man intervene, and the wood is carved, and polished, and fashioned into beauty. The flax plant grows wild upon the moors, and the cotton pod bursts white beneath a torrid sun, and the silkworm plies his busy trade in secret places, and the sheep throws off his winter dress of wool: man comes, and the linen, and cotton, and silk, and cloth, are woven and dyed with many colours, and damasked and flowered with various patterns, and so assume fitness and elegance. Deep down in the dark earth the various metals lie, and beside them are marbles and minerals, which wait only the furnace-fire, and the chisel of the sculptor, and the acids of the chemist, to shape them into bronzes, and statues, and forms of beauty. Earths and clays lie useless on the banks of deep-flowing rivers; but the potter's wheel is quickly turned and the rusts of metals are applied to their surfaces, and the fire hardens and glazes them, and they assume the well-known forms of domestic utensils and articles of luxury. And so also of nearly everything in the Exhibition. Skill and experience, and thought and labour, are brought into requisition, and the rude and the homely, being submitted to the processes of

manufacture, are transformed into the beautiful and the pure.

Thus, then, we perceive that the love of the ornamental—common alike to the naked savage and the most learned *savan*—has a tendency not only to increase the commercial value of the thing manufactured, but to diffuse among the producers and consumers of manufactures a refined and cultivated taste. The art-wealth of the world—that is, the increased value given by art to manufactured materials of any kind—a wealth purely of man's own creation—must be enormous: and the amount of employment thus generated or brought into operation, becomes an important consideration of State economy. How, important, then, is the cultivation of true taste among the people of the sister kingdom; and how high becomes the mission of such an assemblage of the industrial arts as is now to be seen in the metropolis of Ireland—"where," says a national writer, "there is so much to be done, and yet such a dearth of employment; where the genius of the people is so imaginative and artistic, and where so few opportunities exist for its proper and profitable employment. But a new feeling is growing up amongst us, pointing in the right direction, the development of manufactures; and there can be no surer road to success than the steady devotion of our industrial energies to those manufactures which happily exist, and for which the national circumstances of soil, climate, and population are directly suitable."

Having already* given a general outline of the contents of the Great Exhibition building, we have on the present occasion little more to do than to describe the different articles chosen by our artist. In our first engraving (page 57) are various specimens of

TERRA COTTA, GLASS, AND PORCELAIN,

artistically grouped together. These have been selected from the stalls of Messrs. W. Whyte, of Marlborough-street, Dublin; S. Warren, Dame-street, Dublin; Gregg and Son, Sackville-street, Dublin; C. M. Warren, Essex-street, Dublin; Mr. Alderman Copeland, of Stoke-upon-Trent; W. H. Kerr and Co., Worcester; J. Ridgway and Co., Staffordshire Potteries; and the Hon. General Lygon, who has kindly forwarded to the Exhibition various unique specimens of old Sevres porcelain and Dresden, Berlin, Capo di Montes, Vienna, Chelsea, oriental, and old Worcester china. The beautiful Indian bottles at the extreme right of the sketch are also from the general's collection; and for grace of outline, fitness of decoration, and delicate distribution of colour, they are inferior to nothing of the kind in the Exhibition. We may learn much from an examination of the products of Indian taste and skill; and every manufacturer visiting the Exhibition will do well to take a hint from the beautiful, yet simple, objects manufactured by the natives of our Eastern dependencies.

The stalls of Mr. W. Whyte and Mr. Warren are rich in specimens of cut flint glass, such as decanters, candle lustres, engraved vases, dinner and dessert services, crystal dishes, &c. The former firm exhibits a splendid ruby-coated vase, representing Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin at the battle of Ascalon. The coating of crystal with glass of another colour is a curious and elegant adaptation of the glass-maker's art. The method of producing the peculiar effect of coated glass is, however, very simple. The end of the blowing-rod is first dipped into a pot of colourless glass, and a bulb of the required size withdrawn. This, being allowed to partially cool, is then dipped for an instant into a pot of coloured glass. The two layers unite without intermixing; and when the article is finished as to form, it is white within and coloured without. The effect of coloured and plain glass is afterwards produced at the cutter's wheel. Fluted lines somewhat deeply cut pass through the outer or coloured coat and enter the coloured one; so that when they cross, their ends alone are coloured. In this way, ornamental glass objects may be made of two or more colours, according to the taste of the manufacturer.

Messrs. Gregg and Son and Mr. C. M. Warren also exhibit many curious and beautiful articles in glass and porcelain. The cut crystal centre dish to the left of the engraving is selected from the stall of the latter gentleman. Bohemian coloured vases, cut decanters and water jugs, lustres, opal and snake-handle goblets, cased and engraved crystal, manufactured at the Flint Glass Works, are shown by several wholesale and retail Irish firms; while vases and tazzas, statuettes and garden ornaments, in Dresden china, Parian, stone, earthenware, and terra cotta, are shown by Mr. T. Leetch and Mr. Edmondson, of Dublin; Messrs. Ferguson, Miller, and Co., of Glasgow; Messrs. Doulton and Watts, of Lambeth Potteries; Mr. John Millar, of Edinburgh; Mr. J. Walker, of Larne, County Antrim; J. Bell and Co., of Glasgow; and Mr. Alderman Copeland. The latter gentleman makes, indeed, a fairer show, if possible, in the Dublin Exhibition of 1853 than he did in that of London in 1851. In addition to his Parian statuettes of Ino and Bacchus, by Foley, and his Venus by John Gibson, there are various reductions from the works of our well-known sculptors,—Theed, Baron Marochetti, Gibson, Marshall, Lawlor, Hiram Powers, and Mr. and Mrs. Thorneycroft. These beautiful statuettes in Parian marble are produced by a peculiar and delicate process. Cornish china clay, the plastic clay of Dorsetshire, and flint or felspar, ground, each separately, to an impalpable powder, and mixed together till they come to about the consistency of cream, form what is called the "slip." The clays give the object consistency and the flint whiteness. The "slip" being poured into a mould, becomes in fact the future statuette. The moulds are made of plaster of Paris, which speedily absorbs a portion of the moisture from the "slip;" and the coating immediately next the mould soon becoming hard, the remaining liquid is poured off, thus leaving the Parian in the form of a hollow cast inside the mould. Rapid evaporation taking place, the "slip" is soon converted into a state resembling clay, and is sufficiently hard to stand by itself. The mould, which is made in several pieces, is then opened, and the different parts of the statuette taken out; for it must be remembered that figures in Parian are seldom moulded entire; the head, arms, hands, legs, feet, &c., are generally moulded separately; so that in a group of several figures as many as fifty or sixty separate moulds are required. The next process is to submit the various parts, &c., to the "figure maker," who connects them together by means of "slip," similar to that used in the casting. "Props" of plaster are placed in such positions as to bear a portion of the weight, and thus prevent any undue pressure that might cause the figure to shrink or yield in the final process of "firing." After the edges of the seams, caused by the junction of the mould and the joining of the several parts, have been obliterated,—a process which requires the greatest care and nicety to accomplish—the entire figure or group is submitted to the action of about sixty degrees of heat. This "heating" or "firing" is continued for sixty or seventy hours, according to circumstances. The figures, which have shrunk about one-fourth, or sometimes nearly one-half, during these processes, are then "rubbed down," and afterwards buried in fine sand and submitted to a much higher temperature, in order to produce that fine porcelain-like surface so much admired. In making some of Copeland's best Parian statuettes, three "firings" take place. Extreme care must be observed so as to keep the furnace at an equable heat, and thus prevent one part of the figure from shrinking more than another. In this way are reproduced, in miniature, many of those fine sculptures with which the world became so familiar at the Great Exhibition; and when we consider how cheaply copies of great works can be brought before the public, and how nearly this material resembles real marble in its outward appearance, and that it is even superior to it in its power of resisting the action of corroding substances, we are astonished that Parian statuettes do not become even more popular than they are. Statuary porcelain, as it is now manufactured, is a great

* See "Magazine of Art," vol. i. pp. 24, 389, 443.

advance upon the gypsum casts so commonly used for busts and small figures; and we do not see any reason why it should not be produced at a rate low enough to come within the means of the poor and humble, and thus teach them to understand and appreciate the beautiful. The statuette of "Ruth" in our engraving is one of Mr. Copeland's productions.

Many articles in terra-cotta (literally, baked earth,) are shown at the Dublin Exhibition. Messrs. Bell and Co., of Glasgow, and Messrs. Doulton and Watts, have several well-finished vases, flower-pots, and garden statues in this material; but perhaps the best specimens of objects in terra-cotta are those exhibited by J. Edmondson and Co., of Dublin, Mr. J. Blashfield, of Poplar, London, and Messrs. Ferguson and Miller, of Glasgow. The latter firm, besides the usual show of vases and Gothic chimney-pots, have a fine copy of the Warwick vase, the size of the original, and a well-constructed and nicely-designed fountain, twenty-four feet in height, suitable for a market-place or the centre of a nobleman's park. Though all the works, both ancient and modern, executed in terra-cotta, bear one general character as regards the composition of their material, the taste with which they are executed differs widely. The remains of Grecian and Roman works in the British Museum are, in many respects, unapproachable by the moderns.

We have next some specimens of the peculiar serpentine stone of Cornwall, which appear in the exhibition under the head of

MANUFACTURES FROM MINERAL SUBSTANCES.

These are appropriately placed beside the Irish marbles in the central hall, and we cannot but express our regret that the beautiful green porphyry and the white and black marbles of Connemara, as well as many other of the mineral treasures of Ireland, are not so well displayed. The mineral called serpentine is found near Penzance; indeed the whole of the Lizard Rock is composed of it. This serpentine marble assumes a variety of mottled colours, irregularly veined—red, green, brown, yellow, &c.—and is always picturesque and beautiful. Like all igneous rocks, serpentine is traversed by white-yellow veins of steatite which, when the stone is worked, gives the surface a varied and singular appearance, capable of receiving a high degree of polish. This stone, although its existence has been known for centuries, attracted little attention till the royal visit to Mount Bay in 1848, when Prince Albert expressed his admiration of its beauty and utility, and suggested that its more extensive use might be made commercially profitable. The proprietors of the soil took the hint, and the beautiful mineral speedily became known as admirably adapted for ornamental works, such as urns, tazzas, &c. In the Irish Exhibition the variety of columns, jugs, pedestals, fonts, vases, obelisks, chess and work tables, &c., into which it has been formed, sufficiently show its capability of being extensively applied. In Westminster Abbey the brackets of two monuments, erected in 1710 and 1711, as well as the panelling of Addison's tomb, are of serpentine; and to this day the original polish is as perfect as ever. In chemical composition, this stone may be said to be a siliciate of magnesia,—38 parts in 100 of magnesia and 42 of silica, with small portions of the oxides of iron, chromium, and manganese, and lime, alumina, and water, according to the analysis made for the company. For various building purposes, and for the formation of fountains, it is especially adapted; as it is not liable to decay when brought into contact with water or the atmosphere, and the polish is so permanent as to almost defy time.

In this division of the Exhibition are shown many examples of classic forms in Irish marbles and terra-cotta, as well as a series of 245 specimens of natural rocks, soils, minerals, &c. collected by Henry O'Hara, Esq., civil engineer; a good assortment of Irish marbles from the Museum of Irish Industry, and some good specimens of green porphyry, the black marbles of Kilkenny, and red conglomerate from the estates of the Earl Talbot de Malahide, and other exhibitors. The local committee of the county Kerry have chimney pieces, bust-pillars, and slabs of Kerry marble; Mr. A. Ballantine, of Dublin, exhibits various specimens of Galway black marble; and Mr. B. Blackburn has a large collection of flooring slabs, roofing slates, cisterns, billiard table slabs, and various articles in slate, &c. from the quarries in the island of Valentia.

Under the head of "Furniture, Upholstery, &c.," there are exhibited various articles in

CARVED BOG-WOOD.

The principal exhibitors of this peculiar description of wood are Mr. T. Chaplin, of Kilkenny, who shows a table of bog-oak, well made and beautifully carved, from the demesne of the Right Hon. the Earl of Desart; Messrs. Curran and Son, of Lisburn, who have a richly-sculptured and perforated arm-chair, designed from the antique, in Irish black bog-oak; the Earl of Eglinton, who exhibits a chair of bog-oak, manufactured for him by Messrs. Curran and Son, highly decorated in carvings of roses, shamrocks, thistles, vine-leaves and berries, the seat of which is composed of a beautiful specimen of needlework by the Countess of Eglinton; Mr. S. Hemphill, of Dublin, who has an elegantly-designed fire-screen of bog-yew, with flower-piece and falcon, worked in Berlin wool by Miss English; Mr. J. Egan, of Killarney, who, besides some specimens of bog-oak furniture, has a finely-carved table made from arbutus wood grown on the estates of Lord Kenmare and Mr. Herbert; and Messrs. Jones and Sons, of Stephen's-green, Dublin, who have in their compartment a complete suit of furniture made of Irish bog-yew, besides various articles carved and ornamented in the bog-wood peculiar to the sister kingdom. This firm made a good show in the Exhibition of 1851; but their present display may be said to be superior, if possible, to even that; for it consists of ducal chairs in the style of Louis Quartoze, carved pier tables and glasses in the florid style of Louis XV., Davenport desks and girandoles, omnium of three plateaux with statuette of the celebrated Brian Boroihme, loo-tables with basso-relievos of the Irish kern, or soldier of the tenth century, chairs, tables, ottomans, &c.

The peculiar appearance of bog-wood arises from the fact that it has been for centuries imbedded in the bog-land of Ireland. The ebony colour of bog-oak, distinguishing it from pine, is due to the chemical combination of the gallic acid of the wood with the iron held in solution in the water of the bog. A real black dye is thus produced; just as, in the manufacture of writing-ink, the black colour is made by the addition of copperas or sulphate of iron to a decoction of galls. Pine and yew timber, unlike the oak, present only a light fawn or brown colour, simply because it contains a smaller quantity of gallic acid. The wood thus saturated with iron is effectually preserved from decay and the action of the dry-rot from the fact that the albumen of the tree has been rendered perfectly insoluble by the action of the metallic salt contained in the bog-water. The discovery of the perfectly-preserved woods of the Irish bogs, and the chemical explanation of their singular preservation, have led to an artificial, but scientific, adaptation of the same means of preserving timber, by injecting into the pores of the wood a solution of corrosive sublimate, or creosote oil, or baryta salts and sulphate of iron (sulphate of baryta), which latter process increases the weight of the wood very considerably, and, in fact, converts it into a kind of stone. How long the timber may have lain useless in the bogs of Ireland, or from what cause whole forests became as it were submerged, it is impossible to say; but certain it is that the roots of the trees have remained in their original positions, while the branches have never been found. Besides this, the outer surface of the wood would appear to have been burned or charred—a fact which is probably alluded to in the peasants' saying, that "the devil set fire to the world, but God put it out with the deluge!" Besides furniture, &c., Irish bog-wood has been extensively employed in the manufacture of brooches, watch-stands, bracelets, beads, &c.; the black colour and high polish it is capable of receiving, rendering it very valuable for such purposes. Some of the most beautiful of the latter articles are exhibited by Messrs. Classon and Connel, both of Dublin. In our engraving is

shown an inkstand of bog-oak mounted in Irish silver. The rather curious form of an owl for such an instrument is taken from a similar object found among the ruins of Pompeii. There is also the companion case to that made for her Majesty, mounted in silver and carved with emblematical harp, dog, &c. It was presented to the Exhibition by the Earl of Eglinton. In the foreground are several hair-pins, brooches, and other small articles, manufactured and exhibited by Cornelius Goggin, of Nassau-street, Dublin.

to. Messrs. West and Sons, of Dublin, exhibit the beautiful centrepiece in silver, which was presented to the late Colonel Miller by the constabulary of Ireland; Messrs. Waterhouse, of Dame-street, have also the fine centrepiece which was presented to Joseph Green, Esq.; the Acis and Galatea centrepiece, presented, in 1848, to the Count Streliski by the Poor-law Unions of Ireland; besides several copies of the Tara, and other antique Irish brooches, pins, pixes, crucifixes, beads, &c. in Irish silver. In the objects which we have selected for

ARTICLES CARVED IN IRISH BOGWOOD.—SELECTED FROM THE STALLS OF VARIOUS EXHIBITORS.

Our notice of

ARTICLES IN SILVER AND ELECTRO-PLATE

must be very brief indeed. Mr. Goggin, of Nassau-street, Dublin, and Mr. Johnson, of London, exhibit various articles in silver plate—centrepieces, and copies of tazzas, &c. in electrotype; Mr. Bennet, of Grafton-street, has a variety of plate of native Irish silver, well-designed and manufactured, with candelabra, tea and coffee services, salvers, jugs, &c. Most articles of this description are plated by the electro process, but occasionally, the old plan of white plating upon copper and raising by the hammer of the workman is resorted

illustration much taste and skill have been displayed. The presentation trowel in front is exhibited by permission of the Lord Bishop of Armagh, by whom it was used in laying the foundation of a church lately. The nautical race-cup and silver tea-service also deserve high praise. Both the latter, and the candelabrum, which is modelled after a classic design found at Pompeii, have been manufactured expressly for the Irish Exhibition.

It may not be improper to add, in conclusion, that the Dargan testimonial—in the promotion of which the sympathies of all classes have been enlisted—has taken the very appropriate form of an Industrial College.

ALDERMAN SIR JOHN POTTER.

FOUNDER OF THE MANCHESTER FREE LIBRARY.

NOTHING more strikingly illustrates the living vigour of the English commonwealth than the distinguished excellence which incessantly displays itself in every part of the social frame. Travel from Penzance to the Hebrides to study the people of England, and what a long line of worthies will you become acquainted with. We are not thinking of ordinary worth; that is great, sterling English worth of character—honesty, industry, truthfulness, family attachments, earnest religion; these quiet, genuine realities are found in every town, village, hamlet, and almost every house in the land.

SIR JOHN POTTER.

But at present we refer to what is eminent, to what has at least local distinction; and we say that mental, moral, and social superiority is found in every nook and corner of this dear old England of ours. In some sort the writer has made the experiment. Professional duties have taken him into the bye-ways as well as the high-ways of the land, and making it his practice to keep his eyes open wherever he goes, he has seen and recognised superior men everywhere, so as to make him proud of being an Englishman. Here he has found a village "doctor" so profound in the science of ethnology as to be wise enough therein to teach the wisest; there a village Solon, who in the study of history and the study of mankind, had learnt the science of legislation so well that magistrates and members of Parliament were glad to listen to his unpretending but instructive discourse. This man with the leathern apron is an adept in mathematics; that man with shirt-sleeves tucked up is a proficient in Hebrew; and that shabby-genteel man who deserts his shop for the hills, the vales, the Roman roads and Saxon ruins, is familar with every spot, every genealogy, every great name, every place of worship, every school, every almshouse, every battle, and almost every feud and law-suit of the whole country.

Were we in any district to go in search of the notabilities, we should scarcely, we confess, look for them among local authorities and municipal magnates. Councillors, aldermen, and mayors are generally great chiefly in their own esteem. They know too little to know themselves. Possessed of qualities which crave publicity, they push themselves into prominence, and aiming to seem great in their small way take no care to be great in reality. Unreal and affected to

begin with, they soon learn to worship show and parade, and for the most part end in becoming decorated shams.

Even in so uncongenial a soil the sterling worth of our English blood ever and anon produces excellence. Alderman Sir John Potter is an example. An alderman and knight he is, but he is also something far better, and something that very many aldermen and knights are not. Look on that fine, generous, good-natured countenance, reader, and you at once see the man. You say it is aldermanic? True, Sir John is hospitable; but his hospitality is the hospitality of the heart; it is the natural expression of a liberal soul; and while on the one side his hospitality approaches to jollity, on the other it is qualified and refined by the intellect of a scholar and the manners of a gentleman. Those who associate grossness and vulgarity with their idea of Manchester merchants and manufacturers, would be surprised to find in Sir John Potter qualities of the highest order, fit not only to sustain but to adorn any office in the land. Predominant in Sir John Potter's character, however, is generousness. His heart overflows with liberality. There is in the man a princely munificence of nature which ever prompts him to say and do munificent things. His nature seems to repel what is ordinary and common-place. The stamp of superiority is on every thing connected with him. To be first in all things seems to be not so much his aim as his destiny. On whatever he undertakes he leaves an image of himself, and that image stands up in bold relief. The fact is exemplified in his mayoralty. His predecessors in that office were men of mark. Sir John's own father—one of his predecessors—was a man of extraordinary force of character and surpassing social usefulness; yet it is no disparagement to the father to say that he was excelled by his son. It may indeed be said that Sir Thomas was more sturdy and pertinacious in the assertion and maintenance of his opinions, but it must also be granted that Sir John possesses a more varied culture, more comprehensive principles and wider influence. Of social esteem no mayor of Manchester ever enjoyed so large a portion as Sir John Potter. This was the natural reward of the just principles on which his mayoralty was grounded. Other mayors had been whigs, reformers, radicals; Sir John Potter was an Englishman. Not but he had his political convictions and preferences. As the chief magistrate of Manchester, however, he disowned all distinctions of sect and party. Appointed to represent the community, he felt himself bound to acknowledge merit wherever he found it, and to show favour to all men in proportion to their public eminence and usefulness. Accordingly he gathered around his hospitable board the chief men of all services, all parties, and all denominations. So, too, in his exertions for the public good he was actuated by a regard not to popularity, still less by a regard to party interests, but chiefly by a regard to general utility.

Sir John Potter, a magistrate and alderman of the borough of Manchester, a deputy-lieutenant of the county of Lancaster, mayor of Manchester for three successive years (1848, 1849, 1850-1), an opulent merchant of the firm of Potter and Norris, Piccadilly, Manchester, son of the late Sir Thomas Potter by his wife Esther, daughter of Thomas Bayley, Esq., of Booth Hall, near Manchester, was born the 10th of April, 1815, at Polefield, near Prestwich, a small village on the high road from Manchester to Bury. Having received his school education under the care, successively, of the Rev. William Johns, of Manchester; the Rev. Lamb Carpenter, LL.D., of Bristol; and the Rev. James Martineau, of Liverpool, John Potter repaired to the University of Edinburgh, where he studied during the period from 1831 to 1833. In March, 1845, he succeeded his father as alderman of the municipal borough of Manchester, of which city he was elected the chief magistrate on the 9th of November, 1848. When, on the 10th of October, 1851, her Majesty the Queen honoured Manchester with her august presence, Mr. Potter received at her gracious hands the honour of knighthood.

It is universally admitted, that in no part of her dominions has Queen Victoria been welcomed with more marked or more hearty demonstrations of loyal gladness and respect than in the city and neighbourhood of Manchester. The feeling, honourable alike to her Majesty and her subjects, mainly springing, as it did, as a spontaneous expression of dutiful love toward the sovereign, was, if not in part called forth, yet directed and concentrated by the untiring zeal and administrative skill of Sir John Potter. A bright day in Sir John's existence was that, not so much because he therein received a distinguished token of his sovereign's approbation, as because he was the public representative of the affectionate and respectful regard of a happy and prosperous population toward their Queen. The 10th of October, 1851, was a joyous day for Sir John; we still see his open and manly countenance radiant with smiles, diffusing good humour and gladness over the congregated myriads.

A still happier day was that when Sir John Potter presided at the completion of his own task, and, surrounded by distinguished strangers, as well as the most cultivated, benevolent, and wealthy inhabitants of the vicinity, opened by a formal inauguration "The Free Library" of Manchester. A nobler gift was never bestowed on a neighbourhood. The gift is the higher because it is a national example and will have a national influence. The advantages which "The Free Library" offers are highly valued and largely made use of by the working population. The eminent success which has crowned the effort has already suggested the propriety of another attempt of the kind, and we have grounds for hoping that ere long Manchester will possess a second "Free Library."

The Great Exhibition of 1851 was an object well fitted to call forth the enthusiasm and engage the energies of Sir John Potter. In the capacity of acting chairman of the local committee, he rendered services of the most valuable and effective nature. His position as mayor and his natural courtesy led and enabled him to pay suitable attention to foreigners of note whom the Exhibition attracted to England. Of special service was he to a party of Sardinian workmen, who, together with some of their more socially eminent fellow-countrymen, visited Manchester in order to survey and inspect its manufacturing and commercial wonders. Sir John Potter's attentions on the occasion were acknowledged in the following address, presented to him on behalf of his compatriots by Captain Bertinatti:—

The Worshipful the Mayor of Manchester.

Allow me to present you my fellow countrymen, the Sardinian workmen actually in Manchester, under the direction of the distinguished gentlemen you already know. On this occasion I beg leave to say a few words, in bad English, but with truth and sincerity of heart. At the first coming of our workmen into this glorious land to visit that magic palace where are shown the marvels of the world, and to witness the triumphs of the British industry, I announced then I had received from the Chief Magistrate of Manchester the assurance that he would do all in his power to procure access for us to the great industrial establishments of this noble town; and now such an access having been fully procured for us, we come to offer to the Worshipful the Mayor, and to the principal manufacturers, and the workmen, and the whole population of Manchester, the expression of our deepest feelings of gratitude for your cordial reception, and for having admitted us, as your brothers, to witness this magnificent display of human ingenuity, of which Manchester is the most liberal seat, and which, from Manchester, spreads all over the world the comforts and benefits of an industrial civilized life. We shall never forget the generous hospitality and the kindness we met in every part of England; and we shall never forget that in every part of England, and in this populous town of Manchester, we have been constantly brought to admire, in every class of society, their unshaken loyalty to their most beloved Sovereign, under whose high protection such stupendous deeds are accomplished, and that religious respect for the law which is the best foundation of true liberty. And here I cannot refrain from uttering a wish, that, in a short time to come from this glorious epoch, every nation may bear in their bosom such sentences to be pronounced, as the sentence spoken near four months ago by a noble-hearted Englishman at a meeting principally attended by English artizans and mechanics. "*Let us Englishmen,*" said he, "*bless the day when reposing in the strength of our institutions, we find no jealousy of foreigners*; but, on the contrary, feeling proud in the unshaken firmness of our constitution, we

offer them the free opportunity of witnessing its practical working and its freedom, promoting the good fellowship of the nations of the earth." This example we have fully witnessed in Manchester, and such a noble example shall not be lost upon us; our good workmen returning to their country will talk a great deal of it to their brothers, and they will inspire them with their feelings, and the name of the Worshipful the Mayor and of the town of Manchester will be always pronounced throughout the Sardinian kingdom with the same deep feelings of gratitude which we have the honour to offer you this day.

Of still greater value to Sir John Potter were the following testimonials spontaneously and cordially awarded to him by his associates in the Manchester corporation—testimonials which derive no small portion of their worth and acceptance from the fact, that they are an official echo of the respect, esteem, and gratitude felt and cherished toward the worthy knight by the entire vicinity, and especially by those who enjoy the honour of his personal acquaintance.

Borough of Manchester.

At a Meeting of the Council of this Borough, holden on Monday, the 10th day of November, 1851,

Resolved unanimously—

That the thanks of this Council be and are hereby given to the Worshipful Sir John Potter, Knight, who, during the unprecedented period of three years, has filled the important and highly responsible office of Chief Magistrate of this Borough, for the great ability, constant assiduity, and untiring zeal with which he has performed the numerous duties devolving upon him as Mayor, and especially for having, at a period rendered interesting by circumstances likely to arise in connexion with the Industrial Exhibition in London, consented, at great personal sacrifice, to continue in office during a third year.

For the vigilance, promptitude, ability, and impartiality which he has displayed when presiding over the meetings of the Council, and for the good order he has preserved during its proceedings.

For the urbanity he has invariably shown to the members of the Council, the information and assistance he has at all times proved himself so willing to afford, and for the readiness with which he has called them together for consultation in cases of delicacy, difficulty, or importance.

For the promptitude with which he has consented to convene public meetings for the promotion of measures likely to be beneficial to the community, and for the willingness he has always shown to preside at such meetings, when requested by the promoters.

For his great hospitality; for the liberal and cordial manner in which he has met gentlemen of all classes and opinions; and for the good-will and efficiency with which he has co-operated with his fellow citizens, without distinction of sect or party, for the accomplishment of objects likely to conduce to the public welfare.

For the numerous acts of charity and munificence which have distinguished the whole period of his mayoralty, and for the ready assistance afforded to others engaged in promoting measures of benevolence and charity.

For the great and eminently-successful exertions he has made, at large personal sacrifices, to establish and place in a splendid and commodious building a Free Public Library, suitable for the wants of the numerous and increasing inhabitants of this borough.

For the time given, and the valuable assistance afforded, to the local committee appointed to aid in carrying out the objects of the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations.

For the devotion shown, and the eminent talent displayed, in the performance of the important duties that devolved upon him as the head of the corporation, on the occasion of the visit of Her Most Gracious Majesty to this borough, thereby reflecting credit on the corporation, and securing from his Sovereign distinguished marks of approbation and favour.

And for the way in which he has at all times respected and maintained the rights and privileges of the burgesses, and sustained the dignity of the mayoralty.

At a Meeting of the Council of this Borough, holden on Wednesday, the 1st day of September, 1852,

Resolved—

That this Council feel called upon to place upon record their high appreciation of the long-continued and disinterested exertions and sacrifices which have been made by Alderman Sir John Potter, to carry out, to its successful accomplishment, the proposition which he had the honour to originate, for the establishment of a Public Free Library; and as the representatives of the burgesses—who, when appealed to for their votes, so unmistakably testified their opinion—tender to Alderman Sir John Potter, and the other subscribers, their thanks for the liberality shown and the exertions made to secure the establishment of the Public Free Library about to be presented to the Corporation. That this Council sincerely trust that the most sanguine anticipations of the founder and supporters of so noble an institution may be fully realised; and that it may, as intended, become a great and lasting blessing to the inhabitants of this borough.

ANCIENT ABBEYS IN IRELAND.

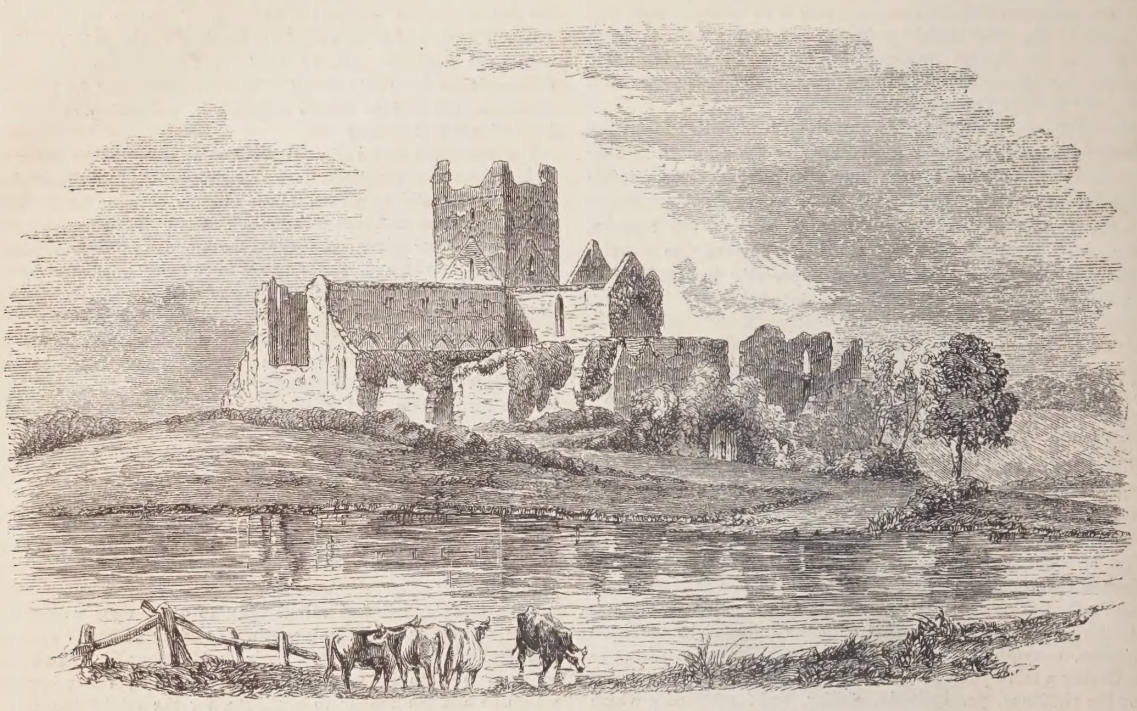
From Coleraine to Glengariff the soil of Ireland is strewn with the remains of former greatness: here the tottering walls of some storied castle; there the ivy-covered and grass-environed site of some ancient abbey, or other place of primitive worship; everywhere the signs of decay amid evidences of returning prosperity. "Belonging to the Christian era in Ireland," says Mr. J. Windele, "there is a great variety of small churches, whose dates extend from the fifth to the twelfth centuries; stone crosses, inscriptions in the Romano-Irish characters, reliquaries, shrines, bells, croziers, &c., and a whole mass of manuscript literature. The earlier churches are generally plain and unornamented, but of a special interest to the antiquary, from the Pelasgic or polygonal character of their masonry and details, manifesting an immediate derivation, or rather continuity, of a preceding style of primeval antiquity in the island; several of these were roofed with stone.

"The churches of the eighth and subsequent centuries exhibit more of decoration and greater extent. Their details present more elaboration, &c., of the sculptor's art. In all these, too, there are peculiar features distinguishing their style from the coeval architecture of the neighbouring country. In them, a chancel is generally superadded to the nave, and both compartments are connected by a semicircular, decorated, sculptured arch. The ruins at Inis Cailtre, Clonmacnois, Monaincha, and Cashel, present interesting specimens of the architecture of this period.

The earlier missionaries made it a practice to appropriate the sacred sites and monuments of the converted pagans, and dedicate them to Christian uses. Near the round towers they built their churches; wells, and fountains, sacred to the inferior deities, they consecrated to the worship of angels and saints; and on the heathen pillar-stone they inscribed the symbol of their faith—the cross. Numerous instances of this practice still remain. In many of those crosses considerable inventive taste is displayed; they are found incised on the tall rude obelisk, and on the horizontal slab. In these the cross is usually placed within a circle. Out of this practice grew the beautiful and elaborate class of crosses covered with sculptured devices, emblems, and the most intricate scroll and fret-work. They are generally perforated at the intersection of the arms, and their sites are almost invariably the most ancient cemeteries, although a more recent species, the 'Wayside Cross' is often found near our high roads, as its name implies. On some of the earlier crosses inscriptions in the Romanesque Irish character occur. The style and general execution of these monuments afford a high evidence of the skill and artistic attainments of their period."

On the estates of many of the Irish nobility and gentry are still to be found the ruins of the ancient religious edifices. Muckross Abbey, one of the sights of Killarney, for instance, is now surrounded by the lawns and pleasure-grounds of Mr. Herbert, one of the best-known landlords in the west of Ireland.

"No one should visit Killarney," says Inglis, "without seeing Muckross Abbey. It is a very beautiful and very perfect remain, and contains within it the most gigantic yew-tree



JERPOINT ABBEY, THOMASTOWN, COUNTY WATERFORD.

I have ever seen; its arms actually support the crumbling wall, and form a canopy above the open cloisters. The

DUNBRODY ABBEY, NEAR WATERFORD.

trunk of this majestic yew-tree measures thirteen feet in circumference."

The great Council Abbey, near Naas, on the Dublin and Cork Railway, is a magnificent ruin of a monastic institution, founded in 1202. It was suppressed by Queen Elizabeth, who presented the estate to Sir Edmund Buller, as a reward for some special service he had performed for her majesty. This Sir Edward was the progenitor of the famous house of Ormond. At Templemore, Tipperary, the seat of Sir John Craven Carden, there are to be seen the ruins of what was once doubtless a fine religious structure, and now known as

the Priory; and near at hand, on the green banks of the Suir, is the noble monastic ruin of Holy Cross Abbey, of which we present an engraving.

This Abbey was founded in the year 1182, by Donald O'Brien, king of North Munster, and the charter of its foundation was witnessed by Gregory, abbot of Holy Cross, Maurice, archbishop of Cashel, and Britius, bishop of Limerick. It is said that Mustagh, a former monarch, received from Pope Pascal, in 1110, a piece of the true cross. This relic, set in gold and adorned with precious stones, was long an object of veneration throughout Ireland. Numerous pilgrims, among whom were the Desmonds and the great O'Neil, flocked to pay their devotions before it. Here it remained until the period of the Reformation, when it was saved from destruction by the Ormond family, and was eventually restored to the Roman Catholic hierarchy, to which it

VIEW OF THE ABBEY OF HOLY CROSS, MUNSTER.

formerly belonged. From this relic the abbey takes its name. The abbot, who sat as baron in parliament, was styled earl of Holy Cross, and was also vicar-general of the Cistercian order in Ireland.

The architecture of the nave is inferior to that of the transepts, choir, and tower, which is supported on either side by a beautiful gothic arch; the roof is groined and pierced with five holes to admit of the passage of the bell-ropes. The two transepts are also groined, and each is divided into two chapels, one of which contains the baptismal fonts, and an altar-tomb, now in a state of decay, probably the tomb of the founder. This chapel was lighted by a window of very curious design.

In the choir are two rich monumental relics, of a very original and gloomy style of architecture. One, which separates two little sanctuaries, consists of a double row of pointed arches springing from pillars, whose shafts are enriched with spiral flutings, and whose bases are ornamented with trefoils. At one side is a font for the reception of holy water. Judging from the dimensions, one would suppose that this curious piece of architecture was intended to contain the remains of the deceased, during the performance of the funeral mass; or perhaps this was the shrine where the holy relic was exposed. The second monument is no less remarkable, and its use equally uncertain. Three trefoil arches, springing from slender columns of black marble, support a projecting stone canopy which is enriched with precious stones. Beneath the canopy there are five escutcheons, three of which bear arms; the first shield on the dexter side bears a cross; the second, the arms of England and France, quarterly; the third, the arms of the Butlers; and the fourth seems to bear the arms of the Fitzgeralds. This leads us to suppose that this elegant mausoleum was raised to the memory of the daughter of the earl of Kildare, the wife of James, fourth earl of Ormond called the White Earl, who died about the year 1450.

When one of Ireland's oppressed sons, wearied with his day's labour, stops at eventide to contemplate the ruins of the old abbey, other personages occupy his thoughts. On these stones, which the sinking sun is gradually leaving in darkness, he reads a whole history of foreign oppression, of civil wars, of defeat and misery. An O'Brien founded this church; probably one of the descendants of that old king of Munster, Brian Boru, celebrated in song as Brian the Brave, who, abandoned by the other kings, accompanied by his five sons, his grandson, his fifteen nephews, and all his faithful followers, met the Danes on the plains of Clontarf, and drove them back to their vessels, after a bloody engagement, in which the valiant old king, then ninety years of age, together with his

bravest sons and the flower of his clan, was slain. Perhaps it was an abbot of Holy Cross, who, hearing an English prelate find fault with the Irish calendar for not reckoning the martyrs, cried, "Alas! my countrymen were too pious to meddle with the blood of saints; but now that the Normans are in the midst of us, martyrs are not wanting."

There are few more melancholy spectacles in Ireland than Derrynane Abbey, the seat of the famous O'Connell family, at Cahirciveen, in the county of Kerry. The situation of this house is extremely fine. "Seen from above," says Miss Martineau, "in its green cove, embosomed in woods, guarded by mountains, whose grey rocks are gaudy with gorse and heather, and facing a sea sprinkled with violets, it looks like a paradisical retreat. The first glimpse of it from the Cahirciveen road—by which Daniel O'Connell passed from one mass of his large property to another—shows his yacht riding in a sound in front of the grounds, the sea view suggests the remembrance of the old day, when the O'Connells of both families—Dan's uncles and father—were understood to do as others did who lived in situations so favourable for those commercial enterprises which are conducted by night." But the smuggling, which many a great family encouraged in the wild times of the last century, is all over now, as well as the agitation which rendered the "Liberator" so admirable a friend, and so bitter an enemy. The head of the house has gone down to his grave, having died poor, very poor, in a foreign land; his eldest son has followed him but lately, and the name and memory of O'Connell are already spoken lightly of in the land of his birth. The old abbey is now inhabited by strangers. "Melancholy to all eyes, it is most so to the minds of those who go a quarter of a century back, and hear again the shouts which hailed the advent of the Liberator, and see again the reverent enthusiasm which watched him from afar, when he rested from his toils at Derrynane." Melancholy, indeed, is the sight of the old house, damp-stained and weed-environed, out-of-joint, unrepaired, unrenewed, and with O'Connell's empty yacht in the forlorn, sand-filled sound, and his chair in the chapel covered with black cloth, "all else that he enjoyed there, in his vast wealth of money, fame, and popular love seems to be drooping away to destruction."

Kell's Abbey, in Kilkenny, and Dunbrody Abbey, in the same county, are now but ruins—crumbling walls and moss-grown stones. The latter structure is considered one of the most picturesque and interesting ruins in the county. The architectural beauty of this abbey is still discoverable, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to again people the wastes around with the Cistercian monks, who in the old time distributed the charities of religion among the peasantry. Dunbrody Abbey was built by Henry de Montmorency, marshal to Henry II., in 1182, and was dismantled in the troublous times of the Reformation.

Within a few minutes' walk of the Jerpoint station of the Waterford and Kilkenny railroad, stand also the ruins of another famous ecclesiastical structure, called Jerpoint Abbey. It was founded by Donagh, king of Ossory, but it has so long been in a state of dilapidation, that we fear the determination of the Kilkenny Archæological Society to restore it will be of no avail, unless the work be at once proceeded with. Stones from its tottering walls are continually being taken to repair the peasants' huts, and even the tombs of the Butlers, and other famous personages of the old time are hardly secured from the sacrilegious hands of the ignorant inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Other ruins of religious edifices might be mentioned—Kilconnel Abbey, once a monastery of Franciscan friars, built in 1460, but now a mere shell; Athenry Abbey, near Galway, a fine ruin of a building which once belonged to the order of Dominicans; Newton Abbey, near Trim; the ruins of Bective Abbey in the same neighbourhood; Roscommon Abbey; Boyle Abbey in county Roscommon; and St. Mary's Abbey, built in 1415, by Sir John Talbot, the "Scourge of France,"—but that our space forbids. The chiefs who once made merry in the old castles of Ireland, and the ecclesiastics who raised those beautiful religious edifices of which we see only the ruins now, are most of them unknown to fame. And it is as well that it is so, for no good comes of looking back. Irishmen have been too prone to do so hitherto, but their watchword in this nineteenth century should be—FORWARD!

SIGNS OF OLD LONDON.

TRADESMEN'S SIGNS.

THE different events of history which have furnished subjects for signs are particularly interesting and far from uncommon: as the "White and Red Roses" of York and Lancaster; the "White Hart" of Richard II.; the "White Swan" of Henry V.; the "Red Dragon and Greyhound" of the Tudors; the "Boar's Head" of Richard III.; the "Royal Oak" of Charles; the "White Horse" of the Brunswicks; and many others may be mentioned as examples. Heads also formed a very numerous class, especially those of royalty; but which were especially subject to transmutation by the accession of new sovereigns, who, in their turn, occupied the place of the late one. In like manner, the "Duke's Head," in the time of Blenheim, implied Marlborough, was changed to his Royal Highness of York, or his Grace of Wellington.

> "Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
> Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,
> Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
> And filled their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now."

The heads of "Milton" and "Shakspere" were occasionally met with. The latter was used by Jacob Tonson, over against Catherine-street, Strand, now 141, and afterwards by Miller, a Scotchman, who published the early editions of the works of Fielding, Thompson, Gibbon, and others, and who altered his sign to the head of "Buchanan." The heads of Homer, Horace, and Cicero, were also taken as signs, especially by booksellers; and it was no uncommon practice for publicans and others, not renowned for modesty, to decorate their house fronts by hanging out their own portraits, as in the case of "Paul Pindar," in Bishopsgate-street, and which the society of antiquaries, some years ago, considered sufficiently authentic to publish, nor should we here omit to notice the house of Taylor, the "water poet," in Phœnix-alley, near Long Acre, and in the evidence of his own words,—

> "There's many a head stands for a sign,
> Then, gentle reader, why not mine?"

an omission must not be made of the "Cuckold's Head," as characteristic of the time of Henry VIII.

> "Here is maryone marchauntes at all gate,
> Her husbōde dwelleth at ye sygne of ye "Cokeldes pate,"
> Nexte house to Robyn renawaye."

The heathen deities and their attributes were somewhat more rare, nevertheless we find the "Caduceus of Mercury," probably indicating expedition. The head of "Esculapius," his "serpent and staff," or his "cock," were appropriate signs for professors of the healing art, and which are still found decorating our modern druggists, as well as the head of "Galen," or the "Phœnix" rising from the flames. Dragons, mermaids, and other nondescripts, contributed largely their share to the departed genius of decoration of our old city. John Rastell lived in Cheapside, "at the sign of the 'Mearmayd,' next to Polly's gate," where he published the "Pastyme of the People," and in the same locality at the "Green Dragon," was published the first edition of the Merchant of Venice. The sign of Alderman Boydell was the "Unicorn," at the corner of Queen-street, Cheapside.

In Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," first edition, 1608, is a characteristic song, but which particularly relates to inn signs:—

> "The gentry to the King's Head,
> The nobles to the Crown,
> The knights unto the Golden Fleece,

And to the Plough the clown.
The churchman to the Mitre,
The shepherd to the Star,
The gardener hies him to the Rose,
To the Drum the man-of-war;
To the Feathers, ladies, you; the Globe
The seaman doth not scorn;
The usurer to the Devil, and
The townsman to the Horn.
The huntsman to the White Hart,
To the Ship the merchants go,
But you that do the Muses love,
The sign called River Po.
The banquerout to the World's End,
The fool to the Fortune hie,
Unto the Mouth the oyster-wife,
The fiddler to the Pie.
The punk unto the Cockatrice,
The drunkard to the Vine,
The beggar to the Bush, then meet,
And with Duke Humphrey dine.

Before closing this part of the subject, it would be as well to refer to the signs of the old theatres, and, for want of better reasons for explaining the motives which prompted the owners in the selection of them, we may conclude that the form of the "Globe" Theatre may have had some reference to it, while the "Fortune" was appropriate as in the present day, from the extremely precarious and blind nature of the speculation. The "Red Bull" doubtless referred to the sort of entertainment to be there met with, when bears and bulls were baited to vary the amusements; and in connexion with early plays, it will not be inappropriate to note, that it was at the sign of the "Red Bull" the first edition of "King Lear" was published. Having taken this rough sketch of the signs, it would be well to remember, that what have been advanced are nothing more than probabilities, as doubtless very many persons carrying on the same trade adopted the same sign for totally different reasons, and very possibly from whim or caprice.

We will now endeavour to collect and point out such remaining signs and ancient decorations, scattered and fragmentary as they are, which are still to be found about our streets, and which may not inappropriately be adopted as detached links of the chain of history connecting the present with the past.

There are few memorials having any claim upon our attention, either from their antiquity or originality, westward of Temple-bar. In Westminster, at the end of King-street, and near the Abbey, there exists, above the modern sign, a good specimen of carving of a "Boar's Head," and which is undoubtedly the original sign.* There was a token of this house on which is, "The bores head in Kings streete, Westminster," on the reverse, in the field, "I. D. W." The whole line of the Strand can scarcely produce an example. At the corner of Catherine-street is a carving in stone of a "Lion" leaning on a shield, and at No. 166 an antique-looking "Lamb," gilt and suspended by his body over the doorway. There are several of these decorations still remaining in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch, as well as other parts of London, as signs for hosiers and woollendrapers. At No. 46, in the upper part of an old house, there is a carved "Lion's Head," and which is worthy of notice on account of its peculiar position, it having the appearance of looking out of an open window of the upper story or garret; but whether it occupies its original place is a matter for conjecture. Over an ironmonger's near St. Clement's Church, there remains the old sign of a "Gridiron and Bell. Near this locality, in Holywell-street, there exist several houses, decidedly good specimens, if not the best remaining in London, of its ancient architecture. Over the doorway of an old book-shop is a noble sign, in gilt metal, of a "Half Moon," with the face of a man in the inner side. Adjoining this house is a fragment of carving on the post of a narrow passage. An old globe lamp still occupies its place near to it, and which, together with an abundance of dirt, forms an exceedingly picturesque group. Respecting this sign it was far from an uncommon one, and doubtless alluded to the legend of the "Man in the Moon," which sign was represented, sometimes, as a man standing in a crescent, as in the case of John Clarke, in Wapping, in 1668, and represented on his token. On arriving at the city gate, we enter into a new field; historical associations crowd upon us in connection with the haunts of the great authors and literati of the last two centuries: but without allowing these to divert us from our purpose, the first house we arrive at contains, in their office, the original sign of the "Marygold." This was probably adopted as appropriate, on account of the business formerly carried on being that of a goldsmith, which trade, it is well-known, was the origin of many of the most eminent bankers in London. This house was formerly carried on by Richard Blanchard and Francis Child, and still retains the name of the latter, as Child's banking-house. A few doors eastward of this house is Gosling and Sharpe's, in the front of which bank is still exhibited the old sign of the "Three Squirrels." These are represented in iron, and attached to the bars on the upper part of the centre window, are spiritedly executed, and curious specimens. At a few doors beyond, in the same direction, we arrive at the banking-house of Messrs. Hoare, over whose doorway they have fixed the original sign of the "Leather Bottle." Nearer Temple-bar, on the opposite side of the way, and over the entrance, there is the sign of the "Cock" tavern. There is reason to believe it is the original one which decorated the house when honest Izaak Walton took his morning draught of ale there. From a notice issued by the master, in 1665, when the plague was raging, that he should shut up his house for several weeks, he there calls it the "Cock and Bottle," the latter of which now forms no part of the sign. A plausible motive for the adoption of this sign may have originated in the sign, almost exclusively used at public-houses, being to denote that the game of throwing at cocks was played there. A token was issued by William Brandon, who kept a house he called "Ye have at it, on Dowgate-hill;" and on this coin is a man about to throw a stick at a cock. The "Mitre" tavern, opposite St. Dunstan's, which was formerly resorted to by the wits of the last century, exhibits a gilt sign over the lamp. At the corner of Fetter-lane there stood, within a year, the shop in which Cobbett sold his "Weekly Register," over which there stood an enormous gilt gridiron, and which was noticed by the old political economist in his work.

The "Bell" tavern, in Fleet Street, has a good specimen of the flat sign which was adopted after the order of common council for the removal of the projecting ones. It is a large and bold painting on a metal plate.* The subject of this sign may have reference to the saint of the parish church, St. Bride's.

In pursuing an eastward course there are no signs worthy of note, excepting, perhaps, the "Bolt and Tun." The original sign of this old house has long since disappeared; the one now existing is a humble sign, over the coach-office, of a small tub with a short arrow or bolt through it.

Ludgate Hill can scarcely boast of a single specimen; but one was moved from over the doorway of Rundell and Bridge, the gold and silversmiths, on their relinquishing business some few years ago, their sign was two large gilt "Perches," which were in metal, and projected over the footway. The sign of Daniel Lambert is still to be seen within a few doors of St. Paul's Churchyard, and is a portrait of the giant man himself.

In St. Paul's Church-yard, the "Goose and Gridiron" may be seen near their door-way, but it can boast of no higher antiquity than the middle of the last century.

* While this is going to press, the property has been sold and the sign removed.

* This is the second example of the old signs which has been removed, between the time of this paper being in MS. and in the press, and a strong plea for a record of these memorials of the past.

THE STUFFED PENGUIN.

THERE is something remarkably life-like in all the sketches of the late Tony Johannot, so picturesque and still so truthful, that they always have found ready admirers in all who have looked upon them. Whatever subject he undertook, he executed with a fidelity and beauty seldom equalled and rarely surpassed. The engraving which we now present is from one of his inimitable drawings, full of the force and vigour which distinguishes the whole of his works. The picture tells its own story. There, with wrinkled brow and long grey locks, is the old naturalist, surrounded by his treasures, regarding them with greater pleasure than ever miser looked upon his gold. He has invited a few young friends to examine his exhibition, and is pointing out the numerous stuffed birds which form his collection, arranged with an air of picturesque, but withal fantastic, beauty. The old man is proud of the show; it has been the object of his life; every leisure hour has been devoted to it; he has collected with discriminating care, prepared with critical accuracy, arranged with the eye of a connoisseur, and now he looks upon it as complete.

Great variety of expression is thrown into every countenance. The boy shrinks back with an instinctive terror as he passes before an eagle, who is leaning forward in a manner terrible to behold; the little girl is contemplating the fine plumage of the peacock, bright with red and gold and purple, and claps her hands together with a cry of admiration; the old man is looking as if he fully enjoyed the opportunity, as he explains all about the species, nature, habits, country, name, and general characteristics of every bird in the collection—his memory is a complete treatise on ornithology, and he talks like a book.

Meanwhile, the old man has resolved upon presenting to his fair visitors some token of regard, something that they may preserve as a momento of their visit. He has pointed out to one of his young friends a screech owl, with tawny wings and of frightful aspect, but she has shrunk back, half afraid to touch the horrible monster, and politely declined its acceptance; she would not—so she says—spoil so valuable a collection. Still the old man is unwilling to let them depart without some present: the lyre bird is there in all its beauty, the swan with its white and delicate plumage, the peacock in rainbow hues, parrots, and ravens, and humming birds; but the visitor still declines, until at length her attention is arrested by a fine specimen of the penguin.

CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY. FROM A DRAWING BY TONY JOHANNOT.

"That," says the old man, "I cannot offer you; nature has bestowed upon it neither grace nor beauty, which could alone entitle it to a place in your saloon."

But the visitor gazes upon it with a gesture of unaffected surprise. It has awakened memories deep and tender—brought to her recollection the stories which a brother used to tell of chasing the penguin, a brother who is far away in the northern seas,—she has heard from him of the bird, and to her it possesses more value than all the rest of the collection; it has a grotesque, strange figure, but the penguin is her choice.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER IX.

Officer—"Most worthy signior
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I'm sure, is sent for."
Brabantio—"How! the duke in council
At this time of night!"—*Shakspeare.*

We have been a long time absent from the Camp at Palestrina: let us now return thither, though we must leave fair Venice for a season, and those with whom we have been engaged there. Our readers will remember that the third chapter of this our

ZENO AND ROBERTO DI RECANATI BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

most veracious history closed with the interview which had taken place between the Venetian general, Zeno, and the good English knight, Sir William Cheke, or Checco, as the Italians called him.

Zeno, as we said, passed into an inner apartment. It was evidently one in which he had secured for himself that perfect privacy which was necessary for a man who had such heavy responsibilities imposed upon him, and who had constant need or deliberation with his own mind to sustain him in his stern course against those who opposed and thwarted him. Flinging himself upon the rude couch, which served as his bed, he surrendered his mind to contemplation, protracted and to all appearance perplexing. At length, he half arose, and continuing the course of his thoughts, he unconsciously gave them utterance.

"So let it be then," he murmured, "perhaps it may suit my purpose as well as anything I could have devised. I shall thus, at all events, prevent his keeping his appointment to-night; and I shall commit him, if possible, to adopt some course of action, or it may be to disclose his own. It is true, I shall expose to him the dissentions and weaknesses of those who fain would govern our State; but I am much mistaken if he be not but too well acquainted with these things already, and so no mischief can result from his being present at the council. Yes, I will even take upon myself the responsibility of summoning him."

Zeno now arose, and stepping across the room to the door, opened it and called—

"Who waits without there?"

In a moment the young Greek was at the door: the general beckoned him to enter.

"Thou hast been through the camp since sun-down, Alexis?"

"So please your excellency I have. I am but just now returned."

"Is all tranquil?"

"As the grave, signore; save the sentinels and those who were preparing to relieve the guards there is no one astir."

"'Tis well. Thou knowest the quarters of the Italian lances that are under the command of Recanati?"

"Assuredly, eccellenza."

"What is the time now?"

"It wants about two hours of midnight, signore."

"Good. Fetch me now the means of writing."

The youth speedily brought the requisites, and Zeno wrote a few lines which he folded and delivered to Alexis.

"Thou shalt take this to the condottiere without delay, and bear back to me his reply. And mark, good youth; I know thee to be true and faithful, and as sharp of eye as thou art true of heart."

The boy replied not, save by bowing silently and pressing his hand upon his bosom.

"Aye," continued his master, comprehending all which the gesture of the young Greek was meant to convey—"Aye, I know it well, Alexis. Well then, thou shalt take good note of all thou seest and hearest. Watch the face of this Roberto as he reads what thou givest to him; and heed the manner of his words more than the words themselves, for he is one of those who knows how to conceal a deep and deadly meaning beneath specious language. And now for thy mission, good youth, for time is speeding, and I have much to prepare ere I meet the council an hour hence."

The youth placed the paper within the folds of his vest and left the apartment; while Zeno proceeded to unlock a box strongly bound with iron, whence he took forth various papers, apparently military reports and others of a more secret character. Over some of these he paused and pondered long, and one who could have seen him at his solitary and absorbing employment and marked now the dark shadow crossing his brow, now the scornful smile curling his lip, might easily divine that he was penetrating the mazes of some devious scheme, and detecting the meshes that a wily hand was laying around his path to ensnare him.

In such occupations and thoughts we shall leave him. It would be bootless to follow his speculations; they would, even had we the power and the will to investigate them, only exhibit one of those chapters of toilful and perplexing meditation which is the lot of every great spirit in every age—the penalty which they must ever pay who would seek to govern their fellow-men. Let the humble and the unambitious account themselves happy in that they are not solicited by those overmastering and passionate aspirations for greatness, which urge irresistibly forward those who in every age are doomed to fill the fore-front of the world's panorama,—beings to look upon and wonder at, with their brows glorified by fame, and their proportions magnified beyond ordinary humanity by the light that shines upon them; but, ah! not to be envied or imitated. Oh ye thrice-blessed and happy who walk ever in the valleys of life, lie down content and careless when the long shadows of the coming night fall upon your lowly cots, sleep your unbroken sleep through the dark hours till the dawn of the morning; and as ye arise in peace, bless that providence which casts not your lot amongst those who are ever wearily climbing up the hill sides, who keep the watches of the night in careful vigils, and the hours of the day in toil, that strews wrinkles upon the brow and plants sorrows in the heart.

In the meanwhile the young Greek proceeded on his mission through the camp at Palestrina, and at length arrived at the place assigned to Roberto Recanati and his free companions, a body of one hundred lances and about four hundred foot soldiers, chiefly Italians, picked up in the various States of the north of Italy, and now banded together under their wily leader. While throughout all the other portions of the encampment the utmost tranquillity and repose were perceptible, Alexis, as he approached the condottiere's quarters, at once became aware that some movement was in preparation. The clank of mail and the heavy tread of armed men at intervals sounded upon his ear, and lights passed to and fro in the darkness. Replying to the sentinel's challenge at the out-post, he soon found himself amongst the soldiers of Recanati, and perceived that a portion of them were equipped in their armour and others were making preparations as if for marching.

"How comes it that you are stirring to-night comrade?" inquired Alexis of one of the soldiers.

"Diavolo!" replied the man grumblingly. "I know not how it comes, save that it pleases our valiant capitano to take the watch at the redoubt next Chioggia to-night: we have more night-work, I think, than justly falls to our share; besides, it is out of our turn now; we should have had the watch last evening instead of those English porkers of Checco's."

"Ah, che porchi sono questi Inglesi!" added the Italian contemptuously. "Si fanno nienti che mangiare e dormire 'tis ever with them eat and sleep, eat and sleep, except when they drink. Per bacco! they are not bad either at the pottle-pot, these Inglishers."

"Nor at the gisarme or the battle-axe either, comrade," added Alexis. "I've seen them fight as well as drink, amico mio, and I trow if they have hard heads they have stout hearts likewise."

The Italian was about to reply angrily, if one might judge from his raised arm and the imprecation with which he commenced; but Alexis cut the retort short by saying

"Well, I can't stay gossipping with you comrade. I must see your captain, as I bear a message to him from his excellency the general. Where shall I find him?"

The soldier pointed in the direction of Recanati's quarters and made no further reply.

"Buona notte compare," said the youth, as he passed forward to the place indicated.

"Thou mayst spare thyself that wish," grumbled the soldier, the night is never good, to my thinking, when one has to watch through it, without wine-cup or dice-board."

At the front of his tent, beside which a watch-fire was burning with fitful gleaming, stood Roberto di Recanati. He was fully armed in a suit of Milanese plate-mail with the exception of his helmet, which lay near him upon a stool.

As the light played upon his figure and lit up his face, which the *camail de fer* left exposed, one could form a fair estimate of his outward appearance. He was tall and rather slight in figure; and, judging from the portions of his legs and arms which were not covered by the mail, you perceived at once that he was singularly muscular, though the reverse of fat. His face was thin and pallid, in the centre of which rose a straight slight nose. Thin, bloodless lips were compressed closely together, so that they rarely opened sufficiently to show the white teeth within them. His pale forehead was terminated below by the lines of two straight dark bushy eyebrows, beneath which glittered a pair of small but keen black eyes, sunk deeply within their sockets and moving with a constant and restless motion, which never suffered them to dwell steadily and at length upon any one with whom he conversed. Upon the whole it needed but little physiognomical skill to feel that the owner of that face was neither an ordinary character, nor one whom a stranger would be very strongly attracted to. There was about those features, at once an expression of determination and yet of wiliness that impressed you with the conviction, that the man was one who would be as crafty to conceive the mode of compassing as he would be persevering to accomplish any object which his subtle and unscrupulous mind once determined upon.

As the messenger from Zeno approached the person whom we have been just describing, this latter was occupied apparently in examining one of those square-headed darts or quarreaux, as they were called, which at that period were much used by the arbalists or cross-bow men, of whom the Genoese were the most skilful in Europe. What the subject of his meditation was, as he curiously examined the shaft, it would not be easy to speculate upon; but, at all events, one would be disposed to suspect that whatever share the weapon in his hand might have with his thoughts, it could scarcely be worthy of the thorough engrossment of mind which now plainly pre-occupied the condottiere. Indeed, so complete was his abstraction that he did not notice the approach of Alexis till the latter had almost reached his side and accosted him somewhat abruptly.

"From his excellency Zeno," said the lad, holding forth the folded paper.

Recanati started at the sound of Zeno's name; a faint flush passed over his pallid features, and his restless eye gleamed quick and penetratingly at the person who had just addressed him. There was something of a disconcerted manner about him, which a keen observer would have pronounced to be just such as one would display whose secret thoughts had been suddenly revealed to him who was the subject of them. But the expression of any such feeling was only momentary, and ere it could have been well remarked upon, it had passed away; yet not so quickly had it passed as to escape the notice of him who stood before the condottiere—for no keener observer ever scanned features or detected their secret meaning than the young Greek, whose native sagacity had been sharpened by years of captivity and precarious existence. Calmly and coldly the Italian captain received the billet, and perused its short contents to the end. Alexis, as he watched his countenance, fancied—but it might only be fancy, conjured up by the play of the flickering firelight—that the dark, straight, eyebrows almost met upon the pale forehead; and that the thin lips quivered slightly as they became more compressed, but no other indication could be detected of the effect which the note had upon the reader; if, indeed, it had any effect at all. At length Recanati said, in a quiet measured voice,

"His excellency does me an unwonted honour. At what hour does the council meet?"

"An hour before midnight, signore."

"And it is now not far from that. Tell the general that I shall not fail to attend, though it may somewhat interfere with my duty to the republic. For this, however, I make no doubt his excellency will provide."

Recanati methodically and very slowly folded up the paper, and put it into his pouch, and then, turning on his heel, entered the tent. The young Greek made an inclination of the head as taking his departure, but ere he passed beyond the precincts of the tent, he turned his head quickly round and cast a hurried glance towards its interior. At this instant, a log of wood that lay upon the watch-fire, suddenly fell from its place into the smouldering ashes and burst into a momentary flame. The light shot into the recesses of the tent, and disclosed to the practised eye of the Greek, the form of Recanati, as he hastily divided the shaft of the arrow lengthwise and closed it up again as quickly.

A low laugh escaped from the lips of the Greek—so low that one a yard removed would scarcely have heard it, and then he murmured as if to himself

"Ha! I thought as much. That bolt *may* slay indeed, but it slays not him at whom it is discharged."

CHAPTER X.

"And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene,
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bore ful thriftilie,
Well coude he dresse his takel yewmanlie;
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe,
And in his hand he bare a mightie bowe,
Upon his arme he had a gai bracer,
And by his side a sword and a bokeler,
And on the other side a gai daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharp as pointe of spere."—*Chaucer.*

"As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words, till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain, shall tetter us."—*Shakspeare.*

It might have been about half-an-hour after the scene which we have described in the preceding chapter, that an armed soldier walked to and fro before the massive doorway of one of the interior buildings at the fort of Palestrina. The night was moonless, but the stars shone out to relieve the darkness which fell upon the earth. From time to time the sentinel, as he reached the limit of his short march and turned round to retrace his steps, stopped a moment to look up into the heavens.

There is something about a starlit sky that irresistibly draws the attention and fixes the gaze of every mortal, no matter how unimaginative his nature or unpoetic his temperament. I have known very worthy and sensible people—people who were by no means insensible to natural beauties—walk a live long day and scarcely ever turn their eyes to the sun, looking all the time steadily before them, aye and pride themselves upon that very excellent habit of "always looking before them," and, perhaps, they were right. Then there's the moon; what can be more lovely to look upon? Nothing. And yet they who look very long at the moon are somehow apt to get into disrepute with wise folks, so that "to have an affair with the moon," is very detrimental to a man's character—the very best that will be said of you is, that you are a mope or a lover—you may, however, get a reputation infinitely less agreeable, one which may endanger your personal liberty, and bring you into acquaintance with the chancellor. Therefore the moon is to be looked at in moderation which indeed is all that any sensible person does. But starlight—who can resist the tender, solemn, silent influence of a sky full of stars, especially at midnight. You look up into heaven, and you see a thousand eyes gazing down upon you with a fascination that enthralls you, and turn away your eyes as you will, some strange inscrutable spell forces you quickly to lift them again and commune with those glittering orbs, as you would commune with the deep, speaking eyes of a woman, when the heart would endure no other language. Yes, the spell of a star-thronged heaven is irresistible. Your attention is not confined to one great planet that wearies with its sameness, but you are solicited by a myriad of bright things that speak to you, oh how solemnly, of worlds without number, of space without limit, of time without an ending, and so you lose yourself in that lustrous company and know not how to withdraw from their presence.

I am very certain that the worthy fellow who kept watch and ward upon the fine spring night, in the year of God 1380, at the fort of Palestrina, pursued no such train of philosophising upon star-gazing as that which I have just now ventured to give to you, dear reader; but certain I am that he gazed and gazed again and again upon the "multitude of the heavenly host" that looked down so holily upon him. And the sight of those stars brought back fresh and tenderly upon his heart the thoughts of his old home and of that land whence he many a time and oft looked upon those same stars, as he lay in the greenwood o' nights and watched the deer trip out of the covert and browse in the star-lighted glade, till they came within reach of his long-bow shaft. A bold fellow was Hodge o' the Hill, I wot, as any that strayed along the shaws upon the Trent side in merry England. His equipment proclaimed him at once to be an English archer. In his hand he carried a pike; at his back was slung his trusty long-bow, beside which was a leathern case filled with some score arrows, light and well-feathered; upon his arm he wore a bracer, to protect his sleeve from being cut by the bowstring, and on his hand was a shooting-glove. Beside these, he had the brigandine, or little coat of plate; a skull, or *hufkyn* as it was called; and a maule or mallet of lead, five feet long. On one side he carried his sword and buckler, on the other a dagger and a hook; while from a baldric of green leather was slung a bugle such as foresters use. Such was the goodly English yeoman, Roger Harrington, or Hodge of the Hill, as he was once known in his own shire, before an irrepressible love for vert and venison led him to violate the privileges of park and chase, and drove him an outlaw to seek his fortune in foreign lands, and serve as a soldier beneath the banner of his adventurous countryman, Cheke. And so Hodge now paced backward and forward, and gazed upon the stars, and ever and anon sang to himself a snatch of some well-remembered old ballad of his own Albion to keep him company. Now his thoughts were of the famous Robin Hode, as he chanted a stave or two of the ancient rhyme—

"Lythe and lysten, gentylmen
That be of free-bore blode;
I shall you tell of a good yeman,
Hys name was Robyn Hode.

Robyn was a proude out-lawe,
Whiles he walked on grounde;
So curteyse an out-lawe as he was one,
Was never none yfounde."

"Ah, well-a-day!" resumed Hodge, after a pause, "these were merry times, when Robin roamed through the forest of Sherwood, and none dare question his right to strike down a fat buck in the chase, or kiss a pretty wench in the greenwood. A plague upon your forest laws, say I; if every honest fellow had fair play, by my hallidom, Hodge of the Hill, thou wouldst now be watching the hinds in the parks of merry England, and not pacing the barren sands of an outlandish island. Who goes there—ho!"

This interrogatory, with which the archer's soliloquy was concluded, was uttered in a loud and peremptory tone, and addressed to one who approached to the entrance of the building where the Englishman was keeping guard.

"A friend," was the reply; "one who attends the council."

"Your name," demanded the archer bluntly. "I have got my orders strictly, and must know who I am to let pass—your name, if it please you."

"Roberto di Recanati."

"All right, signor; pass in."

Recanati passed the sentinel, and disappeared within the interior of the building. The archer looked after him for a moment, and then said, in an under tone, "Aye, I know thy cut well enough—a whey-faced fellow, by Saint George. Look you now, one good yeoman of Nottingham, with a stout quarter-staff, would thresh a score of such foreigners. Ah, by my fay, there's nothing like the nut-brown ale and the ox beef of Old England—heigho!"

"The woodweele sang and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
So lowde, he awakened Robyn Hode
In the greenwoode where he laye."

Let us leave stout Hodge o' the Hill singing and soliloquising on his weary night-watch, and sighing after the green holmes of pleasant England—let us leave him there in the starlight, and accompany the captain of the Italian mercenaries into the council-chamber of the rulers of Venice.

Recanati passed through an antechamber and entered a large apartment. It was scantily furnished and but partially lighted by a lamp that burned upon a large table which stood in the centre of the room, thus leaving the more distant parts of the chamber in comparative gloom. Around the table sat several persons, some in the long robes worn by the senators and high officials of the republic, others in armour or military costume. At the upper end of the table sat the venerable old doge, Andrea Contarini, his head covered with the horned bonnet, and his white beard falling down upon his ducal robe. Immediately beside him was a personage whose dark and stern countenance well accorded with the robe in which he was clothed. It was entirely of black camlet, without the relief of ornament or colour; and he too, like the doge, was covered, for on his head was a low round bonnet of black felt. This was one of the council of ten, *I Dieci*, or, as they were called from the hue of their robes, *I Neri*. There was no power more absolute or more dreaded in the Venetian state than that which this body now exercised—for as yet the terrible and secret tribunal of the state inquisition, known as "the council of three," had not been instituted. The council of ten, when originally convoked, about fifty years previous to the period of which we are writing, was limited in duration to ten days; but their period of office was, from time to time, increased, till now the members were elected for life. Nominally a criminal court, they were, in reality, invested with the most plenary power, and being exempt from all responsibility and appeal, they virtually exercised an absolute authority over every person and everything in the state. Even the doge himself was not beyond the reach of this potent tribunal. It hesitated not to countermand his orders, as it did those of the grand council; to depose him, and even to put him to death. Rarely, indeed, was the chief magistrate suffered to take part in any state affairs, or exercise the functions of his office without the presence and interference of one of the council of ten, nominally for the purpose of advising, but in reality with the object of controlling all his power, and acting the spy upon his actions and his conduct, which were duly reported to the rest of the council. At the opposite side of Contarini there were seated two men in red robes, but with their heads uncovered. These were members of the senate, or *signoria*, and were known by the appellation of *I Rossi*, and were, in fact, recently added to the council of ten, for the purpose of assisting them whenever the emergency of state affairs rendered their advice necessary. In addition to these were seated, at either side, three or four ordinary members of the senate who had accompanied the doge to Palestrina. These comprised the civilians who were in attendance at the council; beyond them were two men in military costume. The one we have already endeavoured to make our readers acquainted with, and therefore, needs not be further described—the general of the land forces, Carlo Zeno; the other was a man of a singularly noble presence and bearing, full of dignity, yet was there not in that dignity the slightest tincture of pride or arrogance; on the contrary, his face was indicative of a gentleness and long-suffering, that bordered on humility, and bore many marks of sorrow and trial which made him look old beyond his years, while the gray hairs that fell down his neck and mingled in his beard, made these years appear even more numerous still. This was Vittorio Pisani who now, since the arrival of Zeno, had devoted himself to the duties of admiral of the fleet. Perhaps history affords fewer instances of the ingratitude of popular governments, and the instability of popular favour than is

presented to us in the life of this great and good man. More than once the saviour of his country, each service rendered by him to the state was sure to be speedily followed by insult, degradation, or even imprisonment, and yet each act of ingratitude or injury was but the precursor of new supplications for his aid, and found him, marvellous to relate, as ready as ever to forget all that he had suffered—to remember nothing but that his country needed his services and to render those services with the prompt and uncalculating instinct of filial love.

THE AZTEC CHILDREN.

EVERY now and then some rare phenomenon is brought us from America, ushered before our notice with a remarkable tale. By some strange fate or fortune, moreover, the discoveries are made personally, or by the agents of one lucky individual. At one time it is a mermaid, who has come to light; at another, an unclassed animal—a connecting link between man and monkey, entrapped in the wilds of California. Science has enough to do in these days to unravel the tangled threads of mysteries which surround her. Facts and fallacies jostle so unceremoniously together, and encroach with such insidious steps upon each other's domains, that to distinguish between them and refer each to its own proper empire is not an easy task. Nevertheless, science was competent to solve the mysteries of the Yankee mermaid and the Califor-

nian monster. Nature was absolved from the charge of having created two such *lusus*. Both were referred to the cunning agency of man—were shown to be manufactured articles: the mermaid was nothing more than the head and arms of a monkey, dexterously stitched to the tail of a codfish; the Californian monster was a man of stunted dwarfish form, enveloped in the shaggy coat of a bear.

May we be pardoned then for receiving, *cum grano salis*, as the Roman poet hath it, the tale with which the Aztec children have been introduced to the London public? That they are extraordinary little curiosities in their way, all must admit who have seen them,—well worthy of all the patronage and curiosity which have been bestowed upon them,—but we must be permitted still to doubt their identity as little Aztecs, and to regard in a still more apocryphal light the tale of their abstraction from a city called *Iximaya*. Leaving for a short period these little strangers to amuse themselves according to their own pleasure, let us now pass in review a sketch of the history of the Aztecs, the dominant race of Mexico, at the time of the Spanish conquest in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

If the study of ethnology, or the characteristics and migrations of various human races, be one of the most interesting which a philosopher can pursue, it is also occasionally one of the most difficult and perplexing. It is not even necessary to pass beyond the limits of Europe for an illustration of this. The Hungarian or Magyar stock furnishes the example of a race of men individualised not only by physical characteristics from all around them, but by their language as well, which possesses no affinity with any European tongue, and is connected by few and uncertain alliances with some dialects of Asia. The Hungarians, or Magyars themselves will have it that they are descended from the Huns. They still look up to Attila, the devastator, as their great progenitor, and hang up his picture with reverence in their houses. If this theory of descent be adopted, then the Magyars or Hungarians in Europe and the Aztecs in America are brothers—offsets from the same stock, if we accept a theory of Humboldt, as will presently be more apparent.

When the Spaniards invaded Mexico, in the early part of the sixteenth century, that rich and extraordinary country was peopled, as is well known, by a race or races, to which, despite their atrocious barbarities and sanguinary religious code, the term civilized may in a certain sense be applied. The country was subjected to the government of one monarch, Montezuma, the ninth of his dynasty. The inhabitants were collected together in cities, sometimes of considerable population and extent: the ancient city of Mexico, for example, must have had, according to the most trustworthy accounts, a population of 60,000 or 70,000. The people followed different handicraft trades, the results of which were in some cases products of considerable excellence. The cotton fabrics, for example, of which specimens still exist, are good. The art of dyeing them was known, and practised with success. Ornaments of considerable pretensions were made of gold and silver. Some of the public buildings were grand and massive, somewhat resembling the stupendous erections of Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria. Like them, too, they were ornamented with hieroglyphical writing. Cities were supplied with water by means of aqueducts. Roads of good construction—such as would not disgrace a Roman military engineer—extended throughout the empire. The law of territorial possession was recognised; and territorial succession was regulated by statute. In astronomy great progress had been made: the year was divided into 365 days, like our own, but no odd six hours were recognised; to compensate for which, at the expiration of every fifty-two years five days were added.

All these facts tend to prove that the native inhabitants—whom we will for the present simply term *Mexicans*—had entered upon that phase of social development which must be termed civilisation. Other proofs to this effect might be easily adduced, as for instance the existence of relays of couriers at different stages throughout the empire, the establishment of night patrols, and the practice of illuminating the cities at night by bonfires lighted in the streets. But despite these evidences of civilization, the Mexicans, regarded from another point of view, were savages in the worst acceptation of the term. They waged war often for no other purpose than that of making prisoners to offer up in sacrifice to their gods, and they were confirmed cannibals. That such an abyss of demoralisation as these facts presuppose should have been descended into, by a race so cultivated, is without parallel in the history of mankind; and still more extraordinary does it appear in connexion with the reverence in which were held the virtues of chastity and temperance. The punishment for a breach of duty in either of these obligations was death,—with one remarkable exception; people above seventy years old were permitted to get drunk to their hearts' content, without the act being considered a crime.

There is every reason to suppose that the consolidation of native government, on the basis on which the Spaniards found it, had not been of very great antiquity. Not only was this the popular belief, but it is confirmed by such native records as have escaped the ravages of time, and the destructive enthusiasm of the early Spanish missionaries, who destroyed the greater number of these records (all of them hieroglyphic) as so many barbarous relics of idolatry. These records state that the various tribes constituting the native population, and of which tribes the Aztecs were the most powerful and the last to arrive, came from some distant unknown region from the north-west, bringing with them the civilized arts of the region whence they had been expelled; and after wandering many years as nomadic tribes, at length commenced about the thirteenth century to build the Mexican cities. This testimony seems probable enough, but ethnologists are still left in the dark as to the geographical origin of these tribes and their cognate ramifications. Although the first consolidation of the Mexican races into a regular government is represented to have taken place in the thirteenth century, yet the first epoch of their wanderings is referred so far back as the fifth, which corresponds with that Mongolian disturbance in China coeval with the setting in motion of the Huns; and Humboldt assumes that the Mongolian race, first passing into Siberia, one division passed eastward into Europe, where they were subsequently known as the Huns, and another division, travelling east, entered upon the American continent, and eventually settled in Mexico as the Aztecs and their associate tribes.

Returning now to our little strangers, the tale offered us respecting them is this. A few years ago a Spanish priest of central America told a certain tale about a walled city named Iximaya, into which no European had ever entered, or, having entered, never again returned. This city he stated to contain the living remnant of the lost Aztecs, who lived in total seclusion from all the rest of the world, and so greatly feared being discovered, that they kept their cocks in underground pits lest their crowing might be heard. Incited by this account, four travellers, in the year 1848, are said to have penetrated the mysterious city, where three of them died; the fourth, however, being fortunate enough not only to escape, but to bring away the two mysterious children. These latter are said to be members of a sacred race, looked up to as deities by the inhabitants—regarded as objects of adoration, and only allowed to marry amongst themselves—hence their physical degeneration, as evidenced by stunted forms. Plainly speaking, we do not believe in this tale, nor is it credited by the well informed generally. The most usually received impression, we believe, is, that they are the dwarfish offspring of one of those mixed races so common in Mexico. The tale of the Spanish priest was delivered, we have little doubt, as a broad joke. When next he tells it we advise the listener to reply by the witty refrain, or proverb, commonly applied in Spain on such occasions—"A otro perro con ese hueso," which means, being tranlated, "Take that bone to another dog."

Since the above was in type we have learnt that the children have been claimed by an agent of their parents (Indo-Mexicans), and legal steps taken to effect their removal.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

STAR PATTERN D'OYLEY.

MATERIALS.—Crochet Cotton, Nos. 10, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30. The Penelope hook, Nos. 3, 3½, 4.

With cotton No. 26, and hook No. 3. For centre star or *a* work 10 chain, make it round, and in the loop you have formed work 24 d.c.; 1 s.c. in 1st d.c.; ·· 5 chain, miss 2, 1 s.c. in 3rd, repeat from ·· 7 times more; in 1st 5 chain, · 2 long, 7 chain, 2 long in same 5 chain, 5 chain repeat from · in each 5 chain all round, fasten off.

Fasten cotton No. 24, and hook No 3½. ·· In 7 chain 4 long, 4 chain turn and on the 4 chain, miss 1, 1 d.c., 2 long; 4 long in same 7 chain; 2 chain, 1 s.c. in centre of 5 chain; 2 chain repeat ·· all round.

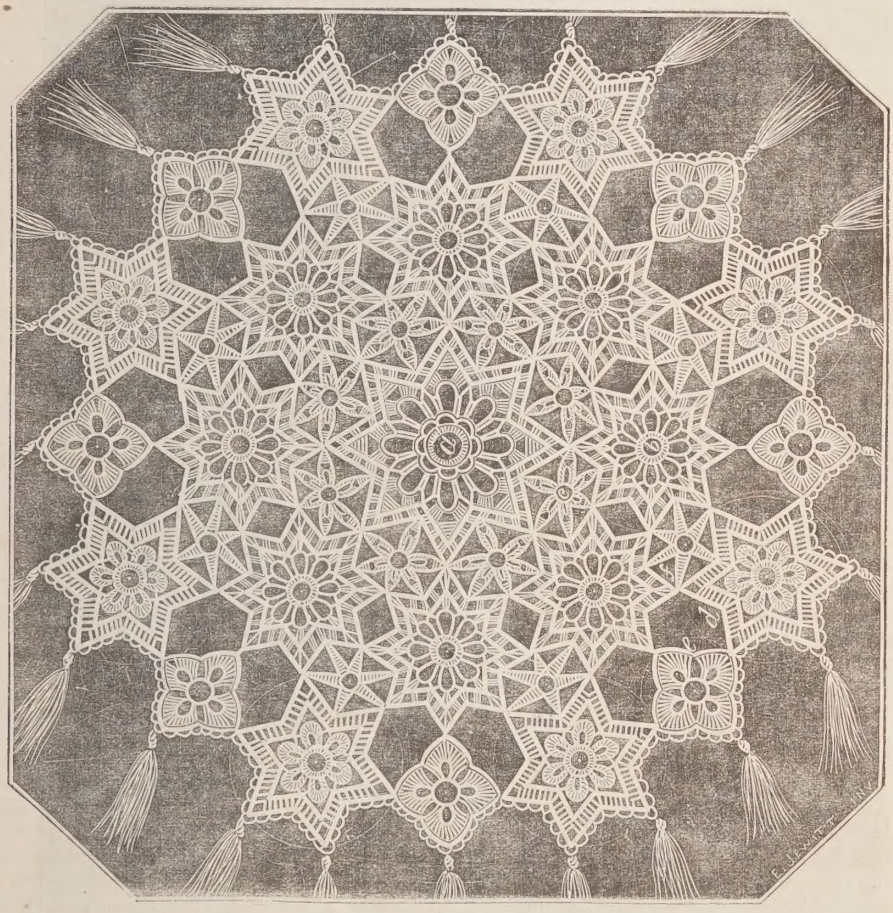
· 2 long, 1 chain, miss 1, 2 long, 1 chain, miss 1, 2 long, 7 chain, 1 long in same as last long, 1 long in next chain, 1 chain, miss 1, 2 long, 1 chain, miss 1, 2 long, miss 4. Repeat all round,· fasten off.

c. With cotton No. 30 and hook 4. 8 chain, 1 s.c. in 1st: then in round loop; · 1 d.c. 5 chain repeat · 5 times more. In 1st 5 chain ·· 1 d.c., 2 long, 3 chain, join to *a*, turn, and on 3 chain 1 d.c. 2 long: in same 5 chain, 2 long, 1 d.c. ·· repeat 5 times more, joining each petal as in the engraving, fasten off.

Make 7 more *c*s, joining between *a* and *b*s in the same manner.

d. With cotton No. 22, and hook 3½. 8 chain, make it round, and in loop work 12 d.c.; · 1 d.c. on 1st d.c., 5 chain, miss 1, repeat 5 times more, · then in each 5 chain; ·· 2 d.c., 4 long, 2 d.c.,·· fasten off.

With cotton No. 20 and hook 3½. ·1 s.c. in 2nd d.c., 6 chain turn, miss 1, 1 d.c.; 4 chain repeat · 5 times more; miss 1, ·· 5 long, 7 chain 1 long in same as last long; 4 long, miss 2, repeat ·· 5 times more, except in the last two points, where in 4th chain stitch of 7 chain join to point of *b*, fasten off. Make 7 more *d*s, joining as in the engraving.



b. With cotton No. 24, and hook 3½, 10 chain join round; work in round loop; 16 d.c.

3rd row: 1 long, 5 chain, 1 long, 3 chain repeat all round.

4th row: 3 long in the centre of 5 chain; 4 chain, 1 s.c. in the centre of 3 chain; 4 chain; repeat all round, fasten off.

With No. 22 cotton and the same hook. · 1 long in 2nd long of 3 long in last row; "3 chain," 1 long in same as last; 2 chain, miss 1, 2 long, 1 d.c. in last long; miss 3, 1 d.c., 2 long, 2 chain, repeat · 7 times more only in last point in "3 chain." Join to *a* in the following manner: 2 chain draw through the 4th stitch of 7 chain of *a*, then repeat the same as before, fasten off.

2nd *b*. Make the same as 1st *b* till the last row, where join in precisely the same way; the 1st point to centre *a* and two more points to 1st *b*; finish the row same as 1st *b* and fasten off.

Make 6 more *b*, joining in the same manner. You will see what points are joined in the engraving.

e. With cotton No. 20 and hook 3½. 10 chain make round; · 2 d.c. in loop; 7 chain repeat · 3 times more. ·· 5 long in 7 chain, 3 chain, 5 long repeat ·· 3 times more, joining, as seen in the engraving, to *b* and *d*, fasten off. Make 7 more *e*s, joining each between two *d*s.

f. With cotton No. 30 and hook 4. Make 7 chain, make into a loop, and in loop · 1 d.c., 4 chain join to *b*, turn, miss 1, 1 d.c., 2 long repeat · 5 times more; join in the same manner, and placed as in the engraving, fasten off. Make 7 more, joining them as you make them.

g. With cotton No. 28 and hook 4, · 1 d.c. on 1st d.c. of *e* 5 chain, miss 2,· repeat all round.

Make the tassels with No. 10 cotton over a card 2 inches wide; wind it round the card 10 times, tie it round about half an inch down, draw the cotton tight and bring the ends to the top again, fasten to the d'oyley, as in the engraving.

Make a sufficient number to go round.

BREAD CLOTH.

MATERIALS.—Brooks' Exhibition Crochet Cotton, Nos. 14, 16, 18, 20. Walker's Penelope Hook, No. 3.

a. With cotton No. 18 make 10 chain, 1 s.c. in 1st chain; then in round loop 3 d.c, ·· 9 chain, miss 3, 1 s.c. in 4th; then in round loop · 1 s.c. 7 chain,· repeat twice more; 1 chain to cross and in 1st 7 chain,·· ·1· 1 d.c., 9 long, 1 d.c., repeat ·1· in the other two 7 chains; 1 s.c. in the 1 chain that crosses the stem ·2· 5 chain; 3 d.c. in the centre round loop.

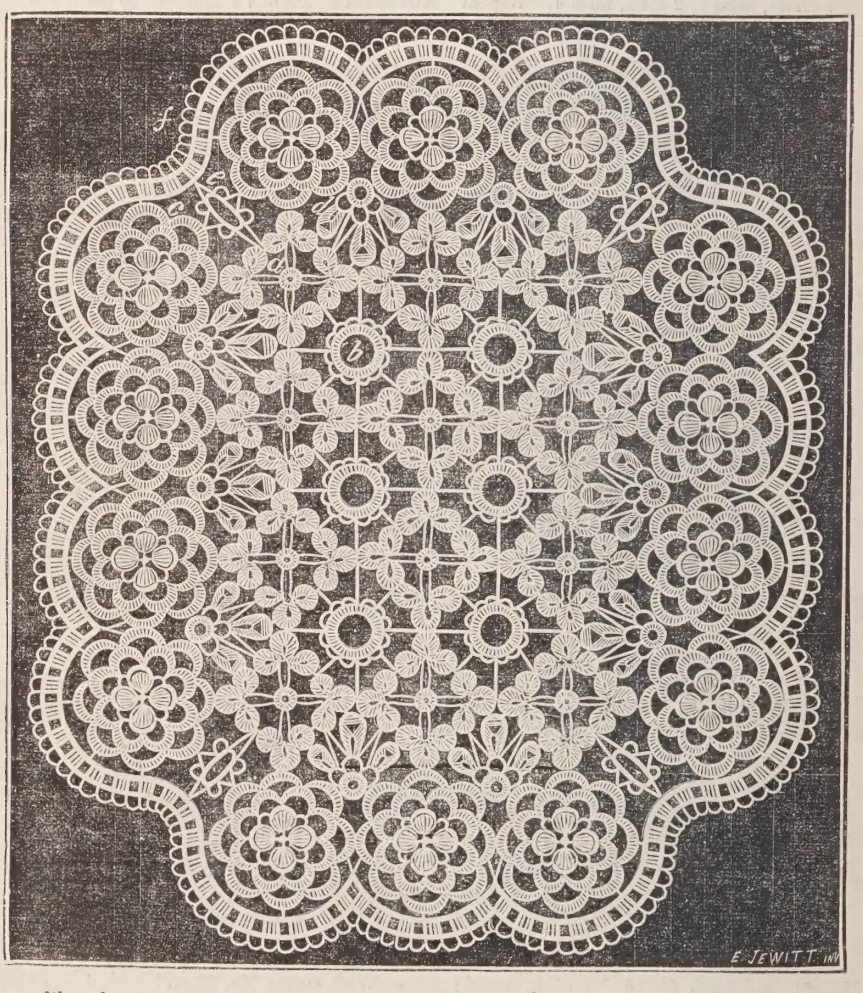
Repeat from ·· to ·· 1 d.c. 5 long, join to 5th long in 3rd section, 4 long, 1 d.c. in same 7 chain; in the next two 7 chains: 1 d.c., 9 long, 1 d.c., 1 s.c. in the chain that crosses the stem ·2· Repeat from ·2· to ·2· 5 chain, 3 d.c. in the centre round loop.

Repeat again from ·· to ·· 1 d.c., 5 long, join, 4 long, 1 d.c., in next 7 chain, 1 d.c., 9 long, 1 d.c., in next 7 chain, 1 d.c., 1 s.c. on the chain that crosses, 5 chain, 1 s.c. on 1st d.c. in centre, fasten off.

Make another *c*, joining to *a* and 1st *c*. Make 12 more; join as in the engraving.

d. With cotton No. 18. 7 chain make it round; 11 d.c. in round loop, join to 5th d.c. of 11 d.c. of *c*, · 7 chain, miss 1, 1 s.c., repeat · twice more; join to the other *c* to 5th d.c. of 11 d.c., fasten off. 1 s.c. in 4th chain of 1st 7 chain. ·· 5 chain 1 s.c. in same as last s.c., then in 5 chain, 1 d.c., 4 long, 2 chain, join to *a*, turn, 1 chain, 2 long on 2 chain, 4 long, 1 d.c. in same 5 chain ·· 1 s.c. in next 7 chain; 7 chain join to next division of *d* 7 chain; 1 s.c. in 4th chain stitch of 7 chain repeat from ·· to ·· 7 chain, join, 7 chain repeat from ·· to ·· again, fasten off. Make 9 more *d*s, joining in the same manner, and as placed in the engraving.

e. With cotton No. 18. 10 chain, make it round and work in loop 17 d.c.; 1 d.c. on 1st d.c., 5 chain, miss 1, 1 s.c. in next 4 chain join to *c*s 3 chain, miss 2, 1 s.c. in 3rd, 5 chain,



Make 11 more *a*s like the 1st, only joining, as in the engraving:—"thus, 1 d.c., 5 long, join, 4 long, 1 d.c."

b. With cotton No. 20. 15 chain, 1 s.c. in 1st stitch and in round loop. ·4 d.c., 10 chain, join where the two *a*s join, turn, 10 s.c. down the 10 chain; 4 d.c., 10 chain, join where the two 9 long of *a* are joined together; 10 s.c. down the 10 chain; repeat from · 3 times more: · 1 s.c., 5 chain, miss 2,· repeat all round; fasten off. Make 5 more, placing them as in the engraving.

c. With cotton No. 16. 10 chain, 1 s.c. in 1st, make it round · 1 d.c., 3 chain, 3 long, 3 chain repeat · 3 times more in round loop. ·· 1 d.c. on d.c., 7 chain, 1 d.c. on 2 long, 7 chain repeat all round ·· 9 d.c. in each 7 chain; fasten off.

1 s.c. in 5th d.c., 9 chain repeat all round. In 1st 9 chain 6 d.c., join to 5th long of *a* 5 d.c. in same 9 chain: · in next 9 chain 11 d.c., repeat · all round; fasten off.

miss 1, 1 s.c. in next, 6 chain join to *a* 5 chain, miss 1, 1 s.c in next, 5 chain, miss 1, 1 s.c., 4 chain, join to *c* 3 chain, miss 2, 1 s c., 5 chain, miss 1, 1 s.c., 7 chain 1 s.c. fasten off. Make 3 more, placing them as in the engraving.

f. With cotton No. 14—1 long between two *c*s; 1 *c* before the corner. Commence: 6 chain, · 1 d.c. in 6th d c. of 11 d.c. of *c* 9 chain repeat · 3 times more; 10 chain, 1 s.c. in 4th chain of 7 chain of *e* 10 chain, ·· 1 d.c. in the centre of 11 d.c., 9 chain repeat ·· 3 times more. Repeat all round the d'oyley, making the corners alike.

2nd row: · 3 long, 2 chain, miss 2,· this is the pattern all round, except at the corners. You miss 2 and make no chain, this is to be done by *e*, and by the 1 long between the two *c*s. You work as follows: make no chain, and miss 4, 2 each side of one long.

3rd row: 5 chain, miss 2, 1 s.c. repeat all round.

THE CHIROPOTAMUS.

THE CHIROPOTAMUS.

No place in the metropolis has more charms than the Gardens of the Zoological Society. Rosherville, Vauxhall, Cremorne, beside them hide their diminished heads. At any rate, in the one you are seldom disgusted as you are in the others. You are not bewildered by the fantastic costume of London gents; you are not surrounded by painted women and drunken men. Between you and nature comes no offensive cloud, but you can walk and examine and philosophise at your own sweet will. You add something to your stock of knowledge, and if you be a wise man, you carry away that which is better than knowledge itself, for

"Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things,
We murder to dissect."

The gardens are now peculiarly rich in curious pachydermatous animals. The young elephant and her portly mamma are alone worth a visit to them, although the former, under the fattening influence of cakes and bonbons, has now grown to such a size that the attributes of babyhood are fast giving place to those of the mature elephant. The elephant calf, or little elephant—now only by courtesy—is already a proficient in the ways of the elephant world, an adept in the arts of begging and cajoling, mistress of all the winning blandishments wherewith the elephant tribe are wont to solicit eleemosynary donations from their Christian friends.

Wandering along in quest of the other pachyderms, we next meet with the armour-encased rhinoceros—a beast which naturalists describe as unamiable, stupid, and sulky. We think naturalists are wrong in their description—at least the character does not apply to our friend the rhinoceros in the Zoological Gardens. The humanising influence of delicate food and polite society has evidently not been lost upon him. Instead of avoiding the visitor, he stalks towards him, pushes his large nose between the bars of his enclosure as far as he can, and solicits, in his own peculiar fashion, the donation of a morsel. He is not so adroit a beggar as our friends the elephants, but he does his best. At first he tries what the significant hint of throwing his mouth wide open will do, and this failing, he protrudes a sort of an apology for the elephant's snout. The latter, however, is but a sorry substitute; it may answer well enough for rooting up trees, but it is not able to accomplish those delicate *manipulations*—if the expression may be permitted—which are performed by the trunk of the elephant. We next pass on to the illustrious stranger who divided the attention of the *beau monde* some little time since with the Nepaulese ambassador. We mean the hippopotamus, of course. Since we had the honour of seeing him last, he, too, has grown amazingly—his body rather than his intellectual powers, we fear. He is very little humanised as yet, does not even understand the art of begging, which backwardness is a proof of the possession of very obtuse mental capacities, we take it; and judging from external appearances, it would seem that he considers his mission is to sleep. As the hippopotamus displays no winning ways for our amusement, we leave this pet of fashion and pass on to the enclosure wherein resides the chiropotamus, as he is termed, the pachyderm which we have especially come to see.

Meantime a few preliminary remarks may not be out of place on pachydermatous animals in general, and the chiropotamus in particular. The term pachyderm, or pachydermatous animal, then, means a thick-skinned animal—from παχυς thick, and δερμα, a skin, and includes the elephant, horse, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, the swine, and many others possessing a general similarity to these. It is true the thickness of skin in the so-called pachyderms is, in the greater number of genera, an important characteristic. Not an invariable characteristic, however, seeing that a horse's skin is not thick; but as regards the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and pig, the propriety of the term will not be questioned. The pachydermatous class admits of division into animals with *proboscides*, or prehensile snouts, and animals without. The former contains the elephant amongst living genera, and the mastodon amongst dead ones. As regards the pachyderms without prehensile snouts, they are subdivided into families, according to the number, or rather the apparent number, of their toes.

Now, although it be quite true that the elephant alone, of all living pachyderms, has a prehensile trunk, properly so called, yet a sort of attempt at this conformation exists in many others:—thus, for example, our friend the rhinoceros has a sort of prolongation of the upper lip, moveable like a thumb, and very useful for the general purposes of tearing up roots, moving earth in search of food, and other similar purposes. The pig, too, has a snout of great strength and mobility, as the farmer often knows to his cost. A few hungry porkers turned loose in a meadow soon plough the turf through and through, in their search for roots and worms.

We now arrive at the residence of the chiropotamus, or river pig, which name he acquires from χοῖρος, a swine, and ποταμός, a river, and a very appropriate name it is, seeing that he is so exactly pig-like in form and face. What the animal is in appearnce, the engraving alone will show. What he is, so far as is known, we will endeavour to tell. The interesting animal has been in this country about six months, and is a great curiosity, for none of his brethren have ever had the felicity of treading on British ground before. It is said the slave becomes free immediately he touches our shores. Alas! the river hog, or chiropotamus, found our boast a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. In slavery he has been ever since he was torn from Africa and the Cameron river, on the banks of which he was born, and where it may be supposed he reasonably anticipated to spend in quiet the little span of time we call life. Alas! fate had another destiny in store for him. He was to be caught—borne far away over oceans to a strange land, to be gazed at by strange eyes, to be spoken of by strange tongues. A hog of any ambition might find in this some consolation—I question whether our friend does. It matters little to him that artists engrave him; that newspaper paragraphs trumpet his praise; that the British public runs after him as it did after Father Gavazzi or Mrs. Stowe.

The chiropotamus is a denizen of the Guinea Coast of Western Africa, where he spends his time in the rivers and on the river banks of that sultry, swampy region. The specimen now in the Zoological Gardens is about the size of an ordinary pig. The most distinctive character of the animal, to the eye of a general observer, is its colour, a bright maroon, verging on yellow. It may be here well to remark, that the term chiropotamus has only recently been applied to an existing animal; it was long employed to designate certain fossil remains of a pachyderm of the swine tribe, the bones of which are frequently met with in the neighbourhood of Paris, and the Isle of Wight.

It is strange the public has not heard of the chiropotamus before, when we consider the industry and enterprise with which the world has been searched. It is, we are informed, also found in some of the other rivers of Western Africa, and although it has hitherto escaped the grasp of scientific naturalists, has long been known to the merchant explorers of those mysterious streams. Its nearest analogy is the Bosch Vaik of the Cape, an animal so scarce that we missed it from Gordon Cummings's African museum. So remarkable a character is it, that it is almost incredible that it should for so long a time have escaped the numerous correspondents of the Zoological Society, whose labours have been so unwearied and have generally been crowned with such success. Now it has come, the least the public can do is to welcome it. It will never attain to the popularity of the hippopotamus, for it cannot vie with that deservedly public favourite in size; but it is equally rare, equally strange to untravelled eyes; and as novelty is an attraction, for some time to come we imagine that the river hog will be attractive indeed.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER VI.—PART IV.

Spring came on, and with it the time for the completion of the picture. John, in his solitude, as he touched the termination of his labour, was seized with a sudden faintness—the world seemed to reel before him. Leonard one morning found him lying upon the floor, in what he at first supposed a fit. It was but a swoon, the forerunner, however, of a fierce and all but fatal fever. With that womanly tenderness—such a peculiar attribute of Leonard's—he raised his friend and bore him to his bed, bathing his fevered brow; and when a melancholy consciousness dawned in John's vague eyes, Leonard quitted him for a few moments, and bringing a hackney coach conveyed him immediately to that benevolent institution, the Sanatorium. Leonard, prompt in action for another, though strangely careless of himself, had planned with rapid thought all that might be done for his friend. With his last guinea he paid the entrance fee, and only left him when laid to moan in miserable, delirious sleep, within a shaded and calm chamber of the Sanatorium. He hastened with his sad news to Lucretia, knowing her to be a ministering angel in all times of pain and sadness as well as in times of joy. Leonard's and Lucretia's tending of the sick man, their self-sacrificing exertions for his continuance in this peaceful house of the sick, were one of those poems not unfrequently inscribed by the recording angel,—thanks be to the divine germ implanted in humanity, some blessed day to bloom forth into a celestial blossom of unsurpassable beauty.

But ere long Lucretia's active exertions on poor John's behalf must cease, for little Cuthbert, their idol, was stricken with a great evil. In some mad frolic with the boys in the playground, the little fellow met with a fall, which, unregarded at first by him, through a generous desire to shield his companions from blame, showed at length stealthy signs of a fatal disease. The first terrible discovery of this great sorrow was one of those moments in life which the heart shrinks from describing. Lucretia's sympathies, however, were only the more keenly called forth for John, though little of her time could be given to him. Leonard was daily at the Sanatorium, and listening to the ravings of John's delirium, more profoundly entered into the sanctuary of his friend's soul—the flame of love casting fitful illumination upon the ark and cherubim within. Again were Leonard's nights spent in designs for the publisher as of old,—for the desire to maintain his friend in his haven of peace lent a long forgotten spur to his sluggishness; and each day he painted upon the beautiful picture of his friend, whilst his own commission for Lord de Callis lay neglected in a corner of his room.

"His work is noble," said Leonard to himself, "it is wrought in his bloody sweat; such work must accomplish its mission in the world. Honoria must see it as Wetherley's emblem among the crowd of insipidities which will furnish the walls of our exhibition." It was a relief to Leonard to escape from his own thoughts, and for a time to absorb himself in the life of his friend.

Upon such an hour of labour Honoria herself intruded, as we have seen in a former chapter. Her emotion was profound, and its flood of intense feeling carried along with it a certain indignation, which for months had smouldered in her breast against Leonard,—she having equally with Agnes divined Leonard's secret, and having despised him for what she imagined deceit and baseness; besides which his sloth and weakness irritated and bitterly disappointed her, and her anxiety for Agnes had augmented in proportion. A certain coldness even had arisen between her and Agnes upon this subject, Agnes warmly defending her beloved at Honoria's first word. But Honoria's heart was touched by Leonard's devotion to his friend,—an account of which the benevolent physician of the Sanatorium had given her, when through him she first learnt of John's danger,—and now the artist's beautiful act of love had the effect of still further increasing her kindly feeling towards him.

"Mr. Hale, I honour, I respect your devotion to your—to *our* friend; God bless you for it. I have been angry with you these months past, Mr. Hale; you know this, and the reason I have been pained on Agnes' account,—but *she* knows you better than I do,—she must be right. I see how impossible it would be for such a noble soul to love one that was less noble than her own,—pardon me!" stretching forth her hand; "permit me to aid you in your acts of love. But let our friend never know that my hand is in the work, at least, not yet—not yet. This sad wonderful picture is mine. I will send you a draft upon my banker,—he must want for nothing. Oh, Mr. Hale, should, should he even now die, it will be better to die *thus*," looking, with streaming eyes and an exultant joy in her face, towards the picture—a joy strangely akin to that in the martyr's face, "than to have vegetated in a turnip field—than to have remained a clod of the earth, though his portion had been content and peace. But he will *not* die; life shows itself strong through this very struggle; it is the new birth within him. The higher life is arising—is arisen within his soul—he has passed into a higher class of the great School of Life." And with beaming eyes Honoria gazed upon the picture, and gathering her veil about her face, passed out.

The draft upon the banker was for a munificent sum, and a few words accompanying it to Leonard, desired him to induce his friend upon his recovery to go abroad to Italy and to Spain. "This *must* be done," ran the note; "this money will suffice,—all that devoted friendship will accomplish must be accomplished by us."

Honoria's were words of prophecy when she said he will not die. Gradually having passed through the crisis of the fever, and through its attendant state of exhaustion, John returned to a consciousness of life and the world.

He was, therefore, leaning back upon the pillow, and was gazing around him with listless eyes, listening to the chirp of sparrows upon his window-sill, and counting the folds of the white drapery of his bed, when Dr. S—— entered. Having talked cheerfully to his patient and listened with a quiet smile to his inquiry of who it was who had sent him a lovely bouquet of wild flowers, midsummer flowers from some rich hay-field, and which stood now upon the window-sill,—Dr. S—— remarked—

"Probably, my dear sir, some admirer of your picture in the Academy; you've created quite an excitement in certain circles—you, there now lying so feeble in your bed."

"My picture in the Academy!" gasped out poor John with a strange excitement. "Oh no, no, it cannot be—surely not; it was so far from finished;—you laugh at me, sir?" And the sick man trembled and grasped with nervous excitement at the quilt. "It ought not to be—"

"My dear Mr. Wetherley, be calm. I regret I have mentioned this, if it agitates you so much; but will you believe the voice of the *Athenæum*—of the *Literary Gazette*—of all the papers in fact? Here, for example, is one notice of Mr. Wetherley's picture in the *Athenæum:* 'this picture, full of an earnestness rare in art of the present day,' 'an inspiration,' 'a marvellous finish and delicacy of touch;' will you believe now, sceptic that you are? and your picture has been purchased at a marvellous price."

"Oh, sir, you bewilder me! you bewilder me!" said John in a low voice, and closed his eyes and sank his head back upon the pillow.

"He speaks only the truth, and scarcely all the truth, about the success of your picture, Wetherley," said another voice; it was Leonard's, who had quietly entered. "Your picture was noble and grand in intention. It required but a little mechanical finish, which I felt it an honour to be able to give to it; it can do no man discredit; let us congratulate you upon its success, and upon your restoration to art and to us."

The sick man stretched forth his arms, and in the weakness

of a great illness, and of a great joy mingling with a great grief, pressed his throbbing temples upon Leonard's breast and shed quiet tears. Time had been when a keen jealousy would have gnawed and envenomed his heart at the bare thought of owing aught to Leonard's skill; but John had been in the presence of death, and life and the aims of life lay before his soul, shone upon by a power more celestial by it. The reader will imagine how John recovered, surrounded as he was by such an atmosphere of love, and how, though at a distance, Honoria vivified him with her warm rays, the sun of his system. He set forth upon his travels, and Leonard became once more the attendant of the sick. Little Cuthbert lay now extended upon the couch of the Gaywood's sitting-room, a confirmed invalid; his body daily wasted away, whilst his intellect developed with marked rapidity. His was the mind of a philosopher and poet, bursting the husk of a child's frame. Leonard and the child clung with an indescribable tenderness to each other; and thus, accompanying the child in his excursions into the beautiful country about Highgate, where he was drawn in a little invalid's carriage, and planning beautiful surprises for the child, in reading and conversing with him, in sketching for him, in playing soft and lovely music upon the piano, to soothe the gnawing pain which at times assailed the little tortured frame,—Leonard passed the days and weeks and months of Agnes' absence. Where were his thoughts of love for her? the work to be accomplished during her absence? They did not exist. Strange are those problems of character where all duties, except the sternest and most immediate ones, are fulfilled with ineffable grace, where the life would be a one perfect hymn of beauty and praise were but *primary* instead of *secondary* duty served and sacrificed to. Leonard unconsciously followed in the footsteps of his father,—the curse was handed down through his devoted being. At the great Judgment Day will the pleading voice of imperfect organisation, mental as well as physical, raise its lament, and turn aside the sword of the Angel of Judgment? Our Father in Heaven judgeth not as man judgeth; and let us take courage in the thought of His mighty compassion when this cry shall reach His throne.

And thus time rolling on brought near the return of Agnes.

However cold in the eyes of Leonard the letters of Agnes might appear, the love within her soul only burnt the brighter the longer he remained away,—the longer she restrained the expression of her love. It impelled her in the eager search after materials for her literary work, which should win her renown, not alone for her own sake and her work's sake, but as an assurance to Leonard, that she was an object worthy of love, and lived out that which she commanded him to live out also. Stern with him she was, yet sterner with herself. Her every thought and action were purified through the knowledge that she had to *live* as well as to write in an exalted manner; she *would* arouse him, her beloved, out of his lethargy; she would be proud of him before her own soul and before the whole world. Never had she failed in an object, and in him she would not fail; love her he must, and with a mighty love, and their lives should be worthy of the doctrines they would teach. And her woman's tenderness shot forth with rapid growth. She planned ways in which to surprise Leonard with tokens of her love, and a scheme, which gradually ripened within her, was to bring back with her to England the reconciliation of his Uncle Stamboyse,—the acknowledgment from the stern old man that Leonard had done right in the independent choice of a career. All that Agnes had heard of the old merchant had seized upon her imagination, and she felt herself in many points akin to him. "I understand his character better than Leonard does," she said to herself; "he was right, right to a certain degree; truth is many-sided; his vision is narrow,—he saw but *one* side of the truth—but it *was* truth and not falsehood that he recognised in the life of Leonard's father. He must acknowledge through Leonard—through *us*—that principle and ideality may be united." Agnes pondered and pondered upon her scheme of reconciliation with the old merchant, and without mentioning her intention to Leonard, determined to remain a day or two at Hamburg on her return from Sweden, and have an interview with him.

The commencement of May found Agnes arrived at Hamburg with her precious MSS., the result of her eager labour—her most precious treasures packed within her trunk. A miser could not have watched with more anxiety the conveyance of his money-bags than did Agnes watch the conveyance from steamer to hotel of these beloved papers. These papers once safely locked within her chamber of the —— Hotel on the Alter Jungfernsteig, Agnes breathed freely, and began to consider how she should commence her quest.

The name of Stamboyse was one of much note even in that city of great merchants. The English landlord of the hotel was loud in sounding the praises of his wealth; but when Agnes expressed a desire to see him, inquiring where she should probably find him, a very peculiar expression crossed the landlord's face, and a dry smile. "Oh, the young lady would be sure to find Mr. Stamboyse at his offices; he lived there, transacted business there, slept there, never went out from there to public gardens, theatre or church. Yes, yes, there was no doubt he would be *found* there, but whether he would see *her*, that was another question! There were strange rumours abroad about him. It was supposed he had had some great family affliction; but, sure enough, he was an eccentric man—some people called him a bear, others, a misanthrope—but such a thing as a lady, and a *young lady* to call upon merchant Stamboyse! That was a novelty!" And the stout landlord laughed, and rubbed his dimpled hands, and pushed towards Agnes the *carte* of the table d'hôte, and requested, still smiling, to know at what hour she would dine, and whether she would dine in her own room or at the public table.

Agnes, undaunted by this description, set forth in the direction of the old merchant's abode. The tall warehouses, the cranes busily at work hauling up bales of goods, the busy traffic, the self-absorbed and prosaic character of countenance of the crowds in the narrow streets, all filled Agnes with an uneasy feeling; she, the woman, the scorner of all but moral and intellectual wealth, felt out of harmony with the world around her. She recognized how impossible it would be for Leonard and his uncle ever to be aught but antagonistic, and how she herself has, by subtle degrees, felt her kinship of soul with Leonard to increase, with Stamboyse to decrease. "Yet, truth is truth in all circumstances; principle, principle; Stamboyse, Leonard, you *both* are right, yet, both are wrong. I am clairvoyante of both spheres. I must be the mediator. True, thou art weak if thou dost not now drive forth these childish fears."

To various clerks, going in and out of the dusky offices, did Agnes address herself, both in English and German, but they either were too busy to listen to her inquiry after the merchant, or shook their heads dubiously. "He never saw any one during business hours, except upon business. The lady could not possibly see Mr. Stamboyse till evening: it was impossible," testily replied a little man with a large flabby face, a pen stuck behind his ear, and a huge ledger underneath his arm. "It *was* upon business she desired to speak with Mr. Stamboyse," urged Agnes; "but would he give the few lines written upon her card to Mr. Stamboyse, she would call again to learn his answer, and at what hour she might have an interview. Of course," she pursued in a mollifying tone, "she would on no account trespass upon Mr. Stamboyse's time unnecessarily." "I know he will see no lady—never does," returned the man, rubbing his nose with the card; "and so you had better not give yourself the trouble of calling again."

"I will thank you to give the card to Mr. Stamboyse," very calmly observed Agnes turning away, "and I *shall* call again." And so Agnes did in the course of a couple of hours, when she found the clerks yet more uncourteous, and the flabby-faced man so highly indignant, that she felt firmly persuaded the card had never been delivered. Agnes' determination only rose, however, with the opposition she encountered. Leaving the office she walked slowly along a narrow street, or rather lane, the one side of which for many yards was made by the

blank walls of the great Stamboyse warehouses; on she sauntered, pondering upon some stratagem by means of which to beard the lion Stamboyse in his den, and raising her eyes they fell upon a name, painted in white letters, upon the entrance to a passage—"Stamboyse, *Zweiter Stock Linke Hand.*" There is the nocturnal den!" ejaculated she; "now will I of a certainty achieve my object. At what hour does the *Herr Kaufman* Stamboyse sup?" asked Agnes carelessly of a woman who was just entering the passage with one of the quaintly-shaped Hamburg marketing baskets upon her arm. "Sup? *Fraülein, Kaufman* Stamboyse?" returned the woman, suddenly stopping and eyeing Agnes from head to foot, "seven o'clock certainly. *Köchin*—Seven o'clock your master sups, does he not?—There's a lady inquiring. I suppose your master is going to have visitors."

"Visitors—my master—a lady—a lady indeed—sup do you say? That's no business of yours, or of hers," screamed and scolded a remarkably harsh voice from a higher landing, and there was a sound as if a broom were most unceremoniously flung down the stairs, and a loud sound of scouring intermingled with angry ejaculations followed.

Agnes, however, had obtained the information she required, and sauntered on: she wandered through the town, now noticing the busy traffic and the many vessels lying at anchor, and the barges bearing along the many canals the merchandise from these vessels to the warehouses of the great Hamburg merchants; now amusing herself with the gay costumes of the women of the humbler class; now pondering and pondering upon her scheme, and Leonard's, and her own intermingling fates.

Half-past six found Agnes with her hand upon the bell-handle hanging beside the door of Merchant Stamboyse. The sound of the bell resounded through the ghastly passages and up the ghastly public staircase, but no one answered to its summons. Again and yet again she rang. Growing impatient, she rang a fourth time, giving a peal fit to have awakened the seven sleepers. Slowly a little sliding shutter in the door slid back, and a sour-faced old servant-woman, wrinkled like one of Denner's portraits, showed herself.

"And who is then there?" growled an old voice, in German, as ill-humoured as the face. "Oh, I see, the *Frauenzimmer*—the lady, I take it, who wanted to know when the Merchant Stamboyse ate his evening's bread. I'll have none of your impertinent inquiries!" And before Agnes could reply, the shutter was pushed violently back. Agnes, smiling at this extraordinary reception, and wondering whatever sort of a monster must be the master of this house, guarded by such a Cerberus, heard heavy footsteps ascending the stairs with slow and solemn tread. "Stamboyse!" said her heart, and involuntarily her lips felt parched and a great weakness came over her frame. A tall and powerful old man, whose grizzled locks hung in thick masses upon the collar of his coat—that blue coat of the peculiar cut so familiar to her in Leonard's descriptions of his uncle—stood before her. Out of his waistcoat pocket he took a key, and whilst he placed it in the lock Agnes read his strong countenance with a rapid glance. He had not observed her, as she stood somewhat back from the door; he might have thought her merely passing towards some other dwelling in the house.

"Mr. Stamboyse," suddenly spoke Agnes, stepping forward, and her words coming forth without reflection, for a great nervousness was upon her soul. He turned suddenly round—the light in his cold, grey eyes flashed upon her a stern lightning.

"Madam?—I have the honour——?"

"Mr. Stamboyse, I am very anxious to have an interview with you; it is upon business. I have found it next to impossible to gain admittance to you—I am here in Hamburg on purpose; when may I have a few moments'—half an hour's conversation with you?" And Agnes felt that the blood, spite of herself, rushed up to the very roots of her hair.

"Business?" slowly repeated Stamboyse, and his keen eyes perused her face—"business?—you, a *young lady*, with business to the Merchant Stamboyse?" Agnes imagined a shadow of satire upon his face and in his words: it stung her.

"Yes, business, sir. A woman, as *I* take it, may have business, sir, as well as a man; *important* business!" proudly, and with a certain anger in her manner, replied Agnes.

"You are, perhaps, too much of an English *young lady*," pursued the old merchant, "to call here at so early an hour as seven to-morrow morning. If not too early for a young lady, before I go to *my* very important business I can then attend to *your very* important business. Madam, good evening."

The old merchant had entered his door, leaving Agnes standing alone upon the landing. Was she indignant, amused, wounded? She did not know; but this she knew, that all shadow of sympathy seemed impossible between her and Leonard's uncle. "Yes, yes, how could Leonard have endured the slavery of such a master? Her very mission seemed to lose its object; what had she come for? for what did she now desire an interview? She felt as though the whole attempt were an absurd piece of stupidity. She seemed to have lost her anchorage. Who has not known such a miserable, perplexing, mortifying mood of mind? A quiet night's rest, however, had wonderfully calmed her, and at half-past five o'clock the next morning, her interview with Leonard's uncle assumed a more hopeful aspect.

When ready-dressed by six, she flung open her chamber-window, and with a joyous hope within her heart, leant out and watched the bright rays of the newly risen sun gilding the Lombard's Brüke, the masts of the various craft lying in the basin, and the groups of early holiday people passing along the broad public walks of the Alter and Neuer Jungfernsteig, for this was Ascension Day. The bells of the churches were already pleasantly sounding in the clear air, and an unusual peacefulness seemed with the early morning to arch over the busy sea-port town.

Agnes was ushered into the presence of the merchant by the cross old woman, cowed, however, it seemed to Agnes, at some command issued by her stern master, relative to this visit. She entered his presence precisely as the neighbouring church-tower tolled seven. Stamboyse was reading the "Algemeine Zeitung," as he sipped his coffee, wrapt in his morning-gown. The face had become harder than when she last saw him, and more than ten years seemed to have laid their stamp upon him.

"You are come, madam," said he, laying down the paper, rising, offering her a chair at the breakfast table, and perusing her countenance with a peculiar mixture of dry humour and contempt. "Bring in another cup of coffee, Martha," he pursued, addressing the old woman who lingered in the doorway, scowling and sticking out her under lip till she looked more like some corbel in a church than living, to Agnes. "I did not expect so early a lady visitor—you see—Madam, your important business—*if you will favour me!*"

Agnes sate for a few moments with a strange feeling of petrifaction creeping over her; those cold searching eyes of the old man, all the time of her silence, reading her perplexed and distressed countenance. "Now I am here," she continued suddenly, and raised her eyes, fixing them boldly upon his, "my business becomes difficult."

"Humph," remarked Stamboyse.

"Difficult, because I feel how completely you and I are guided, or rather influenced by such opposite views in life."

"What does all this lead to, madam?" growled the merchant, impatiently, taking up his paper.

"It leads, Mr. Stamboyse, to the very *heart* of my business."

"*Heart!*" growled the merchant, "of course, a young lady *can* only have *business of the heart.*" And he continued to glance over his paper.

"Mr. Stamboyse," cried Agnes, starting with impatience from her chair, and stamping her foot with irrestrainable irritation upon the floor, "for once listen to a woman as though she were a human being. Drop, for heaven's sake, the word *young lady*. I am a human being, who demand a fair and candid hearing from another human being."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

This distinguished philosopher was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, on Christmas-day (old style), 1642, precisely a year after the death of Galileo. When he was three years old, his mother married the Rev. Barnabas Smith, rector of North Witham, about a mile from Woolsthorpe, and the child was placed under the care of his maternal grandmother. After receiving some slight education at two day-schools in Skillington and Stoke, in his twelfth year he was sent to the Free School at Grantham, boarding in the house of Mr. Clark, a respectable apothecary in the town. At this time he certainly had not the reputation of a clever boy. His position in the school did not even place him in the rank of mediocrity. He was not stimulated by the advancement of others, until an occurrence, rendered singular from its effects, aroused him from his inactivity. One day a boy, who was above him, having given him a kick upon his stomach, from which he suffered excruciating pain, Newton, in revenge, applied himself so sedulously to study, that he not only passed his assailant, but became head boy of the school. The habit of application, which he had now acquired, withdrew him from ordinary boyish pleasures; instead, therefore, of spending his hours in play, he was employed in fabricating either something he had seen, or something of his own invention. Some of his productions were a windmill, a water-clock, and a carriage moved by the person who occupied it. The water-clock was manufactured out of a box given to Newton by Mrs. Clark's brother. It stood about four feet high, and had the appearance of a common house-clock. The index of the dial-plate was turned by a piece of wood which rose or fell by the action of dropping water. The Clark family used the clock long after the inventor had left Grantham. The active mind of Newton pursued other studies even at this time. The walls of his room were covered with charcoal drawings of birds, beasts, men, ships, and mathematical figures, all of which were well designed. Some of the portraits were taken from life, as those of Dr. Dorme, Mr. Stokes, the master of Grantham School, and King Charles I. He also appears to have indulged in poetry.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

While drawing and poetising, the principal subject of his mind was not neglected. To the movements of the heavenly bodies he was not negligent; for aware of the imperfections of the water-clock, the hole of which being

small was likely to be stopped by impurities in the water, he thought he could make a more accurate measure of time by noticing the motion of the sun. Accordingly he traced the varying movements of this luminary on the walls and roofs of the buildings with the aid of pins, and succeeded in obtaining accurate sub-divisions of the hours and half-hours. One dial went by the name of "Isaac's dial," and was consulted by the inhabitants of the place as a public clock. When he had reached his fifteenth year, his mother imagined he might be useful in managing the farm and country business at Woolsthorpe, and from a motive of economy withdrew him from school; but she soon discovered his utter incapacity for such an occupation. She therefore decided on sending him back to Grantham school, in order to prepare for his collegiate studies at Cambridge, his uncle having discovered him in a hay-loft, or, as M. Biot says, under a hedge, working a mathematical problem. On the 5th of June, 1660, in the eighteenth year of his age, Newton was admitted into Trinity College, Cambridge, which may be considered the true birth-place of his genius. He was urged to the study of mathematics by an overpowering desire to search into the truth of judicial astrology, and he proved its folly by mathematical means. Without any preliminary study he mastered Descartes' geometry, but having omitted to go through a course of previous study, so essential as a ground-work, he expressed regret to Dr. Pemberton, that "he applied himself to the works of Descartes and other algebraic writers, before he had considered the elements of Euclid with that attention so excellent a writer deserved." Whatever opinion may be formed of his attainment at this moment, it cannot be denied that his knowledge of Dr. Wallis's "Arithmetic of Infinites," Saunderson's "Logic," and the "Optics" of Kepler, was deep and extensive; and having adopted the plan of making comments during their perusal, a proceeding of unspeakable importance to the real student of any subject, we are not surprised to learn that he outstripped the tutor who directed his studies. Very little is known of the first three years he spent at Cambridge, but in 1664, as appears from a statement of his expenses, he purchased a prism to test Descartes' theory of colours, which he found exceedingly defective. The true theory of colours at this time was but imperfectly understood, even by those who stood high in the scientific world. It may be fairly presumed that Newton had not distinguished himself by any very great discovery, or at least communicated it, as early as 1664 or 1665; inasmuch as we find him contesting the law fellowship with Mr. Robert Noedale; and their attainments being equal, Dr. Barrow conferred the fellowship on Newton's rival, in consequence of seniority. In 1665, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

His first grand discovery took place about this period, and was made public in 1666. It related to the different refrangibility of the rays of light. The prism before alluded to does not appear to have fully answered its purpose, or at all events it did not satisfy his ever eager mind. But, in 1666, he procured a triangular glass prism, to study therewith the celebated phenomena of colours. Whatever preparation for experiment had been made by others, and whatever revelations had been made by improved artificial appliances, it is certain that ideas of no ordinary importance were maturing in the mind of Newton. He began his experiments with the triangular glass prism, by darkening his chamber, and perforating one of his window-shutters, so that a convenient quantity of the sun's light, which passed through the prism, was so refracted as to exhibit all the different colours on the wall, forming an image five times as long as it was broad. The prism made the colours stand forth thus:—Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. Upon this he was much excited to ascertain whence it proceeded, and made many experiments for the purpose, from which he at length drew the grand conclusion, that light was not homogeneous, but consisted of rays, some of which were more refrangible than others. When this discovery was applied to the lens of a refracting telescope, it produced a distinctness of one colour, while all the others were indistinct, which caused Newton to abandon all hope of improvement in that direction and he took into consideration the principle of reflexion. When he had arrived thus far, the plague forced him to leave Cambridge and return to Woolsthorpe; but in 1668 he resumed the inquiry, having thought that highly polished metal might assist in the experiment. He constructed an instrument with the eye-glass at the side of the tube, reflecting the rays upon it by an oval plane speculum. This telescope was six inches in length, and was, as Newton himself observed, an epitome of what might be done. He had seen through it Jupiter, distinctly, with his four satellites, and also the horns of Venus, and it bears a peculiar interest as being the first reflecting one directed to the heavens. Newton contrived another, exceeding in the former utility, which was shown to the king, and is now preserved in the library of the Royal Society of London, with this inscription:—

INVENTED BY SIR ISAAC NEWTON, AND MADE WITH HIS OWN HANDS, 1671.

In 1669, on the resignation of Dr. Barrow, he was appointed Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, and delivered lectures on optics in the University of Cambridge in the years 1669, 1670, and 1671, containing his principal discoveries relative to light. On the 11th of January, 1671, he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, to which body he was unknown except from his telescope. He submitted himself to be "considered and examined," in a letter to Oldenburg of the 6th February, and the "solemn thanks" of the society were accorded, and the communication itself published in the transactions. That he might place himself beyond the possibility of doubt as to the refrangibility of the colours of light, he recomposed white light out of the seven colours already mentioned. The astronomical discoveries of Newton even surpassed those contained in his "Opticks, or a Treatise on the Reflexions, Refractions, Inflexions, and Colours of Light," since they are, for the most part, the acknowledged foundation of all that is valuable in that most interesting and important science.

In 1678 the Royal Society requested his opinion on a system of physical astronomy. In answer to this, he wrote to Dr. Hooke, the successor of Oldenburg, proposing an experiment for verifying the motion of the earth, by observing whether or not bodies that fall from a considerable height descend in a vertical direction, assuming that if the earth were at rest the body would describe a vertical line, but if it revolved round its axis the body must in its fall incline towards the east. Dr. Hooke, at the instance of the society, tried an experiment in order to prove its accuracy, which, failing to establish Newton's theory, evolved another, viz., that the body would fall in a south-east direction from the point when the body began to move. The truth of this Newton admitted, and the result was a demonstration that a planet, acted upon by an attractive force varying inversely as the squares of the distances, will describe an elliptical orbit in one of whose foci the attractive force resides. This disclosed the true cause of all celestial motion; but, as yet, Newton had not completely comprehended it in its vast extent. An accident revealed this most important doctrine to a mind prepared to act upon any feasible suggestion. In June, 1682, when attending a meeting of the Royal Society, the subject for discussion was the measurement of a degree of the meridian, by M. Picard, in 1679. With fresh light upon the question which had formerly occupied his attention, he returned once more to the investigation of so pleasing an inquiry. Having been able to find the diameter of the earth with the new data thus furnished, as he proceeded, he foresaw what would ensue; and the nervous irritability so produced prevented his completing the calculation himself. It was, however, wrought out through the medium of a friend,—the discovery being, that the force of gravity which regulated the fall of bodies at the earth's surface, when diminished as the square of the moon's distance from the earth, was found to be almost exactly equal to the centrifugal force of the moon as deduced from her observed distance and velocity.

The Royal Society were very desirous that this work should be entered on the register, and solicited Newton to agree to it, on which he expressed his willingness "to enter on the register his notions about motion, and his intentions to fit them suddenly for the press." He gave the MSS. to the society, and they published the "Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy," edited by Dr. Halley. When the work was presented—Sir John Hoskins, vice-president, in the chair—a member remarked that Mr. Newton had carried the thing so far that there was nothing more to be added; to which the vice-president replied, that the method was so much more to be prized, as it was both invented and perfected at the same time.

The Principia consists of three books; the first and second "On the Motion of Bodies," and the third "On the System of the World." The great discovery of the work is, that every particle of matter is attracted by, or gravitates to, every other particle of matter with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distance. From this he was able to calculate not only the weight of the same body at the surface of the sun and the planets, but even to calculate the quantity of matter in the sun and in all the planets that had satellites, and to determine the density, or specific gravity, of the matter of which they were composed. And, on the principles of gravitation, he explained the theory of the tides. Proceeding onwards in abstruse mathematical inquiry, he established the Binomial Theorem—a well-known and most useful algebraical formula. He had invented his system of fluxions prior to 1666, and in 1669 communicated it to Dr. Barrow, who wrote to Mr. Collins stating the fact. The work was eventually sent to Collins, and returned to Dr. Barrow when he had taken a copy, which was published after a careful collation with the original, with Newton's consent, fifty years after it was written. He is also the author of "Universal Arithmetic," and many treatises on the highest branches of mathematics.

On the first of January 1697, Bernouilli addressed a letter to the most distinguished mathematicians in Europe, challenging them to solve the two subjoined problems:—

1—To determine the curve line connecting two given points which are at different distances from the horizon, and not in the same vertical line, along which a body passing by its own gravity, and beginning to move at the upper point, shall descend to the lower point in the shortest time possible.

2—To find a curve line of this property, that the two segments of a right line from a given point through the curve, being raised to any given power, and taken together, may make everywhere the same sum.

Bernouilli allowed six months to elapse for the solution of these problems to be sent in, and at the special request of Leibnitz agreed to extend the time to twelve months. But the day after their reception by Newton, he informed Mr. Charles Montague, president of the Royal Society, that he had solved both. Three solutions were received by Bernouilli, who, notwithstanding, detected Newton's, though anonymous, "as the lion is known by his claw." The last effort in mathematics in which Newton was engaged, was the solution of the somewhat celebrated problem of Leibnitz, which the latter intended as a defiance to England. Its object was to determine the curve which should cut at right angles an infinity of curves of a given nature, but expressible by the same equation. Newton returned fatigued from the Mint and received the problem about four o'clock in the afternoon; but so far from considering it involved the difficulty supposed to be attached to it, he treated it as pastime, and solved it before going to bed.

From the time of Newton's appointment to the professorship of mathematics, to the year 1695, he resided almost constantly at Cambridge, having received a dispensation from Charles II. to continue his Fellowship at Trinity College without taking orders. When James II. issued a mandamus to the University of Cambridge to confer the degree of Master of Arts on Father Francis, a Benedictine monk, without taking the usual oaths, the University resisted such an attack upon their rights; and the Vice-Chancellor being summoned before the ecclesiastical commission for contempt, from the decided tone adopted by Newton, he was elected one of the nine delegates appointed to defend the independence of the University. Their representation to the king had the designed effect, and he withdrew his obnoxious demand. In consequence of the successful termination of this disagreeable encounter, Newton was elected member of the Convention Parliament for the University, and sat till its dissolution. The narrowness of his income, however, was probably the cause of his limiting his residence to Cambridge.

On one occasion, while attending Divine service at chapel, a little dog, left in his study, overturned a lighted taper upon his papers and burnt them. It is reported that when he discovered the magnitude of his loss, he exclaimed, "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, little do you know the mischief you have done me." This fact exhibits the great control Newton possessed over his outward feelings, but it is known that his mental distress, to a certain extent, disturbed his reason. He himself observes that he did not recover his equanimity for a twelvemonth; but notwithstanding this, he was able to compose his four celebrated letters to Dr. Bentley, on the existence of a Deity, at the time the latter was to deliver the Boyle Lecture, for the vindication of the fundamental principles of natural and revealed religion. In the meantime, however, a correspondence ensued with Mr. Locke, in which Newton condemned his opinions as to innate ideas, conceiving that they struck at the root of all morality; yet, on re-considering the subject, he became convinced of their truth, and addressed an apologetic letter to Locke, dated "at the Bull, in Shoreditch, London, Sept. 16th, 1693." In 1694, we find him again occupied in making observations on the lunar theory.

When Newton was in his fifty-third year, and all Europe offering incense to his name, other members of the University, of the same standing as himself, had received lucrative appointments in church or state. It was now his turn to float with the tide of fortune, and exchange the solitude of a study for more active life. Mr. Charles Montague (afterwards Earl of Halifax) was Chancellor of the Exchequer. The coin of the nation was adulterated and debased, so that a new coinage was resolved upon. Mr. Overton, the Warden of the Mint, being appointed Commissioner of Customs, Montague, in a very handsome manner, procured the post for Newton. Its value was from five to six hundred pounds per annum. His great chemical and mathematical knowledge was eminently useful in his new situation, for the re-coinage was completed in two years. In 1699, Newton was promoted to the Mastership of the Mint, worth twelve or fifteen hundred pounds per annum, which he held during the remainder of his life. He drew up an official report upon the coinage, and a table of assays of foreign coins. During his Wardenship he performed his duties as professor at Cambridge, but when elected Master, Mr. Whiston was appointed deputy. Other honours followed the elevation of Newton. The Royal Academy of Sciences admitted the distinguished philosopher an associate; and Queen Anne, who was residing at Newmarket, on visiting the University of Cambridge, conferred on him the order of knighthood. He also sat as member for the University in parliament, and was for five-and-twenty years annually elected president of the Royal Society of London.

On the accession of George I. in 1714, Sir Isaac Newton was received at Court, and his conversation particularly delighted the Princess of Wales. But Leibnitz, who regarded his rival with no friendly eye, represented Newton as a materialist, endeavouring to maintain his charge by portions of his published works. This reaching the ears of the king, he requested him to reply, which he did, and with effect. The Princess of Wales was a lady of great learning, and of a highly cultivated taste. Conversing one day on some points of ancient history, Sir Isaac explained to her a new system of chronology, which he had composed at Cambridge by way "of refreshing himself with history and chronology, when he was weary with other studies."

Not only was Sir Isaac Newton a mathematician and an astronomer, but he was what is of far greater importance, a devout Christian.

ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL.

We English have an immeasurable advantage over the inhabitants of newly-peopled lands. We are rich in local associations—not a rock or stream, not a sunny plain or shady glen is there, but has its tale of pathos or fun, of tears or laughter, as the case may be. The grandest landscape soon wearies if there be no past connected with it. Our brethren on the other side of the water are less favoured in this respect, though America is not badly off after all.

In this country one knows not where to turn without being followed by the past. Every spot is hallowed by history or legend. For instance, near the once important, but now declining town of Knaresborough, there is a chapel cut out of the solid rock, which forms an illustration of what we have advanced. Not far from the Dropping Well, which is a wonderful curiosity in its way,—not far from where that celebrated personage, Mother Shipton, was born—stands the chapel which bears the name of St. Robert, and drawings of which accompany these remarks. The story is, that the hermit, who had

EXTERIOR OF ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL.

previously spent some years in the monasteries of Fountains and Whitby, and was afterwards abbot of New Minster, and a contemporary of King John, who gave him forty acres of land in Swinescot, was so delighted with the spot, that he set to work like a mole, and grubbed out a cell for himself. The chapel has a neatly arched roof, a gothic window and door; the ribs rest on neat pilasters. On the right-hand side are four terrific faces; in front an altar. On the floor is a hole, in which was probably placed a cross, and on the sides are two niches, long since dispossessed of their images. The length of the cell is ten feet and a half, the breadth nine, and the height seven and a half. Near the door is cut a gigantic figure, in the act of drawing his sword. This, it has been suggested, may have been designed for the genius of the saint, which, it should seem, powerfully defended the pious hermit. St. Robert was a native of York, and in the hermitage is a figure of the hermit surrounded by his books. About a mile down the river, near Grimbald-bridge, is St. Robert's Cave, the usual residence of the saint, and the scene of one of the strangest murders that ever occurred—the murder of Daniel Clark by Eugene Aram. This murder took place in 1745. It seems that in this cave Clark and Aram had secreted goods and plate, of which they had conspired to defraud their neighbours. In this cave their associates met to divide their stolen property, and here Clark was murdered and buried by Aram. Some short time afterwards Aram left that part of the country, and went to live at Lynn, in Norfolk, where he was usher in a school for upwards of thirteen years. The discovery of the murder was made quite by accident. A labourer found a skeleton in a neighbouring quarry. The people of Knaresborough having long wondered what had become of Clark, supposed the skeleton might be his. A coroner being sent for, the wife of Aram, who resided in the town, and had long been deserted by her husband, was examined. Her evidence threw some suspicion on an accomplice named Houseman, and he, on his examination, having betrayed great confusion and marks of guilt, a closer investigation was made, which terminated in a confession of his crime. Aram, having been implicated by Houseman, was apprehended and brought to York Castle, where he was tried and convicted. It is true that the legal evidence against him was extremely deficient—furnished almost entirely by an accomplice, and so scanty and suspicious that a man tried upon it at the present day would unquestionably escape conviction. But Aram confessed his guilt, though not till after his trial. He delivered a defence so admirable for its ingenuity, and so replete with erudition and antiquarian knowledge, that it astonished the whole court. He attempted to prevent his execution by suicide, in which he succeeded so far as to be brought to the scaffold almost in a state of insensibility. Sir Lytton Bulwer throws a doubt upon the guilt of Aram; we, however, cannot question it. His confession sets that matter at rest; and if Aram's tale be true, it was his wife that urged him to the commission of so foul a deed. He is described as very charitable and humane in general.

Aram was a self-taught man: his devotion to learning was

the one absorbing passion of his life. According to his own account, drawn up at the request of the clergyman who attended him after his condemnation, he was born at Ramsgill, a little village in Netherdale, 1704. At the age of sixteen he went to Newby. "It was here," he says, "my propensity for literature first appeared, for being always of a solitary disposition and fond of books, I enjoyed here all the repose and opportunity I could wish. My study at that time was engaged in the mathematics; I know not what my acquisitions were, but I am certain my application was at once unwearied and intense. I found in my father's library there, which contained a great number of books in most branches—"Kersey's Algebra," "Leyburn's Cursus Mathematicus," "Ward's Young Mathematician's Guide," and a great many more; but these being the books with which I was ever most conversant, I remember them the better. I was even then equal to the management of quadratic equations and their geometrical constructions." At one time it was intended that Aram should be sent to London; however, he remained in the country, where he began to teach, and got married. This last step Aram ever regretted. He says, "the misconduct of the wife which that place afforded me has procured me this place, this prosecution, this infamy, and this sentence." Though married, Aram's assiduity in the acquisition of knowledge seems to have been as great as ever. He turned his attention to the classics: he read all the Latin classics; he then went to the Greek Testament, and afterwards mastered Hesiod, Homer, Theocritus, Herodotus, Thucydides, and all the Greek tragedians. Aram was also equally attached to the study of botany. One of his schemes was the formation of a comparative lexicon. He had made preparations for that purpose. He had investigated the Celtic as far as possible in all its dialects, and had made comparisons between that and the English, the Latin, the Greek, and even the Hebrew. He had made notes and compared above 3,000 of these words together. But this was not to be—the dream was to remain a dream. Punishment was tracking, though tardily, the steps of the criminal, and at last brought him to the prison and gallows, instead of a niche in the temple of fame.

It is no wonder that the author of "Caleb Williams" should have stated that he always had thought the tale of Eugene Aram peculiarly adapted for fiction, and that he more than once entertained the notion of making it the foundation of a tale; or that, in our own time, it should have formed as drama and as novel the subject of Sir Bulwer Lytton's artistic pen.

INTERIOR OF ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL.

In his preface Sir Bulwer Lytton gives us additional particulars respecting Eugene Aram. He says: "It so happened that during Aram's residence at Lynn, his reputation for learning had attracted the notice of my grandfather—a country gentleman living in the same county, and of more intelligence and accomplishments than at that day usually characterised his class. Aram frequently visited at Heydon (my grandfather's house), and gave lessons, probably in no very elevated branches of erudition, to the younger members of the family. This I chanced to hear when I was on a visit in Norfolk, some two years before this novel was published, and it tended to increase the interest with which I had previously speculated on the phenomena of a trial which, taken altogether, is

perhaps the most remarkable in the register of British crime. I endeavoured to collect such anecdotes of Aram's life and manners as tradition and hearsay still kept afloat; these anecdotes were so far uniform that they all concurred in representing him as a person who, till the detection of the crime for which he was sentenced, appeared of the mildest character and most unexceptionable morals. An invariable gentleness and patience in his mode of tuition—qualities then very uncommon at schools—had made him so beloved by his pupils at Lynn, that in after-life there was scarcely one of them who did not persist in the belief of his innocence. His personal and moral qualities, as described in these pages, are such as were related to me by persons who had heard him described by his contemporaries—the calm, benign countenance—the delicate health—the thoughtful stoop—the noiseless step—the custom, not uncommon with scholars and absent men, of muttering to himself—a singular eloquence in conversation, when once roused from silence—an active tenderness and charity to the poor, with whom he was ready to share his own scanty means—an apparent disregard for money, except when employed in the purchase of books—an utter indifference to the ambition usually accompanying self-taught talent, whether to better the condition or to increase the repute; these, and other features portrayed in the novel, are, as far as I can rely on my information, faithful to the features of the original."

St. Robert may be forgotten, but Eugene Aram must live, for genius has immortalised his name. The reader of Hood will remember the picture of the usher,

> "Who sat remote from all,
> A melancholy man.
>
> His hat was off—his vest apart,
> To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
> For a burning thought was in his look,
> And his bosom ill at ease:
> So he leaned upon his hand and read
> The Book between his knees;
>
> Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
> Nor ever glanced aside,
> For the peace of his soul he read that book,
> In the golden eventide.
> Much study had made him very lean,
> And pale, and leaden-eyed;
>
> At last he shut the ponderous tome;
> With a fast and fervent grasp,
> He strained the dusky covers close,
> And fix'd the brazen hasp.
> 'O God, could I so close my mind,
> And clasp it with a hasp!'"

All this at times Aram must have felt—at times more than this must have fired his brain; for our crimes walk with us as shadows, blotting out the aim of life, rendering all dark and drear.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

When Roberto Recanati entered the chamber, the council had but just commenced their deliberations. Charts and military plans were spread out upon the table, to one of which Zeno was pointing, tracing along it some of the military operations which he advocated, and urgently enforcing his views. As the condottiere leader advanced up the room, all eyes were turned towards him, and a general feeling of surprise was manifested by the council. Zeno at once rose, and addressing the council said,—

"So please your highness, and you, excellent signori, I have in this sudden emergency taken upon myself the responsibility of inviting this valiant captain, Sir Roberto di Recanati to attend upon you here to-night—the shortness of the time precluded my consulting the council. Knowing, as I do, his great knowledge and skill in war, and being well certified, moreover, of his intimate acquaintance with the condition and resources of the enemy, I doubt not that he can render you much useful information. I am bound, too, to believe that the fidelity and allegiance which he owes to our seignory, while receiving her pay, will induce him to place his information at your service, and that the honour of a soldier and a knight will forbid his using to your disadvantage aught that he shall see or hear whilst amongst us."

As Zeno pronounced these words—which he did with an emphasis, slight indeed, yet perceived by him for whom it was intended—he fixed his eyes upon the face of the condottiere. Whatever might have been the impression which his observations made upon the latter, his pale face gave no external manifestation, and he noticed them no farther than by a mute inclination of the head, which might equally imply an assent to the statement, or an acknowledgment of the compliment which he was justified in considering they were meant to convey.

When Zeno had concluded he looked to the doge, expecting from him, as the president, some expression of the feeling of the council in relation to what he had done. Contarini, however, cast an uneasy and inquiring glance at his neighbour in black; the latter understood him perfectly and said,

"Your highness would know the opinion of those whose duty it is to give you their respectful advice on all occasions."

"Assuredly," said the doge, "I was about to ask it.—Proceed, signore."

"The noble Zeno has certainly acted with the boldness and promptitude of a soldier, but—"

The wily member of the *Neri* in his turn now paused, while with a rapid glance he collected the feelings of the rest of the council. The noble and ingenuous features of Pisani expressed his cordial approval of what his brother in arms had done, and the countenances of the other senators were too well schooled to express their thoughts, at all events the most acute eye could not collect from them any sentiment of dissent, so the speaker continued—

"But that he has acted with his usual prudence, may, perhaps, be questioned—still knowing his wisdom, and taking the emergency into account, I would humbly advise your highness's superior judgment, that you should now sanction what the general has done."

"Your advice entirely accords with our own view of the matter. We invite Roberto di Recanati as a true and faithful captain, now in the service of our most serene republic, to assist at these our deliberations. How say ye, seignors?"

A general assent was implied by the mute motions of the members, and, at a signal from the doge, Recanati, who had awaited the result with the same pale face and imperturbable deportment which ever distinguished him, quietly took the seat at the council board that was indicated to him. Zeno now continued the observations which the entrance of Recanati had interrupted.

"I was endeavouring to explain to your highness and the council the reasons which I consider justify the course I have urged upon the seignory. To precipitate an engagement with the enemy at this moment would, I hold, be as unwise as it is unnecessary. What says the admiral?"

"In my judgment," said Pisani, "our safest policy is to block up every entrance to Chioggia from the Adriatic; by that means we shall as effectually keep the Genoese fleet within, as we shall prevent any succour being rendered to them from without."

"Yet in the meantime," interposed the member of the Council of Ten, "we should not forget the dangers of lengthening the campaign. The hazards and fluctuations of a blockade are numerous, and such as no foresight can provide against. A thousand of those accidents, which we see happening every day in warfare, may relieve the town, and suffer the enemy to recover from their panic and gain courage to act on the offensive. I much doubt the wisdom of deferring more active measures on the part of the republic."

"Besides," said one of the senators, "the ardour of our

troops is likely to abate by continued inaction. We should take warning by the fate of the Genoese admiral: he, too, pursued the course which our noble Zeno now recommends, happily, perhaps, for Venice, though disastrous for himself."

The spirit of the Venetian general was roused by this insinuation, and he replied warmly—

"Messires, I square not my own conduct by that of Doria, whom, nevertheless, I honour as a brave man; nor will I have the issue of our manœuvres judged by that of the Genoese. I know the troops whom I command and the country which we occupy, and I stake my reputation—my life, if need be—on the safety of my views."

"Nevertheless," said another of the senate, "assuming that our noble general is right, delay will still be productive of grave dangers. Our state is at present much exhausted; our treasury can ill support the increased expenses that this protracted state of inaction will occasion."

"My own revenues, as well as those of every good citizen, are ready to replenish it to the last crown we are worth," said Zeno.

"The troops are already becoming dissatisfied."

"What troops?" demanded Zeno; "not the land forces of the republic? Noble Pisani, do you so report of the mariners under your command?"

"They have shown no dissatisfaction," said Pisani.

"Sir Captain, what sayest thou as to the foreign troops in the service of the state? Thou canst best inform us."

Recanati for a moment looked up at Zeno, as if his quick, restless glance would read his very soul; he then cast down his eyes and replied—

"As the general has appealed to me, I am bound in candour to state, that I have heard some murmurs of discontent."

"And wherefore, I pray you, Sir Captain? Did not the mercenaries receive their full pay?—nay, did they not receive an increase?"

"It is even so," said Recanati.

"Have they been exposed to an undue share of the toils of the campaign?"

"The troops that follow me to the field," said Recanati, haughtily, "never shrink from the foremost place, or murmur at the hardest labour. They love action best, and count war their occupation."

"'Tis well," replied Zeno. "Say, then, dost thou counsel a blockade or a battle?"

The wily and sagacious condottiere at once felt the difficulty of the position in which the interrogatory of Zeno placed him, and he paused to consider his answer. On the one hand, an immediate attack upon the Genoese would, he felt, at once put an end to the schemes for self-aggrandizement which he had formed, and interrupt his secret negociations with the enemy, to reduce whom to the greatest straits was his securest policy: on the other hand, it was almost as important for him to thwart the measures of the general, and to bring him into disrepute; and his own experience and judgment told him that the views of Zeno were sound and would ultimately lead to a successful issue. These calculations passed rapidly through his mind, and he decided that to protract the campaign was, upon the whole, most advantageous for his interest. Turning from Zeno, he addressed his answer to the doge—

"So please your highness, as his excellency the general has thought fit to seek the opinion of one so humble as myself, I am disposed to say that it is safest to follow the guidance of the person to whom the State has committed the command of its armies, and whom she will doubtless hold responsible for the results of the war."

"It is well said," observed the doge, "still are we content in some sort to share the responsibility of our noble general, by guiding him with our counsels; and in this matter now in debate, we doubt the soundness of his judgment, and are disposed to control him by our own."

The doge looked around him, and met the approving looks of many of the senators. In truth, the luxurious grandees of Venice were heartily sick of the fatigues and tedium of the lengthened campaign, totally unused to the confinement which for many months they had now endured, either in the close apartments at the fort or the narrow limits of ship-board, they sighed in secret for the luxuries of their palaces, and were contented to terminate the war at any hazard. Zeno quickly perceived that the majority of the council were disposed to frustrate his plans, and he, at once, decided on boldly resisting the council with the whole weight of his personal authority.

"Messires," said he, "I have received with respect and thankfulness the advice which you have afforded me. The most serene republic, in appointing me generalissimo, has indeed cast upon me the responsibility of acting in this war; I shall neither shrink from that responsibility nor yield up the right of independent action until the State shall see fit to resume the command with which she has invested me.

This bold speech of the General's was not very palatable to those to whom it was addressed; the civilians looked at each other, and at length the member of the Council of Ten said—

"Your excellency will, however, remember that it has seemed good to the State of Venice, that her highest magistrate and members of this Council of Ten should be personally present at the operations. Methinks that their sentiments, upon the present emergency, may be well deemed 'the reason of the State' itself."

"As members of the State sage and exalted, their opinions are entitled to profound attention; nevertheless, I am bound by a higher duty, as the servant of the State, to do that which I believe to be most conducive to her interests. As I find my own judgment confirmed by the voices of those present who are most conversant with military affairs, I shall act upon it with confidence and determination. Suffer me now to retire as I have duties to attend to ere I rest to-night."

Zeno rose to depart, and no one ventured to interfere with his determination. There is something in the attitude of a man who is at once honest and self-reliant that is not easily over-borne. Indeed, the suddenness with which he acted and the peremptoriness with which he announced his decision took all present by surprise. In addition, those who would have willingly opposed him felt that they were in no position to do so; and that if they could even insist on precipitating an engagement with the enemy, and that the result should be disastrous, they would be unable to justify their conduct, and thus risk their own lives. Recanati, too, rose and prepared to leave the apartment. As they passed out into the open air, Zeno laid his hand on the shoulder of the condottiere, and said to him impressingly—

"Signor capitano, I rely on your best exertions to suppress all discontent among the mercenaries under your command. As you well said, he who has the command of soldiery is responsible, I would have a word or two with you at my quarters ere we separate for the night, touching this matter."

"I may not attend you just now," replied Recanati; "my duty calls me elsewhere. I keep the western redoubt to-night. To-morrow I shall attend you as early as you will."

"To-night, signore, if it please you," repeated Zeno. "As to your watch at the redoubt to night, content yourself on that score. I shall take care that the place is guarded vigilantly, so that the republic shall suffer no detriment by your absence. Let us on, signor capitano."

Despite of all his self-control, the thin lips of the condottiere quivered, and his eye glittered angrily as he heard the words of Zeno and marked the cold and almost sneering tone in which he had spoken. Still there was nothing in his language to assure Recanati that he entertained any suspicion of him, much less that he had any actual proofs of his secret commerce with the enemy. He, therefore, felt that his only course was to comply with a request that was in truth a command, and bowing silently he accompanied the commander to his apartment. What was the subject of their conference it is not necessary for us to inquire. It will be sufficient to state that it was some hours past midnight ere Roberto di Recanati left the quarters of Zeno to return to his own.

MOSSES AND THEIR ALLIES.

CLUB-MOSSES AND LIVERWORTS.

CHAPTER III.

THE manner in which a connected chain appears to be kept up between the different families of created beings, animate, and inanimate, which inhabit this earth, is a circumstance so remarkable, that few thinking minds can have failed to observe it. There are, indeed, distinctive marks which separate race from race, but there are also distinctive resemblances which unite them, linking one to another in a regular gradation from the highest to the lowest. Thus we find it among plants; we descend step by step from the mighty cedar which stretches out its arms in Lebanon, to the mildew which overspreads a mouldy crust; and although, on comparing these two objects, we find little of similarity between them, yet in each step of our descent we invariably perceive a something which connects the one with the other, and discover no break in the chain, no step which does not lead to the next, until we find ourselves at the outer limits of vegetable organisation.

One order being thus allied to another, one class to the next, both above and below it in the scale of creation, it is not easy, when we speak of *allied* tribes, to know exactly where to draw a line, which to take, and which to leave. We have spoken of mosses and lichens as in close affinity to each other, and we must now name two other tribes which claim relationship with them both, one of them standing higher, the other lower in the scale.

The first of these, the Club-Mosses, or *Lycopodiaceæ*, "precede" the mosses, and form the link between them and the ferns. The second, the "Scale-mosses" and "Liverworts," or *Hepaticeæ*, *follow* the mosses, and unite them in brotherhood with both the Lichens and the Algæ; there being species in this tribe which partake largely of the nature and structure of both those orders.

Fig. 1. Lycopodium elevatum—Wolf's-claw, or Stag's-horn moss.

The organisation of the *Lycopodiaceæ*, or club-mosses, will be found well worthy the attention of those who delight in looking into the minutiæ of creation, and desire to find subjects

for praise and adoration of the Great Creator in the works which he has made. The order contains but two families, the club-mosses and the *Isoeteæ*, or Quill-Worts.

The Club-Mosses have a tough, persistent stem, beset with hard short leaves. There are no veins in their leaves, which are, however, furnished with large stomata, or apertures in the cuticle, for the admission of air to the cellular tissue of the plant, and are for the most part narrow and taper-pointed. The stems are frequently twelve or thirteen feet in length, and in some species raise themselves into an erect position and become woody; thus approximating to the character of some Coniferæ. In the coal strata are found some curious fossilised remains of gigantic Lycopodiaceæ, which are called *Lepidodendra*, or scaly trees, from the mode of the arrangement of their leaves. These seem to establish the connection between the

Fig. 2. Lycopodium Annotinum—Interrupted Club-moss.

two groups—the Club-Mosses and the Coniferæ. The fructification of this group consists of a short spike, formed by a prolongation of the branch, round which are clustered a number of two-valved capsules. These are sometimes of two kinds; one containing a mass of fine powdery granules, the other, including only three or four roundish, fleshy bodies, of very much larger size than the granules. Both these kinds of capsule lie among the hair-pointed leaves of the head, one in the bosom of each leaf, and inclosed in pale yellow cases. Whether both these kinds, the powder and the spores, have alike the power of reproducing their species seems as yet not to be determined, and botanists differ as to which of them is to be considered as the seed. Lindley tells us, that the larger bodies are the reproducing organs; Decandolle thinks that the one fertilises the other; but nothing seems clearly ascertained on the subject. It is certain, however, that the powder is endued with a curious inflammable property, and is used in making the Chaldee fire, and has also been employed in making artificial lightning at the theatres.

Lycopodium clavatum (fig. 1), the "Wolf's-claw" or "Stag's-horn Moss," is the only species that can be said to be common in England, but that may be found on most elevated moors and heaths. It is found on Hampstead and Hounslow Heaths, and in other London localites. In Wales, Scotland, and the lake countries, and in other mountainous districts, it is abundant, but in Ireland less frequent. The roots of this species are not deeply infixed into the earth, but they run matting themselves together just under the surface, serving thus to bind the soil, and prevent it from crumbling away. The stem is prostrate, frequently branched; the branches slightly raised at first, and then becoming procumbent; these branches thus run sometimes for ten or twelve yards from a centre. The branches are covered with narrow, flat, smooth

Fig. 3. Spiral Filaments, or Elaters of Hepaticeæ.

leaves, the edges of which are slightly toothed and hair-tipped. These leaves do not fall off, but are evergreen and persistent. When about to form fruit there are thrown out from various parts of the branches spikes clothed with leaves, longer, narrower, and of a paler green than those which beset the original stem; these branches are crowned with pale sulphur-coloured heads, something like catkins, usually two on each stem in pairs, but in some cases three will start from the same point. On these spikes are the two kinds of fruit which we have described. The capsules which contain them are in this species kidney-shaped, perfectly sessile, and situated at the base of the bracts. Each is two-valved, and full of either spores or powder.

Lycopodium annotinum, the "Interrupted Club-Moss" (fig. 2), is another very interesting species of this genus, of rare occurrence in the British Isles, but common in Norway, Sweden, and in North America. The roots of this species are tough,

Fig. 4. Gemmæ.

wiry, and tortuous, the stem creeping, very strong, and with a deeply-indented and striped surface. It sends out at intervals branches from one to three or four inches apart, in an erect position; these increase annually, the growth of each year being marked by the altered length and direction of the leaves. These upright branches sometimes divide again, and when fertile, which is not always the case, the spike is usually on the sixth or seventh joint of the branch. When mature, the branches become prone, throw out roots, and send up erect branches as before. The branches are clothed throughout with linear, leaves very acutely pointed, and with minute serratures at the edges. The front spike is oblong, and seated on the point of the branch in this species, being entirely devoid of the peduncle or foot-stalk on which the spike of *L. clavatum* is elevated. The leaves, or *bracts*, in the spikes are nearly round, yet pointed at the apex, and in the axil of

each is placed a large conspicuous veniform capsule, which, when ripe, opens transversely, and sheds numerous minute sulphur-coloured seeds.

Lycopodium Alpinum, the "Savin-leaved Club-Moss," is more common than the last-named species; it is a pretty plant, its foliage of a brighter green than any other of its congenors, and in summer the young shoots have a blue tint. After the escape of the seeds, the spikes bend into a semicircular form, and the bracts become reflexed. Sir W. Hooker tells us that it is much used in Iceland as a dye for woollen cloths. He says, "a vast heap of *Lycopodium Alpinum*, lying before the priest's house, drew my attention, and on inquiring, I found that it was used for the purpose of giving their wadmal a yellow dye, which is done by merely boiling the cloth in water with a quantity of the *Lycopodium*, and some leaves of *Vaccinium uliginosum* (the Bog Whortleberry). The colour imparted by this process, to judge from some cloth shown me, was a pale and pleasant, though not a brilliant, yellow." Wadmal is the woollen cloth usually worn by the Icelanders. Sir W. Hooker tells us that this species of Club-Moss is the badge of the Clan Macræ.

The "Marsh Club-Moss" (*L. inundatum*) is a rather insignificant species which springs up on heaths and commons, especially where the turf has been pared; and neither that nor the "Prickly Club-Moss" (*L. selaginoides*) must receive much of our attention, though of the latter we must just notice that this species produces the double sort of fructification which we have named in our account of *L. clavatum*. The upper capsules contain the minute pollen-like granules, the lower larger grains almost equal in size to the seeds of some flowering plants.

The "Fir Club-Moss" (*L. selago*) is the last species on our list. This ascends the summits of our highest mountains, and is also found on the level of the sea. It has been considered as possessing many extraordinary medical properties, but seems an unsafe remedy to meddle with, as, if too much is used, it induces convulsions. There is a curious species of Lycopodium mentioned by Dr. Carpenter as inhabiting Peru, which he says is liable to be entirely dried up when deprived of water for some time. "It then folds in its leaves and contracts its roots, so as to form a ball, which, apparently quite devoid of animation, is driven about hither and thither by the wind. As soon, however, as it reaches a moist situation, it sends down its roots into the soil, and unfolds to the atmosphere its leaves, which, from a dingy brown, speedily change to the bright green of active vegetation."

The "Quill-Wort" (*Isoetes lacustris*) is the only other genus comprised under the order Lycopodiaceæ. This is a little plant confined to mountain lakes, and there is but one species in the genus. It has a tuberous root about the size of a hazel-nut, from which depend tubular white fibres; the leaves are also tubular and rise from the point of the root without any footstalk. They are of a bright green, and very brittle. The fruit is very curious, consisting of capsules about the size of swan-shot, imbedded in the very substance of the base of each leaf. Newman says, the Quill-Wort "clothes the bottoms of deep and still waters with a perennial verdure." It is found in the little lakes which abound among the Snowdon range. It is said that Dillenius waded into the waters of Llanberis to get it, and Newman glories in the fun of his exploit. "The imagination of a botanist," says he, "delights to picture the Sherardian professor in this interesting situation: his shoes with their enormous silver buckles, and his grey-ribbed hose, are seen reposing on the strand; his important bag-wig, and his formidable military hat sharply looped on three several sides, adorn his learned head; the ample skirts of his coat are gathered on one arm, whilst the other grasps his gold-headed cane wherewith to uproot the brittle *Calamaria*." Surely the nymphs and naïads of the lake must have been a little surprised at such an intrusion on their watery pastures!

Such is the structure and character of the tribe which appears to connect the mosses with the ferns.

The Liverworts, of which we have next to give some account, come lower in the scale of organisation; they are much varied in size, appearance, and structure, and some of them are of exceeding beauty. They muster under their banner some genera which closely resemble true mosses; others which are nearer the structure of lichens, and again others which link them with the Algæ, Jungermanniæ, Marchantiæ, Trgioniæ, and a few other less noticeable genera, are all of this tribe; but they differ so widely from each other that we shall scarcely from their appearance be led to place them in the same order. The similarity of their organs of fructification shows, however, that they must all be considered as belonging to the order *Hepaticeæ*, and we proceed to give a brief notice of a few of the most interesting genera.

The *Jungermanniæ*, or Scale-Mosses, so named from Louis Jungermann, a German botanist, are of a very peculiar and exquisitely delicate structure. The whole substance of the plant is loosely cellular, so much so that, although most of the species are exceedingly minute, the beautiful reticulation of the leaves may often be detected by the naked eye. The herbage consists of a variously dilated frond, frequently naked, but more often covered with small leaf-like appendages. These are often divided, but never truly nerved, and might more properly be considered as dilitations of the frond.

The Scale-Mosses may be considered as divided into two classes: the foliaceous, or those which have the appearance of separate leaves; and the frondose, or those which consist of lobed fronds or thalli.

The former of these divisions is composed of minute plants, which by an unaccustomed eye might be taken for true mosses, amongst which, in many instances, they are found growing. These are widely spread over the ground on banks and trunks of trees, or other positions in shady woods; some are found on moist Alpine moors, frequenting the beds of torrents, or growing in boggy places, along the edges of springs, or rivulets, whilst we find some species spread out on clay and exposed heaths, exhibiting their pretty purple or bronze foliage where nothing else will grow.

The second, or frondose, division of this tribe is chiefly confined to semi-aquatic positions: they are larger, their leafy parts, or fronds, are thicker, broader, and of a different texture from the foliaceous kinds, and some of them are slimy to the touch; but there are one or two of this division, namely, the "Forked," and the "Downy Scale-Mosses," which grow on stones, trunks of trees, and on shady limestone rocks.

The fruit of this genus is a theca or capsule which rises from a tubular leaf or cluster of leaves called the Perichætium, and is usually borne on a seta or fruit stalk. The theca lies involved in this protecting sheath until it is mature enough to make its appearance in the world; the perichætium then opens at the top, and the little theca, unlike the modest little mosses which never lift their young heads to the light without the covering of their calyptra or veil, suddenly starts up, leaving that organ attached to the point at which it originally grew, and displays itself unveiled to the eye which may be sharp enough to detect its diminutive beauties. This theca is four-valved, in shape much like those of mosses, but it has no lid, and no central column round which the spores assemble; instead of this it is furnished with some very curious spiral filaments with which the spores are associated (fig. 3). It is in the possession of these spring-like organs alone that the different families which class under the general name of Hepaticeæ resemble each other, but these are common to the Jungermanniæ, the Marchantiæ, and all the rest of the genera which the order comprises. These organs consist of double spiral threads, somewhat like the trachæ or spiral air-vessels in plants, only more elastic. They are contained in the same case with the spores and curled up among them, and when the capsule is mature, spring up with a sudden jerk like a jack-in-a-box, and scatter the spores which are around them in all directions. So sensitive are these *elaters* that even breathing on them will set them in motion after the spores have escaped. The Scale-Mosses chiefly differ from true mosses in the permanent attachment of the calyptra of which we spoke above, and in having no lid or *operculum*, and no columella. The tubular form of the sheath and the presence of the spiral

filaments, just described, constitute the other distinguishing features of the genus. Besides the normal fructification the Jungermanniæ possess a second kind of reproductive organ by means of which the species are often propagated; these are called *gemmæ*, and consist of minute roundish, or oblong bodies, variously situated, sometimes in the axil of the leaf, at others on its margin, and clustered together in the form of little bells. (Fig. 4.)

FLITTING.

The above is a term with which we believe our English readers are not generally familiar. In fact, we have little doubt that to some of them it will prove quite incomprehensible. As nothing, however, tends so much (as logicians say, and they ought to know) to hinder in the search after truth, as the want of a clear understanding of the meaning of terms and phrases, and as nothing so well promotes the profit and pleasure of all discussions as a few accurate definitions at the beginning, we shall in the present instance premise by saying that "flitting," in Scotland and the north of England, means removing. To be still more explicit, we may add, that by removing we do not mean that simple process by which a British subject, whether at the bidding of a public functionary, or of his own free will, transfers his presence from one locality to another. The term is of far wider signification. It implies the migration of a household with its lares and penates, its stuffs, goods, furniture, and appurtenances, and all the members of it, from one residence to another, with all the noise, and confusion, and discomfort, and bad temper, and complaints, and regrets consequent thereupon,—the breaking up of a thousand old associations, the forced severance of many ties of long standing, the destruction of cherished habits, the separation from old, dear, and familiar friends and scenes, and all the annoyance consequent upon the process of accustoming yourself to the altered circumstances of your new situation.

We are not so simple as to suppose that the favourites of fortune know anything about these things. There is nothing belonging to noble lords and ladies which is not a possession of long continuance. They know nothing about any changes except changes of ministry, and their birdlike flight from town to country and country to town as the changeful seasons roll. And in this nothing accompanies them but their maids, valets, and carriages. There is no bustle, no hurry, no confusion. The country house is there just as it was in the days of their ancestors, or it may be as it was in the days of the unhappy Charles the First. There are there no changes except such as time has worked. That house and that furniture have stood as they are for centuries, and they will continue to stand, the present proprietor is proud to think, till a hundred generations shall have passed away. And the town house, too, is, very likely, his own, or he has a lease of it; while grass grows and water runs, he never moves; the owner of his title always lived there, and will always continue to live there.

It is the middle and lower classes who are best acquainted with the miseries of flitting. They are the rolling boulders that are swept hither and thither by the great waves of the sea of life, battered, smoothened, and rounded; while the great rocks stand fast for ever, and look down on the tumult at their base in calm and indifference. It is for their benefit that we are so often informed of the fact, that "This House," or "This Desirable Residence," is to be let; that so many columns of the *Times* are every morning filled with allusions to "detached," or "semi-detached villas," with so many bed-rooms and so many sitting-rooms, and an unlimited supply of gas and water, in "an undeniable situation," where omnibuses pass every five minutes to the Bank and all parts of London. It is for them that green-grocers fasten up notices on their door-posts that they are possessors of spring vans, and that they have come to the determination of removing goods or furniture to any part of town or country with care and expedition. It is for them that house agents live and move, and keep long lists of dwelling-places suitable to families of respectability.

All these things are doubtless useful, in fact, indispensable in their way. They are necessary to our comfort and well-being, and yet how many of them owe their existence to our infirmities and misfortunes solely. Of the many thousand flittings which take place in this metropolis every year, a very large percentage—we will not say *how* large, lest our veracity should be called in question—are the consequences of our whims, caprices, and calamities, and, must we say, our wickednesses. You know a stockbroker, who seeks refuge from bulls and bears, and prices current, the rise and fall of funds, and war's alarms, in a snug little retreat at Highgate, from which he issues with a blue bag and a smiling face, precisely at eight o'clock every morning. He invites you out to dine with him, and you find everything *comme il faut*; the lady hostess a pleasant and agreeable person, a charming partner of the worthy broker's joys and sorrows; the table appointments excellent, the cookery unexceptionable, the wine *recherché*, the furniture costly and tasteful, the look-out faultless, the garden neat, and you are informed the rent is moderate. You feel assured that the broker is a happy man, and on your way home come to the conclusion that stock-broking is not a bad business, and almost wish you had gone into it yourself. There he is, blessed with a moderate competency, and living inside his means. You feel assured that he is to be envied.

In another year you inquire after him, and where is he? Alas, you find him in the west-end in a very stylish abode, which you know right well he can't afford to pay for; the furniture that looked so well before now looks shabby, and the lady who did the honours so gracefully at Highgate, is like a fish out of water in the mansion at Belgravia. Upon inquiry, you find, that the canker of ambition had seized upon her, as it did upon Julius Cæsar, and upon Wallenstein, and that all the charms of her first residence faded in her eyes, and she insisted upon flitting. Yet a little while and your broker has flitted again—but it is this time to Camden, where he lives in a small house, and lets his first floor, and gets two pounds a-week, and a good deal of abuse as a clerk in the city. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Perhaps you are yourself a shopkeeper, at, say Kensington, or Brompton, or Chelsea,—if you are not, don't be offended. We merely suppose that you are, for the sake of argument. There are great numbers of houses in your neighbourhood to be let: you wish there were not so many, for your own sake. Suddenly one of them is taken. You see loads of upholstery stopping at the door. You feel assured it is being furnished regardless of expense. Then a day or two afterwards the family take possession, and the daughters of the house, accompanied by mamma, are seen taking their drives in a showy equipage. They stop at all the shops in the neighbourhood, and shower their orders, like the rain from heaven, upon the just and the unjust. Very likely you are one of the favoured many. You are in the haberdashery line, and you do your own shopwalking in a white neckcloth, which of itself is sufficient to guarantee your respectability—so stiff, so irreproachable, is its tie. You are all smiles and courtesy to those who enter; ready, if desired, to prostrate yourself on your face, and suffer your neck to be trodden on by the fairy feet of your fair customers when entering; and not by any means as fierce as a tiger or insolent as a hyena when they go out without buying anything. Oh no, not you! For a lady to come alone, or without a gentleman, is a sure passport to your chivalry and generosity. You are standing at your door, thinking of nothing in particular, when you see the carriage of these newcomers drive up, and actually stop opposite. You rub your

hands with joy; you have been long looking out for them; your thoughts with regard to them were precisely those of Sisera's mother, touching the delay of her son. Your thoughts regarding them now are those of Napoleon regarding the English army on the morning of Waterloo. At last you have them in your grasp. You hurry to the carriage door, and in your eagerness impede the footman in the discharge of his duty. With low bows and bright smiles you usher the ladies into your shop; your most precious wares are spread before them—rich brocade, gorgeous tabinet, silks of every hue, lace wrought by cunning hands. They select, with lavish hand, some hundred pounds' worth at least, and order them to be sent home, with the account. You promise that it shall be done, but waive all mention of the money, and declare that it is a mere nothing.

A week or two afterwards information reaches you that

something very curious is going on at No. 10, Bellevue-terrace. You hurry thither one fine morning in terrible trepidation, but find the butcher, and baker, and grocer, and tailor, and perfumer, and cheesemonger, and upholsterer, and the landlord to boot, all there before you, and all with their "little bills" in their hands—bills, alas! destined never to be settled—for the house is empty; and of all this dash and show and magnificence nought remains but a little packing straw in the hall, a broken dish, and two pieces of twine. They have flitted in the middle of the night *au clair de lune*.

There is another and very different class of flitting, that we have never witnessed or heard of without a pang, because they are but the emblems, the outward and visible signs of griefs often too great for utterance, the forced abandonment of the dwelling-place which for long years has been the scene of all the genuine happiness you have ever known, in which you have sported in childhood, loved in youth, and in manhood have erected the shadowy castles of ambition—in which you have first seen so many valued friends, and taken your last leave of so many more. Every corner is perhaps associated with some touching reminiscence or some ennobling memory. The pictures on the wall, the old clock on the stairs, the quiet nook on the landing where you have flirted with your partner between dances, the room where your mother has died, the window-seat in which she gave you your first taste of knowledge—the only place in all the wide wide world that you could ever truly call your home.

There is still another flitting, which we have chosen for illustration, because it is, in our estimation, the saddest of any. It is an incident, however, of daily occurrence in the "short and simple annals of the poor." It is very well for a political economist to dwell upon the beauties of competition, and inform us that it, and all the evils attendant upon it, are as inseparable from society as at present constituted as police courts or inns. This may be true, and we do not doubt but that it is true; but it must for ever be a matter of regret to any one whose regrets are worth having, that the great mass of the population, not in England only, but throughout the civilised world, should be bound to no particular spot of ground, but by the slenderest possible tie; in short, that so few of them should be in possession of what politicians of a certain class call "a stake in the country." Their flitting is but a very slight affair, and seeing that it takes place so often, it is well that it is so—a chair or two, a table or two, a bed or two, a pot or two, a pan or two, *et viola tout*. They are placed on a hand cart, the father pulls, the son pushes, and the flitting is over in a few minutes. It is not an affair of much moment in itself.

THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.

Englishmen were never engaged in a struggle of which they might so justly be proud, as the civil war of the roundheads and cavaliers. In none did the sterling virtues of their character, their love of liberty and of country, their hatred of tyranny, their readiness to submit to all losses and all griefs for the sake of the right, their indomitable energy in battling for it, the strong, steady, dazzling glare of their native inborn courage, stand out in bolder relief. In none did the points of contrast between them and foreigners appear so strongly. A contest which produced such men as Hampden and Falkland, Colonel Hutchinson, Fairfax, and Cromwell, is sanctified if only for having given birth to so many worthies. In the cropped and shaven ranks, of which Cromwell's army was composed, under those sour and demure visages, there lay an energy that could conquer the world. That army was the most terrible instrument of destruction that has ever existed. Could a modern general muster ten regiments, composed of the same elements, the same enthusiasm, fanaticism, interest in the quarrel, stern morality, fiery imagination, the balance of power were at an end, for he might set his feet on the necks of kings. This union of spiritual fervour and exultation with sound practical sense, of boiling enthusiasm with steady energy, was such as could never be seen on any soil but the soil of England. When the French rose against their oppressors, they became blasphemous, bloodthirsty, libidinous, mad, outrageous scoffers at all that men held sacred, either in morals or religion. When the English did so, they fasted and prayed, and cut their hair short, and read the Bible, and punished the flesh. They had no Marat, and no Theroigne Méricourt. Were they on this account less prompt in action? Follow them from the prayer-meeting to the battle-field, and, we promise you, you shall see Private Poundtext, who just now was bewailing his sins in the depths of humiliation, laying about him in a fashion that proves that whatever his own opinion of his shortcomings may be in other respects, the thrashing of cavaliers is not a portion of his duty which he is in the habit of neglecting.

THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.—DRAWN BY NICHOLSON,

And the cavaliers—the merry, laughing, cursing, swearing, drinking, obscene, loyal, brave, true-hearted, and generous cavaliers—fighting gaily for the king and church—the church in which their fathers were buried, and in which they had been wedded to their brides, and in which their brothers were clergymen, and the maintenance of which they looked upon as indissolubly connected with the very existence of the English nation,—they did their duty manfully and well; only ceased to fight when fighting was useless, but neither betrayed nor repented. They did not, like the French nobility, fly from their native soil at the first sound of danger, but struggled gallantly to the last, through fire and sword, without any other aid than their own right arms. England may well be proud of both: however we may deplore the struggle, we must admire the virtues it brought to light. Even in a civil war—the worst calamity, save a foreign invasion—we find some of our most ennobling memories and greatest names. Our illustration gives a vivid picture of a most stirring incident in one of the conflicts of that stormy period. At the battle of Edge Hill—the first great engagement between the royalist and parliamentarian forces—fought on the 23rd and 24th of October, Sir Edward Verney being slain, the standard fell into the hands of the enemy. Upon this captain John Smith rushed to rescue, and after a furious encounter—which our artist has pourtrayed with great boldness and effect—succeeded in bringing it back in triumph.

A PEEP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.—LETTER V.

Whitehaven, January 1st, 1821.

My dear Father,—May the bright sunshine of this splendid morning be an auspicious omen that a happy and prosperous new year awaits you; though it saddens me to think, that before its close I shall no longer be an inmate of my dear old home. I do not really know myself how it has come to pass, that my future lot seems likely to be cast amongst these Cumberland hills, nor how it first dawned upon me that my own happiness could only be fulfilled by agreeing to minister to that of my high-principled and very superior-minded cousin Robert. Well! I shall leave the subject veiled in mystery, and give you a few particulars about Christmas. On the eve of the 25th, a party of mummers, dressed in most fantastic costume, came to the Friars, and were admitted into the hall, where we saw them enact St. George and the Dragon with great spirit; though one of the Armstrongs, whose family peculiarity I have mentioned before, and who played the part of the King of Egypt, could not restrain his laughing propensities, and in the midst of a solemn charge to the doctor on doing his duty, burst into a loud guffaw, that proved highly infectious to most present, while it scandalised old Sally to the last degree. She even carried her resentment so far, as to present the luckless wight, when the play was ended, with a bowl of buttermilk, instead of the hot ale that had been prepared for the players; but my uncle took care that every mummer should receive an ample dole of meat, bread, and wassail piping hot, and half-a-crown to boot, so all withdrew well pleased. They were succeeded by a droll set of very young boys and girls, who, in shrill childish treble, shouted rather than sang some old rhymes, commencing, "Ule, ule, ule, three puddings in a pule." They, too, were allowed to come into the hall, and were then persuaded to sing one or two carols more gently, and consequently more pleasingly. Sally brought them some milk, but on my uncle's insisting that the half-starved urchins should partake of the ale, a large old-fashioned silver tankard was produced, furnished with pegs stuck in at regular intervals; so each child was made to drink what filled the space between two of the pegs, and I was made to comprehend the literal meaning of one's spirits being a peg too low. A plate heaped up with narrow but substantial mince-pies, baked in the form of a horse's manger, in commemoration of Advent, was next handed round, and the happy little band went forth again into the freezing atmosphere. At breakfast, on Christmas-day, we were each complimented by the gift of a dough image, meant to represent the Virgin's holy infant, which had been sent by the chief baker in Whitehaven. The day was brilliantly cold, and the evergreens glittering in the most exquisite frost-work embroidery, seemed to invite one to go out and enjoy the clear, bracing air, and wander forth amidst the white sparkling fairyland around us. We accordingly set off for church half an hour before the usual time, and thus came in for the droll spectacle of a country wedding, Christmas-day being a favourite anniversary for the purpose. On arriving at the church, we found it occupied by the village school-boys, who have from time immemorial been privileged to levy a monied tax upon all bridal assemblages, which goes to the fund for supplying coals for the school-room fire. We were looking at the beautiful decorations of the interior of the church, formed by wreaths of evergreens and magnificent branches of yew, holly, box, and ivy, which custom Robert told me had been employed even in apostolic times, as a token that our Saviour was born at the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, thus marking the season of the year in which the advent took place, when a cry from the village lads of "They're coming," sent us to the entrance door. Picture to yourself a motley assemblage of men and women all mounted on horses of every description, racing in the utmost confusion at the fastest speed towards the church. An elderly spinster reached it first, and very proud she seemed. I could scarcely believe this was really the expected wedding party, nor that they had ridden thus, starting from the bride's house, at least six miles. My aunt said they were indebted to the frost, which had rendered riding at all anything but safe, for their unusual exemption from the mud, which generally bespatters alike both men and women on such occasions. On leaving the church, the bridegroom gave sixpence to the delegated scholars, who held a plate at the door, and every one who wore boots and spurs was obliged to follow his example, but those who could only boast of boots, minus spurs, were let off with the payment of threepence. The bridal party then re-mounted their steeds, and rode off again, pausing, however, a few minutes on the brow of an adjoining eminence, to listen to a congratulatory poem, recited in a loud yet snuffling voice by the head boy of the school, which was rewarded by a donation, that went towards the book fund. Of the fun we had that same evening, I have already written to you, and, indeed, the amusements of snap-dragon, dancing, yule-log, and banqueting are too well-known, even in London, to need detailing; and the only novel features in the evening scene, were the pleasant admixture of rich and poor, gathered together under my uncle's hospitable roof, and the importance which appeared to be universally attached to the foretelling of one's fortune in divers mystical ways. To-day I received many kind gifts from my uncle, aunt, and cousins, accompanied by the warmest assurances of welcome into their family. But though these winged messengers of love flew freely about the household within doors, I soon became apprised that it is considered unlucky to give anything out of the house on New Year's day. Not even a lighted candle is permitted, nor may the refuse ashes be cast out from the hearth, nor a bit of broken meat be bestowed upon a hungry beggar. This last requisition placed my aunt in a great dilemma about an hour ago, when a thinly-clad little girl came over the hills to ask for some broth for her sick mother. The child was shown in and told to warm herself by the kitchen fire, while my aunt sat lost in thought, and my uncle, with a satirical, though good-humoured smile, silently watched the progress of her meditations, being indifferent himself to the superstition, but certain that his excellent wife would cut the Gordian difficulty without infringing the decrees of fate. Presently, she said to the child, "Is your mother very bad to-day?" "Oh, yes," was the tearful reply; and then my aunt said, "Did she tell you to inquire how the family of Mr. Lonsdale were this morning?" "She bid me ask," responded the little girl, "how the good lady was?" "That will do," said my aunt with a highly satisfied air, and leaving the kitchen for a few minutes, she returned laden

with food and clothing, which she bade the child carry home, but to mind and be sure she told her mother that the things were no presents, but had been sent in return for sending such kind inquiries so long a distance on New Year's day. I doubt greatly if the strange message would be correctly delivered, but my aunt appeared quite content; and I must not omit to tell you that before I had risen this morning, Sally roused me from the most luxurious nap by entering the room, candle in hand, and with an earnest request that I would not go a step down stairs until I had either gone *up* the garret flight, or had mounted on a chair in three upstairs apartments, in order that I might be sure to rise and not go lower in the world during the next twelve-months. Of course I complied. I was yesterday interrupted in my letter by a call from the young couple whose wedding we witnessed on Christmas day; they came to beg a little corn, and were making a round of calls on their friends and neighbours, who had each given them a small quantity, and these donations would set them up in seed for their first crop. This custom is called "corn laiting." I shall hardly, I suppose, undergo this ceremonial, but the writing about it has brought the future before me so strongly that I feel little inclination to continue my descriptions; besides, next week I shall be once more at home, when we can talk over fully all I have heard and seen since I came here. Yet, six months hence, if you will condescend to visit the Cumberland mountains, very proud, indeed, will you make your truly affectionate daughter,

DORA HARCOURT.

THE TWO DESTINIES.

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This is the declaration of infallible wisdom, and the reverse is not less true. There may be apparent exceptions, but they are extremely rare, and, perhaps, if minutely examined, they would not be found to be exceptions at all. It is scarcely possible to conceive of an object more lovely, more interesting, than an infant asleep in its cradle, or nestled in its mother's arms. But who is bold enough to determine that infant's destiny? Hope and desire may be in lively exercise; but expectations the most sanguine, and desires the most ardent, have again and again been crushed and disappointed, because the training has not been such as to bring those hopes and desires to a pleasing fruition. Much is laid to the account of natural disposition, much also to circumstances; but it is the office of the trainer so to cultivate those dispositions and to control those circumstances, that the child may become an intelligent, a happy, a useful member of the community. Without proper training—a training which shall promote the development of the physical, the intellectual, and the moral powers,—natural dispositions will produce only wild and poisonous fruit, which circumstances will bring to fatal maturity.

We are led into these reflections by the two pictures our artist has placed before us. He has selected his illustrations from the working classes. *They* form a large and most important portion of the community, and on the manner in which their children are trained depends, very materially, the order and comfort of the whole population. We cannot conceal the fact that thousands of these receive no training at all, or are trained only for evil. We pass through our narrow streets and lanes, courts and alleys, and we find them crowded with dirty, ill-fed, miserably clad, squalid, wretched-looking children, idling away their time, or busy only for mischief; and we ascertain that they are, in almost every case, the offspring of thoughtless and neglectful, profligate and dissolute parents. Filth and miasma are their nursing mothers, profanity and irreligion their everyday companions. The father leaves them early in the morning to engage in his daily toil; his intervals of leisure he spends, for the most part, in the gin-shop; he rarely returns to his uncomfortable home till his children have gone to rest; and what training can they have from him who cares so little for them, or what profit can they derive from his example, so profligate and wicked? In consequence of the scanty pittance doled out by the selfish husband, the mother has, in many instances, to toil hard, either at home or abroad, to make out a living, and the instruction, the cleanliness, the comfort of her children, become only a secondary consideration, if it enters at all into her thoughts. Meanwhile the children grow up, increasingly ignorant and increasingly vicious, perpetuating the evils of their class, and inflicting serious injury on the whole community.

But we rejoice to know that this is very far from being a just description of the whole of our working population. Thanks to Providence, we have thousands of sober, honest, industrious mechanics, artisans and labourers, whose children are duly cared for, cleanly, decently clad, educated, taught useful employments, and placed in the way of becoming clever workmen, thriving tradesmen, respectable citizens. These, as far as the circumstances of the parents allow, are trained in the way they should go; their parents receive a rich reward, and the community is greatly benefited.

To return, however, to our pictures. The artist has placed two children, two courses, two destinies before us. Like our own Hogarth, the Frenchman has noted the peculiarities of his countrymen, and with a graphic pencil has endeavoured to show how the working man's way in the world is governed by his own determination and perseverance, founded, no doubt, upon the training he received in early life. The incidents in the life of such a man, whether he be a native of England, of France, or of America, do not differ materially. In every place there are temptations to evil and encouragements to virtue; and in every place prudence and resolution are required to avoid that which is evil and to follow that which is good.

"Look on this picture, and on that."—In the one we behold the strong, hearty, cheerful-looking workman parting from his young wife, and proceeding to his daily toil; and she, a few minutes afterwards, is busied in those domestic employments which render home a comfort and a joy. In the other, the husband, whether intent on work or on pleasure we can scarcely tell, makes his first call to the dram shop, while, in the next compartment, the wife is seen in the pawn shop about to leave her wedding ring as a pledge, whether to purchase bread or for other purposes is somewhat equivocal, as is also the conduct of the young female her companion. On the right hand of the reader there are exhibited the comforts of domestic life: in the centre the grandmother with her daughter and grandchildren around her, and the husband hastening with eager steps to join the happy party; on the sides, the preparation for the mid-day meal, and the tired labourer enjoying his supper in the open air. But what a frightful contrast does the engraving on the left present! The sottish husband seated in a low public house, unshorn, drunk, and incapable; returning home at midnight; furious at finding his own door closed against him; his wretched wife and children cowering in terror; their only bed some straw scattered on the earthen floor; and as the result of all this selfish and brutal conduct, the poor distracted mother seeking for her infant the protection afforded by the Hospital for Foundlings. Mad with drink, this husband and father has committed some furious outrage, some brutal assault, and is about to be conveyed to a lonesome dungeon. The artist has left us to suppose that the man is sent to prison or to the galleys, and that, as the result, his wife and children are driven to seek a precarious livelihood either by begging, or by the sale of some trifling articles.

What a pleasing *dénouement* is presented on the right hand! The ingenious and skilful mechanic is industriously employed, as is also his eldest boy; his workshop presenting an appearance of neatness and order in every part; and, as the result of skill and industry, we find him at length a respectable

employer, with his plans before him, giving instructions to persons in his employ, who, evidently, regard him with deep respect.

But through the medium of these pictures the artist becomes also a moralist. In every compartment is instruction, warning, or encouragement. In whatever country the lot of the working man is cast, idleness and profligacy will lead to disgrace, and want, and ruin; industry, forethought, and prudence will lead

THE COURSE OF THE VICIOUS.

to comfort, to competence, to respectability. Philanthropists! strive to raise our working classes above the injurious influences by which they are surrounded. Parents! train up your children in the paths of sobriety, industry, and virtue, that they may be happy in themselves, a comfort to you, and a blessing to the land in which they dwell.

THE CAREER OF THE VIRTUOUS.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER X.

The morning that succeeded the events that we have last recorded, found the Venetian general again in his apartment at Palestrina, as vigilant and as self-composed as if he had, during the hurried repose of the few preceding hours, slept away all recollection of the exciting scene of the past midnight. But, in truth, it was not so. The deep responsibility which he had taken upon himself in contradicting the wishes of so many of those whose power in the state was too formidable to be thought lightly of, weighed heavily upon his mind—but the effect of that weight upon a mind such as Zeno's was not to crush but to concentrate its energies. It is, indeed, the nature of bold, brave spirits to be resalient under pressure; and so his mind rose up to the emergency—calm, self-reliant, and circumspect. That he had other dangers to cope with besides those of the Venetian council, recent events admonished him. That a traitorous intercommunication was carried on between the Genoese and Recanati he had ascertained, and though he had proofs of the enemy having more than once obtained early intelligence of his own movements, he had not by the utmost vigilance been as yet able to discover the means by which that intelligence had been transmitted. At length the circumstance of the Italian condottiere having more than once volunteered to keep the night-watch out of his turn, aroused the suspicion of Zeno, and knowing that upon the night just past he had made the same arrangement, the general took the measures we have already seen in withdrawing Recanati from the redoubt and sending Checco in his place.

And now Zeno sat in his apartment, tranquilly awaiting the arrival of the English knight, whom he had ordered to attend in person and report to him what had taken place during the night-watch. Punctual to the appointed time, the sound of the knight's steps was heard outside, and in another moment the Englishman stood before the general.

"Ben venuto, capitano," said Zeno, in return for the knight's salute, "how passed your watch last night? Hast aught to report?"

"So please your excellency, not much—at least, not much that I set any count on."

"Didst see nothing?"

"Nothing, in good faith, for, as your excellency knows, there was no moon, and the stars gave only light enough to show themselves by."

"Well, what didst hear? for I know well thou didst not close thine ears, good sir knight."

"That did I not, and yet, I might as well have done so, for aught they served me; save the whirr of a bird's wing that swept by in the dark, there was not a sound to waken a young fawn. And so, when the morning broke, our watch ended, and we were relieved. As I marched away my men, I found at my feet this quarrel. How it came there, or when, I know not. It might have been there before our watch began, as it was then too dark to notice any object. Be that as it may, I have brought it to your excellency. If I have any skill in the fashion of bolts, this one was shot from a Genoese cross-bow."

Zeno took the bolt from the Englishman and examined it carefully from its square iron head down to the end of the shaft, and then said,

"It is as thou sayest, Sir William. A Genoese quarrel, truly, aye, and of no common kind. He had a cunning hand who wrought it. Yet am I much deceived in *thee*, sir knight, if thou understandest for what sort of warfare it was formed."

The English captain looked somewhat astonished, but made no reply. Zeno continued,

"Come, I said I would not trust thee by halves. What ho! Alexis!"

At the call of Zeno the Greek lad entered.

"Look at this quarrel, good youth, and say hast thou seen such an one lately, and where?"

The lad took the bolt, looked at it for a moment keenly, and then turned an inquiring glance from his master to the knight.

"Nay, fear not to speak thy thoughts freely," said Zeno, understanding the youth's hesitation; "here is none that is not true."

"Such another as this saw I last night in the hands of Sir Roberto di Recanati; I know it by the thickness of the shaft. Have I your leave, noble signore, to see how it is put together?"

"'Twas for that I called thee; proceed."

Alexis examined the weapon carefully throughout, and at length discovered that the shaft was divided longitudinally into two equal portions; but so skilfully and close did the edges fit together, that the line of junction seemed exactly like other lines drawn down the shaft. For a time the Greek was unsuccessful in his endeavours to divide the parts; at length, in examining where the wood was inserted into the iron head, he smiled, and then turning the head round with a firm grasp, he screwed it off the shaft and separated the parts of the latter, which revolved round a hidden pivot at the bottom. The secret was now apparent—the shaft had been hollowed out, and within it lay rolled up a scroll. This Alexis took out and handed to his master. The latter opened it, and perceived that it was covered with writing.

"So," said he, after a moment's pause, "so then we have at last discovered Recanati's courier. Look you, Sir Checco, this is the bird whose wing whirred by you last night."

"By the faith of a true knight, I begin to think it is so, noble signore. Fool that I was, to take it for an owl."

"Aye, 'twas a great mistake; thou seest now it is a messenger dove. Well, let us see what tidings it bears."

The general now applied himself to decyphering the writing.

"Ha!" said he, "this requires to be well considered upon." And he sat down, and in a moment was absorbed in the perusal of the missive.

"With your permission, excellenza," said the Englishman, "I think it would be well that I should retire for the present."

"Thou art right, my good Checco; it may be as well that I have a moment in solitude to look to this matter."

The knight moved towards the door, but Zeno arrested him for a moment.

"This document," said he, "gives me the plainest proof of Recanati's treason: and to a true knight like thee, a traitor is odious."

"As hell," said Checco, with unwonted energy.

"Then may I count on thy help to foil the traitor and the treason?"

"That may you, general, I swear to you, by the faith of a knight and an English gentleman."

"Farewell, then, for the present; I may want thee again ere long."

And so Sir William Cheke withdrew, and left the general of the Venetians to his meditation.

It was later than was his wont, when Zeno appeared amongst the troops; for he passed much of the morning in consideration of what the secret billet disclosed to him. The cause of the disorders in the Venetian camp was now clearly understood; the proffers of the Genoese to Recanati, the exorbitant demands of the condottiere, which the besieged at Chioggia were not yet prepared to comply with, nor in a condition wholly to reject;—all this he learned, and, knowing it, he was now prepared to baffle and to counterplot. But he learned still more: he learned that the Genoese were daily becoming more and more straitened in their provisions, and

dispirited as to the issue of the siege; that the Genoese admiral sought by every means to induce Zeno to hazard an assault, and for that purpose entreated Recanati to excite throughout the troops a feeling of discontent and impatience at their present life of inaction. All this satisfied Zeno that the course which he had adopted was the most judicious, and he was now more than ever determined to persevere in it.

Time passed on, week succeeded week, and still the forces of Venice blocked up the Genoese at Chioggia by land and sea. In vain did the latter endeavour, by sallying beyond the walls, to draw the besiegers from their position. In vain did the sentinels from the walls, and the mariners from the galleys, endeavour, by taunting shouts and accusations of sloth and cowardice, to goad or shame the Venetians to offensive operations. Chafe they did indeed and burn at the ribald challenges, and fain would they have accepted them; but the strong will and unyielding determination of Zeno controlled them as with a chain of iron, and none dared infringe the rigid rules of discipline which he had established. And so time passed on, and began to work its terrible effects upon the Genoese. Their privations increased, for no supplies of food could reach them, so skilfully had Zeno and Pisani taken their measures. In vain did Francesco Carrara attempt to succour the besieged by conveying provisions to them down the Brenta; for the passages of the river had been blocked up by the Venetians, and the fleet of the Genoese admiral Muraffo could not break through the barriers at Brondolo. Terms of capitulation were offered by the besieged, by which they sought for nothing more than that their troops and flotilla should be suffered to pass unmolested from Chioggia. But the terms were haughtily rejected by Venice, who now felt that the question was no longer whether Chioggia should be retaken from the enemy, but whether that enemy should fall utterly and unconditionally into the hands of their ancient foes. And thus were the Genoese reduced well nigh to the extremity of despair. No alternative remained save to perish of hunger within the walls, or to make a final effort to escape even through the midst of their enemies. The latter course was determined upon; for it had, at least, one advantage over the former, that it presented the possibility of escape.

It was now somewhere about the middle of the month of July. The shadows of night were just beginning to melt away before the gray light of the early dawn, and the outstretched waters of the Adriatic were just becoming visible to the eyes of those who then looked with strained vision to the seaward from the ramparts of the fortifications at Palestrina. These were three persons, who were seated upon the summit of a solitary and distant tower, which flanked the south-western angle of the fort; and whilst they were themselves hidden from observation, they could command a view both outwards along the sea and westward towards the besieged city. One alone there was, within whose ken those lonely watchers must have come, and yet, if he detected their presence, he did not appear to take any notice of them; for he marched to and fro on his watch along the rampart—that stalwart bowman—and though he never looked towards the tower, his sharp eye scanned keenly every other object through the gloaming, and as he came to the end of his short march he invariably stopped, and assumed for a moment the attitude of one attent and listening, and then he would turn back on his way, and in a very low, pleasant chant, sing some ditty of his far-away home.

"Art thou well assured, Alexis," said one of the three persons on the tower, "that thou didst replace the quarrel unseen by any?"

"I will certify that no eye could see me from beyond the redoubt, for I stole along under its cover."

"And I, noble general," said the third person, "will vouch that none could have passed from the fort; I will answer for the vigilance and the fidelity of yon stout bowman Hodge, with my life."

"'Tis well," said Zeno. "Listen, then, my right trusty Checco, and thou shalt learn what work our open enemies and our treacherous allies are carving out for us to-day. Thou must know, then, that we have discovered from the last missive from the enemy—which Alexis intercepted and has just replaced where Recanati will find it ere sunrise—we have discovered, I say, that the Genoese have for some days past been preparing a number of rafts, for which purpose they have demolished many of the houses in the town—with this fleet they propose to leave the city, and, if possible, to effect a junction with the fleet of Muraffo that lies, as you see, yonder," and he pointed out eastward where the hulls of the Genoese galleys were now dimly visible.

"It seems to me, so please you," said Checco, "but a wild scheme and a hopeless."

"I know not that," replied Zeno.

"They can scarcely leave the city before they will be perceived," rejoined Checco, "and once discovered their fate is inevitable."

"And yet they have taken their measures well, and might very possibly have succeeded, were I not informed of their design. In the first place, the rafts will scarcely rise above the water, and so might for a time be unnoticed; but besides that, they have taken good care that we shall have abundance of other matters to divert our attention from Chioggia. The Admiral Muraffo's fleet is to bear down upon Palestrina; that will engage the Venetian armament and Pisani; and then, lest I should look about me too pryingly from sheer idleness, my worthy ally Recanati has undertaken to excite a tumult amongst the mercenaries, so as to give me something to do—What think you of that, good Sir William? Is it not a knightly and a right skilful plot withal?"

"By the holy rood," said the Englishman, in a low and solemn tone, "he is no true knight, but a foul disgrace to the order; the fellow should have his spurs hacked off his heels by the provost-marshal. Thank heaven, he comes not from merry England!"

Zeno smiled, and after a moment resumed—"Well, then, I would now show thee wherein thou shalt aid me to-day. I mean, as usual, to take my rounds of the camp, but I wish not to excite any suspicion by having an unwonted number of attendants. Nevertheless, as I have reason to fear some sudden outbreak, it behoves me to have assistance nigh at hand. I would, therefore, that some score or two of thy trusty bowmen should hold themselves in readiness. Thou shalt thyself remain with them apart while I take with me some one of thy fellows whom thou canst trust, who at a secret signal from me can summon you to my aid. Hast such a one amongst your archers?"

"That have I i'faith, and more than one—but here is Hodge o' the Hill, as his comrades call him, as true as steel and as tough as yew tree. Your excellency may put your life in his hands."

"Good: let him be with me when I leave the fort. And now to your quarters, good sir knight, as secretly as you may. Alexis, thou must to the flotilla without delay. See the admiral privately; inform him of the designs of the besieged; and bid him watch for the signal between them and Muraffo, and hold himself in readiness for action."

The three men then separated, and each went his own way. The gray twilight grew red as the sun drew nearer to the horizon, and Hodge o' the Hill, ere his watch terminated, stood still for a minute and took a sharp leisurely survey all around him. All was still as through the night, save that, as his eye turned westward, he perceived the figure of a man strolling carelessly towards the western redoubt. Had Hodge been blessed with an extraordinary power of vision, or known as much as his worthy captain, he would have had no difficulty in pronouncing who the man was that, as he reached the redoubt, stooped down and took up something from the ground; but Hodge's eyes were just those of a good archer, that can hit the white in the target nine times out of ten, and so he did not recognise Recanati: but he resumed his march and his carol till he was relieved from his watch.

It was not many hours after the scene that we have just detailed, that the Venetian general, as was his wont, passed from his quarters in the fort, with his personal staff around him, and proceeded through the fortifications and the camp upon his round of inspection. As we have already stated, the troops of the republic consisted, in addition to their own soldiery, of a very motley collection of men of all nations; and as each band of free companions was commanded by his own chief, who rendered generally but as little obedience as he could to the generalissimo, one can readily understand how difficult was the task of preserving a paramount authority and enforcing unanimity of action and subordination of all to the one head.

Zeno had already proceeded through the domestic troops; next he visited the quarters of the English archers; beyond these were a body of adventurers, chiefly German; while the extremity of the camp was occupied by the band of Italian mercenaries under Roberto di Recanati. As the general approached the quarters of the Italians, his attention was attracted by loud angry words, as of men in high dispute, and passing on to the spot whence the noise proceeded, he discovered the big German man-at-arms, to whom we formerly introduced our readers, standing like a huge boar at bay, foaming with rage and defiance, while two or three of Recanati's lancers, with hands upon their half-drawn swords, were preparing to assail him. In a moment the combatants were arrested, and Zeno sternly demanded the cause of this unseemly broil.

"This German devil," said one of the Italians, "would defraud us of what we have won from him. And when we sought to get our own, he began to show his teeth, and bristle up like a wild boar, as he is. And then we were going to seize him, and pull out his tusks."

"Der teufel," roared the German; "ye did not play me fair; ye have stript me of every zecchin, and what more would ye have? Besides, noble general, they have cheated me, and played with false dice."

The Italians were instantly seized and searched, when, even as the German had stated, two sets of dice were found upon the person of one of them; one of these sets was evidently loaded.

"Take these sharpers," said Zeno, turning to his attendants, "bind them, and disarm them. We shall hand them to the provost-marshal as we return."

"We demand to be brought before our own capitano," said one of the men.

"On," said Zeno, motioning with his hand; and he proceeded to enter the quarters of the Italian mercenaries.

The sight of three of their comrades bound and guarded, was calculated to excite the passions of Recanati's troops, already but too well prepared for a mutinous outbreak by the wily schemes of their chief. Quick as the flame when the wind blows upon it, the intelligence ran from one end of the troops to the other, and Recanati himself was not the last to hear it. He saw at once how an occurrence of this nature would conspire with his present plans, and he hastened to watch and mould it to his purposes. Pale and self-composed, with his thin lips compressed, as was his wont, the subtle condottiere stood before the Venetian generalissimo.

"If it please your excellency," said Recanati, in a calm voice, "I would desire to know how it is that three of my soldiers are under arrest without my knowledge? I should humbly hope that my authority is sufficient to maintain the discipline of my own troops. I claim these men at your hands. If they have in aught transgressed, I shall see to it. Who charges them?"

Zeno's eye kindled up with a sudden fire, and he was about to reply angrily, but in a moment he seemed to have mastered his emotion, and he said, "You say well, sir capitano, and I am willing to have your aid in looking into this matter. Yonder German charges that these men have cheated him at play, and here are false dice found upon them. What say you?"

"We say, capitano," said one of the men, addressing Recanati, "that if they be false dice we knew not of it."

"And though we did," said another, speaking loud and looking boldly towards the whole band, who were now collected to witness the scene—"and if we did, what then? One can't be blamed for trying to eke out his fortunes and save himself from starving, when he has got half rations and short pay."

"Ha!" cried Zeno, "this is not a matter of breach of discipline for you to deal with, Sir Recanati, but a mutiny which concerns the state, and we shall reserve it. Lead on."

But the spirit of revolt was now fully awakened. At first, one or two hardier than the rest cried out, "They say true—they say true—we must have more rations—we must have better pay."

Then the tumult increased and spread from the Italian mercenaries to the German and other condottieri, till at length the whole camp poured forth its soldiery in a wild, disorderly state, with such arms as they could snatch up in their haste, and all thronged to the quarters of the Italians, and joined in the cry—"double rations! double pay!"

It was a moment that might well try the fortitude of the coolest man—the courage of the bravest. But Zeno was cool and brave as ever man was, and he was besides forewarned of his position and prepared to meet it. When Recanati had first approached Zeno, the latter placed his hand on his sword-hilt, and Hodge of the Hill quietly disappeared from the scene. And now as the cries and the tumult became louder and more frequent, and the soldiers pressed closer upon the general and his little band, with their insolent demands which each moment assumed more and more the appearance of threats, a shout was heard from behind:

"Ha! St. George—St. George for merry England!"

For a moment the clamour of the mutineers was hushed, and all eyes were turned towards the direction where Sir William Cheke led briskly on two companies of the merry bowmen fully accoutred. Then from the other side came a sound as of feet and the cheer of soldiers, and now the cry was "Viva San Marco! Viva la Signoria!" and a strong body of the troops of the republic were seen hurrying forward so as to take the other flank of the insurgents.

It was quite manifest now to Recanati that by some means which he could not devise, Zeno was prepared for any sudden mutiny. The wily condottiere therefore held aloof and took care apparently to be engaged in suppressing the outbreak of the soldiery. And, in truth, these latter became speedily sensible that they were taken at a disadvantage, and the more timid began to fall back and leave the more violent spirits to keep up the cry for pay and rations. And now Zeno seized the first pause when the cries ceased for a moment. With the fearless resolution, for which he was celebrated, he pushed boldly amongst the discontented throng, who felt their boldness rebuked by his noble spirit, and fell back to make way for him. The Venetian general well understood the temper of the troops about him, and took advantage of the moment of indecision to bring them again under authority. To some he appealed as those with whom he had shared many dangers and many victories; others he exhorted as men who should not sully their reputation as faithful allies and true soldiers. Here he reprimanded sharp and sternly—there he promised that any real cause of grievance should redressed, and he reminded all how he had lavished his own private means to the last florin that he might support the troops and meet the engagements of the republic. These efforts soon began to produce the desired effect, and some were even heard to cry, "Viva Zeno—Viva el generalissimo!" At this moment Zeno pointed with his outstretched hand towards Chioggia. All turned to gaze in the direction, when, to their surprise, they beheld one of the most singular spectacles that could be well imagined. Upon the lagunes appeared a number of rafts composed of the timbers of houses and other such materials, the strangest and rudest flotilla which despair ever induced men to hazard a naval engagement in, slowly bearing downwards.

THOMAS BAZLEY.

THERE are few problems the solution of which is more important for the welfare of this kingdom, than that which respects the moral and intellectual position which shall be held by the great employers of the manufacturing districts. The power of a millowner over his "hands" is very great. For good or for ill, the consequences of that power are incalculable. We are all influenced chiefly by those who are immediately above us. Unconsciously, and therefore effectually, we imitate our superiors; and, practically, our superiors are those who stand in the next grade higher than our own. Men of low culture and gross habits invariably abuse their power for evil purposes. Their example deteriorates all who come within its reach. Specially baneful is its influence on their immediate dependents. The heart that breeds vice is open to tyranny. And so masters of uncultivated minds and debased affections are generally despotical. But despotism in a master generates the evils of slavery in the servant. If the one is self-willed the other becomes insubordinate. Caprice on the one side calls forth turbulence on the other. Nothing is more dangerous than a feeling of being unjustly dealt by in

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A vicious employer makes vicious servants. An employer of a cultivated and honourable mind diffuses through his servants a love of what is pure and elevated. Employers have their representatives, who live in close contact with their operatives. Those representatives become so many channels for transmitting the moral and intellectual qualities of the head of the establishment, and, conformably to their own characters, produce good or ill on a large scale and to permanent results. Bad masters and bad superintendents produce bad servants. the minds of the working classes, and that feeling inevitably arises whenever the employer neglects his moral obligations.

The interests which are involved in this issue are of a vast magnitude. England is rapidly becoming one great manufactory. Already its commerce is huge. That commerce gravitates more and more towards the manufacturing districts, and in its powerful tendencies carries thitherward other great interests. England is rapidly becoming the commercial centre of the civilised world. All history teaches that, where com-

merce has its home, there are centered the great interests, and there are determined the great issues of civilisation. Impossible, therefore, is it to look to Lancashire without deep concern. In its hives of industry the fate of Great Britain is being wrought out. On the influences which are predominant there, depends, to a great degree, the weal or the woe of this nation.

As yet those influences are by no means wholly satisfactory. Material good has been there produced on a very large scale. In the products of skill and industry, in the vast accumulations of wealth, in strong intellects and untiring enterprise, in patient labour and a teeming population, means and resources of happiness abound there. But does the higher culture exist in similar proportions? The material prosperity of the manufacturing districts has outrun their moral appliances and their moral power. A disproportion between the two is in constant and fearful operation—a great if not an increasing disproportion. If the chasm continues to widen, it may engulph both moral and physical good. The social frame cannot long endure the spasmodic action which must ensue from a loss of equilibrium in its great motive powers.

Hence, the moral condition of the great employers is seen to be no trivial question. Would that we could report of it as favourably as we could wish. An improvement we do recognise. The millowner of the present day is greatly superior to the millowner of forty years ago. He has received a better school education; he is free from the low and degrading habits of his predecessors; he is in a measure sensible of his moral responsibilities; to some extent, he has the appearance and manners of a gentleman; he is more just and more considerate towards his "hands;" the best of his class encourage the moral and intellectual cultivation of their workpeople.

But we cannot affirm that "the masters" adequately appreciate the higher culture. Even for their own children they do not desire its advantages in a sufficient degree or an effectual manner. A fear prevails among them that a high education unfits a youth for business. With a predominant love of money-making, they look chiefly, some look almost exclusively, to the immediate pecuniary result of intellectual culture. The return per cent. of every outlay is too rigidly regarded. The direct bearing of knowledge on material productiveness is the great question. If the discipline of a university would teach boys to spin more yarn or better yarn out of a given pound of cotton, to the university would boys be sent in crowds. A professor who taught "the art and mystery" of "buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest," would soon make a fortune in Manchester. The love of a high intellectual training, for itself and for its own results, exists there only within a very contracted sphere. Hence, opportunities for collegiate training, which have long offered themselves in its highways, have been almost totally disregarded; and the course of study afforded by the munificence of one of its own citizens, in the Owens' College, is as yet not very superior to that of the better sort of our upper-class schools, and gives at present small promise of attracting to its advantages large classes of earnest and eager disciples.

More intense and widely spread would be the love of the higher culture in Manchester and the important district of which that city is the centre, were the spirit and the practice of Thomas Bazley widely prevalent.

The events of this excellent and amiable man's life are neither numerous nor remarkable. We should more correctly set forth the fact, were we to say, that his has been an even tenor of self-improvement and social usefulness. Possessing from his birth the inestimable privilege of virtuous and morally cultivated parents, and being endowed by nature with a happy temperament, the subject of this sketch was in boyhood and in youth free from many perils incident to that important period of life, and was gradually led to acquire habits of self-culture and self-control. By his father, who was fond of mathematical studies, and who held it to be a parent's duty to discipline and form his children's mind, he was early trained to that mental industry and exactitude of thinking, which now characterise and distinguish the man, and to which he owes no small portion of his mercantile success and his social eminence. The happy result was facilitated by a superior school-education. No few of our successful manufacturers received no other instruction than such as may be had in the Sunday-school. It was Thomas Bazley's good fortune to undergo a somewhat higher training. Born on the 27th of May, 1797, at Gilnow, near Bolton-le-Moors (now known as simply Bolton), in Lancashire, he was sent to the Grammar School of that town. At the age of fifteen, he entered as an apprentice a manufacturing establishment in Bolton. On reaching his majority, he began business on his own account. In the year 1826, he removed from Bolton to Manchester, where a larger field and freer scope promised to reward his enterprise. At Dean Mills, near Bolton, and at the New Bridge Mills, Manchester, Mr. Bazley, in conjunction with his partners, established a fine yarn and lace-thread spinning concern, the most extensive of its class. In 1828, he married the daughter of Sebastian Nash, Esq., of Clayton Mills, near Manchester, and has an only son, who, having completed his education at Trinity College, Cambridge, which he left with honours, in January last but one, is now engaged with his father in a fine cotton-spinning business. For twenty years Mr. Bazley has been a director of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures, of which he is now the president. While a resident, from 1835 to 1840, in the neighbouring borough of Salford, Mr. Bazley held municipal offices in that town, and promoted the establishment there of the Borough or Magistrates' Court; he also lent efficient aid in introducing the Municipal Act, and whilst occupying the position of boroughreeve, gave the weight of his character and dignity to the promulgation of the doctrines of free trade; to the recognition of which by the legislature of England the present prosperity of the kingdom is mainly to be ascribed. Within this period, Mr. Bazley was an active and influential fellow-worker, in the cause of free trade, with Richard Cobden, John Bright, and the late John Brooks. Of the consequent labours, special mention may be made of an embassy to Liverpool, undertaken by those gentlemen, together with Mr. Bazley, which, the first of the kind, was most important in its results, by securing the co-operation of that great commercial entrepôt. Possessed of a liberal, as well as cultivated mind, Mr. Bazley is a firm advocate of unsectarian education, and has rendered valuable services to the National Public School Association, in the list of whose vice-presidents his name is found. Wholly exempt from the fear with which some still regard the extension of educational means among the people, he has declared his conviction that such extension would prove beneficial even in a commercial point of view.

"If the labouring classes were well educated, their superior attainments would be alike more profitable to their employers, by increased skill and a nearer approximation to perfection; and to themselves not only in augmented rewards, but in the knowledge that would promote their general comfort and each other's welfare; for could every worker be well clothed, dwell in abodes furnished with manufactured products, and all requisites for rendering the home fireside attractive, there would arise a universal demand for the results of labour beyond all precedent. If there be, then, no higher motive for removing the lamentable ignorance which pervades many of the labouring classes amongst us, why does not even the censurable cupidity of the age remove the stigma?"

Repeatedly have Mr. Bazley's high qualifications called forth from his fellow-citizens the expression of an earnest desire that he would become their representative in the Commons' House of Parliament; but hitherto his extensive commercial avocations have prevented him from acceding to their overtures. In the year 1850, he had the distinguished honour of being appointed a member of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition in 1851 of the Industry of all Nations. In that capacity he rendered most valuable services, not less by the suavity of his manners than his intimate and comprehensive acquaintance with industrial products. As a man and

a citizen, Mr. Bazley is held in very high estimation by his neighbours; and by his diligence in business and his well-directed zeal in objects of high and lasting usefulness, he has, without intending it, yet most deservedly, acquired a national repute.

Mr. Bazley is a man of business, not a man of letters. But the "Lecture upon Cotton," which he recently delivered at the rooms of the Society of Arts, London, in connexion with the Exhibition of 1851,—his Royal Highness Prince Albert, president, in the chair,—bears evidences of a refined and well-furnished mind. We have already given one quotation from this lecture; we conclude with another:—

"Persecution under the Duke of Alva became to England a manufacturing monitor. Artizans and weavers were expelled from their abodes in Flanders, and were welcomed here by the wise, energetic, and reigning sovereign, Elizabeth; whose peaceful triumphs have been more enduring and profitable to the nation than were her achievements in war. Here, then, were the expatriated sons of industry—their country's true wealth—received, hospitably cherished, and located. May the industrious and oppressed ever find a refuge here! Aided by the Flemings, the manufactures of England rapidly extended."

THE TURKS AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

We first hear of the Turks in the sixth century, as the most despised portion of the slaves of the great khan, a chief of the Geougen, one of the Tartar hordes, which for ages have inhabited, or rather possessed, the great plains of central Asia.* Their haunts lay mostly in the neighbourhood of the chain of mountains known as the Altai range, which were very fertile in minerals, particularly iron, and the Turks were mostly employed in extracting the ore and forging it. How long the latter remained in this degraded state, we know not, but at last a bold and energetic leader arose amongst them, named Bertezend, and persuaded them to assert their freedom and independence. The revolt proved successful; his daring was rewarded by a crown, and under his command the Turks distinguished themselves by several victories over the neighbouring tribes. The new khan now had the hardihood to seek the hand of his old master's daughter in marriage, but his alliance was contemptuously rejected. He met with better success amongst the Chinese, who bestowed on him one of their princesses, and the insult he had received from the Geougen was avenged in a great battle, in which nearly the whole of that nation was extirpated and their dominion put an end to, and that of the Turks took its place. Their heads, however, were not turned by prosperity, and they preserved the memory of their origin by an annual ceremony, at which a piece of iron was heated in the fire and hammered upon an anvil by the prince and his chief officers in succession; and even when their dominions covered a great tract of territory, they never encamped far from Mount Altai, their former abode. Their emperor's throne was always turned towards the east, and his tent was distinguished by a spear surmounted by a golden wolf, thrust in the ground at the door. They seem to have sacrificed to a supreme being, and to have sung hymns in honour of fire and air, earth and water, as deities of an inferior order. They had unwritten laws, in which offences against morality, or breaches of military discipline, were punished with terrible severity. One of their armies consisted of four hundred thousand men, and in less than fifty years they were connected in loans or alliances with the Romans, the Chinese, and the Persians, and all this while they were still a nomade horde of shepherds. They were terrible enemies to the Chinese, whose empire they invaded as often as internal dissensions gave them a prospect of success, and such was their superiority in arms to their civilized opponents, that their retreat was invariably purchased by subsidies. Their empire at last, however, became large and unwieldy; viceroys who were appointed became turbulent and revolted; continued successes introduced luxury and carelessness; the conquerors became enervated, and the tribes which they had subjugated rose in revolt, so that their dominion was overthrown after it had lasted for two hundred years.

The next time their name comes prominently before us in history, it is as guards of the Mussulman Caliph of the Saracens, Motassem, who reigned in splendour at Bagdad between the years 841 and 870. He had recruited his mercenary forces by robust Turkish youths, either taken in war or purchased in trade, who were trained to bear arms, and instructed in the doctrines of the Mahometan faith. Fifty thousand of them at one time occupied the capital, while their chiefs filled the principal offices in the royal household, and acted as viceroys of the provinces. They behaved as hired soldiers may always be expected to act amongst a luxurious and enervated people, for the Arabs had by this time lost much of the warlike fervour which had distinguished them when they issued from their deserts to propagate the new faith. They rose in insurrection almost at regular intervals, upon receiving the least cause of discontent, murdered and maltreated the reigning prince, and disposed of the crown as they pleased, just as the prætorian guards had done at Rome centuries before.

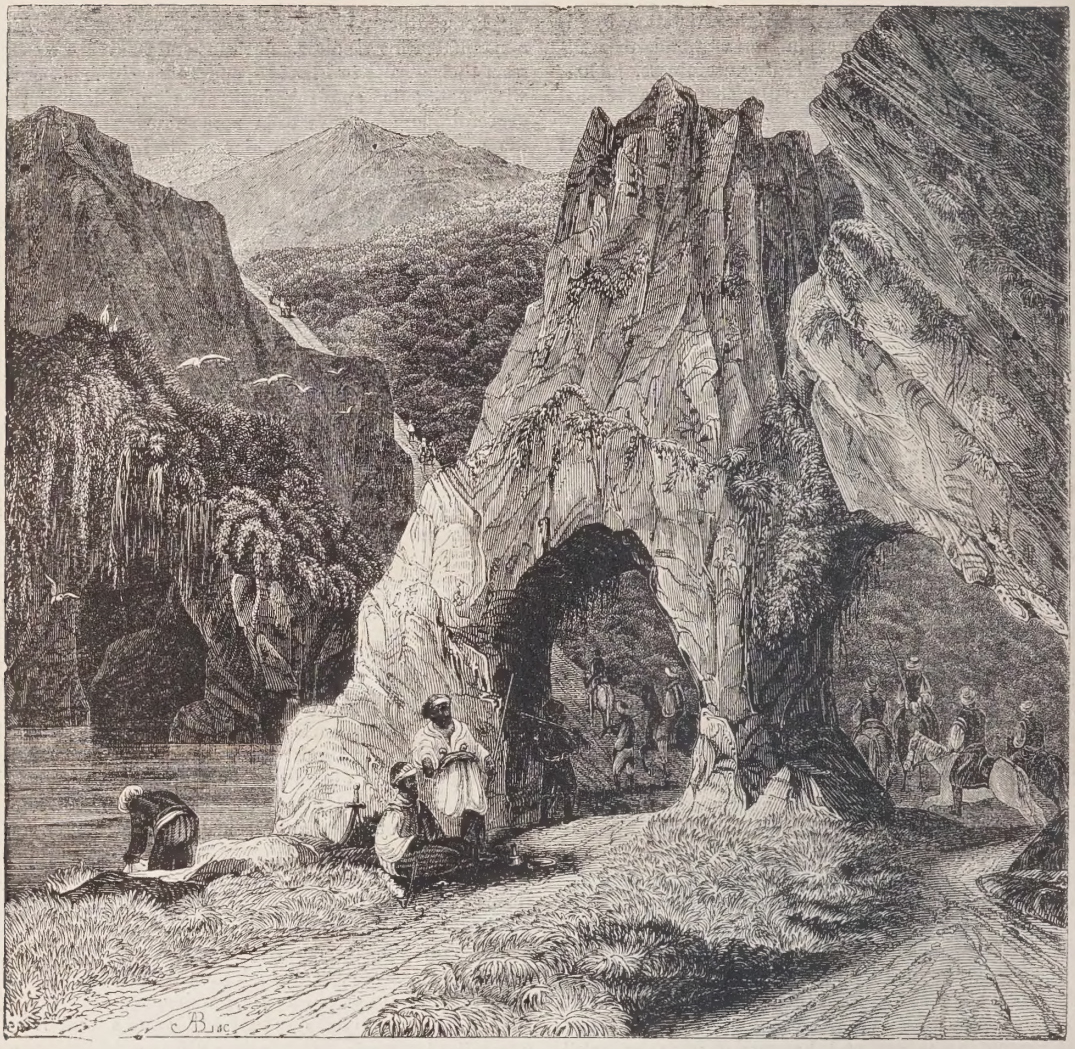
It was in the ninth century, however, that the Turks made themselves known to Europe in all their might and ferocity, under the name of *Ungars* or *Hungarians*. They crossed the frontiers of the Roman empire in the year 889, in huge squadrons of cavalry, and took possession of the province of Pannonia; swept over Bavaria, Swabia, and Franconia, with such speed, that in one day they laid waste a tract of country fifty miles in circuit. In the year 900 they had penetrated as far as the Pyrenees, and in 924 they crossed the Alps, and desolated Italy; and it was not till the year 935 that they were defeated and repelled by the skill and valour of Henry the Fowler and Otho the Great, two Saxon princes, and settled down peaceably in modern Hungary.

The tribe were now scattered loosely over the desert from China to the Oxus and the Danube; one branch of it had founded a republic in Europe, and men of Turkish extraction were the guards and ministers of most of the Asiatic thrones. It was in the year 997 in which Mahmud the Gaznezide, the son of a Turkish emir, seized the throne of the Persian caliphs and assumed the title of *sultan*. He was famed as a warrior, and made twelve expeditions into Hindostan; but he was still unable to contend against the barbarous hordes of his own countrymen, who hovered on the confines of his empire. During his lifetime, however, he managed to keep them in subjection and in peace; but during the reign of his son and successor, Massoud, in the year 1038, they burst upon Persia like an avalanche, and at the great battle of Zendeccan the sultan was defeated, and lost both his kingdom and his life.

The Turks now proceeded to the election of a king; and the choice fell upon Togrul Bey, the grandson of Seljuk, from whom the dynasty received the appellation of Seljukian. Under him, Persia reached the highest pitch of power and importance; he delivered the caliph of Bagdad from the assaults of a rival, and finally succeeded to his throne; and, for the first time, made the arms of the Turks feared at Constantinople.

Under his successor, the famous and terrible Alp Arslan, the prestige of Turkish valour and ferocity was fully upheld. He conquered Georgia and Armenia, and passing across the

* There was a tradition amongst them that the founder of their tribe was, like Romulus, suckled by a she-wolf, and they preserved the figure of that animal on their banners.



PASS IN THE BALKAN FRONTIER, BETWEEN TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

THE SEA OF MARMORA.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE CASTLE OF SYLIVRIA, ON THE SEA OF MARMORA.

frontier of the Greek empire, laid waste Phrygia. Diogenes Romanus, the emperor, marched against him with a strong force, and at first met with some slight successes; but at last, owing to the treachery of a subordinate prince, his army was thrown into confusion in the presence of the enemy, and the Turkish cavalry overwhelmed him in a vast cloud. The slaughter was immense, the booty rich, and Romanus himself was taken prisoner, and only liberated upon payment of a large ransom.

Under the successors of Alp Arslan, the Turkish dominions were still further extended, and those of the Greeks still further circumscribed. Palestine was conquered, and a new Mussulman kingdom, that of Roum, was founded, of which Jerusalem was the capital; and nothing interposed between the arms of the conqueror and the capital of the Cæsars but the narrow straits of the Bosphorus. The persecutions suffered by the Christian pilgrims who thronged from all parts of Europe, to pay their devotions at the sepulchre of Christ, became every day greater; and it was a terrible humiliation for the Roman emperor to know, that the barbarian Latins alone had the power as well as the will to aid them. We shall not enter into the details of the various conflicts which took place in the first and subsequent crusades between the Saracens and the Latins, but shall hurry on to the year 1240, when the Ottomans or Othmans, the ancestors of the present possessors of Constantinople, first appear upon the scene.

Gellaleddin, one of the bravest of the sultans of Persia, after a long and brave defence of his dominions against the Moguls, another Tartar horde, was at last defeated, and perished ignobly in the mountains of Kurdistan. His army was broken up by his death; and, while the bolder and more powerful of the Turkman hordes of which it was composed invaded Syria and violated the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, the more humble entered the service of Aladin, the sultan of Iconium. Amongst the latter were the ancestors of the Ottomans. When they joined Aladin, their shah Orthogrul reigned over four hundred families, who dwelt in a camp on the banks of the Sangar, and whom he governed, in peace and war, for fifty-two years. He had a son named Thaman, or Athman, or Othman, a softened form, which it afterwards assumed, who, finding himself gradually emancipated from all control by the downfall of the Seljukian dynasty, and the distance of the Mogul khans, began to assume the bearing and authority of a sovereign prince. In sober reality, he was nothing better than what we, at the present day, should call the chief of a band of marauders; but at that time, and in that region, there was no idea of ignominy or baseness attached to the occupation he followed. He found himself close to the frontier of the Greek empire, and he was thus enabled to gratify his passion for plunder, under the pretext of religious duty; for the Koran not only sanctioned, but encouraged the carrying on of war against the infidels. The passes of Mount Olympus were no longer ably defended as of yore; he easily descended into the plain of Bithynia, and instead of retreating, according to the custom of his tribe, after a successful foray, he retained and fortified all the towns and castles that he captured, and began insensibly to adopt the customs, and indulge in the luxuries of civilization. In the reign of his son Orchan, a body of trained infantry was, for the first time, introduced into the Turkish army, as well as a train of battering engines, and by their aid Nice and Nicomedia were captured. In the year 1300, the whole of the Asiatic provinces of the Greek empire were lost, and the seven churches of the apostle John soon made way for the mosques of Mahomet.

In 1341, the Greek emperor Cantecuzene was foolish or unfortunate enough to call in the aid of the Ottomans against his rivals and adversaries. They crossed the strait, rendered him the assistance he sought; and their friendship was cemented by the marriage of the Greek princess Theodora with the son of Orchan. This time the Ottomans evacuated Europe, but in 1353, they were again invited by Cantecuzene to aid him against his enemies in Romania; and Solyman, his son-in-law, crossed the Hellespont with ten thousand horse, who never went back. The Chersonesus was insensibly filled by a Turkish colony; an earthquake dismantled the walls of many of the towns and fortresses in the provinces—the Turks entered in and took possession, and never gave them up. When Amurath, the brother of Solyman, ascended the throne in 1360, he reigned over the whole province of Romania, from the Hellespont to Mount Hæmus, and the verge of the Greek capital; and he chose Adrianople as the seat of his government. He marched against the Bulgarians, Servians, Bosnians, and Albanians, and repeatedly defeated them, while the Greek emperor, John Palæologus, and his four sons, humbly followed the march of the conqueror, and awaited his pleasure. The fate of Constantinople, the last relic of so much greatness, of so much strength, of so much glory and civilization, was at length to be decided. Her hour was come, and now, for the first time in a thousand years, she found herself in the midst of her enemies with none to help or deliver her.

Amurath turned his victories over the Sclavonian nations to excellent account. A fifth of the hardiest and most robust of the youth of the Danubian provinces were selected for the sultan's use. They were educated in the religion and arms of the Turkish empire; they were then blessed by Hagi Boktesh, a celebrated dervish, who, placing the sleeve of his gown on the head of one of them, exclaimed, "Let them be called janizaries (*yengi cheri*—new or young soldiers); let their countenance ever be bright, their hands victorious, their swords keen; let their spears always hang over the heads of their enemies, and wherever they go, may they return with a white face!" *

The plan was found to succeed so admirably, that afterwards every fifth child, or the children of every fifth year, were selected from amongst the Christian population of the empire in the same manner, and instructed from the age of fourteen in seminaries appointed for the purpose, where they were taught to shoot with the bow, to wrestle, and speak Turkish. Some of them were employed as the household attendants of the sultan, or in the dockyards and arsenals; but the greater number were draughted into the army, and formed the first body of infantry which had appeared in Europe after the fall of the Roman empire. Here was the great secret of their success. All the western powers at that day believed that their main strength lay in their cavalry; no gentlemen would deign to fight on foot; and when foot soldiers were employed they were recruited from amongst the peasantry, and acted not as a united body, but as a sort of attendants upon the knights. As long as the Christians were ignorant of the vast power of a disciplined force of infantry, the Ottomans conquered; but as soon as their attention was turned to the improvement of this arm, and skill in its use became an essential qualification for a general, the balance was once more restored, and the Turks began to decline. Every possible effort was made to promote the *esprit de corps* amongst the janizaries, so as to keep up a feeling of unity amongst them when scattered in the various towns and provinces of the empire. They thus became the strongest bulwark of the Ottoman power in the earlier days of its establishment in Europe, though we shall see hereafter how greatly they contributed to its present decline.

The other exploits of Amurath and his successor Bajazet are numerous and weighty. The latter defeated hosts of Christian crusaders, spread terror through Europe, and threatened to feed his horse with a bushel of oats upon the altar of St. Peter's at Rome; and at last was himself conquered, and captured at the great battle of Angora, the greatest and most sanguinary that has ever occurred in the history of the world, by Timour, the Tartar khan. Amurath the Second besieged Constantinople in 1422, with an army of 200,000 men; but the strength of the walls, and the valour of the mercenaries whom the Greeks employed to defend them—for they were now too feeble or too effeminate to defend themselves—proved sufficient to repel his attacks, and the Greek empire—if that term may be applied to the city itself, for that

* *White* and *black face* are terms of praise and reproach among the Turks.

was all that now remained—received a respite of thirty years longer.

It is melancholy to read, even at this distance of time, of the dismay which reigned at that period at Constantinople. Many are the romances that have been written and the homilies that have been uttered upon fallen greatness, but no better instance of the vanity of earthly power could ever be cited "to point a moral and adorn a tale," than the fate of this unhappy city. The two emperors, John and Emanuel Palæologus, who occupied the throne during this period, were in the last extremity of despair. To save their capital they were prepared to sacrifice everything, even their religion, which a thousand years of strife and contention with the Latins had made it a point of honour with every true Greek to uphold. If the Pope procured him fifteen galleys, 500 men-at-arms, and 1,000 archers, he was ready to heal the schism and become his obedient son, abandon all points in dispute between the two churches, and prevail upon his clergy and people to submit themselves to the spiritual sway of the successor of St. Peter. He went as a miserable suppliant to Rome—the first Greek emperor who had ever done so—and there, such was his terror of the ferocious Turk, that in the presence of four cardinals he acknowledged as a true Catholic the supremacy of the Pope and the double procession of the Holy Ghost. He then kissed the Pope's feet, and hands, and mouth, publicly at St. Peter's, and was in return allowed to lead his Holiness' mule. Alas, poor Greece! Eight centuries previously, bishops were ready to cut their rivals' throats, and shed blood upon the altar itself, sooner than make either of these concessions; but to do the Greek clergy and people justice, whatever the emperor might say, they were as obstinate schismatics as ever, and hated the Latin Christians as cordially as the followers of the false prophet. John's conversion, however, did not avail him. The western powers could not be induced to do anything for him, and after a wearisome delay he returned empty-handed to Constantinople, after being arrested for debt at Venice on his way.

His son and successor, Manuel, made a similar excursion for the same purpose, and with no better success. He was received with all due respect in Rome. He passed on to France, and was there welcomed by Charles VI. and his nobles with magnificent politeness. He was lodged in the Louvre, and a succession of balls and fêtes were got up in the vain attempt to drive away his cares; but his demands for assistance were met with expressions of cold regret that it was impossible to comply with them, or vague promises more painful and more injurious than flat refusals. He crossed over to England, was met by Henry IV. at Blackheath, and during a stay of some days in London, was treated with all the respect and attention due to the representative of the declining dignity of imperial Rome. But the quarrels of the Roses gave the English no time for another crusade. Manuel returned to his capital, after an absence of two years, poorer and more downcast than when he left it.

On the 1st of November, 1448, the last of the Cæsars ascended the imperial throne in the person of Constantine Palæologus. The sultan of the Ottomans, reigning at this time at Adrianople, was Mahomet the Second, a man of great valour, unscrupulous ambition, great learning, but of ferocious temper. He declared his intention of building a fortress upon the European side of the Bosphorus, close to the walls of Constantinople. The emperor feebly remonstrated. Mahomet set him at defiance, and declared that he would order the next envoy who came with such a message to be flayed alive. The castle was accordingly built, and the marble of Christian churches was employed in its construction; the horses of the janizaries, who guarded the workmen, strayed into the neighbouring cornfields—the owners drove them out—frays issued in which many of the Greeks were massacred; the city gates were closed in alarm; Mahomet overjoyed went home to prepare for war. Constantine in despair declared that since the Turks were bent on his destruction, he would put his trust in the Lord of Hosts and die sword in hand at the head of his people.

The winter of 1452-3 was spent in preparations on both sides: Mahomet levying vast armaments and casting guns—for gunpowder had just been invented—of monstrous size; Constantine in strengthening the fortifications, saying his prayers and soliciting aid from abroad. But the west looked coldly on, and on the 6th of April, 1453, the crescent standard was planted before the gate of St. Romanus, and the famous siege of Constantinople commenced.

Some of the populace had previously withdrawn, and many of the degenerate nobility had accompanied them in their flight. Others kept masses of treasure in concealment which, if patriotically devoted to the state, might have employed whole armies of mercenaries in its defence. The Turks numbered 300,000 men; but although Constantinople contained 100,000 inhabitants, most of them were priests, or women, or men so devoid of spirit that they had lost even the first and noblest instinct of our nature, that which prompts a man to fight in self-defence, and in defence of his family and his liberty. A diligent inquiry was made at each house how many of the inmates were able and willing to bear arms in the coming struggle, but the minister to whom the duty was entrusted bore to his master the terrible news that of all this vast multitude there were but 4,970 *Romans* to man the walls. The old Romans, after losing 60,000 men in eighteen months, out of a population of fighting men of 270,000, and suffering three defeats from the armies of Hannibal, in which their best and bravest lost their lives, met not in fear or lamentation in the forum, but in fury, and the remnant marched forth to fight again, unconquered and unconquerable. At Marathon 10,000 Greeks charged a countless host of Persians on an open sandy plain, in a running step, and drove them on board their ships in confusion. How true it is that freedom is its own best defender, and that slavery is the grave of valour, of honour, and of manly sentiment!

Constantine had sought, by conforming to the Roman faith, and suffering service to be celebrated in the church of Sophia, with the Latin ritual, to secure the aid of the Christians of the west; but the unfortunate man by this step only drew on himself the rage of his own subjects, and the degenerate slaves who trembled at the sound of the Turkish cannon were ready to massacre the Roman Catholic priests because they consecrated a wafer of *unleavened* bread, and poured cold water into the sacramental cup. They yelled in the streets, what need had they of Latin aid, and in drunken zeal declared that with the Virgin's aid they could themselves deliver their city from her assailants.

To his five thousand volunteers Constantine was enabled to add two thousand foreigners under the command of John Justiniani, a noble Genoese, and these were all he had to defend a city sixteen miles in circumference, but they animated by the greatest enthusiasm, and he himself was in every way worthy of the name he bore.

The Greeks at first sallied from the gates and engaged in desultory conflicts outside the walls, but they soon found that losses which were nothing to the Turks were disastrous to them in the highest degree, and they henceforth confined themselves to the defence of the ramparts. Their artillery was scanty, but it was well served, though small in calibre. They had a few great guns, but feared to fire them, lest the explosion should overthrow the old walls. Mahomet's great guns, in the meantime, thundered against the fortifications, and at last made some impression. The Turks advanced to fill up the ditch with fascines and rubbish; but all that they threw down in the day the Greeks removed at night. Mahomet mined; they countermined. He erected huge towers on a level with the walls, and by the aid of battering-rams, overturned the turret of St. Romanus; they overturned his towers and built up that of St. Romanus in one night. When he saw it in the morning he swore that had thirty-seven thousand prophets told him, he would not have believed that infidels could perform such a feat in so short a time. He poured liquid fire upon the Greeks; they poured liquid fire on him. He planted scaling-ladders, and the janizaries mounted them in a furious throng; the Greeks hurled them down as fast as they mounted, in one mangled and gory mass,

Towards the end of April fire-ships arrive from Genoa laden with supplies for the weary garrison. They enter the Bosphorus, and are already in sight of the city, when the sultan sends a fleet of three hundred vessels against them. They engage; the unwieldy and badly managed barks of the Turks are overwhelmed by the skill of the Christian sailors. The slaughter is frightful. Mahomet sits on horseback on the beach came on shore he was stretched on his face and received one hundred strokes with a golden rod under the kindling eye of his master, but the city is supplied with provisions and ammunition, and the Greeks are jubilant.

It was now evident that the Turks must abandon the siege if the city could not be attacked from the sea as well as from the land. Their fleet lay far down in the straits, and the

BULGARIANS, INHABITANTS OF TURKEY IN EUROPE.

surrounded by his officers, and swears and yells with fury as he sees his followers giving way. They take heart again, they scramble up the sides of the Genoese vessels, Mahomet spurs his horse into the water in impotent rage and threatens them with vengeance in case of another failure. They are swept down by the artillery and burnt with liquid fire, and twelve thousand Turkish bodies floating in the Bosphorus attest the fury of the combat. When the Moslem commander Genoese vessels, moored in a firm line, lay between them and Constantinople. Mahomet constructed a wooden way ten miles in length, dragged his ships along it in one night, and launched them on the side next the Black Sea. They were chained together, a battery constructed upon them, and several breaches were speedily made in the walls. The garrison was thinned; four towers were levelled with the ground; the Greeks began to despair.

OSTEND.

In the ninth century Ostend, a name which signifies the eastern extremity, was a village of but small importance; yet before the eleventh century had closed, its renown as a port and city was widely extended. In 1445, Philip the Good found it necessary to enlarge its boundaries, and erect a high wall, a magic circle of stony strength, and not long afterwards we find Ostend a regularly fortified city. These fortifications were completed by the Prince of Orange (1583), who had placed himself at the head of the Dutch revolt. The siege which Ostend sustained for three years against the Archduke Albert, from 1601 to 1604, is one of the most remarkable events of modern history. Seventy-two thousand of the besieged perished, and a far more considerable number of the Spaniards were destroyed. At the siege there are said to have been 300,000 pieces of cannon, which were for the most part manufactured in London. At the time of the capitulation Ostend was literally nothing more than a mass of ruins; and in this condition it was surrendered to General Ambrose Spinola on the 14th of September, 1604. The city was entirely rebuilt in 1706, and ceded in 1715 to the Emperor of Germany, Charles VI., who by the establishment of an Indian Company brought about the true era of its prosperity. Unhappily that period did not last long: for in 1734 the Indian Company was suppressed, and ten years afterwards, by a siege of eighteen days, Louis XV. destroyed the new fortifications and captured the city. It was re-taken by the French in 1794.

Situated at the extremity of a plain, Ostend is mainly defended by its modern fortifications, and is entered by four gates. The population is nearly 11,500. The Hotel de Ville, flanked by two towers and surmounted by a cupola, was rebuilt in 1711, it having been destroyed by the siege of 1706.

The only part of Ostend which presents a modern aspect has been built upon a somewhat singular plan; it is called the New City. This is the work of the Emperor Joseph II., who exerted himself to establish and extend the maritime interests of the place.

The ramparts which overlook the sea form an agreeable promenade, at the foot of which a column has been erected which serves at night as a lighthouse for vessels approaching the harbour. During the day the naval signals are conducte from a pavilion which floats to the same height as the column when the water is at its greatest elevation, and sinks as the tide retreats.

VIEW OF OSTEND.

The port has two basins, very large and very carefully constructed, formed with stones and timber; two jetties of timber divide them from each other, and the width of the opening is about five hundred feet. The port affords safe and convenient harbourage to the largest vessels, but the entrance is not always easy, and shipwrecks in its neighbourhood are of no uncommon occurrence.

The port is used by vessels of all countries and of every description, from the small sloop to the citadels of the ocean. More than a thousand are annually entered. The sea bathing is justly celebrated, and attracts a great number of visitors.

HAWKS AND HAWKING.

> But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
> And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
> To see how God in all his creatures works!
> Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
>
> *Henry VI., part* 2.

Hawking is the art of taking wild animals, chiefly birds, by means of hawks. This sport, though of great antiquity, seems chiefly to have been practised in the two countries of Thrace and Britain. In the former it was pursued merely as the diversion of a particular district; for Aristotle tells us, that "there was a district in Thrace, in which the boys used to assemble at a certain time of the year, for the sake of bird-catching; that this spot was much frequented by hawks, which were wont to appear on hearing themselves called, and would drive the little birds into the bushes, where they were caught by children; and that the hawks would even sometimes take the birds and fling them to these young fowlers, who, after finishing their diversion, bestowed on their assistants part of the prey." But the aborigines of Britain, as well as the Saxons, had a great fondness for hawking, and every chief amongst them maintained a considerable number of birds for that sport.

To the Romans it was scarcely known in the days of Vespasian, but was introduced soon after from Britain; and Martial has the following epigram on the fate of a hawk:—

> "Prædo fuit volucrum, famulus mene ancupis, idem
> Decipit, et captas non sibi, mœrit, aves."

Among this people, the hawk was called *accipiter*, and it was considered a bird of ill omen from being carnivorous; but Pliny says that sometimes, particularly in marriage, it was esteemed of good omen, because it never eats the hearts of other birds; intimating thereby that no differences in the marriage state ought to affect the heart. The accipiter was worshipped as a divinity at Tentyra, an island on the Nile, being considered by the inhabitants as an image of the sun; and hence we find the sun represented under the figure of a hawk in hieroglyphics. It became a favourite exercise of the Roman Britons in the sixth century, and in later times was the principal amusement of the English. Under the Welsh laws of Hoel Dha, "the falconer has a privilege, the day the hawk shall bill a bittern, or a heron, or a curlew. Three services shall the king perform for the falconer on such a day: hold his stirrup while he dismounts; hold the horse while he goes after the birds; and hold his stirrup while he mounts again. Three times shall the king that night compliment him at table." In the beginning of the seventh century, two falcons and a hawk were sent by the Archbishop of Mons, an Englishman by birth, to Ethelbert, king of Kent, the birds then reared in England not being in such high repute; and a king of Mercia requested the same dignitary of the church to send him two falcons which had been trained to attack cranes, as those he had were not sufficiently strong and skilful. At a later period, hawking became so common that laws were made for the purpose of restraining some of the abuses to which it gave rise. Monks were fordidden to keep hawks and falcons; and, in 821, persons carrying hawks were forbidden by the then king of the Mercians from trespassing upon the lands belonging to the monks of Abingdon. Alfred the Great wrote a book on the management of hawks, and, according to Asser, he himself instructed his falconers, hawkers, and hound-trainers. Edward the Confessor's fondness for hawking seems to have been excessive, for in the words of an old manuscript, "Every day after divine service he took to this beloved sport;" while the cause of Harold's unfortunate voyage to Normandy is by some writers attributed to the straying of a favourite falcon, which he was anxious to recover. In the Bayeux tapestry, said to have been worked by Matilda, wife to William the Conqueror, and her ladies, he is represented as embarking with a bird on his hand and a dog under his arm; and in an old picture representing the marriage of Henry VI., a nobleman is represented much in the same manner. After the conquest, the common people seem to have been prohibited from keeping these birds, hunting with them being considered an amusement worthy only of kings and nobles; and thus these birds became as much the token of high birth, as the spurs of knighthood or the blazon of a shield. Nobles carried their favourite falcons with them on journeys, and sometimes even into battle, and would not part with them even to procure their own liberty, if taken prisoners; for to resign his hawk was considered one of the most disgraceful actions of which a nobleman could be guilty, and as a voluntary resignation of his nobility.

Magna Charta, however, gave liberty to every freeman to have in his woods eyries of hawks, sparr-hawks, falcons, eagles, and herons. Large numbers of hawks were generally kept at the monasteries; and Walter, Bishop of Rochester, was so fond of this sport, that when he was eighty years of age, it was (with hunting) the sole employment of his life, to the total neglect of the duties of his office. English ladies also applied themselves so much to the art, that they are said to have excelled the men in their dexterity,—"a proof," says John of Salisbury, "that it is an effeminate amusement."

We find that Jeoffrey Fitzpierre gave two good Norway hawks to king John, to obtain for his friend the liberty of exporting one hundredweight of cheese; and Nicholas the Dane stipulated "to give the king a hawk every time he came into England, that he might have liberty to traffic throughout the king's dominions." Great, indeed, must have been their value, to have been considered as bribes not unworthy of a king. Vast, too, was the expense which sometimes attended this sport. In the reign of James the First, Sir Thomas Monson is said to have given £1,000 for a cast of hawks. We need not wonder, then, at the rigour of the laws tending to preserve an amusement which was carried to such a pitch of extravagance.

In the 34th Edward III., it was made felony to steal a hawk; and to take its eggs, even in the person's own ground, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, besides a fine at the king's pleasure. In queen Elizabeth's reign the imprisonment was reduced to three months, but the offender was to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, or lie in prison till he did so.

Hawks were also made the tenure by which some of the nobility held their estates from the crown. Thus, Sir John Stanley had a grant of the Isle of Man from Henry IV., to be held of the king, his heirs, and successors, by homage and the service of two falcons, payable on the day of his or her coronation; and Philip de Hastang held his manor of Comlertoun, in Cambridgeshire, by the service of keeping the king's falcons. The duke of St. Albans is still hereditary grand falconer of England, an office bestowed on his ancestor, the son of Charles II. and Nell Gwyn.

According to Olearius, who wrote in the seventeenth century, the diversion of hawking was then more followed by the Tartars and Persians than it has ever been in any part of Europe.

Sir John Malcolm, in his sketches of Persia, alludes to the chase of the *ahubura*, or Persian bustard, with hawks. He says that the instant that the *byri*, a kind of hawk, said by Vigne to be the peregrine falcon, is flown, the ahubura runs to meet it with outstretched wings. A fierce contest then ensues on the ground, which generally ends in the ahubura taking wing. A goshawk is then flown, when the ahubura takes again to the ground. The first byri is now no longer of any use, and a second is flown; the contest ends in the ahubura again taking wing, when it is pounced upon by the goshawk, which had all the time remained hovering over the combatants.

Vigne, in his "Travels in Kashmir," &c., gives a nearly similar account.

Near the junction of the rivers Chunab and Dodah, in Kashmir, is a village famous for the capture of hawks. They are taken in nets set open like a school-boy's sparrow-trap containing a live pigeon as a bait. The peregrine, the goshawk, or the sparrow-hawk, which are commonly used in the East, might all be taken in this way. Chumla is the only

place in India where Vigne saw the *chark falcon* in training. He believes this bird to be the true lanner of naturalists.

The following account of falconry in Assyria, from the pen of the great traveller Mr. Layard, is so interesting, that we insert it at length :—

FALCONRY IN ASSYRIA.

"The hawk most valued by eastern sportsmen is the shaheen, a variety of the northern peregrine falcon, and esteemed the most noble of the race. Although the smallest in size, it is celebrated for its courage and daring, and is constantly the theme of Persian verse. There are several kinds of shaheen, each distinguished by its size and plumage; those from the Gebel Shammar, in Nedjid, are the most prized, but being only brought by occasional pilgrims from Mecca, are very rare. The next best are said to come from Tokat, in Asia Minor. The shaheen should be caught and trained when young. It strikes its quarry in the air, and may be taught to attack even the largest eagle, which it will boldly seize, and checking its flight, fall with it to the ground. The sportsman should, however, be at hand to release the falcon immediately, or it will soon fall a victim to its temerity. It is usually flown at the crane, the middle bustard (houbara), geese, and francolins. There is a variety called the bahree, found on the borders of the Persian Gulf, which can be taught to catch geese, ducks, and all manner of water fowl; but it is difficult to keep and train. The next in value is the balaban, which can be trained to strike its quarry either in the air or on the ground. It is found in the neighbourhood of Baghdad, and in other parts of Mesopotamia; is caught and trained when full grown, and is flown at gazelles, hares, cranes, bustards, partridges, and francolins. The baz and shah baz (? astur palumbarius, the gos-hawk, and the falco lanarius) is remarkable for the beauty of its speckled plumage and for its size. It strikes in the air and on the ground, and, if well trained, may take cranes and other large game. The balaban and baz, when used by the Persians for hunting hares, are sometimes dressed in a kind of leather breeches; otherwise, as they seize their prey with one talon, and a shrub or some other object with the other, they might have their limbs torn asunder. The chark (? falco cervialis), the usual falcon of the Bedouins, always strikes its quarry on the ground, except the eagle, which it may be trained to fly at in the air. It is chiefly used for gazelles and bustards, but will also take hares and other game. The bird usually hawked by the Arabs is the middle-sized bustard, or houbara. It is almost always captured on the ground, and defends itself vigorously with wings and beak against its assailant, which is often disabled in the encounter. The falcon is generally trained to this quarry with a fowl. The method pursued is very simple. It is first taught to take its raw meat from a man, or from the ground, the distance being daily increased by the falconer. When the habit is acquired, the flesh is tied to the back of a fowl; the falcon will at once seize its usual food, and receives also the liver of the fowl, which is immediately killed. A bustard is then, if possible, captured alive, and used in the same way. In a few days the training is complete, and the hawk may be flown at any large bird on the ground. The falconry, however, in which Easterns take most delight, is that of the gazelle. For this very noble and exciting sport, the falcon and greyhound must be trained to hunt together by a process unfortunately somewhat cruel. In the first place, the bird is taught to eat its daily ration of raw meat fastened on the stuffed head of a gazelle. The next step is to accustom it to look for its food between the horns of a tame gazelle. The distance between the animal and the falconer is daily increased, until the hawk will seek its meat when about half a mile off. A greyhound is now loosed upon the gazelle, the falcon being flown at the same time. When the animal is seized, which of course soon takes place, its throat is cut, and the hawk is fed with a part of its flesh. After thus sacrificing three gazelles, the education of the falcon and greyhound is declared to be complete. The chief art in the training is to teach the two to signal out the same gazelle, and the dog not to injure the falcon when struggling on the ground with the quarry. The greyhound, however, soon learns to watch the movements of its companion, without whose assistance it could not capture its prey. The falcon, when loosed from its tresses, flies steadily and near the ground towards the retreating gazelles, and marking one, soon separates it from the herd. It then darts at the head of the affrighted animal, throws it to the ground, or only checks it in its rapid course. The greyhound rarely comes up before the blow has been more than once repeated. The falconer then hastens to secure the quarry. Should the dog not succeed in capturing the gazelle after it has been struck for the third or fourth time, the hawk will generally sulk and refuse to hunt any longer. I once saw a very powerful falcon, belonging to Abde Pasha, hold a gazelle until the horsemen succeeded in spearing the animal. The fleetness of the gazelle is so great, that, without the aid of the hawk, very few dogs can overtake it, unless the ground be heavy after rain. The pursuit of the gazelle with the falcon and hound over the boundless plains of Assyria and Babylonia is one of the most exhilarating and graceful of sports, displaying equally the noble qualities of the horse, the dog, and the bird. The time of day best suited for hawking is very early in the morning, before the eagles and kites are soaring in the sky. The falcon should not be fed for several hours before it is taken to the chase. When not hunting, the Arabs give it meat only once a day. Some hawks require to be hooded, such as the chark and the shaheen; others need no covering for the eyes. The hood is generally made of coloured leather, with eyes worked on it in beads, and gold and variegated threads. Tassels and ornaments of various kinds are added, and the great chiefs frequently adorn a favourite bird with pearls and precious stones. To the legs are sometimes fastened small bells. Few hawks will return to the falconer without the lure, which consists of the wing of a bustard or fowl, or of a piece of meat attached to a string and swung round in the air. The Eastern huntsman has a different call for each variety of falcon. A good chark will sometimes take as many as eight or ten bustards, or five or six gazelles in the course of a morning."

Hawks were divided into two kinds—the long-winged and the short-winged. Of the long-winged, the first in value, as in size, came the gyr or jer-falcon (falco islandicus), which, in spite of its alleged want of teeth, is one of the boldest and most powerful of its class, and therefore was used to fly at wild fowl of the largest size, as cranes, storks, herons, and geese. Among falconers, the female only was named the *gyr-falcon*, the male being called the *jerkin*. This fine species seems now confined almost entirely to the most northerly parts of Europe and America. It was often seen by Dr. Richardson during his journeys over the "barren grounds" of North America, where it preys principally on ptarmigan; and the latter birds endeavour to avoid him by diving instantly into the loose snow for a considerable distance. Two of these falcons attacked Dr. Richardson as he was climbing up a lofty precipice in the neighbourhood of their nest.

Next in esteem came the peregrine falcon (*F. peregrinus*), the female of which only was called the falcon, and, on account of her greater size, usually flown at herons and ducks. The male, being smaller, was more frequently flown at partridges, and sometimes at magpies, and was called tiercel, tiercelet, and tassel-gentle. The red falcon and red tiercel were only the young of this species. The true lanner and lanneret (*F. lanarius*) are only found in the south. Louis XIV. had lanners sent him annually from Malta. This bird exceeds the peregrine in size, and was much esteemed for flying at the kite, with which the latter could scarcely contend.

Wonderful stories are told of the swiftness of flight of the falcon; and it is well known that a falcon belonging to Henry II. of France, made its escape from Fontainbleau, and was retaken the next day in the island of Malta, where it was recognised by the rings on its legs. Had it continued on the wing the whole time, it must have flown at the rate of fifty-seven miles an hour; but such birds are said never to fly by night, and the velocity must therefore have been equal to at least seventy-five miles an hour. Another falcon, having

been sent from the Canaries to the Duke of Lermos, then in Andalusia, was found in Teneriffe sixteen hours after it had been seen in Spain.

The hobby (*F. subuteo*), called also the jack, was much esteemed for lark hunting.

The merlin (*F. asalon*) and jack merlin were used to take blackbirds and thrushes. The stone-falcon is only a variety of the merlin. Other species are the bockerel and the bockeret, the saker and sauret; the stelleto of Spain, the blood-red rook from Turkey, and the waskite from Virginia.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

NETTED WINDOW CURTAIN.

MATERIALS:—Netting Cotton, No. 24; Embroidering Goat's-head Cotton, No. 30; a middle-sized Netting Needle; Steel Mesh, No. 9; and a long Embroidering Needle.

If worked with the above cotton and mesh four squares will measure one inch, which will be a guide for the number of foundation stitches to make in the beginning for the curtain. The pattern must afterwards be darned in embroidering cotton No. 30, according to the engraving, by passing the needle under and over the threads of the meshes very regularly and even, always keeping the same number of threads in every square, and all must run the same way and be drawn to one degree of tightness, for all the beauty of the work depends upon its evenness and regularity. This pattern may be extended to any size, and would look very well if the flowers were sewn in pale pink ingrain cotton, and the fret-work in white cotton.

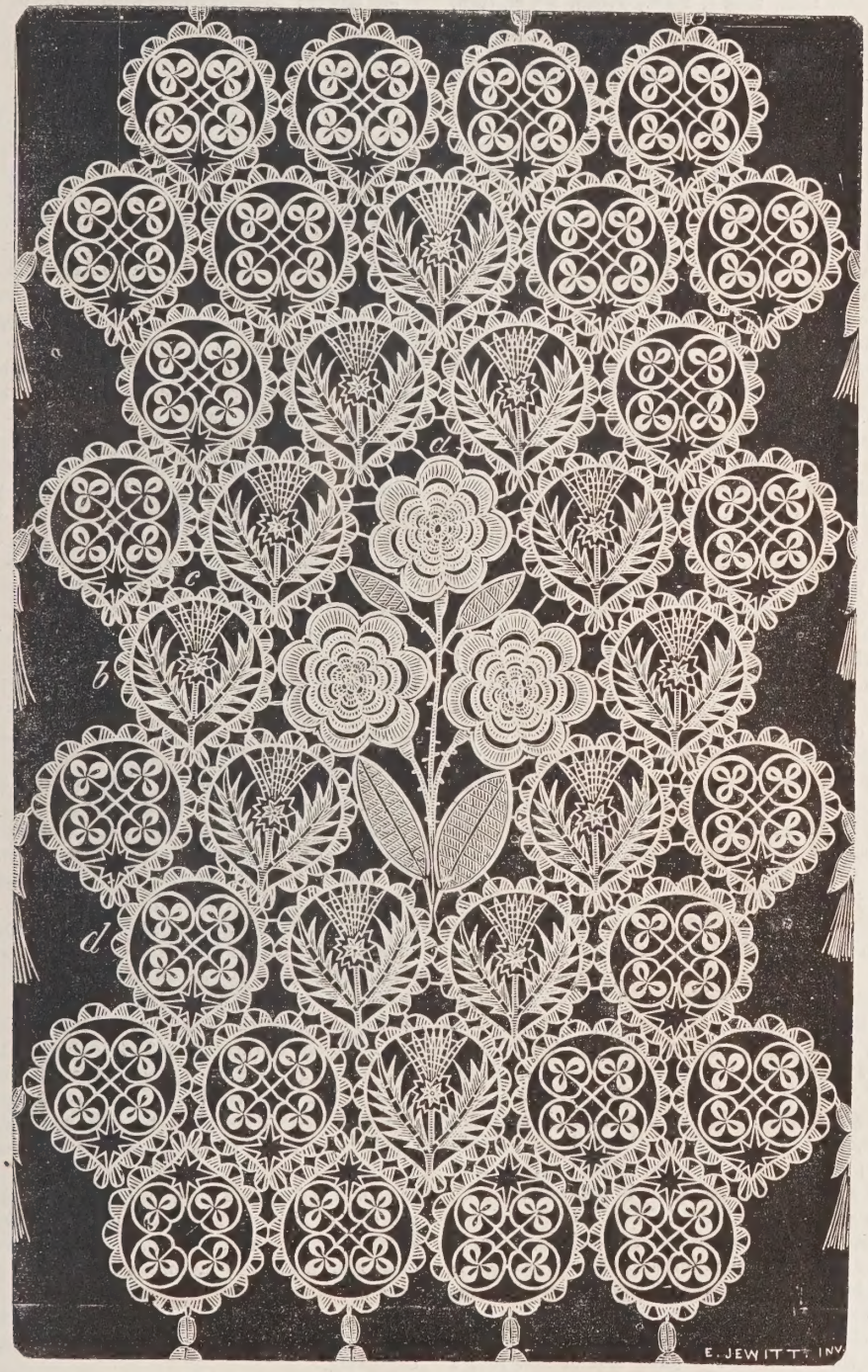
UNION ANTI-MACASSAR.

MATERIALS:—Exhibition Cotton, Nos. 10, 18, 22, 30; and Penelope Hook, Nos. 3, 4.

Commence working this anti-macassar with the centre group of roses and leaves, which is marked *a* for 1st leaf. · 18 chain, turn, and on the chain; miss 1, 1 d.c., 4 long, 4 d. long, 2 long, 1 d.c., 4 s.c. turn and on the other side of the chain, 4 s.c., 1 d.c., 2 long, 4 d. long, 4 long, 1 d.c. · fasten off. This finishes 1st leaf.

2nd leaf. Work another leaf from · to · then 1 s.c. in 1st stitch of stem of 1st leaf: 2 chain, 1 s.c. in next stitch join to stem of 2nd leaf: 8 chain; join to 3rd d. long in same leaf; 34 chain.

1st rose. ··· turn, miss 7 and 1 s.c. in 8th stitch, then in the same loop work 14 d.c.; · 1 d.c. on 1st d.c. 3 chain, miss 1, repeat · 6 times more. · 1 d.c. on d.c., 5 chain, repeat · 6 times more. · 1 d.c. on d.c., 7 chain, repeat · 6 times more. · 1 d.c. on d.c., 10 chain, repeat · 6 times more. In 1st ·· 10 chain, 1 d.c., 4 long, 8 d. long, 4 long, 1 d.c. repeat ·· in the same way in each 10 chain. In filling up the last 10 chain in 4 d. long:—Join to 1st leaf as in the engraving. Then in 1st ·· 7 chain, 1 d.c., 3 long, 7 d. long, 3 long, 1 d.c., repeat ·· in each 7 chain working in the same way. Then in 1st ·· 5 chain, 1 d.c., 2 long, 4 d. long, 2 long, 1 d.c., repeat ·· in each 5 chain work in the same manner. Then in 1st ·· 3 chain, 1



UNION ANTI-MACASSAR.

d.c., 3 long, 1 d.c., repeat ·· in each 3 chain all round. Along the stem from the rose work 6 d.c., 3 chain, 1 s.c. in last d.c., 3 d.c., 3 chain, 1 s.c. in last d.c.; 6 s.c. ··· 24 chain, work another rose from ··· to ··· joining to 2nd leaf; then work 10 s.c. up the 1st stem of 1st rose, 8 chain, join to the stem of 1st rose; 20 chain, join to the 2nd rose; 34 chain, work a 3rd rose from ··· in 1st rose to ··· After working the flowers, join the stem to the last petal, and down the stem 1 d.c., 5 long, 4 d.c.

1st bud. 4 chain, turn, miss 1, 2 d.c., 3 long, 2 d.c., turn, and on the other side of 14 chain: 2 d.c., 3 long, 2 d.c., fasten off. Then on the stem from the bud 8 s.c. cross, and on the other side work second bud, joining to the flowers as you work them. This finishes the centre group.

b, thistle. Commence working with cotton No. 22 and hook No. 3. Work 8 chain, turn, and down the chain work as follows: miss 1, 1 d.c., 2 long, · 4 chain, turn, and on the 4 chain; miss 1, 1 d.c., and 2 long. Repeat · 4 times more: 2 d.c. down the stem, ·· 4 chain, turn, and on the 4 chain, miss 1, 1 d.c., 2 long; then 1 d.c. in 4 chain, stitch of stem repeat ·· 4 times more. This finishes 1st leaf.

2nd leaf. Work 6 chain, turn, and on the chain miss 1, 1 d.c., 2 long; · 4 chain and on the chain miss 1, 1 d.c., 2 long, repeat · 4 times more. 2 d.c. down the stem, and then work from ·· in 1st leaf to ·· then 2 s.c. on the remaining 2 chain of 6 chain for stem of thistle. Make 12 chain, turn, miss 5, 1 s.c. in 6th which forms a round loop: then down the remaining 6 chain, work 1 s.c., and on the 4 chain between the two leaves work 4 s.c. across the stem; and work 10 s.c. which brings to the top of the round loop again. You then commence the thistle. And in the round loop 1 d.c., 2 chain, join to point of 1st leaf, 1 chain; 2 d.c. in round loop; 3 chain join to point of 2nd leaf; 2 chain; 2 d.c. in round loop; 4 chain join to point of 3rd leaf; 3 chain; 1 d.c. in round loop: 6 chain join to point of 4th leaf; 13 chain, turn, miss 9, 1 s.c. in 10th chain stitch: 12 d.c. down the chain, 1 d.c. in round loop; · 3 chain, miss 2, 1 s.c., in 3rd d.c. of last row; 3 chain, miss 2, 1 s.c. in 6th d.c. of last row: 4 chain, miss 3, 1 s.c. in 10th d.c. of last row; · 11 chain, miss 10 and 1 s.c. in 11th: then d.c. on the remaining chain stitched; 1 d.c. in round loop; repeat from · to · 11 chain, miss 10 and 1 s.c. in 11th; then work d.c. along the chains; and 1 d.c. in round loop. Repeat from · to · 9 chain, miss 8, 1 s.c. in 9th d.c. down the chains, 1 d.c. in round loop. Repeat from · to · 9 chain, miss 8, 1 s.c. in 9th; d.c. half down the chain: join to 4th point of 1st leaf d.c. down the remainder of chain; 1 d.c. in loop, 4 chain, join to point of 3rd leaf; 3 chain, 1 d.c. in loop: 3 chain join to point of 2nd leaf; 2 chain, 1 d.c. in loop, 2 chain join to point of 1st leaf; 1 chain, 1 d.c. in loop: fasten off.

c, or outer edge of thistle. With cotton No. 18 and hook No. 3. 1 s.c. in 1st s.c. of stem; 5 chain, 1 s.c. in point of 1st leaf; 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 2nd leaf: 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 3rd leaf: 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 4th leaf: 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 5th leaf: 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 6th leaf: 7 chain, 1 d.c. in centre of 7 chain; 2 chain, 1 d.c. in centre of 11 chain; 2 chain, 1 d.c. in centre of 9 chain; 2 chain, 1 d.c. in centre of 7 chain; 7 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 6th leaf; 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 5th leaf; 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 4th leaf: 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 3rd leaf: 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 2nd leaf; 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 1st leaf: 5 chain, 1 d.c. in 1st chain stitch of stem. Then round the chain work as follows: 3 chain, 1 long in next chain; 3 chain, 1 d.c. in next chain; then · 2 long, 3 chain, 1 long in same chain as last long, 1 long in next chain stitch, 1 d.c. in next repeat · 11 times more: 2 long, 2 chain join to 2nd outer leaf of first rose 1 chain, 1 long in same as last long, 1 long in next chain, 1 d.c. in next chain stitch. In the next two repeat from · to · join in the same manner to 1st leaf. Repeat from · to · 6 times more: 3 chain, 2 long, 3 chain, 1 d.c., and fasten off.

Make 11 more joining to centre *a* as in the engraving and exactly in the same manner.

d, shamrock. With the cotton No. 22, and hook No. 3. Make 10 chain, turn, ·· miss 5, 1 s.c. in 6th chain which forms a round loop, into which work 1 d.c. · 7 chain, 1 d.c. in round loop, repeat · twice more, 1 chain to cross; and in each 7 chain all work 9 d.c.: then down the stem 4 s.c., 7 chain, 1 d.c. in 5th d.c. of 3rd 9 d.c.: 7 chain 1 s.c. at the end of the stem ·· then work 39 d.c. all round the chain, which will bring you to where you started from.

2nd flower: 17 chain repeat from ·· to ·· in 1st flower, then round the chain 39 d.c.: 4 s.c. down the stem.

3rd flower: 13 chain repeat from ·· to ·· in 1st flower. Then round the chain 5 d.c. join to 5th d.c. of 39 d.c.: then 29 d.c. round the chain join to 2nd flower to the 5th d.c.; 5 d.c. and 3 s.c. down the stem.

4th flower: make another exactly like the 3rd flower, then 3 s.c. up the stem of first flower, and fasten off.

e, or outer edge of shamrock. With No. 18 cotton and hook No. 3. Make 11 chain and work 1 d.c. in 16th d.c. from where you joined the two leaves together of the shamrock: 20 chain, 1 d.c. in the 16th d.c. of 3rd flower from where you joined the two shamrocks together: 20 chain, 1 d.c. in 16th d.c. of 4th flower from where you joined the two shamrocks together: 10 chain join to 1st stitch of 11 chain. Then round the chain work 3 chain, 2 long, 3 chain: · 1 d.c., 2 long, 3 chain, 1 long in same as last long, 1 long in next chain repeat · 12 times more. Then 1 d.c., 2 long, 4 chain join to the 2nd stitch of 3 chain of 1st thistle edge the 5th point from where you joined it to the rose, turn, 3 s.c. down the chain, 1 chain, 1 long in same as last long, 1 long, 1 d.c., 2 long, 2 chain; join to next point of edge of thistle, 1 chain, 1 long in same as last long, 1 long, 1 d.c., 2 long, 3 chain, join to next point of edge of thistle, turn, 2 s.c. down the chain, 1 chain, 1 long in same as last long, 1 long. Repeat from · to · 4 times: 3 chain, 2 long, 3 chain, 1 d.c., this brings you to where you started from, draw the cotton between the edge and flowers: 10 chain join between 1st and 2nd flowers and down the chain 4 s.c.: 7 chain join to 8th chain from where you began to work the edge, turn, and on the chain 6 s.c. pass the cotton under the 10 chain and work 7 chain join to 8th chain of edge the other side to what you joined the last 7 chain, turn, and on the 7 chain, 7 s.c.: then work 5 s.c. down the remainder of 10 chain and fasten off.

Work 23 more shamrocks, with the outer edge joining each as you work them, in the same manner.

Tassel. With No. 10 cotton; and a card three inches wide. Wind the cotton over the card 30 times, draw the two ends to the top, then through the tassel, and tie firmly. Then about half an inch down, draw the cotton round the tassel and tie; draw the ends again to the top. Then take the tassel off the card, and cut it evenly, after which work the covering for the tassel.

With cotton No. 30, and hook 4. Make 10 chain, 1 s.c. on 1st chain stitch, and in round loop 16 d.c.: 1 d.c. on 1st d.c.: · 15 chain, turn, miss 3, 4 long, 4 d. long, 4 long, miss 2, 1 d.c. on 3rd, repeat · 5 times more. Joining each piece by 1 d.c. at the bottom. When you have finished the 6 pieces, you will have it round at the bottom; and from your last stitch ·· 15 chain, turn, and on the chain miss 1, 1 d.c., 4 long, 8 d. long, 2 long, join to the round; and on the other side of the chain, 2 long, 8 d. long, 4 long, 1 d.c.; this brings you to the end of the other side of the chain; work 1 s.c. in each stitch till you come to the top, when repeat ·· 3 times more, only remembering you join each as you work them half way up.

Then with the ends draw the cover over the tassel, and fasten to the outer edge of the shamrock, as seen in the engraving.

Make a tassel for each outside shamrock. This pattern may be increased to any size required by adding other medallions of either thistles or shamrocks; it has a very beautiful effect if the rose and all the borders are worked in white cotton, the shamrock in green, and the thistles and the upper part of the tassels in pink in ingrain cotton; the centres of the tassels should be white.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER VI., PART V.

Stamboyse looked up with an expression of less contempt: his interest was aroused. Agnes' words now flowed unimpeded; she had lost all self-consciousness and embarrassment. "I am Agnes Singleton, who have chosen as my future husband your nephew Leonard Mordant, the son of that unhappy and misguided man, Augustus Mordant, and of your most unhappy, most to be compassionated sister. I am acquainted with the whole misery of the marriage; of your hatred of Leonard's father—a just hatred; of your anger with Leonard; of your utter abandonment of him; of the disappointment you have had in him. Restrain your angry words, Mr. Stamboyse, what I have to speak now I *must* speak. Pardon me that I touch upon subjects so painful, so forbidden; but at times words must be merciless as the knife of the surgeon. I desire only truth to exist between you and me, between Leonard and you."

"You wish to make up matters. That sneaking young coward has sent you, as his miserable father of old sent my befooled sister, to whine and wring her hands and play off a woman's fooleries before me!" burst in Stamboyse with a force of anger and contempt which must have silenced any one less resolute than Agnes Singleton. But she, proudly approaching the irate man as he paced with angry steps the room, said with a voice of such convincing truth and noble pride, that it quelled even Stamboyse's anger,

"No; Leonard is utterly unconscious of my being here—he would be the very last person in this world to desire so mean, so base a thing. All blame be upon my head. It is because I have perceived in Leonard's soul a secret yearning after a reconciling word from you, as balm to heal the unhealed wound of that great misery, that bitter curse hanging upon him from the wretched marriage of his parents; it is for this that I am come. His is a gentle, noble, yet proud spirit, incapable of base meanness. It is because I recognise, on your side, Mr. Stamboyse, justice—to a certain point—because I regard moral principle as highly as you can do—because I regret, ay, a thousand times more deeply than you can do, the spectacle of glorious mental gifts being dragged down into the mire and trampled upon by coarse brutal feet, through lack of *honesty*—yes, because I consider moral principle of higher importance than intellect, yet worship intellect with the whole powers of my being—that I am come as a mediator between you and your nephew. Let not the additional curse of your displeasure cling to him and darken his life—"

Whilst Agnes still spoke, the old woman burst in wringing her hands and crying aloud, "A fire! a fire in Deich-strasse! the flames are curling up through the roofs at the back of the houses across the canal. You can see them. The engines are coming—don't you hear them? Lord of heaven, preserve us! The warehouses, *Herr Kaufmann*, the warehouses!" And whilst they listened the tolling of the alarm-bells was heard, the thundering along of fire-engines, the shrieks of people in the streets. Stamboyse and Agnes flew simultaneously to the window and flung open the casement. Thick volumes of smoke were hurried along by a brisk wind, sparks were falling in showers upon the barges moored in the canal beneath the windows, people were seen hurrying along or flinging furniture into the street from the windows. A sudden panic seized upon the city this bright holiday morning. The old woman had fallen upon her knees, praying. "We are safe, Martha," said Stamboyse; "don't be such an old fool! I must see, however, that the people are on duty." And he hurried off without apparently remembering the presence of Agnes, and leaving the old woman still sobbing and praying. Agnes gazed out of the window towards the burning houses; the flames flared and leaped up through the roofs, windows and chimneys, white and livid in the glare of the bright early morning sun. Now was heard the sudden crash of a stack of falling chimneys, now the shouts of the distant crowd—the roar of fire-engines, the galloping of soldiers arriving to drive off the crowds of gathering spectators, the rumbling along of waggons and carts carrying away madly heaped together furniture; barges suddenly were unmoored and glided down the canal loaded with furniture and people; men, women, and children bearing the most heterogeneous articles—bedding, books, clothes—were seen hurrying along the quays; the sick, the dying, were borne in litters or in the arms of their friends; children were lost in the crowd uttering loud shrieks of despair. Whilst Agnes yet gazed out, her eyes swimming with tears of excitement and sympathy, a barge just opposite the windows suddenly burst into flames; the shrieks of the people upon it yelled fearfully above the more distant roar of terror—there were people seen leaping into the water, boats putting out to snatch up the sufferers, masses of burning merchandise and furniture falling hissing into the canal. In a moment Agnes had rushed down upon the quay—she was carrying on shore a terrified child whose mother lay fainting upon the stones.

Agnes suddenly felt an extraordinary strength and energy enter into her. Every interest of her being seemed absorbed by the great misery around her. Helping, suggesting, cheering, she was carried along through a dozen dangers, which at the time appeared no dangers to her.

It was at the foot of a flight of wide steps leading up from a wharf into great warehouses, that she had constructed an asylum for a group of children, terrified women, and sick persons. And here with water in front, and on either hand, seemed to be a place of entire safety; besides which, the wind carried the flames towards another quarter of the city. Still, fire-engines came thundering along the wharf, and were stationed in readiness with their long leathern pipes curling like serpents up the walls and over the roofs, and everywhere men were vigilant—for these were the warehouses of the great house of Stamboyse.

The group of people who under Agnes' guidance had sought shelter upon the steps, felt, in resting over-shadowed by the walls of this great house, an assurance of protection. It was such a rich, such an important house, that ill-luck could not befall it—at least, they knew that all that the power of man could do to avert the flames would be done. But together with the engines came men who ruthlessly sought to drive away the fugitives from the broad steps. Agnes pleaded with an unconscious eloquence for the little band; she caught a glimpse of the tall figure of old Stamboyse himself. The brisk wind which so unluckily for the doomed city was abroad that morning, blowing through his gray locks, and fluttering his long green morning-gown. "Oh, sir!" she cried, stretching forth her hands and seizing upon its folds, as he stood at the top of the steps commanding the men to drive off the fugitives; "I conjure you, have pity upon these miserable women and children—upon these sick—these aged! See, see, the wind carries the flames in the contrary direction—your great warehouses stand surrounded by this canal; oh, may not this be an asylum for this handful of the afflicted! May not heaven for their sakes guard, preserve your merchandise!" And she clung to his skirts, looking up at him with such an eager, pleading, and extraordinary look in her excited young face, that Stamboyse was strangely affected.

"Yes, yes; perhaps you are right—let them be brought in. Within the court there is space sufficient; only let these steps be cleared—let there be room for the engines to work, if need be!" And Agnes had the great joy of seeing Stamboyse himself aid in the conveyance of the weak and fainting within the area of the great court-yard.

"What are you here for?" the old man said hurriedly to her, after they had made a temporary shelter for the sick. "You should not be here—go home. Are you alone here in

Hamburg—quite alone? This is no scene for you. Heaven alone knows what may be the termination of this fire. I will send you under safe escort to your hotel. You must return directly to England!"

"I cannot go yet," returned Agnes in a low, firm tone, grasping Stamboyse's hand. "I must stop with you—I must. God will bless you for your action to these miserable people. I shall be no burden to you. I feel it within me to remain here." The old man returned no answer, except a momentary glance of surprise and inquiry at the delicate white profile which was turned away from him and which was arrested as if intently listening to some distant sound. "Hark! hark!" she exclaimed; "do you not hear that cry! It is from the brigade in the street: they command that water be made to play upon the roofs of the houses; the cry is that the flames are rushing in this direction."

She and Stamboyse now were out upon the quay. A chain of busy hands was formed to pass along buckets of water, in order to saturate the bales of goods lying within the court-yards, whilst the engines played vigorously upon the roofs. Across the canal, in thick volleys, flew flakes of fire; the wooden bridge spanning the canal was wreathed with flame. A turmoil of men surged around the nearer end of the bridge, seeking to stop the fatal progress of the fire. The houses connecting the bridge with the street, in which the Stamboyse warehouses stood, were blown up with gunpowder. The horror, the tumult, increased with every hour; but as yet the warehouses of the wealthy Stamboyse stood untouched.

And hour after hour passed by, and Stamboyse with Agnes at his side stood working in the chain. No words were uttered by either. All consciousness seemed lost, except for the one absorbing anxiety—the putting a check upon the devouring flames. Before the eyes of Agnes rose the vision of the helpless beings within the court-yard—the weeping children—the sick. What vision rose up before the inward eye of the stern old merchant? Let us believe, for the sake of the divine spark implanted within each human breast, that it was some other object than the salvation of his bales of lace and stockings.

Time passed over uncounted by the surging multitude. The hoarse voice of the bell from the near church of St. Nicholas tolled the hours; but its voice was drowned in the hubbub of cries and crashing roofs and walls, and in the roaring of panting flame which a quick light breeze fanned into yet wilder fury; and the sun calmly sank down in the gloomy western sky, and was mirrored together with the flames within the waters of the Alster basins, and of the many canals. And now flames wreathed around the St. Nicholas church, and its tower fell with thundering crash, scattering death and still deeper horror around it. Fire had seized, as evening approached, upon the corner of the outer warehouse of the house of Stamboyse; but the redoubled energy of the workers had kept it under; and now it was extinguished, and the flames, as if wafted away by the wing of some guardian angel, turned to devour elsewhere.

Agnes, in after years, referring to this moment, was heard to say that she suddenly became aware of her own identity when the flames sank and the immediate danger was passed, and that she, feeling a sudden weakness overwhelm her, was caught round the waist and sustained from falling under the feet of the multitude by a strong arm, and that this was the arm of old Stamboyse. "My whole soul," pursued she, "seemed to have poured itself forth in silent, yet frenzied prayer, for aid from heaven for those poor souls. All personal danger was unheeded, all physical exhaustion, during those long hours of strained anxiety." Stamboyse at that moment also came out of his rapt trance, and his eyes became aware of the young girl standing at his side drenched with water; her black hair fallen upon her shoulders, her face white as a corpse, and rigid as a statue. And as he saw her small white hands, upon one finger of which glittered in the fire-light a slender ring, handing on the water-buckets, a sentiment of tenderness, unknown since his early love of his sister, seized upon him, and his heart opened and received her into its depths.

But we must hasten over this portion of our story. The fire had passed in its fury across this portion of the city, leaving wreck, ruin, and death behind it. Few were the buildings which escaped besides the warehouses of the Stamboyse. Smouldering ruins were revealed in this quarter of the city when the sun arose next morning, whilst the flames were still devouring like hungry demons all before them as they hastened forward. The cry went through Hamburg that the judgment day had arrived, and that all would perish. But the miseries of the great fire at Hamburg we will not here dilate upon, further than as they concern our story. Stamboyse and Agnes, as if united by this vast calamity, throughout that night did noble deeds of love and piety to numbers of miserable homeless beings who took refuge within the asylum so marvellously preserved. And thus did Stamboyse break his vow, registered long years ago, "to root out utterly all human love from his disappointed heart."

"But Agnes—that is your name, is it not?—you must now return to England; I insist upon it; I dare not permit you to remain longer in this doomed city. You have already done far more than your strength can sustain. All that can be done more for these miserable people shall be done—trust in me. Such great afflictions truly open the hearts of men; they do more to prove the fact of universal brotherhood, as you remarked, than all the democratic orations in the world.' And Stamboyse insisted upon Agnes reposing herself for a short space in such accommodation as the awful time afforded. The tenderness which the old man lavished upon her remained deeply impressed upon her soul, and will continue to be remembered until the latest hour of her life. He learnt from her her own anxiety regarding the precious manuscripts left at the hotel; had it been possible, he would have hastened himself to ascertain their safety and bring them to her. But the flames were roaring on in their fatal career in the very direction of the hotel—nay, even flying rumours reached them that the *Jungfernsteig* was already one mass of flames. All that Stamboyse could do was to assure her that he would seek after the papers, and if they existed send them after her. He insisted upon her starting by the steamer the next morning; accompanied her thither, pressing upon her a much larger sum of money than she was willing to accept; and, in short, did all that the tender affection of a kind father would dictate.

"And Leonard," said Agnes, at parting, "what message to him? Oh, Mr. Stamboyse, you can forgive!——"

"Any message you choose, Agnes, for the sake of his love of you—of yours for him." And thus Agnes Singleton returned to England by the first steamer which brought to London the disastrous news of the great Hamburg fire.

PUNISHMENT OF TORRIGIANO, THE SCULPTOR.

Peter Torrigiano, the celebrated Florentine sculptor, who executed the fine monument of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, was engaged upon a statue of the Infant Jesus for a Spanish grandee. The price was not fixed, but the purchaser, who was very rich, had promised to pay for it according to its merit. Torrigiano made it a *chef-d'œuvre;* the grandee himself enthusiastically admired it: he was at a loss for words to express his approbation of it, and on the following day sent his servants with enormous bags of money. At the sight of them the artist thought himself amply recompensed; but on opening the bags he found—thirty ducats in copper. Justly incensed, he seized his hammer, broke the statue, and drove away the servants with their bags, bidding them tell their master what they had just seen. The grandee was ashamed of his conduct; but it is impossible to make the great blush without arousing their vengeance. He immediately went to the inquisitor, accused the artist of having done violence to the infant Jesus, and pretended to be horrified at so frightful an outrage. In vain did Torrigiano contend, that one who creates has a right to destroy his own productions; justice pleaded in vain for him, with fanaticism for his judge. The ill-fated man was put to the torture, and expired in the midst of the most horrible sufferings.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.

VIRGIN AND CHILD.

RAFFAELLE'S "VIRGIN AND CHILD."

Rome has been a watchword in the world. There, from their mountain throne, the grave of barbarism, the cradle of civilisation, the Cæsars ruled all lands, and shouted forth their proud defiance to all nations and kindreds of the earth. There, philosophy and poetry developed all their acuteness and refinement; and while in solemn tones one gave forth its deep speculations and rules for useful life, the other clothed its thoughts in a vesture of enchanting loveliness and imperishable beauty. There, the arts and graces waited on man's bidding, and reared for him the golden house and temples of snowy marble, and with all their magic power made his life a very vision of delight. Italy was the mistress of the world; Rome was the wonder of Italy. And when these classic days had passed away, when the sun of their glory had sunk in night, and all that remained to tell of the imperial majesty of Rome were ivy-mantled ruins or disjointed fragments of its artistic greatness—great in their fall—beautiful in their decay—the admiration of succeeding ages—the models for all time!—there again revived the love of the beautiful, which was not dead, but sleeping; and from the ignorance of the dark ages, Italy was the first to recognise the value of art.

From the study of the antique—art-trophies won from time—the Roman painters improved in knowledge of design, greatness of style, beauty of form, and justness of expression, and they have left behind them, as monuments of their genius, and as a legacy to the world, much that is valuable in the higher departments of art; so that Rome has become the centre to which European painters have directed their attention.

And foremost stands Raffaelle, a great man towering above his fellows, the prince of painters, at once the admiration and the envy of his contemporaries, the cynosure of all eyes, the painter for all men and for all time. His whole life was devoted to art. He was the only son of Giovanni Sanzio, an ordinary artist of Urbino, and was born on Good Friday, March 28, 1483. His father instructed him in the rudiments of his art, and the boy afterwards became a pupil of Petro Vanucci (Perugino), who at once detected the genius which the lad possessed. Raffaelle was an ardent student; he applied himself with indefatigable industry to the details of his profession, and so closely imitated the style of Perugino, that it was difficult to distinguish their works the one from the other. When Raffaelle was sixteen years old, he had gained all that was to be acquired from his master Perugino, and soon after began to execute some original designs for churches and private galleries. For the convent of Evernitani he painted a picture of the crowning of the Virgin; for the Dominican church at Città di Castelle, a crucifixion; and the marriage of the Virgin for the church of St. Francis, at the same place; all of which laid the foundation of his future fame, although in these early productions the style of Perugino is strikingly observable.

Not long after the completion of the last-mentioned picture, Raffaelle, in conjunction with his fellow-pupil, Pinturicchio, was employed by cardinal Piccolomini to decorate the Siena library. Ten large pictures, illustrative of the history of pope Pius II., were to be executed, and the cartoons for the whole were drawn by Raffaelle. At Florence, he carefully studied the works of Musaccio and Leonardi di Vinci, acquired the true principles of colouring, and the art of chiaro-oscuro; so that from that period his painting became more and more interesting and attractive. While he resided at Florence, he composed that admirable production, the "Entombing of Christ," which drew forth the high applause of Vasar, as a "most divine picture." In 1508, Raffaelle was employed by the pontiff, Julius II., in ornamenting an elegant suite of rooms, called La Segnatura, which he completed so much to the satisfaction of the pope, that the works of former masters were excluded from the papal palace, and the walls occupied by the productions of Raffaelle. Julius II. loved art, but not so ardently as Louis X. This zealous friend of painting steadily patronised Raffaelle, and for a long time he superintended the erection of St. Peter's. The arcades of the Vatican were decorated under his direction; and their thirteen ceilings, each containing four subjects taken from sacred history, were designed and harmonised by himself; and about the same time his genius was exerted on those majestic cartoons from which were embroidered the tapestries of the papal chapel.

Raffaelle remained single all his life—he was wedded to his art; the cardinal di Bibbiena offered him his niece, but he declined the proposal. In his early days he had formed an attachment for a baker's daughter, to her he was strongly attached, and in his will left her a sum sufficient for her maintenance.

The last work in which he employed his pencil was a painting in oil of the transfiguration. With this sublime production his life and labours ended. While engaged upon it he was attacked by a fever, which, for want of proper treatment ended fatally on Good Friday, 1520.

His whole existence was spent before the shrine of art. He was cradled in a studio, the palette and the brushes were his toys, his earliest lessons were in painting, his childhood and youth were consecrated to it, he rose higher and higher in the path of glory, surrounded by aspiring disciples, dwelling in the greatest splendour, until at thirty-seven years of age his life was ended and his body was laid out in his painting-room in state, and his own picture of the Transfiguration placed near him. He was the great incomparable man of his time, distinguished among painters by the appellation of the Divine.

Some people have been disappointed when they have looked upon the pictures of Raffaelle; and a story is related that a person of acknowledged taste and judgment visited the Vatican with an eager desire to study the works of Raffaelle, but passed by with indifference those very compositions which were the objects of his inquiry and curiosity, till he was recalled by his conductor, who told him that he had overlooked what he sought for. This suggests an important inquiry. How is it that the works of Raffaelle strike some minds so little at first sight? It is not, it has been said, that he imitates nature so well, that the spectator is no more surprised than when he sees the object itself, which would excite no degree of surprise at all; but that an uncommon expression, strong colouring, or odd and singular attitudes of an inferior artist, strike us at first sight, because we have not been accustomed to see them elsewhere. Raffaelle may be compared to Virgil—sublime, easy, natural, and majestic. There cannot be a stronger test of excellence of any performance, either in poetry or painting, than to find the surprise we first experience not very powerful; and yet to find, by more frequently testing it, that it not only supports itself, but increases continually in our esteem, and leads us on to admiration.

Every accomplishment and qualification necessary to form an illustrious painter were combined in Raffaelle; sublimity of thought, a fruitful and rich invention, remarkable correctness of drawing and design, and a wonderful disposition and expression. His attitudes are noble, natural, and graceful, and contrasted without the smallest appearance of affectation or constraint, and to the eloquence and grandeur of the antique he added the simplicity of nature.

Our engraving, from one of this master's designs, represents what has been so often and so beautifully represented, "The Virgin and Child." The original picture is in the possession of Rogers, the poet and banker, and the cartoon or rough drawing, upon large paper, which served as the design for the picture, is numbered among the treasures of Mr. Colnaghi. It was discovered by that gentleman in a very dilapidated condition, but with great care and attention has been completely restored. From that cartoon our engraving is exactly copied. The design is simple, but its very simplicity constitutes its greatness, and exhibits the power and skill of Raffaelle. To enumerate his works would require a volume; to point out their whole merits, a genius as mighty as his own.

PEERS AND M.P.'S;
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

Amongst the nations of Europe, England stands foremost for the freedom of its institutions—a freedom the result of its representative government. Some nations we see still dependent for their weal or woe on the pleasure of one man; others have adopted the system of representative government, but they have emasculated it so as to take from it all power for good. Even in England in our own time we have seen a wonderful change introduced. The constitution had lost its virtue—it had become a sham, a means whereby a selfish oligarchy waxed fat and insolent and strong. The very struggle for reform put an end to that. Old Sarum and Gattan ceased to exist. The representatives of Manchester and Birmingham were admitted into the senate of the land, and on the success of the free-trade movement it was shown how right in the main, how superior, as a whole, to all selfish and party considerations, is the representative body as it exists now. True, there are selfish men belonging to it—men sordid, worthless, without principle, without honour, without the sense of shame; but they are not leaders of the house, they form a contemptible minority. Test the house any way you will, and you will find it impossible to get a better. The senior wranglers of Cambridge and the first-class men of Oxford—these are the men you see framing budgets and discussing tariffs, night after night. Go into the courts at Westminster, ask who are its chiefs, look well at their faces—and you will recognise them on the floor of the House of Commons. You say this is all very well; but you are a practical man, and you want practical business men in the house. Well, turn to the manufacturers, and merchants, and bankers most widely known—the men in whom the public most confide—the chairmen and directors of our great railways, of our gigantic navigation companies, and other bodies—where are they? The answer is, in the house. Try it in another way; what class has not its representative there? We answer none.

Can oratory boast a more brilliant son than Macaulay?—he is in the house. There Fox, the Norwich weaver boy, represents democracy, and he is heard with a deference rarely paid to the inheritors of noble names and stately halls. There nonconformity has its champions as well as the church. Mr. Bright represents the peace party, Mr. Heyworth that of temperance. We know not how an assembly of equal worth, and talent, and power, could be got in any other way; and Englishmen think so too. Every man who can, wishes for a vote—every man who can, wishes to add M.P. to his name.

All, then, are interested in the history of Parliament, including in that phrase not merely the Commons but the Lords as well—its history, its privileges, its power, its great men concern us all. They belong to all that is best and brightest in our national life. If it were not for our Parliament, we should now be withered up by the blight of the despot and the priest. We have not to look far to see what would have been our despicable state had it not been for that. We propose, then, to treat this subject, so interesting to all, as popularly as we can—if possible, to be amusing and as rarely dull as the nature of the subject will admit. At times we must be so, for we shall have to wander far back, groping our way in the dark sepulchre of the past. If we do so, we shall have the consolation, however, of feeling that we thus give the reader a sketch more complete than he could get in any other way. Elsewhere he can find the details at greater length; here we give an outline sufficient for those who in this busy age have little time to read. To original research we make no claim: those who seek that must go elsewhere.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

On the banks of the Thames, on the right hand, just above Westminster Bridge, a palace with a hundred turrets may be seen. This is one of the most magnificent buildings ever erected continuously in Europe. Probably it is the largest edifice in the world. It is the royal palace of Westminster; beneath its roof meet the Houses of Parliament. Upon what is said and done there depends in a great degree not merely England's future, but also that of Europe and the world. With the new building there are but few historical associations; yet it must be looked on with admiring eye, on account of the important nature of the business transacted, and on account of the character of the men by whom that business is carried on. The old palace was burnt down on the 16th of October, 1834. The first stone of the new one was laid April 27, 1840. The architect is Sir C. Barry. It covers an extent of nearly eight acres. "In its style and character," says Mr. Cunningham, "it reminds us of those magnificent civic palaces, the town-halls of the Low Countries at Ypres, Ghent, Louvain, and Brussels, and a similarity in its destination renders the adoption of that style more appropriate than any form of classic architecture. The stone employed for the external masonry is a magnesian limestone from Auston, in Yorkshire, selected with great care from the building-stones of England by commissioners appointed in 1839 for that purpose. The River Terrace is of Aberdeen granite; there is very little wood about the building; all the main beams and posts are of iron, and the Houses of Parliament, it is said, can never be burnt down again. The east, or river front, may be considered the principal. This magnificent façade, 900 feet in length, is divided into five principal compartments, panelled with tracery, and decorated with rows of statues and shields of arms of the kings and queens of England from the Conquest to the present time. The west or land front is as yet in an imperfect state, but will, it is believed, surpass in beauty and picturesqueness any of the others, though from the nature of the ground it will not be in an uninterrupted line. A new façade is to replace the law courts, but is not yet commenced." The principal public entrances are through Westminster-hall, from Old Palace-yard, both leading into the central octagon hall, whence the right-hand passage will take you to the Lords and the left to the Commons. We will suppose you are anxious to be present at a sitting of the Upper House. For this purpose you must be furnished with a peer's order. The house meets at five, and seldom sits more than a couple of hours. Compared with the Commons, the Lords take it easy indeed. You will see also that the house is thinly attended, and that the most active in it are the law lords and the bishops, whom you will observe sitting on your left in their robes. The House of Peers, one of the richest chambers in the world, opened for the first time, April 15, 1847, is 97 feet long, 45 wide, and 45 high. When you enter you will see the throne, with the chairs for the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert—the woolsack in the centre of the house, on which the Lord Chancellor sits—the reporters' gallery facing the throne—the strangers' gallery immediately above—the frescoes, the first on a large scale executed in this country, in the six compartments, three at either end, the subjects of which are "the Baptism of Ethelbert," by Mr. Dyce; "Edward III. conferring the Order of the Garter on the Black Prince," and "Henry Prince of Wales committed to prison for assaulting Judge Gascoigne," both by Mr. Cope; "the Spirit of Religion," by Mr. Horsley; and "the Spirit of Chivalry," and "the Spirit of Law," both by Mr. Maclise. There are twelve windows of stained glass by which the house is lighted at night from the outside. Between the windows, and at either end of the house, are eighteen niches for statues of the Magna Charter barons, carved by Mr. Thomas. Immediately beneath the windows runs a light and elegant gallery of brass-work, filled in compartments with coloured mastic, in imitation of enamel. On the soffits of the gallery, or cornice immediately beneath the gallery, are the arms of the sovereigns and chancellors of England, from Edward III. to the present time. During the debate the stranger will have time to see all these things. The chances are he will be more interested with the chamber and its splendid decorations than with the speeches of the peers; but if such be his object he can easily effect that when the house is not sitting. When occupied in hearing appeal cases the house is open to the public; at other times

an entrance is obtained by an order from the Lord Chamberlain, or by a personal introduction by a peer.

If, instead of the Lords, you prefer to visit the Commons, by turning to the left when you enter the central octagon hall, you will find yourself at the lobby of the house. If you wish to catch a member, you had better be there by four, when the speaker is usually at prayers, and the house meets. Any member will give you an order for the strangers' gallery, which is thrown open immediately after the speaker's prayers are over; but if the debate be an important one, you had better get your order a few days previously, and be down at the house by one o'clock at the latest, or you will have no chance of getting in. Before now, the writer of this, on an eventful night, has waited in his turn from half-past one to ten before he has been able to take his seat in the strangers' gallery. The speaker's gallery is the best place for a stranger: you have comfortable cushions to sit on; you are nearer the house; and as it is not thrown open before five, you can save yourself the dull hour which is appropriated to presenting petitions and transacting private business. The debates commence generally a little after five, and continue till midnight, and at the latter end of the session far beyond that. The House of Commons is a much plainer chamber than that of the Peers; is sixty-two feet long by forty-five feet broad, and forty-five feet high. The ceiling, however, is of nearly equal beauty. The windows are filled with stained glass; the walls are lined with oak, richly carved, and supported on carved shafts and brackets is a gallery for members, extending on either side. The house is lighted in a remarkably beautiful manner from above. At the north end, directly opposite you as you enter, is the speaker enthroned in his chair of state; on a table before him is the mace, which is removed when he leaves the chair; and boxes, green and red, appearing to be official, which orators on each side thump in a very impassioned and effective manner. Above the speaker is the reporters' gallery, and above that are gilt lattice wires through which

"We almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven."

That is to say, gleams of silk and satin indicate that behind those wires are clustered a select few of the British fair whose womanly curiosity has led them to submit to being cooped up in that abominable style while the debates are being carried on.* Just under the strangers' gallery is the bar, at which sits, girt with a sword, no less a personage than the sergeant-at-arms. Members come into the house either by the public approaches or by a private door and staircase from the star-chamber court (one of the twelve courts lighting the interior), so called from occupying the site of that once dreaded tribunal. The Westminster Bridge end contains the apartments of the speaker and the sergeant-at-arms, and the Vauxhall Bridge end the apartments of the usher of the black rod and the lords librarian. Above these a long range of rooms has been appropriated to the committees of either house. Altogether the building is very fine, and so it should be, for it is there the nation collectively acts, and thinks, and speaks; and it will cost an enormous sum, which would be thrown away were it wasted on a building in which there was nothing to see and admire. The entire expense of this vast and splendid building will, probably, not fall short of a million and a half, nor will it be completed, it is thought, before 1856.

You will find the lords are more polite than the commons. Often, in the galleries of the former house, you will see woman in her pride and beauty looking calmly down upon the busy scene. As we have already remarked, she is not visible in the lower house, and perhaps 'tis as well that she is not. What is the oratory of the tongue against that of the eye? What chance has a prosy senator of being heard when the wives and daughters of England are before you in all their charms? Where they are, they certainly can do no harm and receive none. The reporters, however, can tell you something of the dulcet tones that occasionally—even during the most eloquent parliamentary harangues—find their way into their gallery from the gilt wires above; so true is it that though you coop up woman, you cannot silence her—so true is it that woman has a tongue which she will ever proudly use.

If, supposing you have effected an entrance, you mean to stay all night, you had better buy an orange or two of the merry-hearted Irish woman who waits in Westminster Hall, and who will supply you with that necessity at a very fair price. You are not allowed to leave your seat and return to it; once in the house, you must stop there, if you wish to make a parliamentary night of it. This is very trying, indeed. The house, as we have stated, begins at four, the private business lasts till past five. About seven the house goes to dinner; about ten the house gets very full again. Then the great guns speak. Her majesty's ministers, who sit on the treasury-bench, which is the first row of benches on the speaker's right, rise to defend their measures from the great men of the opposition, who sit immediately fronting them. The benches become crowded; loud "hear, hears," run through the house; the bell rings for a division; the members tell off into different lobbies behind the speaker's chair; in a little while the tellers return and announce the number; the victorious party, of course, receives the announcement with tremendous cheers. Some routine business is then disposed of, and the house willingly adjourns to bed.

THE LORDS.

Our readers must forgive us if we give them the results of a few historical inquiries—inquiries, however, made by such men as Mackintosh, and Hallam, and other great ones in historical lore; the subject may be dull, but, as we cannot omit it, we will be as brief as it is possible to be.

The House of Lords consists of two classes, lords spiritual and temporal. The temporal and spiritual peers of England all sit by virtue of their creation or consecration; the temporal peers of Scotland have each a vote in the election of sixteen members of their body to represent the whole during the continuance of each distinct parliament. The temporal peers of Ireland, immediately after the passing of the act of union, elected under its authority in the same manner, but for life, twenty-eight representatives, and the right of election has subsequently been exercised to supply from time to time the deficiency created in the representation by death. The spiritual peers of Ireland are represented, not by election, but rotation, the two archbishops sitting alternate years and three bishops in annual rotation. At this time there are in the House of Lords twenty dukes, twenty-one marquises, one hundred and twelve earls, twenty-four viscounts, twenty-four bishops, and one hundred and ninety-six barons. You will find but a small proportion of these in the house. The absentees are by far the most numerous.

"The following," says Lodge, "is the ceremony in use in admitting a peer into the House of Lords. After the peers have taken their seats, the lord chancellor being on the woolsack, garter-king-at-arms attired in his taliard, and bareheaded, comes into the House of Lords bearing the patent, if there be one, and writ of summons of the peer to be introduced, who then follows between two peers of his own rank, attired in their robes of state, and is led by them to the chancellor, to whom he makes obeisance; garter then presents the patent and writ of summons to the lord chancellor, who directs the same to be read; this being done, the oaths are administered to the new peer, and the chancellor dismisses him to take his seat, to which he is directed by the two noblemen who introduce him, garter leading the way. The writ is then delivered by the lord chancellor to the clerk of the house, to be laid up. The new peer forthwith rises from his seat and returns to the lord chancellor, who congratulates him on his becoming a member of the house of peers, or on his elevation to the dignity of the peerage, as the case may be.

* Ladies have been excluded from the strangers' gallery since 1738. Mr. Grantley Berkeley has gallantly attempted to get the house to sanction their admission, but the house has hitherto stolidly refused.

THE TURKS IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER II.

On the 26th of May, the Turks prepared for a final and general assault. Some attempts were made at negotiations, but they failed, and both sides allowed themselves but one alternative—victory or death! Mahomet found by astrology

RECEPTION OF AN AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

HEAD-DRESSES OF THE TURKISH WOMEN.

1. Abyssinian. 2. Egyptian Fellah. 3. Ditto; woman of the lower classes. 4. Syrian. 5 Women of Constantinople. 6. Simplest of the Eastern head-dresses.

that the morning of the 29th was the propitious hour for the assault. On the evening of the 27th, the various bashaws and commanders were summoned to his tent to receive his final instructions. The cowards were warned in oriental

KARAVELLAS AND OTHER TURKISH VESSELS.

HEAD-DRESSES OF THE TURKISH WOMEN.

7. Cap in use at Smyrna. 8. Almeh, or dancing girl at Cairo. 9. The Sultana. 10, 11, and 12. Are all Syrian 13. Another form of the head-dress in use at Smyrna.

language that if they turned away from the foe, had they the wings of a bird, they could not escape his vengeance. To the first man who mounted the breach, he promised the government of the fairest and wealthiest provinces of his empire, and to load him with riches and honour. Dervishes traversed the camp, and held out to those who fell in the conflict visions of immortal bliss in the flowery gardens of Paradise, wrapt in the embraces of dark-eyed lovers of inconceivable beauty. And those who should survive were promised the plunders of the luxurious city, and their share of the captives. In the interval they were exhorted to abstain from food, and to fortify their courage by prayer and ablutions. The enthusiasm and fanaticism of the whole army was thus wrought up to the highest pitch, and loud shouts of "God is God, there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" warned the unhappy Greeks that their hour was come.

The scene in Constantinople was widely different. On the evening of the 28th, Constantine summoned the noblest of the Greeks and the bravest of the allies to his palace. What followed was touching and pathetic in the last degree. Constantine rose superior to his fate and situation, and seemed in this last awful hour to bid defiance to fortune. His words were worthy of the line of kings of which he was the last, and of the great empire whose overthrow he was about to witness. The purple, for the first time in eight hundred years, seemed to cover a Roman of the ancient mould. His speech was a farewell worthy of Cato or the Gracchi. He sought to infuse hope into the minds of his friends, when his own looks and the tones of his voice were those of a man in whose breast all hope, save the hope of immortality, was extinguished for ever. His followers saw his struggles, and threw aside the mask of calmness and inflexibility. They armed with the courage of despair, the only courage which needs no exhortation to arouse it. They wept, they embraced, they solemnly devoted their lives to the service of the empire; this was all they had; their families and fortunes were in the hands of God. They parted at midnight—each to his post on the ramparts, where he maintained a feverish and anxious watch till morning. Constantine with a few faithful followers entered the church of St. Sophia, and there with prayers and tears received the sacrament for the last time, and the last sacrament that was ever administered there. The body of the church, dimly lighted by a few lamps, was filled with a crowd of worshippers, women, children, and old men, prostrate in adoration, but it was the adoration of fear. The plaintive wail of the "Kyrie Eleison!" uttered by thousands of voices, was wafted across the straits, and was heard with trembling by the peasants on the further shore of the Bosphorus, and fell with a strange significance on the ear of the Turkish soldiery. The emperor reposed for a few moments in the palace, then took a last farewell of his family and household, who filled the air with their lamentations, and rode through the deserted streets to the walls. From the summit he could hear the noise made by the countless hosts below filling up the ditches and smoothing the way to the breach.

At daybreak the besiegers rushed to the assault; in the van, a dense mass of fanatical peasants and camp followers, without order or discipline, whose slaughter blunted the weapons and tired the arms of the Greeks. Every shot and thrust swept them down by dozens; but still on they came—on, on, on,—in a vast swarm, till the ditch was choked with their dead, and the main body could march over them as over a bridge. After two hours' fighting, the Greeks had still the advantage, when the sultan in person led on the janizaries for one vigorous and simultaneous effort. The drums and trumpets struck up a martial air to drown the cries of fear or pain, the artillery thundered from the land-batteries and the fleet, and the vast force plunging madly forward, was soon lost in the cloud of smoke which hung like a curtain round the scene of carnage. To describe what followed would be impossible. The shouts of the combatants, and the clash of the weapons, and the roar of the guns, rent the air. The Greeks revived their ancient glory, and fought like giants against those awful odds, foot to foot and hand to hand. Constantine cheered them by his voice, and incited them by his example. Thirty janizaries, headed by a huge monster named Hassan, gained the top of the ramparts. Eighteen of his followers were killed upon the spot, and he sank on one knee beneath a shower of stones and darts; a host of Turks followed close at his heels, and the city was lost. A few nobles formed a square round the emperor, and, with their faces to the enemy, died man by man. "Will no Christian cut off my head?" was the mournful exclamation of Constantine in his last anguish, as he was swept along in the melée, the aim of a thousand weapons. He fell by an unknown hand, and his body was afterwards found buried beneath a mountain of the slain.

The whole of the Turks now rushed into the streets, and, in the first heat of the pursuit, two thousand unresisting Greeks were slaughtered; but their attention was soon drawn off by the rich booty which they saw on every side. The Greek and Latin historians who have written of the occurrence tell fearful stories of the massacres which followed, and the Turks speak with equal confidence of their clemency and generosity; and it seems likely that the latter are nearer the truth. In large cities, the number of lives lost after the fighting is over is seldom great. The assailants become scattered, and their fury is abated by a thousand novelties which strike the eye in every street. But of the violence of the Ottomans there does not exist a doubt. Everything was done to outrage the feelings of the Greeks. The images of the saints, upon which they looked with so much reverence, were dragged through the streets with every circumstance of ignominy. The cross was trampled under foot; convents were broken open, and the nuns violated at the altar. Upon the first news of the assault, a crowd had filled the Church of St. Sophia. When the Turks entered the city, the sanctuary, the choir, the nave, the upper and lower galleries, were thronged to excess by ladies, children, husbands, and fathers, and the doors barred, in the foolish belief that, ere the infidels entered the holy place, an angel would descend from heaven and put them to flight as far as the frontiers of Persia. The doors speedily gave way before the axes of the Turks, who rushed in and began to select the captives from the mass before them. They were bound together without distinction of rank or sex, and driven rudely through the streets under the lash of their captors. The fairest of the women were reserved for the harem, the men were sold into slavery, and many a nun, of noble descent, was torn from the horns of the altar to adorn the seraglio of the sultan. The splendid libraries with which the city abounded were scattered or destroyed; the churches and convents were despoiled of their rich ornaments, accumulated by the piety and munificence of centuries. The sultan entered on horseback at two in the day, and rode straight to the Church of St. Sophia, marvelling as he passed along at the splendour and riches which surrounded him. He saw a soldier breaking the marble pavement of the church, and sternly ordered him to desist. "Be content," said he, "with the booty I have given up to you; the town and buildings belong to me." He then ordered the walls to be deprived of the pictures and mosaics with which they were adorned, and restored to their naked simplicity. The muezzin ascended the tower, called the faithful to prayer in the name of God and the prophet; the imaum preached, and Mahomet himself offered thanksgiving on the altar, and the Christian church became a mosque.

Thence he proceeded to the palace of the Cæsars, and as he entered, struck by the air of desolation which marked that august abode, he repeated two lines from a Persian poet—

"The spider hath woven her web in the palace of the emperors,
And the owl hath sung her watch-song in the towers of Efensiyab."

The sultan now fixed his residence in Constantinople. The Greeks, upon being assured of protection for their lives and property, returned to their homes; their patriarch received his crozier from the successor of the prophet, and the establishment of the Turks in Europe became an accomplished fact.

We have already alluded to the amazing extent of the empire they established in Europe, and the strange element thus introduced into European society, as one of the most wonderful events in modern times. But it loses a great deal of the marvellousness which at first sight we might be disposed to attach to it, when we remember the mixture of extreme simplicity and temperance with fervid fanaticism which has at all times characterised them. They emerged from the condition of a simple pastoral tribe into one of comparative civilisation, without losing many of their old virtues or contracting many new vices. The Turk, when roused into action, acts vigorously, promptly, energetically, and allows no scruples to stand in the way of the accomplishment of his purpose. But to see him afterwards, one could hardly believe he was the same being. The deed done, he relapses into listless dreamy indolence, and seems content to let everything take its course. He is perpetually at one extreme or the other. He knows nothing of our calmness and steadiness of purpose, and our moderation. Most of the passions of savage life have accompanied him from the plains of Tartary and cling to him still. If a man offends him, he is seldom content with any reparation short of his life. If he covets a thing, he seizes on it straightway; if he falls in love, he does not pay court, and dangle, and sigh, and write poetry; he buys the woman he adores in hard cash, hurries her into a seraglio, and shuts her up close, as if he was jealous of the wind and the sun, and there sates his passion. Of anything like a union of souls between man and woman he has no idea, nor could it readily be explained to him. The Koran denies that women have souls, and he is the more inclined to believe it from the fact, that those that he sees have received no education, except a few idle accomplishments to delight the voluptuous eyes of their owners; their intellects are so dwarfed that there is apparently little in them, except the gift of speech, to distinguish them from the lower animals.

Nor has the Turk any idea of the whirl and bustle of public life, such as we see it in England or France—the thirst for distinction, the patient industry, the complicated intrigues, the eager watching of public opinion, the united agitation, and all the strife and turmoil by which the great business of life is carried on. He cannot see the use of all this. He loves ease above all things. To secure it he rouses himself occasionally into violent exertion, but then as soon as the occasion has passed away he relapses again. The leading feature in his character is undoubtedly his religious fanaticism, but unfortunately the religion he professes is not of such a nature as to turn this fanatacism to good account,—for Mahometanism does not contain the two great requisites which a religion must possess before it can influence men's lives. It does not inculcate self-restraint as a desirable means of attaining to a higher state of happiness, and as conducive to mental repose; nor does it act upon the fears or hopes of its worshippers by threatening to visit their bad acts with retribution, or reward their good deeds with happiness in the world to come. One or two verses in the Koran certainly represent revenge as an undesirable mode of gratification, but by no means in very strong language; and in other places true believers are commanded to content themselves with mere pecuniary compensation, or at all events to take care that the retaliation does not exceed the offence. But the futility of this injunction must be apparent when we remember that men never take vengeance except when under the influence of fierce passion, and to expect persons in this state to strike a proportion between the injury they have received and the retribution they are about to inflict, is the acme of absurdity. The virtues which Mahomet inculcates are precisely those which a barbarous people would be sure to practise, though he had never said a word about them. They are generous, humane, charitable, kind to the miserable and forlorn, but when their passions are roused, woe to him who stands in their way.

Faith and not works is the sum and substance of Mussulman orthodoxy. It is not necessary that one should do right, but that he should think right, in order to enter paradise. Any Moslem who dies in the belief that there is but one God, and that Mahomet is his prophet, by that alone secures his salvation. A man of loose and dissolute life, who disobeys the precepts of the Koran, is, indeed, understood to undergo a short period of severe discipline by way of expiation in purgatory, *mais cela ne fait rien*. No jolly Mussulman would renounce his pleasures for such a bagatelle, especially when it looms so dimly in the future. As is generally the case, however, the minute observances of the faith are strictly attended to; the five daily prayers with the face turned towards Mecca, the various ablutions of the person and garments, the fasting in Ramazan from sunrise till sunset, are observances which no believer omits to perform. These are, however trivial in themselves, sure evidences of a pharisaical spirit, and consequently are not entitled to the praise which sentimental travellers have expended upon them.

Whatever may be the value of Mahometanism in a moral point of view, however, as a military creed it is unexceptionable. Many, in fact nearly all its formulæ, are better adapted for the regulation of a camp than the government of a civilised nation. Wine is forbidden; cleanliness is strictly inculcated; close and unshrinking fidelity to one another, and unswerving hatred to infidels are essential duties; and, lastly, he who falls in battle for the faith, no matter what his previous life, is forthwith wafted to paradise—an abode of sensual bliss, where the warrior passes the time in the society of immortal women of ravishing beauty, and finds himself constantly surrounded by all the delicacies that can please the palate, and is lulled by the flow of clear streams. The ten first followers of the prophet possess, in this immaculate region, seventy pavilions glittering with gold and silver and precious stones; in each of these seven hundred beds, and around each bed seven hundred houris! Every soldier goes into action with the encouraging prospect of a crown of victory or crown of martyrdom. Death in battle against the infidel, amongst the Ottomans supplies the place of patience, and faith, and hope, and charity, and long-suffering, and virtue, and knowledge, and truth. No mode of propagating a faith was ever more agreeable to its missionaries. All Mussulmans, under the Turkish law, were looked upon as soldiers, and formed a separate and superior class to the nations they conquered; and to this day none but Mussulmans can enter the Turkish army. When they first commenced their career of rapine, a third of the conquered lands was distributed amongst the soldiers; the privates often receiving large tracts of territory, which the original inhabitants cultivated as their serfs, rendering them a tenth part of the produce. The tenure by which they held these gifts, however, obliged them to follow the sultan to the field, whenever he called upon them; but did not oblige them to remain beyond one campaign, so that when the winter began to close in, they generally marched off home, and left him to fight his battles by himself as he best could. This of course rendered foreign wars next to impossible, and a standing army became clearly a necessity. The corps of janizaries was accordingly embodied in the manner we have already described. Part of these, about 25,000, were kept in barracks at Constantinople; other divisions in some of the principal towns of the empire: but a vast number were scattered over different parts of the country, married and pursued various trades and occupations, and though in receipt of regular pay, never performed any part of a soldier's duties. In fact, the janizaries were rather a military caste than an army, for their sons were, *ipso facto*, janizaries also, though they never handled a musket. Those of them who lived in barracks and were under arms, were as insolent, turbulent, and rapacious as prætorian guards usually are. They plundered and maltreated the people, and kept the sultan in terror; and owing to their refusal to submit to any of the modern improvements in drill or discipline, they were almost useless against European armies in the field.

In 1826, the sultan Mahmoud occupied the throne—a ferocious Turk, but a man of great strength of character, and fully alive to the necessity of introducing reforms into the internal administration of his empire. One of his first steps was, the levying of a body of troops, amongst whom he intro-

duced the European drill with the happiest effects. The janizaries were enraged at this, and began to clamour for the heads of the principal officers of the state, a very common mode of showing their displeasure. Mahmoud raised the standard of the prophet, and called upon all true Mussulmans to rally round him; and, attacking the janizaries upon all sides, massacred every one of them, as Mehemet Ali the Marmelukes, or Peter the Great the Strelitz. This step was followed by various other reforms, even of the costume—the flowing drapery and magnificent turbans of the nation being displaced by the angular frock coats and tights of the Franks, and the red and ungraceful fez-caps. The importance of this change in an artistic point of view may be estimated by reference to our engraving, exhibiting the various forms of head-dress used in different parts of the empire. The tendency to adopt European customs has been equally great in every other department; and what effect these changes will have upon the general condition of the empire still remains to be seen; for there can be no doubt that Turkey has not yet passed through the transition state, and it would therefore be premature to pronounce upon the merits of the reform. Our engraving (p. 124) represents the reception of an ambassador at the divan.

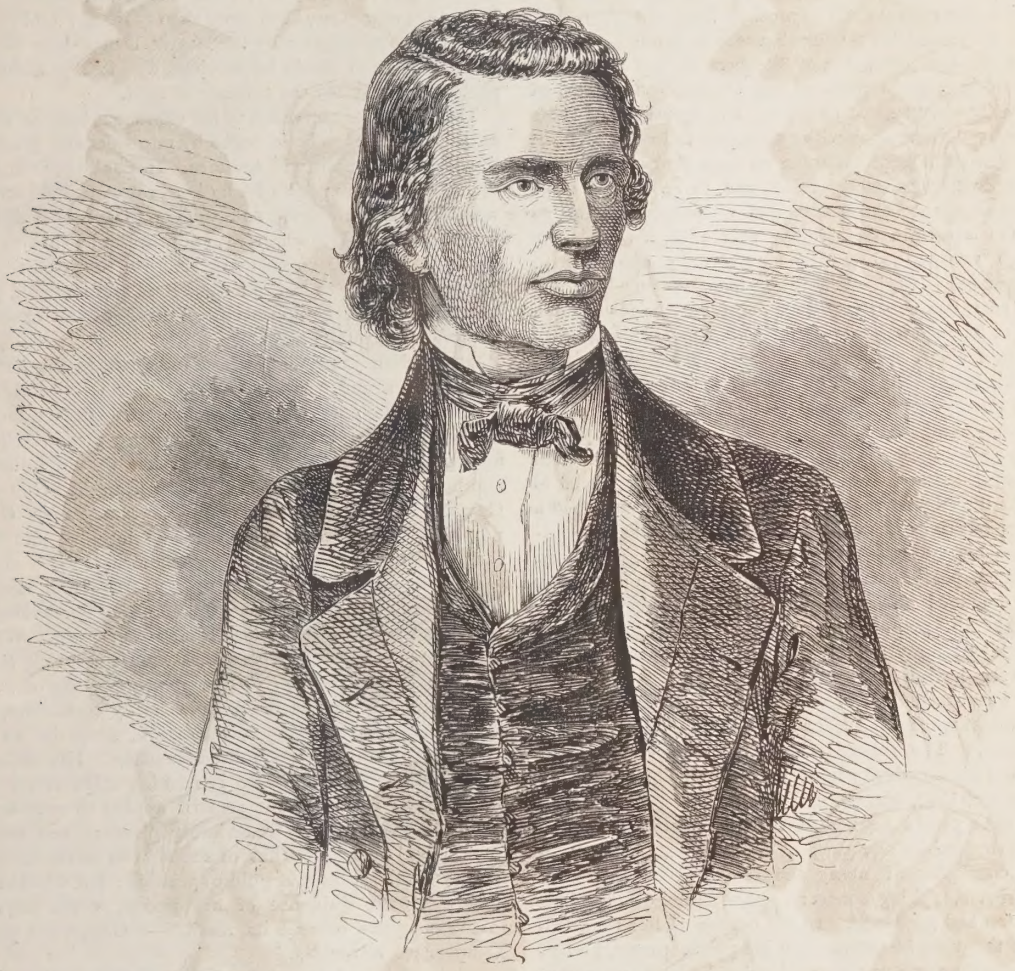
TURKISH HEAD-DRESSES.

1. Constantinople Fez. 2. Egyptian Tarbouch. 3. Fellah's Turban. 4. Turban of the poor in Egypt. 5. Turban and Cap of Bethlehem wool. 6. Egyptian Caffieh, worn as a turban. 7. Arab Caffieh, held by a band. 8. Caffieh, with a cord of camel's hair; Caffieh with a turban. 9. Greek Fez. 10. Round Turban with a twisted pad, common in Africa. 11. Loose Syrian Turban of a Scheikh of Lebanon. 12. Drapery for protection against cold or rain. 13. Head-dress of peasants in Lebanon. 14. Turban of a patriarch, or bishop of the Copts. 15. Coptic priest. 16. Asiatic Turban, common at Smyrna, very heavy behind.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH.

This eloquent and successful advocate of Temperance was born on the 22nd of August, 1817, at Sandgate, in the county of Kent. His father had served in one of the regiments of British soldiers engaged in the Peninsular war, and had retired on a pension, having been wounded in the neck. His mother occupied the position of a village schoolmistress. From her John received his first lessons, but was sent at a very early age to a school at Folkstone, where, though so young, he soon became a teacher. When only about eight years of age, he manifested a keen taste for the beauties of nature, and an ardent love of history and poetry, especially of the romantic kind. He was a good reader; and on one occasion attracted the notice of the celebrated Wilberforce, who patted John on the head, and presented him with a book, having first written his name on the fly-leaf. There was a library in the village, and John was often sent for to read to the visitors of that watering-place. He was fond of speaking also, and having a talent for mimicry, he would dress up a number of dolls, and personating some clergyman, he would pour forth his mimic oratory much to his own amusement, if not to the edification of his dumb auditors.

When about twelve years of age, John's father made an agreement with a family in the village, who were about emigrating to America, to take him with them, and gave them a small sum on condition that they should teach the boy a trade, and provide for him till he was twenty-one. In June, 1829, he left his native village; and after visiting some of the principal attractions of the metropolis, he sailed from the Thames on the 10th of that month. On the 3rd of August he arrived at New York. He spent two years at a farm in Oneida county, during which period he received no advantage either from going to school or from learning a trade. In 1831 he returned to New York city, where he was engaged as an errand boy and to learn the book-binding trade. Here he saved a little money, and sent to England for his father, mother, and sister to join him; his mother and sister did so, but his father preferred remaining in England. They were shortly after plunged into circumstances of deep poverty, and in the summer of 1834 his mother died suddenly—a circumstance which deeply affected both his health and spirits.



PORTRAIT OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

About this time the foundation was laid of many future sorrows. Having a good voice, being able to sing pretty well, having the faculty of imitation strongly developed, and being well stocked with amusing stories, he got introduced to the society of thoughtless and dissipated young men, to whom his talents made him welcome. Here he acquired a fatal appetite for strong drink, which he indulged to excess. He began to attend the theatres frequently, and soon felt ambitious to "strut *his* hour on the stage." He obtained a situation as actor and comic singer. A career of recklessness and dissipation succeeded; his habit of drinking excessively became confirmed, and in 1837 he was, to use his own language, "thrown like a football on the world's great highway, at the mercy of every passing foot." For a short period poverty brought him to his senses, and induced him to abstain from the intoxicating cup; but he soon formed an acquaintance with

companions who destroyed his resolutions of amendment, and before long he was again on the broad road of dissipation, neglecting his business, impoverishing his resources, destroying his reputation, and injuring his health.

In 1838, Mr. Gough married, and commenced housekeeping, and engaged in business with a good prospect of success. But in a short time every bud of promised comfort and respectability was nipped, and his circumstances began to be truly desperate. Want of health, and remorse of conscience, made him miserable beyond description. He sought relief in deeper and yet deeper potations, till *delirium tremens* in all its terrors attacked him. The narrative of this portion of his life—including amongst other harrowing details the death of his wife and child—may be passed hastily over; his career became one of almost unmitigated woe. He sank as low in mental and moral degradation as it was well possible for a human being to sink,—into a state apparently beyond all hope of redemption. Yet at this very point his redemption was at hand.

Societies for the promotion of Temperance had for several years existed in various parts of the United States, and had operated with considerable success. The members of these societies exerted themselves with exemplary industry, and left no means untried to place the sober on their guard against the insidious influences of strong drink, and to rescue from the grasp of intemperance those who had unhappily become its victims. On a certain day—in the year 1842, if we mistake not—Gough was tapped on the shoulder by one of these zealous advocates. With a benevolent look, and in a kind and courteous tone, the stranger asked John how he should like to become, as he once was, respectable and respected, well clad, esteemed by friends, useful, and happy? John sighed, and expressed his belief that such a change was impossible. The course the stranger proposed was that of immediately abandoning the use of all intoxicating drinks, and signing a pledge expressive of his determination to do so. This was urged with so much earnestness and affection that Gough determined to comply with the friend's request. Accordingly, he attended a Temperance meeting the next evening, and after briefly relating his once happy and now miserable condition, he signed the temperance pledge, with a palsied hand and in characters singularly crooked! He was long before he recovered his strength and spirits; but he persevered. Friends rallied round him. His talent for public speaking being known, and his former career having been notorious, curiosity as to his addresses was excited. He soon became popular, and his time was almost wholly occupied in lecturing on the Temperance question. The sphere of his operations was soon extended, and his popularity increased with great rapidity.

In November, 1843, Mr. Gough married his present wife; and from that period he has devoted his time and talents entirely to the public advocacy of Temperance; addressing audiences consisting of many thousands, and everywhere obtaining friends, making converts, and receiving testimonials of approbation and good will. In the course of less than two years from the time he commenced his public career, he had travelled more than twelve thousand miles, by land and water; delivered six hundred and five public addresses, in churches, halls, public buildings, and in the open air; and obtained 31,760 signatures to the total abstinence pledge.

The fame of Mr. Gough's eloquent and successful advocacy of Temperance having reached England, desires had frequently been expressed for a visit from him. Invitations had more than once been sent to him, but they were respectfully declined. At length, however, a Metropolitan Society—"The London Temperance League"—sent an invitation to him in terms so urgent that he found it impossible to refuse compliance. After consulting valued friends, he determined on a visit to his native country, and on the first of August, 1853, he and his wife arrived safely in the metropolis. He has delivered several addresses at Exeter Hall, and other places in London, as also in various parts of England and Scotland. The expectations raised by the reports which had reached England have, in every case, been more than realised; and so great is the anxiety manifested by the largest Temperance Societies in Great Britain to obtain his services, that it is probable he will prolong his stay till the summer of 1854.

The highest testimonials to his character, both as a man and as an orator, have been borne by ministers and gentlemen of the first respectability in America. In England, as in America, he has "swayed multitudes by his oratory; made strong men weep like little children, and women to sob as if their hearts would burst." His whole soul appears to be thrown into his discourses, and he succeeds in riveting the attention of his hearers from first to last, eliciting loud and repeated plaudits, and calling forth manifestations of feeling to an extent rarely observed in a public assembly.

An English journalist, whose judgment in these matters is considered sound,* says:—"Mr. Gough is a well adjusted mixture of the poet, orator, and dramatist—in fact, an English Gavazzi."—"If Gavazzi possesses more power, Gough has more pathos. This is the main difference, the chief distinction; and here the difference is in favour of Gough. Gough excels Gavazzi in pathos, far more than Gavazzi excels Gough in power."—"His air makes promise of nothing; and hence all that is given is so much above the contract. It is impossible to conceive of anything more entirely free from empiricism. From first to last, it is nature acting in one of her favourite sons. Oratorically considered, he is never at fault. While the vocable pronunciation, with scarcely an exception, is perfect, the elocutionary element is every way worthy of it. He is wholly free, on the one hand, from heavy monotony, and, on the other, from ranting declamation, properly so called. There is no mouthing—no stilted shouting. His whole speaking is eminently true; there is nothing false either in tone or inflexion; and the same remark applies to emphasis. All is truth; the result is undeviating pleasure, and irresistible impression. His air is that of a man who never thought five minutes on the subject of public speaking; but who surrenders himself to the guidance of his genius, while he ofttimes snatches a grace beyond its reach."—"Gough is a pattern to Temperance advocates."

* Rev. John Campbell, D.D.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER VI., PART VI.

On the morning after Agnes' arrival, upon Leonard's mantelpiece lay a note directed in the hand of Agnes; no longer a far-travelled letter, but a note left by a messenger. Leonard hesitated to break the seal, and he looked long and with a moody gaze upon that bold and rapidly-indited address. He paced up and down his room; he felt as though his doom were about to burst thundering over him. Where was the winged impulse of Love which should have transformed him into a very Hermes of speed? Instead of words of joyous, passionate welcome, his disturbed fancy hissed around him words of bitter reproach and reproof, and cold, stern eyes glittered hatefully in his imagination, like the fiery swords of the angels of Rebuke and Judgment. The secret voice of self-contempt also raised its bitter cry—his very life seemed frozen within him. Having so long yielded to morbid weakness, having so long permitted weeds to spring up unchecked from the rich soil of his nature, they now had choked the fair lilies and the gorgeous roses, and all the tender herbs and blossoms were dragged down into a tangle of confusion and misery. "Had only the gardener Love but tended the fair herbs, then would they have flourished and waxed into mighty forest trees," said the voice of self-excuse. "The gardener Duty was ever ready at his post, even were Love absent," whispered the voice of conscience; "but thou

turnedst away and wouldst not heed his advice. Behold the desolation of thy garden! were Love even to return, the garden would know him not."

"Dearest Leonard," ran the note, written in pencil and with a great haste visible in each word, "I am come back to surprise you—I have much, very much, of vital importance to communicate. I cannot write more—but come! you *must* not delay.—Yours, A. S."

Did Leonard speed to his betrothed on the wings of love? No. The words of the note jarred his every nerve. He paced up and down with a vacant misery. He pulled forth a sketch which he had begun—some way suggested to him by the sharpened features and form of little Cuthbert, as he saw him lying day after day upon his couch. The sketch represented an aged woman, a pilgrim as it were to some far off shrine, lying dead at the foot of an ancient cross. She had come up through the land of graves and of gloom. A sea stretched out beyond the barren place of sepulchre, and the uprising sun cast beams of light upon the waters and upon the sharpened rigid face of the dead. "The End of the Pilgrimage" was written beneath the sketch. As Leonard drew the recollection of little Cuthbert's sad white face, in which the simplicity of the child mingled so awfully with the expression of a life's pain and anxiety,—that face, stamped with the mystic and unmistakeable print of death upon the hollow eyes and skeleton-like profile, rose up before his soul, and blinded his eyes with tears, whilst a mighty longing seized him to soothe even for one hour that little pilgrim touching upon the threshold of the awful unknown. "Oh! why in the sight of the All-seeing One do I dare with base untruth to simulate a love which I do *not* feel?" cried out the nobler nature of Leonard. "It is love which binds my soul to this poor child; there is no deception in that, and now it speaks in these burning tears, in the mighty pity, in the unappeasable longing to soothe him, to clasp that tiny transparent hand, in the thought which makes his departure such unutterable pain. In the presence of the purified soul of this little pilgrim sunk at the foot of his cross, for whom the morning of immortality is about to break, let me gird up the loins of my resolution; let me shake off the fetters of a mean slavery; let me not do a base injustice to the woman whom I have once thought I loved. *She* does not love; thus her suffering, if she should suffer, will be but the sufferings of a wounded pride; and justice and nobility of soul Agnes possesses, if not *love*. The very words too of her note may have reference to some communication of her own relative to this very subject. Let me save her the pain; let me take the burden upon myself."

A transient gleam of energy shot forth through Leonard, and hastily laying aside his sketch, he seized his hat and went forth towards the Gaywoods, intending to sit a little while beside Cuthbert's sofa, and then proceed to Agnes.

The formation of a resolve even, be it a painful one, has something in itself so healthful that body as well as spirit are braced by it as by a fresh breeze from the ocean. Leonard walked along with a step almost buoyant; even the suburban trees and shrubs, and the blue May heaven arching over the roofs of houses, sent a waft of hope to his spirit.

The carriage of Dr. S. was standing before the Gaywoods' little gate, and that benevolent man himself was descending the steps as Leonard reached them. A peculiarly grave expression upon his countenance fell upon Leonard's heart with a sad foreboding—a cloud suddenly overcast the transient gleam.

"Poor little Cuthbert," said Dr. S., "I fear will not remain many days, if hours, with us. Miss Gaywood you will find much distressed. It seems also that her sister has always believed that the child must ultimately recover. I grieve that at this trying moment, when Miss Gaywood herself has so much to endure, there should be the necessity for her to inflict this fresh pain upon her sister. But I am sure they will wish to see you, Mr. Hale," pursued Dr. S., as Leonard, with a mingling of delicacy and cowardly shrinking from the sight of their hopeless misery, was about to turn from the door. "Little Cuthbert was asking for you whilst I was there; he seems extraordinarily attached to you. What a dreadful shock will this be to the poor child's father."

In the passage Lucretia encountered Leonard, her face was bathed with tears. "Dear, dear Leonard!" she ejaculated, "you will guess the sad news. How thankful am I to see you! Go in to the beloved child; he has had a wretched night, and in the delirious dreams which tortured him, was unceasingly conversing with you as though he were a grown man. A man?—what do I say?—as though he were a seraph! Oh, he loves you so much, so much, you can comfort and cheer him as we cannot, for he always has loved you more than he has loved us. Oh, I thank God that he sent you to us. I cannot yet come in, Leonard; the dear child cannot bear to see me weeping, and cuts me to the soul by his words of comfort. I must tell poor Mary the dreadful truth; she never has listened, for one moment, to a hint of the possibility of Cuthbert's dying. How can I prepare her and strengthen her to endure the blow? But go in, dear friend: stay with Cuthbert till I return."

Leonard found the child lying, as usual, upon his sofa, with his books, his little drawings, his flowers about him; but he was thinner, more spectral—the terrible fever of the night had been doing its fatal work rapidly.

"Dear, dear friend," cried the child, opening his heavy eyelids as Leonard softly unclosed the door, and stretching forth his arms eagerly towards him, "I felt you were coming. I've seen you all night, and we have been so happy, for we both were in heaven, and you were much happier than now; and we were gathering flowers such as do not even grow in dear India. I know they are all unhappy because I am going to die. I know Dr. S. told dear aunty Lucretia so, and I do wish I could comfort them—make them feel as happy as I do. I'm not unhappy now as I was when I came away from papa and dear India; or as I have been at school when I have quarreled with the boys and felt angry and bad. Do comfort them—you always have comforted me—you talk so beautifully, and are so gentle and kind. Oh, I do love you, dear," and the child raised his thin arms and encircled Leonard's neck as upon that first night when they met; and his little parched lips kissed again and again Leonard's bowed face. "Don't you also be sad, dear," said the child anxiously, as Leonard averted his face seeking to repress his emotion. "I'm sure we never shall be parted. Dear, dear man, don't be sad; I've a deal to say to you; sit down beside me, dear; take hold of my hand—there: that does me good. I've not much pain now. I've not had pain now for a long time, that is so nice, only I am so faint, and am not certain of all that I say; but I do not now trouble you, dear aunties, by being so fretful. Oh, it's you, dear. I feel—ah—I want to ask you something. I have known a long time—oh, long before aunt Lucretia, that I was going away, and have thought a great deal of dear Christ's words about dying, though I did not like to talk with people of what I knew, for it made them cry; but as I have lain upon the cushion, dear, beneath the trees and the sky, and you have talked or read so beautifully to me—all those words came clear to me—and oh, many, many things which I *can't* tell you even! And often, when you have thought me asleep, I've been thinking upon these things; how happy, how lovely those days were. Oh, how I do love you, dear! But one thing I have often, often thought of, and it makes me very unhappy. I do pray God will forgive me! I saw one day, when I first went to the school, a poor old man who was quite lame, and he hopped along in a very funny fashion; and I laughed quite loud, and began to hop as he did, and all the boys clapped their hands and laughed, and hopped also—the poor old man was very much hurt; was it not wrong; was it not wicked? I have so often thought of this since I was lame. I would give a great, great deal to ask that poor lame man to forgive me. I know now what a sad thing it is to be lame. I've always looked about for him when I was well enough to go out in my little carriage. But I feel better since I've told you, dear friend—but don't *you* ever be cruel—be unkind; it is a deal worse than death. I'm glad you are here, keep fast hold of my hand. I'm tired

now, I'll sleep—only don't move from me—I do so love you." Leonard leaned his head upon one hand, whilst the other grasped the boy's little fingers.

What strange visions may now have flitted ghost-like before the spirit of the child as it journeyed along the dim Valley of the Shadow of Death? Sunlight fell upon the rigid features—and birds and butterflies flitted about without on joyous pinions, and the cries of merry, robust children at play came into the still room through the open window! But the senses of little Cuthbert seemed already closed to all sound and sights of earth.

thought of death is a reality. To her, until now, that great school-master in the School of Life—Death—had read no lesson. And she, hearing his stern, relentless accents, finds the lesson one too hard to be believed. A fresh and unimagined consciousness of evil—sweet, joyous Mary—has entered into thy life, as pacing and weeping restlessly up and down that straight gravel walk, thou seekest to understand these mournful accents. Henceforth, at times of greatest joy and security, their echo will resound through thy heart, and a horror will have entered into thy soul, which will lurk behind each beautiful beloved form and feature.

THE END OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

And what strange and doleful visions arose now before the spirit of poor Leonard? Let us not seek to enter the torture chamber of that poor soul, where once more the rack, and the flame, and the pincers, and the saw were at their fearful labour. The child's placid but sharpened countenance lay statue-like upon the pillow, the face seeming to mature in its expression as hour after hour passed over. Lucretia and Mary, recalling the face in after years, always remembered it as the face of a youth and not of a child. At length, Lucretia having performed her painful task of preparing Mary for the sad climax approaching in the dear child, looked into the room, and there still sate Leonard, with bowed head, grasping the little hand. She silently breathed a prayer, and gazing with swimming eyes, glided forth again to seek poor Mary, who in an agony of grief was pacing up and down the straight walk of the little garden.

Mary's joyous and hopeful nature, in which life was so strong and beautiful, must endure a great struggle before the

CHAPTER VII.

Again the voice spake unto me,
Thou art so steeped in misery,
Surely 'twere better not to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

Guess now who holds thee? Death, he said. But there
The silver answer rang, "Not Death but Love."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

It is the morning of Agnes' arrival, and whilst Leonard sits holding the hand of the dying child, steeped in bitterest despair, self-contempt, and distrust of Agnes' love, poor Agnes waits with longing, listening, breathless impatience for Leonard. What joy to convince him by the greeting of love, brought from his uncle, that *his* interest, *his* happiness, have been a quickening thought in her soul during a long absence. What matters the loss of her long-worked-for papers! The awful sights and sounds of that terrible day and night, the glow of human sympathy which had electrified her being, cast

all personal loss into nothingness. "Oh, if he would but come—quick! quick!" cried the excited girl; "why did I

THE DEATH OF LITTLE CUTHBERT.

not more urgently word my note? but words upon lifeless paper sound so flat—so powerless; he must have been from

home—let me seek to calm myself; but every nerve still vibrates,—my ears still resound with the crash and the cries of that dreadful scene. My eyes, if they close, mirror back that whirling chaos of flame and vapour and swaying multitudes.

Oh, Leonard! Leonard! why do you not come? I long to hold your hand, and to assure myself that I am sane—that I possess a peaceful, a calm haven of rest. If there be communion of soul, you must—you must listen to my cry!" And Agnes, with excited hands, pushed back the hair from her throbbing temples, and with clasped hands, standing by the window, gazed with fixed searching eyes and listening ear. But hour after hour went by, and no Leonard arrived.

"Do you say that Mr. Hale left home at eleven *after* he received my note?" asked Agnes, with a forced calmness, from a servant whom she questioned in the course of the afternoon; no Leonard having arrived, and poor Agnes, after tortures of anxiety, impatience, and indignation, having once more despatched her messenger to Leonard's lodging.

"Yes, miss, Mrs. Buddle said she put the note upon Mr. Hale's chimney-piece, and she saw Mr. Hale reading it a long time as she was a fetching the breakfast-tray out, and then Mr. Hale had painted a bit, and took his hat and went out. She says she did wonder how he could stop painting just as usual, so quiet-like, after he got a letter from you, miss, and you just come back; but gentlemen says she is so—"

"That will do," coldly and sternly interrupted Agnes, and the gossipping woman withdrew to gossip to her heart's content below stairs.

Every word had been torture to Agnes. The door closed. Agnes clenching her hands together, for a moment stood white and rigid as a statue, then sunk her clenched hands upon the table, and falling to the floor upon her knees, buried her face in her hands—a heart-piercing low moan bursting from her lips; and so for a space she knelt. No tears flowed from beneath the burning eyelids. The moment had arrived when spontaneously, irrevocably, her soul severed itself from Leonard. "Henceforth he shall be as one dead to me," spoke the inward voice within Agnes' heart: "what miserable weakness to permit a phantom, a mere love of an ideal Leonard, to devour my life, my happiness, my career! God be praised, life is rich in a thousand ways! Yet—yet to have possessed in Leonard the unutterably dear friend whom I have dreamed—to have been all in all to him—to have been doubly strong in each other, I in him and he in me! Oh, what joy, what deep, deep, blessed joy! But, alas, alas! that cruel voice which has ever whispered of his coldness—his carelessness; that, *that* was the truth. No, *he* never burned with the ardour of *my* love. No fire of devoted passion burned within his heart! But *that* fire smoulders within my heart ready to leap forth into a mighty conflagration: but it shall not kill—destroy,—it shall, O Father in heaven, through Thy aid, flame forth only to kindle noble love and devotion in other hearts. My work in the world shall be wrought out alone through this mighty love—*it* shall be my husband, my beloved. Father, I thank Thee that I am snatched away from the brink of a great misery—from this treachery: for the sake of this strongest impulse of the soul and being, I can crush all tender thoughts of a cruel phantom. Leonard does not and *never* loved me; this I see clear as the sun. Thus am I severed from him, and he from me. I pray heaven I forget him—I shall, I do. I am happier, O God, than I have been for long." Agnes arose from her knees—a strange light burnt in her eyes, her usually pale cheeks glowed crimson, her lips were streaks of vermilion, her frame trembled with a strange ague-fit; and yet her countenance was that of a victor, and not of the vanquished. Up and down the little chamber she paced—the air oppressed her—the sounds of the awful fire at Hamburg roared in her ears, mingling in delirious confusion with the thousand fancies of her overwrought brain. "I stand upon the eve of a fresh chapter in my life: I shall never see Leonard more—I *will* not—if his love did not dictate an instant meeting with me, it is a miserable love, unworthy of the name. He shall be freed from his bondage. I will never more see the face of one who has been so unutterably dear. I will write to him, telling him of his uncle's words—that shall be my revenge. Let me to the last offer him only deeds of love and words of kindness. As the words of a guardian angel shall be the words of my letter;—but—no never, never, never more will I see him. And my dear papers—my lost manuscripts—the labour of three long months! But what is that loss, the loss of Leonard, to the losses, the agonies, the burning frenzies of those poor sufferers in this mighty conflagration! Would that I knew what tidings were received!" Agnes bathed her burning cheeks in water; she flung open her window to gain a breath of air; but her lips were parched, her very brain seemed scorched and seared. As evening began to gather, and the golden rays of sunset glowed upon the windows of the houses opposite Agnes hurriedly walked along the dry, warm pavement of the narrow, quiet street in which she lived; she was seized with an impetuous longing after physical action; repose she could not, weary and exhausted to the last degree as was her frame. Calling a cab, and ordering the driver to drive as rapidly as he could to the outskirts of the great city—she cared not whither, only that it must be where were green fields and fresh air—she was soon driving along one of the great crowded thoroughfares leading from the heart of the heat and fever of the metropolis into suburban verdure.

SIGNS OF OLD LONDON.

Within two doors of Cheapside, there is a head with a large feather or other projection shading the upper part. Of these singular-looking relics, there are many scattered over the city. At the back of this house, in Paternoster-row, there is another specimen peering out from the centre of plain brick surfaces, ill according with the present style of architecture. These relics may have been inserted as mementos of the old building which was destroyed at the great fire. There are four others to be seen in adjoining houses in Queen-street, and which are well worthy attention. Two of them have the evidence of high antiquity. The mode of decorating of the hair in one case corresponds with that of the costume in the time of Henry III., whilst another may very possibly be a relic of a far earlier date. In many instances they can be accounted for as marking the property of the Mercers' Company, as in the examples to be found in Gracechurch-street, where they are evidently their crest, and have the distinguishing mark of the crown on the head. While these have, in most cases, no reference to signs of tradesmen, nevertheless we find them sometimes called the "Maiden Head," which was by no means an uncommon sign. In like manner the "Dolphin" and "Mermaid" were appropriated from the arms of the Fishmonger's Company.

In Upper Thames-street, next to the church of Allhallows Great and Less, is a singular sign of an enormous size, and which in that respect is unequalled by any in London. It belongs to a public-house, and the subject is an "Hour Glass." Nearly opposite to this in the same street, and placed flat against the walls of an old warehouse, is a painting on a metal plate of a "Leather Jerkin." This unique specimen is worthy attention in connexion with costume. The inscription is too much effaced to decipher more than a few detached letters. The similarity in the form of the dress has given rise to very absurd traditions of the watermen in the neighbourhood, who connect it with the "coat and badge" given by Doggett, to be rowed for annually, but to which it has no evidence of shewing any reference.

In Lower Thames-street there is another specimen of a "Sun," very similar to the one in the Poultry, with the exception of the date, which is the same, appearing below the figure.

In Fenchurch-street, at a grocer's, are seen "Three Sugar Loaves" projecting, and gilt and surmounted by a "Crown;" and near to it, at another of the same trade, is a similar sign with a "Star" above, in which is the date 1725.

In Little Distaff-lane, in stone, against a house, is a shield with a book with seven seals and three crowns, which are the arms of the University of Oxford.

Over the door of a grocer's shop in Gracechurch-street, near Fish-street-hill, is a very good specimen of the sign of a

"Grasshopper:" it is of metal, gilt; and the fact of the spot being very near to the house of Sir Thomas Gresham, favours the tradition of its being his identical sign. His shop was near the end of Lombard-street. Near the other end of the same street, within a few doors of Leadenhall-street, is a fair specimen of a "Black Boy:" this is carved in wood.

In Leadenhall-street, at No. 36, is the sign of an ornamented "Key," suspended with the handle downwards, in which is inscribed the date 1713. Within a few doors of the East India House, against the house, is a large carved shield, on which are the bearings of three mitres.

In Aldgate is a gilt sign of the "Head of Galen," over a chemist's shop, date of 1765; and another of the same subject in the Minories.

In Clement's-lane, within a few doors of Lombard-street, is a good stone sign inserted of "Three Foxes," with a date of 1668. This sign is worthy of remark from the very spirited manner in which the subject is treated. The attitude of the triad is curious, the foxes being seated in a remarkably upright posture. The subject itself is also worthy of notice, and capable of speculation as to its origin and meaning. The immediate locality being directly opposite to Three Kings'-court, suggests a notion of a satirical allusion to the three kings. The fact of the number three so often occurring in different signs, and in connexion with subjects which appear to afford no explanation, is worthy also of passing notice. One, however, may be offered, and that is that three objects are often described in coats of arms in the shield, which first may have been used as an armorial bearing, and afterwards retained as a sign; and another of the mystic number, as in the case of the seven stars before referred to.

In Paternoster-row is the sign of the "Bible and Crown," inserted in a niche over the window of a house long famous for the publication of religious works.

In the Old Jewry, against a house, is a large carving of an eagle or griffin, which perhaps is merely a fragment of the original sign.

The Museum of Guildhall contains, amongst other city relics of antiquity, the stone sign of the "Boar's Head," in East-cheap. This marked the spot where formerly stood the inn mentioned in Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," and is an exemplification of a desire after the great fire of London to identify spots which were dear to the old citizens by early associations.

In King-street, within a few doors of Snow-hill, is a piece of spirited sculpture in stone, inserted, representing the figure of "St. George and the Dragon," in high relief, with the date of 1668. It is the sign of the "Old George" inn.

In Holborn there are few signs worthy of note from their antiquity, with perhaps the exception of the "Bull" inn.

On the Surrey side of the Thames there are many curious relics. A short distance from Blackfriars'-bridge, is the sign of a dog eating out of a three-legged pot. There has been much speculation as to the origin of this singular sign. In Akeman's list of tokens we find No. 1442, "The Dogg's Head in the Potte in Old-street," and No. 1610, "Oliver Wallis in Red Cross-street, O. I. W., 1667," each of which has on it the device of a dog eating out of a pot.

In several towns in the west of England the same sign occurs, and its antiquity is undoubted from the fact of its being mentioned in the old poem of "Cock Lorrels Bote."

> "Here is saunder sadeler of froge strete corner,
> With Jelyan Joly at sygne of the bokeler,
> And mores moule taker;
> Also annys angry with the croked buttocke,
> That dwelled at ye sign of ye dogges hede in ye pot,
> By her crafte a breche maker."

The old stone sign of the "Dog and Duck" may be seen inserted in the wall of Bethlehem Hospital, on the garden side. This relic formerly decorated the well-known place of entertainment. It represents a dog with a duck in his mouth, with the date of 1617 engraved in the stone.

These notices and remarks of the old London signs will, doubtless, be very unsatisfactory to the antiquarian rambler who may be in search for historical relics. The sketch could easily have been extended to a considerable length, as many of the subjects introduced are capable of a separate essay in the hands of a zealous antiquary. That, however, has not been the object of the author of these remarks; but merely to introduce the subject and leave it for others more able than himself to do greater justice to it. There are, no doubt, very many relics of old signs still in existence, and which are worthy of record, in obscure situations, or which are preserved in other parts of the houses than meet the eye in a pilgrimage through the street. The subject has hitherto met with little attention, except in desultory and incidental notices. This has, probably, arisen from its not appearing of sufficient importance; but when we consider that the quaint sign has played its part and formed a prominent characteristic in the customs of old London, has been used to decorate the residences of its most eminent citizens, and is stamped on the title-pages of the choicest treasures of our libraries, it is presumed it will require no further apology for offering it to the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

THE LIGHTHOUSE OF CORDOUAN.

THIS celebrated French lighthouse is built upon an isolated rock at a short distance from the mouth of the Gironde. It was commenced in 1584 under Henry III., and finished in 1610; but considerable alterations have been made since that time. It was originally designed by Louis de Foix, the architect of the Escurial, who is said to have died there, and to have been buried within it. The same rock was formerly occupied by a lighthouse founded by the Black Prince, when the English held possession of that part of France.

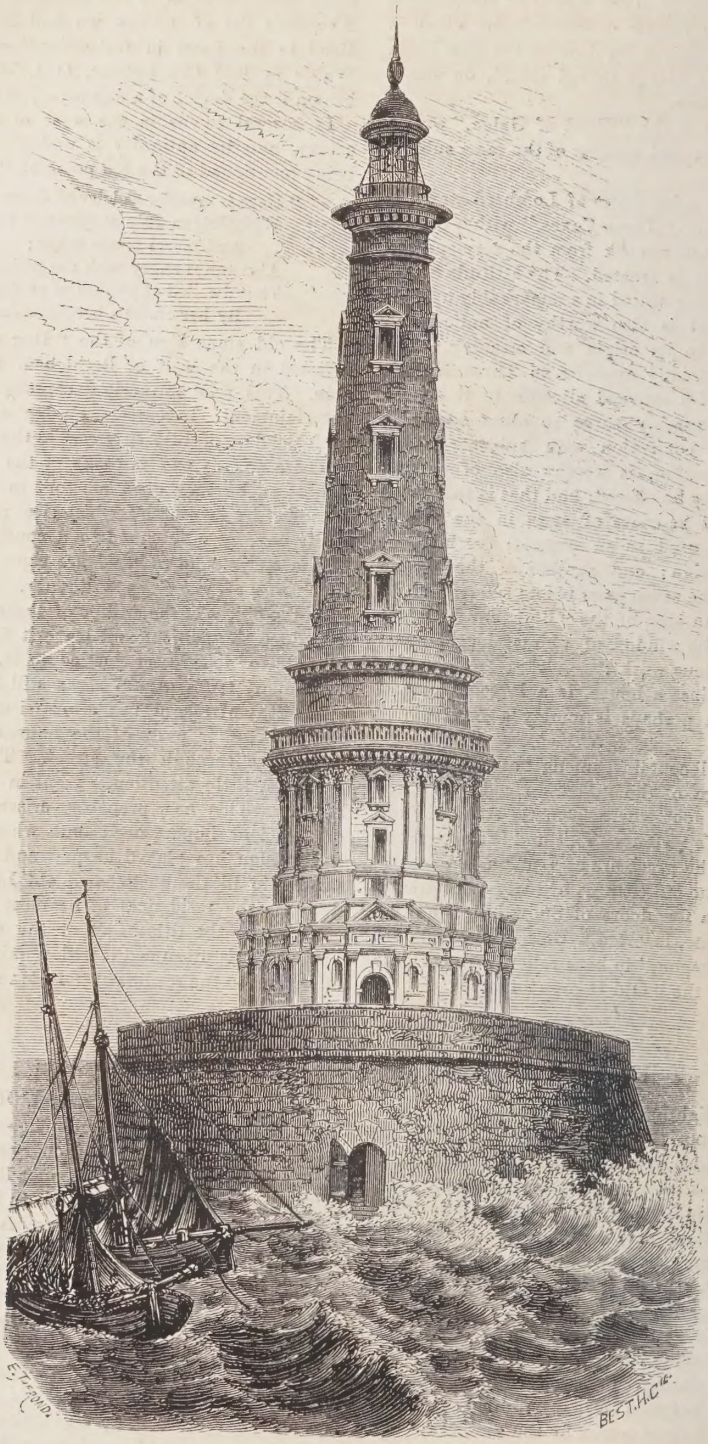
The neighbourhood of the Gironde is peculiarly interesting. It is one of the most flourishing vine districts in France. The aspect is that of an undulating country, affording here and there peeps of the river between the gentle hills and valleys which intersect it. The vintage occurs in the month of September, and then the banks of the Gironde present a scene of activity and bustle. Every road is crowded with ox-carts and cheerful groups of pickers; the air resounds with songs and laughter. But beautiful as the locality appears, it abounds in marshes and stagnant pools which render it unhealthy; and gay and cheerful as are the groups of vine-dressers, fearful scenes have been enacted on that very ground. There raged the horrors of the civil war, when the revolutionary party overcame their antagonists the Girondins, and swamped even the very name of the department. One cannot regard the old lighthouse—la Tour de Cordouan—without remembering the deep tragedy of the revolutionary struggle, when the lily of St. Louis gave place to the Bonnet Rouge.

The present building is elegant in form and rich in architectural ornament. The structure is circular, the vestibule extensive and carefully fitted up, while the lofty turret is surmounted by the lantern, the light of which affords a safe guide to mariners entering the estuary of the Gironde. The first story of the tower is known as the king's apartment, richly and profusely ornamented, the exterior decorated by a colonnade of Doric pillars which support the first gallery. The second story has been consecrated as a chapel, and is of a circular form, enriched by Corinthian pillars and sculptures of great beauty; it is lighted by a double range of windows, while over the entrance to the chapel is a bust of the architect, Louis de Foix, admirably executed, together with an appropriate inscription. The tower which rises from the summit of the chapel is occupied by a winding staircase, lighted by large and elegant windows; a gallery surrounds the pharos, from which a commanding view may be had of the neighbouring coast line.

The lighthouse of Cordouan is more richly ornamented, and

possesses greater attraction in an architectural point of view, than any other on the coast of France. In structures of this sort attention is usually absorbed in the utility of the building rather than in any graceful appearance which it may present to the eye. But both beauty and utility have been united in this edifice not only beautiful, not only valuable in the navigation of the coast, but also a noble model of what such structures might be made.

The number of lighthouses on the French coast was, in 1839, fifty-nine; since that period the number has been aug-



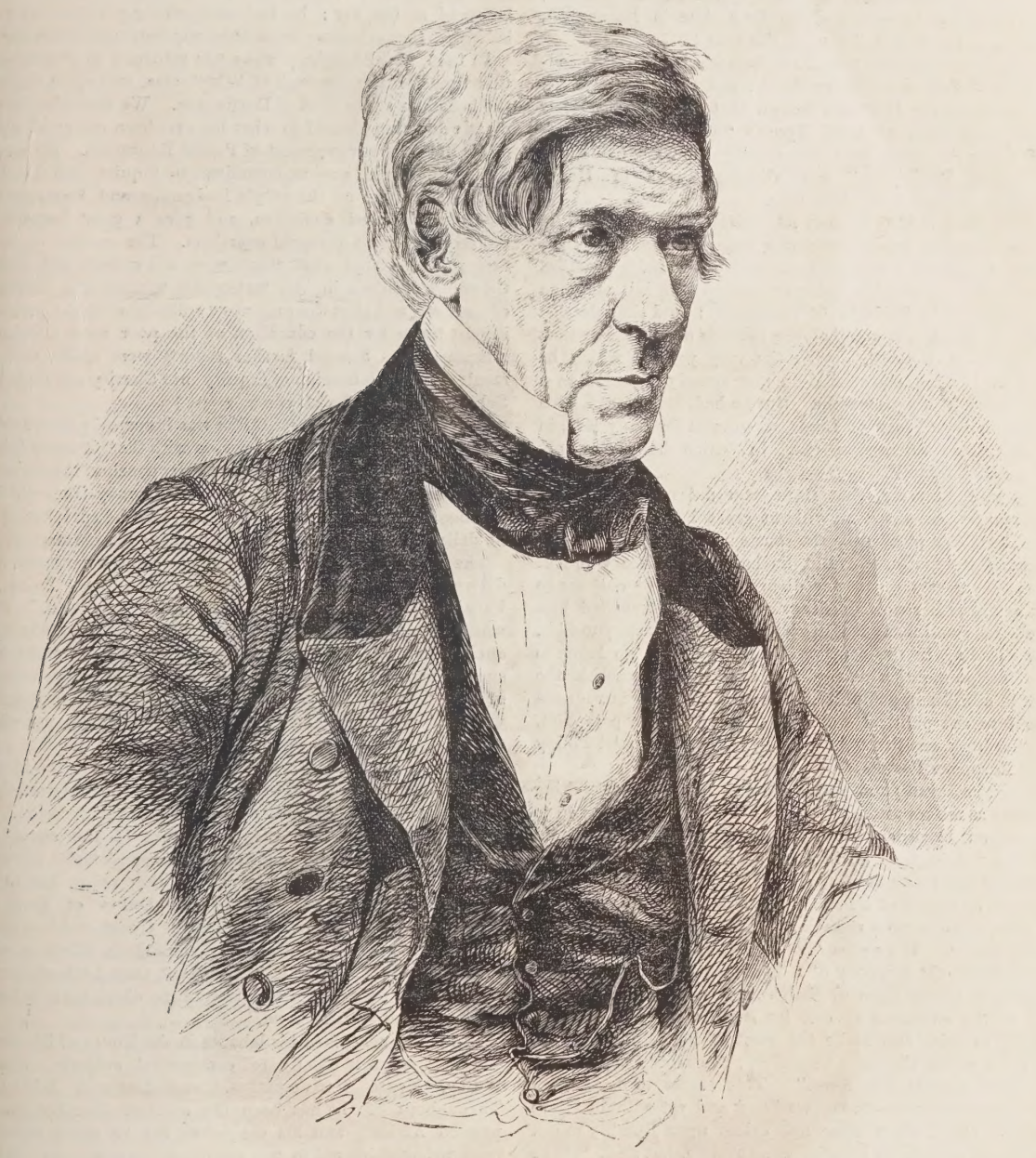
LIGHTHOUSE OF CORDOUAN.

ancient specimen; the harmony of its proportions, and the perfection of its decorations, are worthy of the strength of the tower and the firmness of its foundation. In these days utility is the great object of an architect, and for this taste is sometimes sacrificed and harmony disregarded; but Louis de Foix, in this sublime monument of his genius, has left an

mented to 169, comprising thirty-seven of the first order. The beacon tower of Cordouan is one of very great importance, as the mouth of the Gironde is beset with sand-banks, rendering the passage difficult and dangerous to mariners quitting or entering the river. For antiquity, beauty, and utility, this lighthouse is peculiarly interesting.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Henry Brougham was born in the house, No. 19, St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, in the year 1778. His father was a Westmoreland gentleman, of old Saxon family, who, while travelling in Scotland, became acquainted with Miss Eleanor Lyme, niece of Professor Robertson, the celebrated historian; he married that lady, and took up his abode in Edinburgh, in the house above named, where the subject of our memoir first saw the light. He was educated at the High-



HENRY LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.—FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BY BEARD.

chool of Edinburgh, and at fifteen entered the University of the ame city. Leonard Horner, who was an infant playfellow of Brougham, on the pavement in St. Andrew's-square, was also is college contemporary, and augured great things of him. They were admitted members of the Speculation Society at he same time—a society in which Lord Lansdowne, Lord ohn Russell, Jeffrey, and many other distinguished men, first xercised their oratorical powers. Writing to a friend, Horner thus alludes to Brougham—then a youth of nineteen or twenty:—"Had you any conversation with Brougham? He is an uncommon genius of a *composite order*, if you will allow me to use the expression. He unites the greatest ardour for general information in every branch of knowledge—and, what is more remarkable, activity in the business, and interest in the pleasures of the world—with all the powers of a mathematical intellect. Did you notice his physiognomy?"

Even at that early age Brougham's physiognomy must have been something remarkable. His is one of those remarkable faces which distinguish men from the common order; and a face like Brougham's does not change much. There is nothing soft nor beautiful about it; it is louring, stern, hard, and almost repulsive, and yet with a wonderful softness about it when lit up by a smile. The chin is long and squared; the forehead high; the cheek cold and brassy; the nose, mouth,

and eyes seemingly huddled together in the centre of the face. No—Brougham never could have been good-looking, even as a youth; and therefore we wonder not at the query of Horner to his friend, "Did you notice his physiognomy? I am curious to know your observations on it."

Brougham, as a youth, did not seek the "primrose path of dalliance." From the first, he was a hard and energetic worker. Mathematics were his favourite study; and within a year after his matriculation at college he transmitted to the Royal Society a paper on *Porisms*, which was duly published in the "Transactions." Other papers followed, which led to a correspondence with foreign scientific men, conducted in Latin His college studies over, Brougham travelled abroad, and on his return he settled down for a time in Edinburgh, practising at the Scotch Bar until the year 1807.

It was about this time that Brougham was brought into contact with Jeffrey and Sydney Smith, and the *Edinburgh Review* was founded. It is now known that the slashing review in that publication of Lord Byron's "Hours of Idleness," which stung the noble poet into writing his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," was the handiwork of Henry Brougham, written in his 29th year.

By this time, 1807-8, he had left Edinburgh and settled in London, where he was shortly after called to the bar by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and engaged in extensive practice. His always indefatigable industry pointed him out as a man to be employed in business of emergency; and the selection of him to plead the cause of the English merchants against the Orders in Council, during the very year in which he settled in London, shows that he was already regarded as a man of mark in his profession. But he had, before then, been engaged in the House of Lords, as counsel for Lady Ker, in the Roxburgh Succession case, in which he honourably distinguished himself.

It is said, however, that Brougham did not acquire his wonderful powers of speech without great labour. His first efforts, both as a pleader in the courts and as a debater in the Commons, were failures. But he had extraordinary pluck. He was never cast down nor disheartened. He only set to work again with renewed energy. His mind travelled into all subjects; and many languages were made tributary to him. After pleading in the courts all day, he would go home to study foreign politics at night, and forthwith publish the result in a brilliant pamphlet. He first publicly introduced himself to the political world in this way by a pamphlet, or rather book, entitled "An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers."

Brougham, even from youth, seemed to watch his waking moments as misers watch their gold. Not one was allowed to pass without being laid under contribution. Hazlitt has said of him, "Brougham is, in fact, a striking instance of the versatility and strength of the human mind, and also, in one sense, of the length of human life. If we make a good use of our time, there is room enough to crowd almost every art and science into it. If we pass 'no day without a line,' visit no place without the company of a book, we may, with ease, fill libraries, or empty them of their contents. Those who complain of the shortness of life, let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden minutes. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have." This seems to have been Brougham's practice—to be ever busy, and yet withal to have leisure! Once, when some one called upon Romilly to ask him to edit a book, he pleaded want of time, but said, "Take it to that fellow Brougham—he has time for everything."

In 1810 he entered Parliament as member for Camelford, a rotten borough belonging to the Earl of Darlington. Being a Whig and Reformer, he attached himself to that party, and, consequently, remained long in Opposition. Although, in an early number of the "Edinburgh Review," he had written an article somewhat hostile to the slavery abolitionists—then believing the struggle to be only one between the East Indian merchants and the West—he took his side by Wilberforce and Granville Sharpe, and spoke more than once on the same side. But his first appearances were unsatisfactory; and it was not until he had been some time in the House, and delivered his speech on the Rights of Admiralty, that he began to excite attention. Horner speaks of this speech as a triumph, and predicts great things from his parliamentary career:—"I would predict," says he (and this was written forty years ago), "that though he may very often cause irritation and uncertainty about him to be felt by those with whom he is politically connected, his course will prove serviceable to the true path of liberty and liberal principles."

At the general election in 1812, Brougham contested Liverpool with Mr. Canning, but was defeated; and for four years he remained out of Parliament. During the interval, he laboured at the bar; he had an immense practice, and probably got through more work than any barrister of his day.

In 1816, Mr. Brougham was again returned to Parliament, this time for the borough of Winchelsea, and again through the influence of the Earl of Darlington. We find him immediately devoting himself to what has ever been one great object of his life—the advancement of Public Education. He moved for, and obtained, a select committee to inquire into the state of the education of the people in London and Westminster. He was appointed chairman, and gave a great impulse to the inquiry by his personal exertions. The committee, in its first report, stated that there were a hundred and twenty thousand children in the metropolis without the means of education; and that the numerous splendid charities provided in past times for the education of the poor were grievously mismanaged. Several further reports were made, and the result was, a commission of inquiry into Charity and Endowed Schools all over the kingdom.

Brougham's popular reputation was immensely increased in 1820 by the part he took in connexion with the "Queen's Trial," as it was called. He was the leading counsel on the occasion, her Majesty having appointed him her Attorney-General. His exertions in this cause were prodigious, and the speeches which he delivered on the occasion were perhaps his greatest efforts.

The orator succeeded. The government announced their determination to proceed no further with the "Pains and Penalties" bill, and the Queen was thus "acquitted." Such was the popular verdict at least. The public joy was without bounds. A spontaneous illumination in London for three successive nights, followed the announcement of the triumph of the Queen's cause. The witnesses for the prosecution were burnt in effigy, again and again; the newspaper offices which had taken part against the Queen were mobbed; and Brougham, Denman, and their coadjutors became the idols of the nation. There could be no doubt of the disinterestedness and courage of Brougham and Denman on this occasion. By exposing themselves to the displeasure of the court and government, they shut themselves out from official advancement in their profession—not only in that reign, but in the reign that was to succeed—for the Dukes of York and Clarence were both arrayed against the Queen and her cause. Brougham and Denman, however, could both afford to wait; they suffered for a time, it is true, but they both ultimately earned the lofty position and reward, to which their splendid merits so well entitled them.

Brougham continued his labours in the House of Commons, devoting himself chiefly to commercial subjects, Foreign Policy, Negro Emancipation, and National Education. Throughout life he has been the untiring friend of the oppressed African, and his eloquence has on many occasions rendered valuable aid to the anti-slavery cause. In 1820 he introduced a bill to provide gratuitous education for the poor of England and Wales, but it met with such determined hostility from the clergy, that he abandoned it in despair. In 1823 Mr. Canning took office, and it was rumoured, that he who had heretofore been friendly to the Catholic claims, now intended to make sacrifice of the cause. Some words which he had let fall in debate had been construed in this light, and the friends of the Catholic claims unitedly fell upon him as a renegade.

On the night of the 17th of April, a debate occurred upon

petition presented in favour of Catholic Emancipation, in which Burdett, Tierney, and Brougham all spoke vehemently against the minister. Brougham's speech was the most severe. At the outset he was hesitating, disjointed, and somewhat rambling, as is his wont in opening up a subject. He cited instances of the humiliation of genius at the throne of power, and of dereliction of principle for the sake of office; he went on accumulating a cluster of such illustrations, and then, growing in vehemence, and increasing in rapidity of utterance, he glared his eye and pointed with his finger, to make the aim and direction sure. Canning sat in constrained silence, obviously ill at ease, writhing his body to this side and that, as if to find some shelter from the storm. The most perfect stillness hushed the House; every member held his breath; and it is said that, in one of the pauses of Brougham's speech, a clerk let fall a pen on the floor, the sound of which was audible in the far gallery. But on went Brougham; his stiffness and awkwardness clean gone, every feature working with excitement; and down came his terrible accusation of Canning, "that his acceptance of power had been the most monstrous truckling for office that the whole history of political tergiversation could present."

At length Canning could endure no longer. His prudence left him, and starting to his feet, his cheeks flushing, his nostrils quivering, and his eyes almost glaring, he exclaimed—"I rise to say that that is false!" There was dead silence for a few moments, and even the Speaker seems to have been taken by surprise. At length he broke the silence by expressing a hope that the Right Honourable Secretary would withdraw the expression. He refused to retract "the sentiment," and Mr. Brougham to withdraw the imputation. But at length, after "explanations," and with the aid of friends, the quarrel was composed, and Brougham and Canning afterwards shook hands in the House.

In the year 1823 we find Brougham co-operating with Dr. Birkbeck in the foundation of the London Mechanics' Institute; and in 1825 he was exerting himself to establish a University in London, in which he ultimately succeeded. Indeed, the University of London, of which he seems to be the permanent Lord Rector (though not called by that name), was mainly founded through his untiring exertions. About the same time (in 1825) we find him engaged in another movement for the Popular Education of the masses—namely, the establishment of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the object of which was to prepare, and circulate among, the working classes cheap books and treatises of a much higher character than had formerly been accessible to them. The *Penny Magazine*, among the first of the higher-class cheap periodicals, sprang out of this movement; and unquestionably this and the other admirable publications of the Society gave an impetus to the cause of popular education, of which we are still reaping the benefits.

King George died, and was succeeded by his brother William; on which a general election took place in 1830. Political feeling ran high at the time; the Reform movement was acquiring power; and it had been considerably increased by the revolutionary events which had occurred in France. Brougham was looked upon as one of the greatest men among the Liberal party; and, in proof of the estimation in which he was held, he was invited to stand for the largest constituency in England—that of Yorkshire. His electioneering canvass of that county is spoken of as something quite extraordinary and unprecedented. The district to be canvassed was of great extent, and no candidate had before ventured upon a personal canvass as Brougham did. He devoted about a fortnight exclusively to the work, during which he travelled by night and day: he had relays of horses at intervals, stopping at all the chief towns and large manufacturing villages, where he appointed meetings of the electors—in schools, chapels, and public rooms; and these he addressed, some at cock-crow in the morning, others in the forenoon, at mid-day, in the evening, and, in some places, the people assembled at midnight to receive and hear him. He travelled many hundreds of miles in the course of this canvass, sleeping little and talking enormously. The canvass was a triumph; and Brougham was returned the representative of the largest constituency in England: he himself said that he had thereby arrived at the pinnacle of his fame.

But he went higher yet. A Reform ministry came in, and it is said the Mastership of the Rolls was offered to Brougham, but declined; and his name shortly appeared in the list of the new ministers as Lord Chancellor. We are not about to describe his acts or conduct in that high office. Perhaps more are disposed to blame than to vindicate him while in power. O'Connell used to say that he considered himself "the best-abused man in Europe;" but Brougham shared with him in this honour, if such it be. His appearance in their Lordship's House was dreaded as a spectre of revolution; and certainly he disturbed the equanimity of the debates in the Upper House by occasional extraordinary displays of his peculiar oratorical powers. He was Henry Brougham still, though now a Lord. The nature of the man was unchanged, and he continued the same restless, indefatigable, hard-working, versatile genius that he had ever been. Take an instance. He was sworn in Lord Chancellor at twelve o'clock, and at six o'clock of the same day he had laid on the table a bill to reform the abuses of the Court of Chancery. In the capacity of Lord Chancellor, he got through an enormous amount of work, and cleared off in a wonderfully short time the long arrears of business which had accumulated under Lord Eldon. Lawyers said he was hasty and impetuous in his procedure; and not always sound in his judgments—one of which was reversed by the King in Council. Indeed, the satirical remark was made of him by an eminent lawyer, that "if his Lordship knew a little law he would then know a little of everything." But he was doubtless of great use, and we are now profiting by his labours in Law Reform—especially in the Law of Debtor and Creditor, and in the Law of Bankruptcy. He also originated the excellent County Court system, his object being "to bring justice home to every man's door."

But Lord Brougham was felt to be a man who did not work well in harness. He was constantly leaping over the traces. So, when a change of ministry took place, and a new Liberal ministry was appointed, Lord Brougham was not included. Since then, his career has been pronounced to be somewhat erratic; but he has held by his early principles, though he may not have chosen to take the particular course prescribed by the party of the time. His mind is of too original and eccentric a cast to allow him to follow quietly in the track of a party: and, consequently, no party relies upon him. On that fruitful topic, however, we shall not venture to dilate.

It remains for us to say a few words on his lordship's career as an author and a philosopher. His optical discoveries and discourses have won him an honourable name in France. He has contributed several able treatises to the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; that upon the "Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Science," is one of his best, and is most popular, simple and clear in expression, and exceedingly interesting. His work on "Political Philosophy," written for the same society, is a very able book, but little known. On his loss of office as Lord Chancellor, he devoted some portion of his leisure to the illustration of "Paley's Natural Theology," and he afterwards published a valuable Treatise, originating in conversations with Lord Althorp, on the same subject. Since then, he has published two series of "Lives of Men of Letters and Science, in the time of George III.," which have had an extensive circulation, and been deservedly admired. But his greatest work, unquestionably, is the Edition of his Speeches which he has himself corrected and published. That work will be his best monument; forming, as it does, a collection of the finest master-pieces in modern oratory. It is in this work that posterity—while it will, happily for him, have lost the record of his weaknesses—contemplating the value of his services, will place him amongst the foremost men and greatest benefactors of his age and country.

BALMORAL.

Balmoral Castle, the Highland residence of Her Majesty, is situated in the county of Aberdeenshire, some five hundred and fifty miles from London. The house and grounds belong to the united parishes of Crathie and Braemar, on the south side of the valley of the Dee. The castle stands on a beautiful level, while

> "The Dee's silver stream rolls his swift waters near,
> Gilt with the golden sunbeams here and there."

The villages of Ballater and Castleton—pretty retreats for a few months in the summer, and rendered of somewhat more importance than hitherto by virtue of their vicinity to royalty—are each about eight miles distant from Balmoral, the one *up* the river and the other *down*; but the quiet of the place is seldom much disturbed by visitors, the nearest post-town, Aberdeen, being fifty miles away, and the roads onwards but indifferent.

The parish church manse, with the school-house and post-office, are distant about half a mile from the castle, on the opposite side of the river, which is here crossed by a suspension bridge. The few cottages thereabouts are hence called Crathie Bridge. All the district, from Balmoral up towards the source of the Dee, was once covered with dense masses of trees called Marr Forest; and, even now, much wood remains on the Braemar side of the castle; so that, with the extensive plantations of fir and larch, which have been formed by order of the Prince, the wood around the castle subserves a double purpose—that of ornament, and shelter for the deer and other game on the estate.

The Castle of Balmoral formerly belonged to the Earl of Fife, who let it on lease to the late Sir Robert Gordon, brother to the Earl of Aberdeen. After the Queen's first visit to Scotland, several years since, she expressed a desire to possess a house of her own among the mountains, and this wish becoming known, it was proposed to Sir Robert Gordon to offer his house to Her Majesty. Sir Robert complied, and Prince Albert became the purchaser of the estate, together with the adjoining property of Abergeldie at Birkall. Having been thus suddenly raised from the condition of a gentleman's shooting box to the rank of a royal palace, Balmoral soon underwent considerable alterations and improvements. During all the spring and summer months, for several years, the sounds of the carpenter's hammer and the mason's saw were heard amid the quiet woods around the house, and many were the alterations and transformations that took place before it was considered in a fit condition for royalty to reside in; but as the end of the parliamentary session came round, the sounds were gradually stilled by all descriptions of labour being quietly put aside for a season, and the Queen and Prince, with the young family, came and took possession of the mansion. As year succeeded year, the castle increased in size and importance—tower being added to tower, and apartment to apartment, and wing to wing, till at last it assumed a very picturesque and handsome appearance. To be sure, there was no particular order of architecture observed; but the mixture of castellated towers, conical turrets, pointed gables, &c. erected at different periods, just as fancy or necessity dictated gave to the whole pile an imposing, old-fashioned, and home like aspect, quite at variance with our notions of royal palace in general, and like none other in particular. The magnificen George IV., "the finest gentleman," &c., built a palace a Brighton, which looks like a toy for the top of a giant's twelftl cake—a palace indeed, which, considering its cost and the poo return which the public have eventually got for their money gave the English people rather a distaste to kingly architects But as neither Osborne (the royal summer residence in th Isle of Wight), nor Balmoral, has cost one penny of publi money, either for the original purchase, or subsequent altera tions; and as the Queen and her husband have show themselves neither extravagant nor careless of the feelings o the people; their movements are regarded with a love an devotion to which the "finest gentleman," &c., was a complet stranger. Thus it is that, year after year, the royal progress t Balmoral is hailed with delight by every man, woman, an

BALMORAL CASTLE.

hild—"from peer to peasant"—along the whole route from Euston Square to Aberdeen.

As the royal circle has increased, it has been found that he old castle at Balmoral, in spite of numerous extensions, is nadequate for its requirements; and orders have been given or the erection of a new and more commodious house a few ards distant. We have no doubt the same sound economy, rudent management, and good taste with which all Her Majesty's household concerns are conducted, will be found o have presided over this necessary addition; and we are uite sure every one of her loyal subjects will unite with is in ardently desiring that it may add greatly to the comfort f the whole royal family.

Standing as it does in the lovely valley of the Dee, surounded by all the beauties of Highland scenery—never so eautiful as in autumn, when the heather bells are in blossom nd the yellow gorse throws a liberally golden hue on the hills nd valleys—Balmoral may be considered one of the finest esidences, in point of situation, ever possessed by royalty. mediately above the fall, and a fog-house has been erected just in front of the fall, commanding one of the most picturesque views imaginable—a very Niagara in miniature. Further up the valley are several other romantic falls, among which may be mentioned those of Cornenuelgie, Quoich, and the Linn of Dee.

At about six miles distance over the hills, in the valley of Glenmunick, stands a cottage surrounded by a few trees, which is known by the name of the Hut. It is nothing more nor less than a gamekeeper's lodge; but her Majesty having taken a fancy to reside in it occasionally, she has had its little rooms furnished and made comfortable, and often remains here for days at a time. It is surrounded by the wildest and most romantic scenery imaginable: the crested summit and rocky sides of "dark Lochnagar" tower in all their majesty behind, while in the foreground lie the dark silent waters of Loch Muick—a sheet of water four miles in length, closed in on either side by steep hills whose shaggy sides descend abruptly into the water.

BALMORAL CASTLE.

n every direction, the view from the house is grand and icturesque. A writer in a local guide-book thus describes :—"From the castle whithersoever the eye is directed, it tches glimpses of enchanting scenery, in which the beautiful lends with the sublime, and the picturesque rises to the mantic. Eastward, the view is bounded by Craig-auarroch (the rock of oaks) and by the precipitous chasm called ie pass of Ballater. Westward, beyond the military road om Braemar, which winds by the hoary Cairn-na-cuimhire, ay be obtained some glorious peeps of the pine-clad heights Invermulet. Southward, the eye reposes on the soft and agrant foliage of the Birks of Craig-au-gowan; and northard, the Dee winds its silvery course amid a hundred eathery hill-tops, with a dark curtain of inaccessible mountin behind."

Nor are the environs of this delightful residence less inviting. bout four or five miles up the valley, in the forest of Balloch ay, is the fall of Garrawalt, formed by a mountain stream ashing with impetuous fury down a narrow glen, dark with ees. A neat wooden bridge crosses the boiling stream im-

It is almost needless to say that the royal family are beloved by the peasantry round about Balmoral. No military cortége attends their footsteps as they wander over hill and dale, or through dark wood and glen; no guard is necessary to shield the Queen from her hardy Highland subjects, and she walks or rides about the neighbourhood of the castle as any Lady Bountiful might, doing good and visiting the sick and needy; the blessings of the poor attending her whithersoever she goes. A thousand stories might be told of her thoughtful kindnesses and judicious charities among her humble neighbours—at one time erecting a school-house, and providing efficient teachers for the children; at another rebuilding the cottages of the peasantry in good substantial style; and at all times so comporting herself as to win their honour and respect. Her Majesty and Prince Albert regularly attend divine service in the little parish church on Sundays, during their stay at Balmoral. The parishioners take no particular notice of them or the children, but allow them to come and go just as any other respectable proprietors in the neighbourhood. The same conduct is observed at all other times. When the

royal family go out among the villagers, there is no such running after their carriages, or crowding to get a sight of royalty, as disgusted her Majesty on her first, and only, visit to respectable Brighton. On the contrary, at Balmoral the simple people content themselves with a distant respectful recognition—a touch of the hat, or a curtsey, which is invariably and graciously returned; and so our beloved queen and her husband are enabled to enjoy their autumn holiday in their own fashion.

About two miles from Balmoral, on the same side of the river Dee, there is a small castellated mansion belonging to the Prince, which is known thereabouts as Abergeldie castle. This is the Highland residence of the Duchess of Kent and her suite during the period of the Queen's visit. It is a plain substantial-looking house, with nothing but a square tower in the centre to distinguish it from many a private gentleman' mansion; but its situation is delightful. Standing close b the side of the river, and embosomed in thick woods of birch which abound in this neighbourhood, it has a charming out look. The visitor to this spot, if he be at all romantic, ca easily understand the sort of feeling which inspired Burns o this neighbourhood, to write his charming "Berks o Aberfeldy."

The district all around the royal residence is well stocke with game, and affords abundant sport for the Prince and hi friends. Deer-stalking, grouse-shooting, lake and river fish ing, and such other out-door exercises and amusements as ar common to Scotland, are to be found whenever they ar required, and many a good day's sport is, no doubt, chee fully afforded to visitors.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER VII., PART II.

Youths and children passed the dusty careering cab, in which, sunk back in a corner, lay poor Agnes, devoured with strange feverish horrors, and yet planning great plans for the future. These youths and children grasped in their hands bunches of blue hyacinths, and cowslips, and primroses, telling of happy strolls among the distant woods; their faces were full of joy, and they all talked merrily among themselves, but Agnes heeded them not. Neither did she heed a poor sunburnt countryman who, standing at the corner of a squalid street, exhibited, with stolid mien, to a squalid crowd, a marvellous banner of his own construction—a banner fit to have been borne in a procession to the honour of Flora. Primroses, and blue-bells, and cowslips, and tulips, and narcissci, all in thick clusters massed together with bright contrasts, and upborne by a thick hazel-pole wreathed with ivy. The children, with their hot dirty hands and faces, eagerly stared up at the beautiful banner, attracted by its magic, as was also a certain astounded white butterfly which had bewildered itself among the smoky London roofs. Even the policemen's hearts were touched by the vision of spring beauty, and left the stolid countryman unmolested; and he had stood there all that livelong day with the same unmoved features, except when a most unusual gleam had passed across his copper-coloured face, as a tall gentleman, whom he had observed watching his banner for some moments, placed in his hand half-a-crown. Yes, Leonard had heeded the countryman whilst passing along this same great thoroughfare, although Agnes had not. And the tall gentleman, and the vast wealth of the half-crown, remained the one bright memory of London in the heart of the bearer of the floral banner for long dull years to come.

On rattled the cab past crowded stalls of fish and vegetables, where miserable flowers had baked in the sun's rays the hot day through, their parched leaves covered with dust, and fainting amidst the squalid crowd; and on rattled the cab out among suburban pleasantness, where lilacs were bursting forth into their fresh greenery, and where the little garden plots were gay with bright spring flowers; but Agnes heeded them not. Neither did she heed the darkened windows of a little house especially gay with spring beauty; and little did she divine that within its shadow Leonard's spirit had brooded, these last many hours of misery; nay, was still mysteriously linked with its sorrow. Agnes, forgetful of the Gaywoods and of their connexion with Leonard, was utterly unobservant of the road she was pursuing, and remained oblivious to all but her partial delirium.

Within the green duskiness of the Gaywoods' little sitting-room was an awful visitant. The Angel of Death already cast his shadow across the brow of little Cuthbert. Mary and Lucretia, with hushed breath, knelt beside the sofa where the child still lay, sleeping as Leonard had left him a few hours previously, but the features were sharper and the complexio more transparent. Suddenly his large eyes flashed open wit a strange intelligence, a smile beamed over the whole tran figured countenance, and then the head sank with leade weight upon the encircling arm of Lucretia. The supren moment had arrived. The sisters sank their faces upon th little corpse with a sickness of the soul too deep for tear and, marvellous to relate, through the brain of Lucretia passe a strange vision of seraphic awe. The spirit of the chi shone down upon her with eyes of joy and purity unutterab —as if of effulgent glory was his whole being—and stretchin forth his loving hand, suddenly another spirit was at his sid dimmer, sadder, yet scarcely less beautiful, and as if flamin up into brightness as it touched the hand of the child, and the unheard accents of the child-spirit's quivering lips fe upon his ear. It was the spirit of Leonard!

And where was Leonard? Rousing himself at length fro his torturing meditations, with a stern determination to me Agnes, Leonard arose from beside the sofa of the dying chil and without indulging in a natural grief at what his soul to him would be his last glimpse in life of his beloved litt friend, he quietly left the room and house, unseen by any o of the small household. But once more within the vortex the metropolis, and approaching the presence of Agnes, disgu and world-weariness seized yet firmer hold upon him; seemed impelled to fly from his stern judge, as if some irrev cable repulsion dwelt within her sphere. Her countenance, h fancied words, harrowed his morbid and vacillating natu till, mingling with the old pain, a paroxysm, it may be, seiz upon him, not unlike the misery of his poor mother, who face was ever haunting him in strange juxtaposition with th of Agnes. Now Agnes' stern cold features melted into t unrecognising gaze of his mother as last he had seen he now as vacantly he stood staring into a toy-shop—the to unconsciously bearing his memory back into the years of h childhood—the passionate words of his mother's love rang his brain, but the words were words spoken with Agne stern, unrelenting, cold lips. Impelled as if by a demo Leonard posted out of London. On and on he walked f hours, with a strange delirium upon him, which, as in th case of Agnes, showed itself in a restless desire for motion.

When the rejoicing rays of the morrow's sun dart sparkling through the matted boughs of a solitary wood, sor miles from London, they fell upon the pallid face of a m who lay prostrate at the foot of a twisted and gnarled o thorn just bursting into blossom. The sun's rays dance merrily among the leaves; the soft morning breeze aro shivering through the branches, and scattering down the rai

drops which hung upon them from a shower fallen in the night. The little birds suddenly burst forth into their morning anthem, and the whole wood was awake and filled with an active joy. But the man lay unmoved. The glittering rain-drops fell upon him, glancing upon his soft but matted hair, and quietly rolling over his white face like bright tears. The wind waved his hair and the skirt of his coat; and a little bird, fluttering down from the thorn tree, perched upon his uncovered head, and began pecking the long, dank hair which fell upon the mossy ground, and with several hairs in her bill flew up again to weave them into her nest. A lovely green and orange beetle crawled wonderingly out of a hole in the thorn-tree root, and passed slowly across the man's clenched hand, as it lay outstretched upon the moss. Trees, birds, insects, and flowers had all awoke to activity and joy, but the man lay motionless among them. The sun rose higher into the heavens, and his rays fell through an opening among the trees with a searching violence upon that passive face; and then came a sudden shower, drenching the hair and clothes; but the form remained quiescent and as fading as a mass of crushed flowers which lay beside him. And sounds of gay laughter, from pic-nic parties in distant parts of the wood, floated upon the breeze to the old thorn tree; and the cheerful splash of oars from a little river which flowed through the wood; and the quiet bleating of sheep from sunny uplands; and the barking of watch-dogs and the crowing of cocks from one homesteads and the yet more distant village. The sad face grew darker and more ghastly, and birds continued to sing over the poor corpse for three days, and grass, full of its young vernal vigour, and convolvolus, and vetches, had begun to nod over the face and hands and catch at the fearful fingers with their innocent, loving tendrils. But about sunset on the third day, a keeper, passing through the deep wood, discovers by his dog this strange trespasser. His face grows dark almost as the one upon the moss at which his dog barks and whines, and the keeper rushes out of the wood, and up to the distant village. And the passive figure lying at the foot of the thorn tree occasions a mighty convulsion within and around that rose and honeysuckle festooned and whitewashed public-house. And the doctor, and the beadle, and the landlord, and the keeper, and various other notables of the village, are off with a cart to fetch out of the wood this sad, terrible figure; and the coroner is sent for post-haste.

And when the moon slowly rises and shines between the clump of pines which grow upon the terrace of a beautiful Italian villa lying among the hills above the village, where the slender spire of the village church seems to melt away into the tender night heaven, and where the breath of May sweeps across meadows and into the open casements of cottages, cheering the hearts of the sick and wafting sweet dreams to the slumbering children, slowly comes the cart along with its fearful burden; and there is a busy hum of voices around the cart from the men who accompany it, and women and children glance fearfully at the procession as they stand outside their gardens in the dusty road; and some of the children begin to cry; but the women's voices murmur as busily as the men's who attend the procession.

And the clergyman and others are awaiting the arrival in the dimly lighted mouldering church. And when the sad form is displayed by the glare of candles, the changed face is still not so changed but that the landlord gives a great gasp, and exclaims, all hot and excited—"Lord! Lord! if it aint that painter gentleman as used to be down here last summer a painting—a mighty great friend of Miss Pierrpoint's,—Lord! Lord! but my missus will take on a bit I reckon: he took a picture for her of our pretty little Rose as is gone, and was a right nice pleasant gentleman—Lord! Lord!"

And among the people looking in at the church door was the countryman of the floral banner; but the face glared upon by the dismal candles, and stolid in the midst of that excited assembly, was faded as the banner now was, and scarcely less an object of scorn. Though the countryman had only that very hour been showing his marvellous half-crown given by the tall gentleman, even he did not recognise the giver.

CHAPTER VIII.

O friends—O kindred—O dear brotherhood
Of all the world! what are we, that we should
For covenants of long affection sue?
Why press so near each other, when the touch
Is barred by graves?—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

We left Agnes Singleton driving along in a cab towards the first glimpse of country freshness and repose which she should reach, with her being fevered with the memories of the awful Hamburg fire, and her soul sick with its renunciation of her love for Leonard. We will not follow her along her wild walk across the lovely stretch of undulating country, lying between Highgate and Hampstead, which so peacefully reposed that beautiful May evening, with its rich woods, and gleaming ponds, and soft green slopes, beneath the golden sunset sky—on, on she walked, like one in a trance, oblivious to all around her, and it was only a kind of instinct which led her back to London and her solitary home, when night had closed in. Neither will we describe her miserable awakening upon the morrow, nor how with this morrow still no Leonard came! Alas! Agnes little could divine that the earthly husk of Leonard's spirit lay fading and changing into an object of dread beneath the pleasant leaves and blossoms of the beautiful, peaceful woodland. Could she, as she wandered frantically along that soft May evening, but have manifested the richness of her love to him, instead of hardening her soul against him, would it have availed aught? Could she have withdrawn him from his miserable fate by the strength of her warm life—could she have bound him to the earth and to its beautiful realities? Had Agnes' eyes looked into his with all the devotion which filled her heart, would they have laid the phantoms which tortured his brain? Had the voice of Mary Gaywood reached Leonard's ear, clear as a bell and holy as a seraph's hymn pouring itself forth in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," as upon many a twilight—would the demon have been laid, as within Saul's breast by the touch of David's harp? Could aught have rescued Leonard from the last sad act? Alas! Leonard was one of those beings left, in the extreme moments of their existence, to struggle utterly alone; abandoned, as it seems, by man—abandoned even by their better self; and whose cup of misery flows over in completest bitterness through the loss of faith in the one True Friend, the Father without whose knowledge not a sparrow falleth to the ground.

Honoria is standing beside the bed of Agnes with an extraordinary mournfulness and pallor upon her noble countenance. Agnes is lying dressed upon her bed, and appears sunk in a profound sleep. There she has lain for two days and a night. Honoria has learnt from Agnes' servant that she has awakened once and drunk a cup of coffee, and again fallen into her death-like sleep. Agnes was not one of those people who would fall into a brain fever, or pine away and break their hearts, however bitter the pain; her physical being was utterly exhausted, but Nature, that marvellous restorer, sank her into the Lethe of sleep in order to again brace up her being for fresh endurance! Alas! poor Agnes, thou art proud and filled with a bitter indignation, which for the time would have silenced thy cry of love—had Leonard lived! How will thy soul array itself in sackcloth and ashes for each shadow of reproach and anger, when thou shalt hear that Leonard is dead—has died by his own hand!

Whilst Honoria gazed upon that calmly sleeping pale face, the tears rolled quietly over her cheeks, and stooping down to impress a kiss upon her friend's brow, the eyes of Agnes suddenly unclosed and looked at her for a moment in bewilderment.

"Oh, Honoria!" cried she, hurriedly, and started up, "Honoria! Where am I?—Oh!—I begin to recollect—but how kind of you, Honoria! How did you learn of my return? What a great, great joy to see you, beloved friend! I have been so strangely exhausted by all that great fatigue of the fire—that awful fire at Hamburg, Honoria. You can tell me what news has arrived since I left. I have been in a strange dream ever since, but am quite refreshed now." And she

rose from her bed, and drawing back the window-curtains, looked out into the sunny street. "Honoria, I have lost all count of time; I have no conception what hour of the day it is; scarcely what day it is of the week. I feel like one of the sleepers of Ephesus," with a deep sigh and her head sinking upon her breast. "Honoria, I shall have such sad things to describe to you about that fire, when I feel less weary than I do now; and some noble and beautiful things, too; but oh, my God!" and Agnes, dropping her arms upon the toilette-table, buried her face upon them, and deep sobs shook her frame. Honoria watched her friend in the most painful state of suspense. Had she seen Leonard since her return? did she know any circumstances which might throw light upon the termination of his life? what did this demonstration of a great grief denote? and Agnes, too, ordinarily of so undemonstrative a character? Honoria knew not how to enter upon the miserable inquiry, how to break the sad intelligence to her.

Agnes soon restrained herself. "Honoria," said she, with a sad, faint smile, "I am so utterly exhausted by this great excitement, my nerves so thoroughly unstrung, that I must appear in your eyes little better than a weak child; but you must have read of some of the horrors of the fire in the papers. And, Honoria, only think, I have had a great loss myself: all my papers—all my labours of the past winter at Upsala and Stockholm—are probably lost. Is it not a sad thing for me? But you do not seem to appreciate my loss, dear Honoria—the loss of such valuable material?" "That seems to me at this moment but a small loss, Agnes," spoke Honoria, with trembling lips, and her eye rivetted with an unspeakable sadness upon her friend. "Of course, of course, Honoria, in comparison with the loss at Hamburg of life and property; but, just at this moment, to me this loss of mere written paper is very sad; it was so very, very dear to me!" And again tears chased themselves down Agnes' face, and her lips quivered convulsively. "Agnes, my dear, dear Agnes!—But there is Leonard!" and Honoria would have drawn Agnes' bowed face upon her breast; but Agnes started violently up, and exclaimed,—her face flushed crimson, and her eyes sparkling with a wild light—"Honoria, never, never speak that name to me: our love is at an end: with him it never existed! He is to me as one dead. For his sake—for mine—let us never, never speak of Leonard!"

"Have you seen him since you returned, Agnes?" eagerly inquired Honoria.

"No, no, Honoria; he loved so little that he never came, although I summoned him—yes, in the first hour of my arrival. Oh! Honoria, was *that* love?" and the poor girl trembled with a bitter passion.

"My Agnes, Agnes! Leonard is DEAD!" cried Honoria, flinging her arms around her friend, and pressing Agnes convulsively in them.

"Dead!" spoke Agnes, in a low hoarse voice, tearing herself from Honoria; then, as if in whisper, "Dead!" and Agnes had sunk upon the floor in a swoon.

It was a most painful task to communicate to Agnes, upon her awaking, the truth regarding the death of Leonard, and little was the light which the unhappy girl could throw upon the motives leading to such a deed as self-destruction. That he had been seized with a sudden fit of insanity was their sad verdict, as well as that which the coroner had passed the evening before.

News of Leonard's death had been brought with the early dawn to Honoria upon the very day we find her now with Agnes. Accompanied by her father, she had hastened down, post-haste, into the neighbourhood of Dorking, when, having satisfied themselves that the body was indeed that of poor Leonard Hale—having learnt all the very small information that could be given by the villagers, and arranged with the clergyman what was necessary to be done for the interment respectfully and mournfully of the poor corpse within the precincts of the quiet church-yard—they returned as rapidly again to town, there to prosecute fresh inquiry. Honoria, upon their journey, communicated to her father, the, to him, most astounding intelligence, that Leonard Hale and the son of Augustus Mordant were one and the same person. The old gentleman appeared unable to realise such a surprising fact. "And yet, and yet, Honoria, you remember how the likeness to Mordant always struck me in the young man but it *is* surprising, surprising!" he repeated a dozen times as they hurried back to London.

Honoria knew that Agnes was expected from Sweden about this time, and her anxiety regarding her waxed great; but that she had really returned Honoria first learnt at Leonard's lodgings, whither she and her father had immediately hastened. There, upon a table beside Leonard's easel, lay the little hasty note in Agnes' hand, and to which, sobbing violently the good old woman of the house pointed. For, like every one brought within his sphere, Leonard had inspired her through his gentleness, with a strong affection for him.

"Oh, *do* you think, Miss Pierrpoint, mum, that there was anything wrong between Mr. Hale and Miss Singleton. Oh if we had but known that the poor gentleman had had any thing upon his mind—my old man and I—I'm sure and certain we'd have worked the very flesh off our bones to have given him a bit of ease. He was such a sweet-spoken gentleman Yes, indeed, Miss Pierrpoint, mum, and Mr. Pierrpoint, sir he was far more like a lady in his ways than any gentleman—never a cross word; but it was always—'If you please, Mrs Buddle;' and, 'I'll be obliged to you if you will have my breakfast ready at the hour I ring for it;' and, 'You'll oblige me by not disturbing my pictures;' always 'please' and 'thank you' so natural like, and so punctual in his payment. Mum it's true *this* month is owing for; but then, poor young gentleman, he could not have foreseen his death, you know." And she sobbed violently into her checked apron. "And all his traps, mum—Mr. Pierrpoint, sir—what's to be done with them? Mr. Buddle and me, we've had a precious deal of talk about who'd look after them. If Miss Singleton—but I don't think she cared much for the poor departed gentleman—that I don't, indeed, mum; for Mr. Hale, he never seemed revived like by her letters; and the very last morning that I set eyes upon his blessed face, came that trumpery bit of a note there from her, and she just come, her servant said, from across the sea, and to send such a two or three lines as *that!* And he seemed to think so too, for he drawed and drawed a mortal long time before he went out—to see *her* we supposed. Now that does not look much as though she cared for him—do it mum?"

And so Mrs. Buddle sobbed and chattered, and passed judgment upon Agnes Singleton, whilst Honoria gazed round the room filled with its traces of poor Leonard's sad life and beautiful genius, till her heart swelled with a sad pain. Mr. Pierrpoint meantime condescended to communicate all the details of the discovery of Leonard's body and of the inquest to Mr. Buddle, who, with spectacles on nose and newspaper in hand, listened breathlessly to every word. The newspaper contained a paragraph descriptive of the discovery of a dead man within a wood near Box Hill, and that paragraph had greatly excited Mr. and Mrs. Buddle's nerves—already excited by the disappearance of their cherished lodger—and Mr. Buddle, in a nervous trepidation, had just made up his mind to set off that very afternoon to look at the corpse, so soon as Mrs. Buddle should have fortified him for the journey by a hot luncheon, when the sad mystery was partially cleared up by the appearance of Mr. and Miss Pierrpoint. And now Honoria sought out poor Agnes, as we have already seen.

Within a week's time Mrs. Buddle had to retract her hard judgment upon Agnes.

"Oh Mr. Buddle, it is enough to make one's very heart break to see the face of that poor young thing Miss Singleton Not that she takes on like as I should have done, a crying and a sobbing like; but she looked so very white in her black dress when she stepped out of the carriage in which Miss Pierrpoint brought her, that I'd a mighty piece of work of it not to begin a crying myself in her face; and they says not a word, but Miss Pierrpoint and she they just goes into Mr. Hale's paintin'

room as was, and I hears the key turned in the lock, and Miss Pierrpoint comes down directly—'and don't disturb her on no account,' says Miss Pierrpoint, in her noble, commanding way; 'leave her quite alone, Mrs. Buddle, I shall call again for Miss Singleton.' But I assure you, Mr. Buddle, I got quite frightened—she stayed so long up in that there room. Thinks I to myself, if she should now make an end of herself, what a tragedy that would be! If she should fall into a fainting fit, or take on dreadful, whatever could one do for her? I listens, and listens, and listens, and I hears nothing at all, but the old clock ticking in the passage just as usual, and the distant cries in the road. I gets quite fidgety, and at last I remembers that I'd opened the window of Mr. Hale's painting-room this morning, and that if I stepped into the garden, without being

AGNES IN LEONARD'S STUDIO.

inquisitive like, I could just quietly see what the poor thing was a doing of—it is but taking a motherly oversight, I says to myself—and then I steps across the flower-bed. I took care and did not trample upon your sweet-williams and sweet-peas, Mr. Buddle, so don't be so frightened!—and there I gently looks in—and Lord a mercy!—I was ready to give a skreech; for I sees the poor young lady lying upon the ground, and one grows quite narvus with such horrid histories; but she was neither dead nor in a swoond, I see immediately, for her hands were clasped and her head, as it lay upon a chair, shook with her violent crying; but all so quiet, Mr. Buddle; and there was the picture Mr. Hale were a drawing of—the woman dead at the foot of a cross—the very last day he were alive; she'd put it, poor young lady, up upon the easel; and there hung his cloak and garden hat behind the door, and all his colours and brushes and painting things and books lay about just as he'd left 'em—I'd not had the heart to touch them; and the sun shone in so warm through the window, and the birds were a singing so cheery, and some way I never felt sorrier for anything nor anybody in all my life, Mr. Buddle, I do assure you, and I did not know which to pity most, him or her; and I stepped quite back from the window and prayed that the spirit of peace might enter into that poor young thing's heart, and that she might put her trust in what is more than man. And then, whilst I was crying a bit to myself in the garden, and tying up your balsams, Miss Pierrpoint comes again, and comes out to me in the garden, and asks me a deal about Mr. Hale, and she looks very sad; and she says, says she, 'Mrs. Buddle, Miss Singleton thinks she should like to come out into this quiet place and live with you—she would like to live in Mr. Hale's rooms; and you must disturb nothing till she comes—poor thing!—she was to have been Mr. Hale's wife, you know, Mrs. Buddle, and every thing is very dear to her. Now, if she comes to live here, you will be very attentive to her and kind, and will not disturb her in any way, for she is a great writer and very clever, and must be quite quiet, especially now she is so unhappy. Now, remember, she takes your rooms from this time, but she will not return here for some weeks, as she is going away with me into the country. But here is my address, and if you want anything, write to me; and if there are any little bills of Mr. Hale's to be settled let us know.' Very handsome that of Miss Pierrpoint; but I don't think there will be many bills, he was such a very

abstemious gentleman was Mr. Hale. And, then, Mr. Buddle, Miss Pierrpoint went up into the room, and directly after, without ringing for me, they lets themselves out and drives away."

———

Some ten days after Honoria and Agnes had thus abruptly left Mrs. Buddle's, and were located in a quiet village in one of the most beautiful districts of North Wales, whither Honoria had conveyed her friend, the following letter was received by Honoria from Ellis Stamboyse:—

Nottingham, May 25th, 1842.

MADAM,—Learning from my confidential clerk, Andrew Gaywood, of your friendship with Miss Agnes Singleton, I am induced to address you in preference to her, considering the natural state of her feelings in consequence of the rash and fatal act of my relative, Leonard Mordant, more particularly as the circumstances which I have to communicate bears upon her connexion with that unfortunate man.

A succinct narrative will perhaps be the best mode of presenting my communication.

On hearing of the fatal fire of Hamburg I hastened immediately to that city, but arrived only to learn, although the whole of the property and premises of our home remained in substance intact, that still we had sustained an irreparable loss in the death of the valued head of our house, Michael Stamboyse. He appears to have perished with several others, towards the close of the fire, in endeavouring to save a valuable amount of property lying in the city warehouses. My relative, who was a man of the strictest business habits, appears on the day previous to this event to have made a final will, which I found in his bureau properly attested, and which, to my astonishment, was made principally in favour of Miss Agnes Singleton, supposing her to become the wife of his unfortunate nephew, Leonard Mordant.

I have said that I made this discovery with surprise, because at that time this young lady's connexion with my relative was quite unknown. On inquiry, however, I soon learned of the singular circumstances of her arrival in Hamburg, and of the extraordinary manner in which these two strangers, of apparently such opposite characters, were thrown together, and became co-actors amid such appalling events. From Miss Singleton herself you will probably have heard the particulars, and more than I myself know of what passed between her and my deceased uncle, relative to Leonard Mordant.

From what I hear regarding this young lady's character, I deeply deplore the rash, and I must say sinful act, of poor Leonard, which has thus deprived both him and herself of benefits which Providence evidently designed for them.

This is perhaps hardly the time to express my sincere and earnest admiration and esteem of such portions of Miss Singleton's character as have come to my knowledge. At some future time, I trust that I may be enabled to evince to her the sincerity of these sentiments, and my earnest sympathy with her in this deep trial.

I remain, madam,

Yours truly,

Miss Pierrpoint. ELLIS STAMBOYSE.

Of the tempest of affliction which had burst over the little home of the Gaywoods by this accumulation of death and sorrow, we will not speak; the sympathetic reader, who has accompanied us so far, will easily have conceived it.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

THE problem of squaring the circle, to which allusion is so often made—without, however, being always clearly understood—consists in constructing a square whose area shall be exactly equal to that of a given circle. Unhappily, the problem is insoluble; we can only arrive at an approximate solution; and in the present day no one who has even an elementary acquaintance with the first principles of geometry will lose his time in the vain attempt to solve it completely. True geometricians have always been aware of the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of the task. In their investigations, they have merely aimed at approximating nearer and nearer to exactness; and not unfrequently they have been, as it were, surprised into discoveries in the various branches of mathematical science. But there has always been a class of men less enlightened and more daring, who, scarcely knowing what they wanted or what they were doing, yet pretended to discover the squaring of the circle, perpetual motion, and other things beyond human power. The problem of squaring the circle is as old as geometry itself. It occupied the thoughts even of philosophers in Greece, the very cradle of mathematical science. Anaxagoras employed himself about it in the prison where he was confined for having proclaimed the doctrine that God is one and alone above all. Aristophanes, the Molière of the Athenians, introduces the celebrated philosopher Meton upon the stage, and cannot devise any better method of bringing ridicule upon him than by making him promise to square the circle. It was Archimedes who first found out the approximate ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. Apollonius, or Philo of Gadara, found ratios still nearer the exact truth; but what they were is now known. The labours also of Adrian, Metius, Vietus, Zudolph, Van Keulen, Machin, and Lagny, in this direction of inquiry, are well known.

Cardinal de Cusa was the first of modern alchemist-geometricians. He fancied he had discovered the true method of squaring the circle, by making a circle or a cylinder roll along a plane surface until it had described its whole circumference; but he was proved by Regiomontanus to be in error. After him, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, a professor royal of mathematics, Orontius Fineus, gained distinction by his remarkable fallacies on this subject. The celebrated Joseph Scaliger also indulged in these caprices. Thinking lightly of geometricians, he wished to show them the great superiority of a learned man like him. Vietus, Clavius, and others, having ventured to refute his mathematical reasoning, he became incensed, loaded them with abuse, and was more than ever convinced that geometricians had no common sense. About seventy years ago, M. Liger thought he had discovered the true solution, which had been for ages concealed from view, by demonstrating that the square root of 2 is equal to that of 25, and that that of 50 equals that of 49. His demonstration did not, he said, rest upon geometrical reasoning, which he detested, but upon the properties of figures.

There have been a number of bets and challenges in connexion with this problem at different times. Among other examples we may mention that of a manufacturer at Lyon named Matherton, who after having announced to geometricians and mechanicians the discovery of the squaring of the circle and perpetual motion, defied them to prove that he was mistaken, and deposited a sum of £120, to be paid to the person who should succeed in doing so. M. Nicole, of the Academy of Sciences, irrefragably demonstrated his error and demanded that the deposit should be awarded to him. The obstinate manufacturer resisted, and pretended it was necessary also to prove the fallacy of his perpetual motion; but the Judicial Court at Lyon could not see what a demonstrated truth had to do with an error yet to be demonstrated. He, accordingly, lost his cause, and Nicole devoted the money to the hospital of the town. Another instance was that of a gentleman at Paris who first challenged all the world to deposit very large sums against the correctness of his method of squaring the circle, and then himself deposited £400. From his method he deduced proofs of the doctrine of the Trinity, of original sin, and certain philosophical principles. As might be expected, there was great competition for such a deposit. Among others, a woman entered the lists. She thought nothing more than common sense was needed to refute the alleged discovery. The matter was tried in a superior court of law, which decided that a man's fortune ought not to suffer for the error of his judgment, provided they are not injurious to society, and the king ordered that the challenge should be considered null and void. The French Institute having been overwhelmed every year with voluminous packets on the squaring of the circle and perpetual motion, at length came to the resolution to receive no more upon these subjects. Yet only a few years ago, on opening a paper which had been kept sealed for many years at the request of the author, as containing a precious discovery, it was found to be another attempt to solve the insoluble problem.

SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN," ILLUSTRATED BY RETSCH.

On a former occasion we presented to our readers eight illustrative designs by this celebrated German artist; engravings made doubly interesting by the genius of the designer and the fame of the poet whose composition they illustrated, namely, the "Pegasus in Harness," by Schiller. In those designs the peculiar characteristics of Retsch were distinctly portrayed; that style and expression which can be taught in no school, but owe their birth to the genius of the man, were well depicted. While the general effect is good, while the grouping shows both taste and judgment, the careful minuteness with which every detail is managed shows us that the German master was diligent in every minor particular, in order that his work might bear a more elaborate criticism than that which would suggest itself on a first glance.

Retsch possseses an almost intuitive perception of an author's meaning, and this renders his illustrations striking and peculiar, sometimes exaggerated and fantastic, often ineffably sublime. Here and there he even corporealises the metaphors of the poet, now by a drawing grotesque and vague, now by a literal interpretation. And he is neither a borrowing nor begging man, his work is original; whether he depicts the thoughts of others or his own, he goes about it in a way no other man would, never seems to seek for a precedent, or to design after this or that great man, but fairly sketches what he thinks; he has fashioned the picture in his mind's eye, it has grown up before him into shape and vigour as real as though the men, women, cattle, fields, and cities were actually before him. For while Retsch is original, his is not that sort of originality which represents nothing truthfully; he is true in all that he does. He is thoroughly German, has much of the earnestness and depth of thought peculiar to his countrymen, is the best picture-maker for a German poet, and besides no mean poet himself, the picture-poet of Germany.

The designs which we now give are intended to illustrate Schiller's well-known poem, entitled "The Brave Man."

A river has overflowed its banks, the desolating water with huge masses of ice floating upon it has poured down on the devoted city, these ice fragments are striking together with fearful violence, the cry of alarm has been raised as the dark waters have come onward with irresistible power, deluging the fields and pasture lands, sweeping over the high roads, and in their wild fury bursting on the town, and in a few moments carrying away the arches of the bridge, the houses, and the walls. Towards the banks of the river there is nothing but desolation, and the citizens of the loftier localities look with affright on the raging water—old and young, rich and poor, are gathered; the governor with his slashed doublet and plumed bonnet is riding in their midst, the people flock around him, all suggesting remedies, for a portion of the bridge still remains separated entirely from the shore, the rushing water beating upon it with increased violence, but that one part of the bridge and one house upon it still is there, like a rock in the sea. There is within that dwelling an old man, his daughter, and entire family; they are exposed to almost certain death; they stretch forth their arms, crying for help to their fellow-citizens, crying for help to the heavens! The people regard them with stupor. Who is bold enough to front the danger? Who has courage enough to expose his life to save those unfortunates? Who among that crowd will do it? Again and again the question is put, but in vain; the hours pass on; the peril increases; the ice-blocks smite on the frail arch like battering-rams, and the stones tremble.

The governor offers a large reward; he holds the bag of gold in his hand; how anxiously all eyes are turned towards him; even the crippled beggar strives to get nearer, and his eyes grow bright at the chink of the guelders. The figure nearest to the magistrate is looking upward with a perplexed glance, as though counting the cost of the venture. Every face exhibits the same expression; what will cupidity not do? who can withstand the offered gold? who will now volunteer to aid in the rescue? Duty and humanity have appealed in vain, let Mammon cry in the market!

Do you remark in the crowd that young man of a vigorous frame, and fine, sagacious, honest countenance; his shadowed profile only visible, but his athletic form indicating strength and energy? He presses through the crowd, and volunteers to go, and a great shout is raised for the hero. A boat is procured, he steps lightly in, and, with almost supernatural skill, guides his craft amongst the ice-blocks. This is the second picture.

The brave man is standing in the boat, his tall, well-proportioned frame in full exercise, his head towards the citizens he strives to save; his countenance is noble and expressive, the index of a noble heart. A wild scene of desolation surrounds him. To the right is the city, the steeple of the old church rising above the houses, but elsewhere nothing but the turbid waters, the masses of floating ice, with here and there the fragments of the wreck it has already made;—here the trunk of a tree—there the body of a dead bullock—and in the centre of the stream the remaining portion of the bridge fast giving way, the unhappy family gathered upon it, with arms outstretched for help. Help is at hand. Fearlessly the deliverer urges on the boat nearer and still nearer to the object that he seeks; his risk is imminent, but his brave heart never trembles. True courage knows no danger, and from its vocabulary blots out "impossible."

The third picture shows us that the rescue has been effected. Amid the floating ice-blocks the brave man steers his boat, at the near end of which sits the old man, wan, pale, ghastly; his children are clinging to him with the tenacity of despair; the young hero is exerting himself to the utmost, and his figure is displayed to advantage by the position which he occupies;—the artist has thrown wonderful energy into this composition; the anatomy of the strong, muscular frame is boldly and accurately represented. The boat is nearing the shore, where the group of citizens may be noticed; the governor occupies the principal place, and the evident excitement of the crowd is well exhibited; most of them are pressing forward, while some have climbed the neighbouring walls, and are looking on the brave man's struggle. Already they hail him as a hero, a conqueror—and caps are waved, and shouts are raised, as the boat draws near.

The fourth picture concludes the story. The bark has touched the shore. The emotion of the citizens, their joy at the rescue, is evident enough; the family rescued from their perilous position form an interesting and touching group, as with clasped hands and on bended knees they pour forth their gratitude. The governor and the brave hero form the principal objects in the design; the first is stooping forward and offering the bag of gold to the young man, who is steadily refusing it; with significance he points to the rescued group, as if he said, "This is reward enough, I seek no other recompence, my guerdon is their happiness; what gold can be compared with that?" Skilfully the artist has represented the sunshine, bright and beautiful, falling on the group; elsewhere the clouds are dark and murky, but now the storm is over, and the beams of light fall cheerfully on the brave deliverer.

Maurice Retsch was born at Dresden in 1779. His family came from Hungary, and had been driven from their old home to escape the persecution that raged there against the Protestants. Not till he was twenty years old did Retsch apply himself to the study of painting; but he disliked all restraint and would have preferred following the bent of his genius as a hunter in the woods and as a student of nature in solitude. "He was, however, persuaded to enter the Academy at Dresden in 1798, and after submitting awhile to the irksome drudgery of copying, to acquire the mechanical part of painting, he began to exhibit his talent and genius as an original and poetic artist. The works of his illustrious countrymen Schiller and Goethe acted on his mind like inspiration, and

THE GOVERNOR OFFERING A REWARD FOR THE RESCUE OF THE FAMILY.—SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN."

THE BRAVE MAN GUIDING HIS BOAT TO THE RESCUE.—SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN."

THE RESCUED FAMILY NEARING THE SHORE.—SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN."

THE BRAVE MAN REFUSING THE OFFERED REWARD.—SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN."

with a kindred spirit he embodied their wild and wonderful descriptions in form and substance." The principal engraved works of Retsch are "Sketches illustrative of Goethe's Faust," "Illustrations of Schiller's Fight with the Dragon," "Fridolin, or a Walk to the Forge," "The Song of the Bell," "Pegasus in Harness," "Illustrations to Bürger's Ballads," and to Shakspeare's Macbeth, Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Lear, Tempest, Othello, and Merry Wives of Windsor. Besides these there is a great number of purely original pieces, and a celebrated design called "The Chess Players."

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER IX.

"Les lagunes offrirent alors le singulier spectacle d'une troupe se hasardant sur des barques construites avec dés debris de maisons, et qu'on était obligé de soulever pour les faire passer par-dessus une enceinte de pieux; les Génois, tantôt dans l'eau, tantôt dans leur bateaux, et l'enfanterie de Zeno s'avançant dans ces marais pour les charger."—*Daru.*

"Come, bring forth the prisoners."—*Richard III.*

It was a spectacle worthy of the hand of a painter to commemorate, or of a historian to describe—that moment when Zeno directed the attention of the Venetian army to the strange flotilla moving slowly downwards from Chioggia. The cheers and shouting which a moment before ran along the camp were now hushed to the profoundest silence. The tumultuous mass of troops, partially armed, in all variety of costumes, and speaking in different dialects and tongues, surging like the waves of the sea when the wind drives them to and fro, were now motionless and mute as that sea in a summer calm. They gazed in speechless astonishment at this evidence of a sudden and desperate courage on the part of the Genoese, and felt that a deadly struggle was near at hand. The general felt that the crisis was at hand, and promptly and skilfully he availed himself of it.

"Look, soldiers," exclaimed Zeno, "while ye are wasting your energies in causeless complaints, the prize of all our toils, that which should crown our patient perseverance, is about to escape from us. See, the Genoese are bearing away all their riches, the spoil which should soon have been yours by the right of war—the pillage which I would have given to you when we should enter Chioggia. But it is not yet too late. The admiral will aid us. See, he is ready." And pointing to where the Venetian fleet lay, he showed them Pisani steadily bearing down so as at the same time to intercept the vessels of the Genoese admiral, Muraffo, from forming a junction with the rafts, and to prevent the latter getting out of the lagunes.

The words of the general, added to the sight which the troops beheld, produced a change in the feelings of the soldiers as sudden as it was complete. They felt that if they now refused to act cordially under the command of the republic, the Genoese would assuredly escape with their property and equipments. The approach, too, of the enemy aroused all their martial feelings, and a simultaneous hearty cheer burst from all sides; and cries of "To arms! to arms! Viva San Marco! viva la Signoria!" ran along the lines and rent the air. Zeno was not slow in seizing upon this favourable conjuncture, for he knew well how evanescent and uncertain is the enthusiasm of the masses; he, therefore, called upon the soldiery to arm themselves with all speed, and to be prepared at once to act under his command. Nor was he without assistance. The sagacious mind of Recanati at once perceived that the tide of popular feeling was completely turned, at least for the present; he, therefore, determined to affect to guide the current which he could not oppose, and patiently await its reflux. And so he now joined in the exhortations of Zeno, and commanded his band to equip themselves in their armour and be prepared for an approaching engagement. It was not long before the whole force of the republic, domestic and foreign, were under arms and drawn up as orderly and quiet as if no mutiny had, within the last hour, threatened to overturn all authority and discipline.

And now the rafts, crowded with Genoese soldiers and sunk to the water's edge, were bearing down through the shallows. At the same moment the Genoese fleet made all sail towards the barricades that had been placed across the mouth of the lagune with the intention of driving with full force against them; and so sweeping them away. But Pisani was not an idle spectator of this movement. Dividing his flotilla into two, he placed one portion at the barricades to meet the fleet of Muraffo, and reserved the other for the rafts that were coming down the lagune The action commenced between the fleets of the two republics, each commanded by its admiral. In vain did the Genoese galleys bear down upon the Venetians—again and again they were repulsed; and as the object of Pisani was to protect the barricades from his enemy, he was contented to act merely upon the defensive, avoiding, as much as possible, a close collision with the hostile fleet, and keeping them from coming side by side by a constant discharge from the archers with which his galleys were manned. Meantime, the other portion of the Venetian fleet awaited the nearer approach of the rafts. These latter had now reached a part of the lagune, where the Venetians had driven down piles of timber attached to which were beams which floated across the water. In order to pass these the Genoese were forced to get off the rafts and stand in the shallows nearly up to their necks, while they endeavoured to lift the rafts over the floating barrier. With infinite toil they had now succeeded in forcing two or three of the lightest of the rafts beyond the beams, and still, to their surprise, their enemies looked on without an effort to check them. Another and another of those frail barks was freed, and the men springing from nearly all the others into the water, prepared for one simultaneous and decisive effort. Now was the moment for which the Venetians had waited. The land forces had moved down to the brink of the lagune, watching in silence and ill-restrained eagerness the progress of the enemy. The moment was now come when that restraint should be removed. Drawing his sword, Zeno waved it over his head and crying out—"On comrades, on—follow me." He plunged into the waters and was soon wading deeply through them. The cheers of a thousand voices promptly responded to his cry—"On, on! follow the general," was heard on all sides, and the troops dashed impetuously into the lagune and struggled onward to meet the foe.

While the land forces were thus occupied in this singular movement, Pisani's galleys bore down upon the ill-fated rafts. The collision was terrible, as the large, heavy galleys came crushing over the frail and ill-constructed floats, smashing through them as the ploughshare tears through the soil and breaks it in pieces. Many of them were sunk with drowning wretches clinging to the spars; those which had not yet passed the boom made all speed back towards Chioggia; but great numbers of the men were already disembarked, and with the courage of despair now fought their way onwards in the water. It was at this crisis that the forces of Zeno reached their enemy. A terrible and a novel sight it was truly, to see land forces thus engaged in a species of sea-fight, standing not upon the decks of galleys, but mid-deep in the water. A silent, deadly struggle ensued; silent save when that silence was broken by the gurgle of some death-groan

bubbling up through the water, or the splash of the wounded man as he fell down dying the double death of slaughter and drowning. At length victory declared in favour of the Venetians. The greater portion of the Genoese who had thus rashly deserted their rafts were slain, the residue of them contrived to struggle back and rejoined their companions, and ultimately regained Chioggia, with a considerable portion of their effects, which, fortunately for them, had been stowed upon the rearmost rafts, and thus remained above the boom. There was little booty, therefore, for the soldiers, save what armour was on the slain, and such jewels and money as they had upon their persons. But the issue of the day was of no small importance to Zeno. He had succeeded in checking the spirit of discontent and insubordination, and animated the troops with new vigour and fresh dependence upon him. Above all, he had counterplotted the crafty condottiere, and even made use of him, without his knowledge, as a vehicle of communicating the schemes which he was plotting against the republic.

And now the day was well nigh finished, when but one further duty remained to be discharged. Zeno sat in the large apartment of the fort which we have already described; around him were several of the military leaders, and amongst them some faces with which we are already acquainted — the Count Polani, Checco, and Roberto di Recanati. In the midst of the apartment stood the German arblasteer and the three Italian soldiers, the latter with their hands bound. It was a court-martial, which, notwithstanding the busy events of the day, Zeno did not neglect to call.

"Signori," said the general, addressing the officers, "I must crave the aid of your judgments for a short space. The affairs of the morning prevented my disposing of this matter sooner."

A moment's pause ensued, when he continued,

"Stand forth, good arblasteer, and state to the court thy grievance."

The big German, whose wrath had cooled down considerably since the morning, seemed but little desirous to prosecute the matter any further. Nevertheless, in his own defence, he was forced to detail the transactions which we have already related. When he had ended his story, he exclaimed with a rude good nature,

"Der teufel, general, I bear no malice, not I. Let yonder lance-man give me back what he won of me, and I am content."

"Dost hear what the German says, fellow?" asked the general of the Italian soldier. "Wilt thou do as he requires?"

The lance-man looked at his companions, and then replied,

"So please your excellency, I will."

"It is well," said Zeno. "Thou doest voluntarily that which, hadst thou refused, thou shouldst have been compelled to do. So much for the matter between thee and this German. Now for that which is of graver import. Messires, I crave your attention."

Zeno then detailed to those whom he had summoned, the tumultuous scene of the morning, the immediate cause of which was the complaints of the three men of Recanati's band, and their demand for increased pay. When he had ended the statement, he asked,

"And now, Messires, is not this a plain violation of the allegiance which the soldier owes to the state that pays him? What say you?"

There was but one whose voice was not heard in affirmation of Zeno's question. To that one Zeno now turned, and said,

"Sir Roberto di Recanati, I would have your judgment in this matter, as the captain of these men. Perhaps I am justified, by your silence, in holding that you concur with all those present?"

The condottiere bowed slightly, as if implying an assent which he dared not withhold; but Zeno still looked at him as if demanding a more unequivocal expression of his opinion. The condottiere was therefore forced to speak out.

"I do not dissent from the opinion of the court: the matter is as you say, signore, too plain to admit of dissent. Methinks, however, it might have been safely left to their own chief to deal with these offenders, as I would assuredly have done after I had aided in suppressing, for the time, the discontents which somehow manifest themselves amongst the troops but too often of late."

The look and tone with which these words were uttered did not escape the observation of Zeno; nevertheless, he seemed not to notice them, but continued,

"Well then, signori, the opinion of the court is unanimous, that these three men, belonging to the lances under the command of Sir Roberto di Recanati, have been guilty of mutinous language, and of having excited the troops to revolt against the republic. And now for the punishment to be awarded. With that I shall charge myself. Is the provost-marshal in attendance?"

The officer referred to stept forward.

"Lead forth these men to the quarters of Sir Roberto di Recanati's band, and in the presence of their companions—for I shall look to you, Sir Roberto, that your troops are turned out—proclaim that they have been found guilty by their own captain and this whole council, of having excited the mutinous tumult of this morning, and then declare the sentence which the state awards—the loss of the right hand. And add that which thou findest written herein." So saying, Zeno wrote a few lines which he folded and delivered to the provost-marshal. The culprits were immediately removed, and the court rose.

"Aye, let it be so," muttered Recanati to himself, as he made his way to his quarters. "Fool that thou art! I will indeed do thy will in this matter. Ha! thou seest not how thou art playing my game. When thy provost-marshal chops off the hands of these three poor caitiffs, he shall have done more to forward my plans and to make the troops disaffected than I could have accomplished in days of plotting."

And the condottiere smiled and compressed his thin lips, and pursued his way homewards.

The troops of Recanati were drawn out in front of the fort, awaiting in silence the scene that was about to be presented to them. Many, too, of the other mercenaries were present, and amongst them a number of the English archers of Sir William Cheke. Whether the appearance of these latter was casual or the result of some precautionary arrangement of Zeno's we shall not say. And now the three prisoners were led in front of the soldiery, bound and guarded by the men of the provost-marshal. This officer proceeded deliberately to state the crime of which the men had been found guilty, and then said in a loud voice—

"Hear the sentence which the state awards—that each of these men shall lose his right hand! But," he continued, reading from a scroll in his hand, during the breathless silence (a silence which Recanati knew was like the lull which precedes the whirlwind on a sultry day in summer), "the most Serene Republic, through her generalissimo, remits the punishment in consideration of the alacrity with which the soldiers returned to their duty and the bravery with which they fought to-day."

The effect of this unexpected pardon was electrical. Shouts rent the sky as the liberated men joined their comrades. "Viva Zeno! Viva il generale! Viva la Signoria!" resounded on every side; and one could scarce credit that they who now uttered these acclamations were the same fierce soldiery who, a few hours before, had assailed the same general with threats and intimidation. The dark eyes of the condottiere glittered with malignant passion at an issue so utterly different from that which he had confidently calculated upon. Clenching his hands with suppressed rage, he said hissingly—

"Sacro Diavolo! che cosa sciagurata! Who could have foreseen such an issue? Well, well, the wind takes many a turn; who knows how soon this breeze may chop about and blow from the opposite quarter. And then—aye, then—let our generalissimo look to himself. In the meantime patienza."

CORK AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

"THE sweet city o' Cark," as the "natives" denominate it, has from time immemorial been the head-quarters of Irishry, or rather the principal town in it, for it has for many a day been an English stronghold, and until the sudden growth of Belfast, it was the greatest, if not the only commercial town in Ireland. The name is said to be derived from *Corough* or *Curkey*, an Irish word, meaning morass or swamp, as the site was formerly a cluster of marshy islands, often overflowed by the river Lee. Its identity with that of the well-known bottle-stopping wood, has furnished materials for a great variety of jokes, some of which Croker has recorded amongst graver matter. One is told of Foote, who, on being asked, at a convivial entertainment given by an Irish nobleman, if he had ever been at Cork, replied, "No, my lord, but I have seen a good many drawings of it this evening;" another of Curran, who, apologising to a foppish companion for wearing a shabby coat, on his return in the packet from England to Ireland, said—"I always make it a point to go to sea in a *Cork jacket*."

SHANDON STEEPLE, CORK.

In the year 1600, Cork consisted of but one street, like any Irish village of the present day, and was thus described by Camden. "Enclosed within a circuit of walls in the form of an egg, with the river flowing round about it, and running between, not passable through but by bridges, lying out in length, as it were, in one direct broad street, and the same having a bridge over it!" The river was not made navigable in the south channel till 1670, and about that time, the town, which, till then, was but a receptacle for provisions from the surrounding country, began to improve rapidly. The eastern marshes, on which the best part of Cork now stands, were drained, and a bowling green and pleasure gardens established upon them; but these were destroyed by the Earl of Marlborough (afterwards Duke), in 1690, when besieging the place. The fortifications gradually decayed from this time forward, and were replaced by useful buildings; canals were arched over, the marshy islands united with one another, and the city assumed its present appearance, which fully entitles it to the praises its inhabitants bestow on it. But it was a long while before it became celebrated for its gaiety. Lord Orrery, in writing to Dean Swift in 1736, drew a woful picture of its dulness, a description which would now-a-days, we think, be applicable to no town in Ireland but Derry. "The butchers," says he, "are as greasy, the Quakers as formal, and the Presbyterians as holy and as full of the Lord as ever; all things are *in statu quo;* even the hogs and pigs grunt in the same cadence as of yore, unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dulness o the place; materials for a letter

are as hard to be found as money, sense, honesty, or truth."

To enliven the place a little, a theatre was opened in 1760 by Spronger Barry, and the first night of the performance was signalised by a very uncommon occurrence. There had been an execution that morning for robbery, and the body of the culprit, after hanging for the usual length of time, was cut down and delivered to his friends. One of the actors, named Glover, having a taste for surgery, and fancying the man was not dead, used means to restore animation, and succeeded. Patrick Redmond, for such was the name of the hapless wight, having indulged rather freely in whiskey on the same evening, in honour of his restoration, went to the theatre, and on seeing Glover, rushed on the stage, to the terror of the audience, and thanked him publicly in the most uproarious manner. Even at this period Cork was famed for its handsome women, who made their appearance in the height of the mode, though London was then at a fortnight's distance, and Paris beyond reach of all persons of moderate expectations. There were assemblies held once a fortnight, and smaller ones weekly, called *drums*, for admission to which a trifling charge was made, and the company sang, danced, walked, or played cards, without restraint.

No town in Ireland, Dublin alone excepted, will bear comparison with Cork as regards the number of the historical reminiscences connected with it. Limerick boasts itself the "city of the violated treaty;" Derry, "the maiden city," as having sustained the ever-memorable siege, which Orangemen, in their cups, to this day celebrate with jubilation; but for a real city of broils, and tumults, and wars, and rumours of wars, and changes, and revolutions, give us Cork. It was here that Perkin Warbeck, the personater of the murdered Duke of York, first made his appearance upon the scene; and the first who saluted him king was John Watley, a wealthy Cork citizen, afterwards mayor; and when the impostor had been baffled in England, baffled in Scotland and baffled in France, hither he returned to recruit his failing fortunes, and hence he hurried to his doom in London. This business caused Cork for the first time to feel the effects of royal displeasure. Henry VII. deprived it of its charter, but soon restored it, however. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, Cork was a thriving place, but, strange to say, the citizens all intermarried with one another, for the simple and cogent reason, that the whole of the surrounding country being in possession of the Irish clans, who treated the towns-people as Sassenachs, the latter never dared to show their noses outside the walls, much less go abroad for the purpose of making love. During the great wars of Hugh

THE MATHEW TESTIMONIAL, CORK.

O'Neill, in Elizabeth's reign, the inhabitants of all creeds, Catholic as well as Protestant, continued faithful to England; but when James I. succeeded to the throne, they became insubordinate and dissatisfied, being unwilling to be ruled by a Scotchman. The Catholic party broke out into open rebellion, and signified their abhorrence of the new dynasty by burning all the bibles and prayer-books they could lay their hands upon. Lord Mountjoy, however, put an end to the tumult on his arrival in May, 1603, and hanged the ringleaders. In the revolution of 1641, Cork adhered to the royal cause, even after it had become desperate; but as soon as Cromwell made his appearance before it, it speedily surrendered, terrified by the "crowning mercies" which that personage declared Providence had bestowed on the republican arms in other quarters. On this occasion, Oliver, probably for the first time in his stern, rigid, and sanctimonious life, was pleased to be facetious. But the joke he perpetrated was grim, severe, and sarcastic, as became the witticisms of a general of the Commonwealth. He had ordered the church bells to be all taken down and converted into siege artillery. The clergy remonstrated, as did also the citizens. He simply remarked in reply; "that since gunpowder was invented by a priest, he thought the best use for the bells would be to make *cannons* (canons) of them."

Prince Rupert proclaimed Charles II. at Cork in 1649, but Admiral Blake appearing in the harbour at the head of a large fleet, the inhabitants were over-awed, and would have remained quiet, if they had not been excited to resistance by the instigation of Lord Broghill. In 1655, under the parliamentary *régime*, very severe laws were enacted against the Catholics, none of whom were allowed to reside within the walls. On the 18th of May, 1660, Charles was again proclaimed, eleven days before his restoration in England; and during his reign, Cork made rapid progress in trade and commerce, and the Catholics once more regained the ascendancy in the city. Consequently, when William of Orange landed, it declared for James, and in his interest received a garrison of Irish troops, and his adherents maltreated the Protestants, in which they were countenanced by James himself, when he made his appearance there.

The battle of the Boyne did not discourage the Stuart party, and they still held out, till William sent a large force, under the Duke of Marlborough, to reduce the town. He arrived in the harbour in September, 1690, and the garrison surrendered a week afterwards. The Duke of Grafton, a natural son of Charles II., was killed during the siege, and there were many romantic displays of valour on both sides. One of these is worth recording. The besiegers, having seized the cathedral, posted two files of musketeers in the steeple, for the purpose of galling the garrison of an old fort with their fire. They succeeded so well, that the latter turned two guns against the church, and the steeple soon began to totter. The men in the tower got frightened, and were preparing to go down, in spite of the remonstrances of their officer, Lieutenant Horace Townsend, when he kicked away the ladder by which they had ascended, and thus cut off all means of escape. His gallantry met with its reward, for next day the fort surrendered.

Some slight ebullitions of Jacobite feeling in 1715, and again in 1745, are the only political incidents worthy of notice which have since taken place.

Rich as Cork is in historical reminiscences, in literary and artistic associations it is probably still richer, if we may be allowed to include the county with the city. Who does not know that it was in the latter that the gentle author of the "Faerie Queene" lived, and loved, and laboured, and fled in the night from his burning homestead at Kilcolman, with the yells of Tyrone's kerns ringing in his ears; thus paying the penalty of his Saxon origin, and being in no way respected for his poetical abilities, which the clans were but ill prepared to appreciate? His "View of the State of Ireland," composed in his retreat at Cork, is a faithful description of the country at that period, and abounds in acute observations, and sound criticisms on the men and manners of the time. Three books, at least, of the "Faerie Queene" were written in the same romantic retreat, and here, too, he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, the "courtier, scholar, and soldier," and one of the warmest of his friends. Raleigh had been commissioned in 1580, in the army that was sent to repress the rebellious Earl of Desmond, who was aided by Spanish and Italian auxiliaries, and, during the summer of 1581, being left in command of the Queen's forces by the Earl of Ormond, lay in the woods about Lismore, and in the neighbourhood of Cork, carrying on a partisan warfare with the insurgents, and occasionally residing at Cork. It was at the close of these troubles that Spenser came to Ireland, having been presented by Elizabeth with three thousand and twenty-eight acres of the lands of the unfortunate Desmond in the county of Cork, but on condition that he should reside on his property. When Raleigh returned from his American voyage, he, too, took a part in the "Munster Plantation," by taking possession, under royal letters patent, of twelve thousand acres of the conquered territory. The house in which he resided, and the garden in which he first planted the potato in Ireland, are still shown to the visitor at Youghal. On his return from the expedition against Spain and Portugal in 1589, he paid a visit to his estates, and saw Spenser in his shady retreat on the pleasant banks of the Mulla. The poet celebrated his friend's return by the poem entitled "Colin Clout's come Home Againe," the dedication of which he dates from "his house at Kilcolman."

It was in Cork that Penn, the great William Penn, first became a quaker. The new society made their appearance there about 1655, and Penn, having attended one of their meetings, was so struck by the homily preached by Thomas Lowe upon the text—"There is a faith that overcomes the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the world," that he adopted the broad brims and straight collars on the spot.

He did not escape the persecutions with which all dissenters were visited at that day. He was arrested in 1667 with several others, and carried before the mayor, who, however, knowing his father's influence in England, offered to liberate him, if he gave a bond for his future good behaviour. Penn, however, being of opinion that he could behave himself sufficiently well to satisfy the expectations of all reasonable men without any bond at all, sturdily refused, and was thereupon committed to gaol. A manly letter addressed to Lord Orrery procured his release, but eighteen of his companions in misfortune were left to languish in confinement. During his imprisonment, John Exham, another quaker, an enthusiastic disseminator of the new doctrines, and an old soldier of Cromwell's army, walked through the streets, clothed in sackcloth, and with ashes on his head, preaching repentance and amendment of life. The authorities, considering, we presume, that these things were not so necessary as Exham imagined, shut him up also, for a long period, but could not damp his ardour. He lived till 1720, when he was ninety years of age, and whenever he found himself at liberty, persevered in his old course.

A host of other celebrities have in later times made their appearance in Cork. Barry, Butts, Grogan, and Cavanagh Murphy, in the fine arts, and Boyle, the famous Earl of Cork, in science, would alone be sufficient to render the place illustrious. The writers who, in the columns of the *Nation*, in 1843 and 1844, poured forth so rich a stream of ballad poetry, and shed lustre on the follies of the O'Connellite agitation, received some of their most ardent and gifted recruits from the banks of the Lee. And the city too was well beloved by the witty, the humorous, the polished, and well-read Father Prout, the parish priest of Watergrasshill. It is a little village, in the midst of bogs, and brakes, and dells, on the coach-road from Dublin to Cork, and if we mistake not—for it is now a long time since we travelled it—the last stage before the end of the journey. Stages are now done away with; even Bianconi's cars—those capacious vehicles which in the olden time swept the tourist through the south of Ireland—are steadily receding before the mighty railway engine and

Watergrasshill is relapsing into obscurity. It is surrounded by the chosen home of elves, and fairies, and goblins, and ghosts, the classic ground of myth and legend; and here for many a year the good father tended his flock, and amused the world of London by his quaint disquisitions and squibs in the pages of "Fraser." He belonged to the old school of parish priests, who will never more be seen in Ireland, but who differed from many of their successors in being polished and travelled gentlemen, well read in foreign literature, haters of broils, and lovers of jovial companions and good wine. Peace to their ashes! Father Prout was the last of them, and in him Cork lost a son who, in all his wanderings, looked to her with fondness and regret. The church of Shandon, a very conspicuous object—an engraving of which we herewith present to our readers—came in for a large share of his regard. It stands upon the ruins of Old Shandon Castle; and the belfry, with its beautiful peal of bells—built on one side, strange to say, of grey stone, and on the other of red—is associated in the mind of every genuine Corkonian with his dearest and tenderest recollections of his native place. Long ago, when Irishmen were obliged to seek refuge daily in foreign lands from the misery and ruin which reigned in their own, a ballad was composed by some of the exiles, beginning, "Farewell to thee, Cork, with the sugar-loaf steeple," full of pathos and beauty, in which Shandon tower received its due meed of honour. Father Prout pays it a tribute no less exquisitely beautiful, in the well-known lines, which we regret our space will not permit us to quote entire. A few stanzas, however, will serve our purpose:—

"With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

"On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

"I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke nought like thine.

"For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

With the mention of one other name we shall conclude this notice; but this is a greater one than any—Father Mathew, of temperance celebrity—who has worked so great a revolution in the social habits of the Irish people. He is a native of Thomastown, and was educated at Maynooth. He took religious vows as a Capuchin friar, and entered upon his labours at Cork. The frightful consequences resulting from excessive whiskey drinking amongst the peasantry struck him at once, and he formed the noble resolution of devoting his whole life and energies to the extirpation of this pernicious habit. He commenced holding meetings twice a week, in which he detailed to his hearers, in simple but forcible language, how much evil their drinking customs brought upon them, and called upon them to take the total abstinence pledge. This was administered in the shape of a simple vow, dictated by the father himself, after which he added, "May God give you strength to keep your resolution;" at the same time presenting the individual with a medal. His efforts were crowned with an almost marvellous degree of success. His brother, a distiller on an extensive scale, was ruined by the movement, and the worthy friar himself was impoverished by his philanthropic labours. As a tribute to his worth, the government settled on him a pension of £300 a year, but this, we believe, is barely sufficient to pay the premium of an insurance policy which he placed as a security in the hands of his creditors. The monument, of which we furnish an engraving, was erected in his honour by his fellow-citizens, but we regret to say, that, owing either to poverty or apathy, it has never yet been completed. It stands upon the Charlotte Quay, near the Capuchin Church.

MOSSES AND THEIR ALLIES.

CLUB-MOSSES AND LIVERWORTS.

CHAPTER III., PART II.

The colour of the scale-mosses varies through all the shades of green into brown, yellowish, dusky purple, and bronze. The theca is usually black, or deep purple, or dark brown, although occasionally it is nearly transparent.

The seta or fruit-stalk is in most cases semi-transparent and as delicately reticulated as the other parts of the plant. Our example, the pear-shaped scale-moss (*J. turbinata*, fig. 4.) shows this very beautifully. This species is one which is frequent in moist shady spots in limestone districts, and we have selected it as illustrative of the highly cellular structure of plants of this tribe. *J. pusilla* (fig. 5), the dwarf scale-moss, is given for the purpose of exhibiting the beautiful form of its folded sheath or perichætium. The plant is of a tender green, the capsule brown, and the edges of the bell-shaped sheath of a delicate pink. This is given, as are all the other scale mosses of which we present drawings, as they appear when magnified to about six times the natural size.

Sowerby says, in speaking of mosses, that which may with equal truth be said of the tribes which at present engage our attention, "It is chiefly in the economy of nature that we must look for the utility of these little plants, that she has fashioned with so much care, and for the reproduction and dissemination of which she has invented so beautiful and complicated an apparatus as that described above, though they are destined for the most part to flourish where no human eye beholds that beauty, no intelligence, save her own, can calculate the necessity and advantage of their existence. Their ministry is pursued in concert with other families lower in the scale of vegetable being; the smaller species assisting in the production of soil upon newly formed lands, clothing with verdure the most barren spots, and gradually fitting them for the support of the higher order of plants; while the larger are occupied in no small degree in the production of land itself, especially the aquatic kinds, which fix themselves upon the surface of lakes and stagnant waters, already interlaced with the slender stems of the *Charæ-Conferoæ*, and

plants of similar habit, gradually converting the liquid plain into a partially solid one, on which eventually grasses, rushes, &c., are capable of growing; thus are formed morasses, which, by a further progress of vegetation, become at length fertile meadows. While thus slowly operating to increase the extent

Fig. 4.—The Pear-shaped Scale Moss.

of the habitable world, their influence directly and indirectly affects in various ways, but more frequently, perhaps, unseen and unsuspected, the welfare and interest of those who are too apt to despise their apparent insignificance, and too proud to stoop to the examination of their surpassing beauty." Of the wells and rivulets. The slippery scale-moss (*J. Pinquis*) is another of this description.

We next come to the family *marchantiæ*, named from Nicholas Marchant, a noted botanist. It is a pretty and singular tribe, its trivial name, liverwort, being derived from a fancied resemblance to the human liver; this resemblance was supposed to indicate some special virtue in the plant, as connected with that organ, and in olden time it was considered a specific for jaundice and other such disorders. The marchantiæ grow on

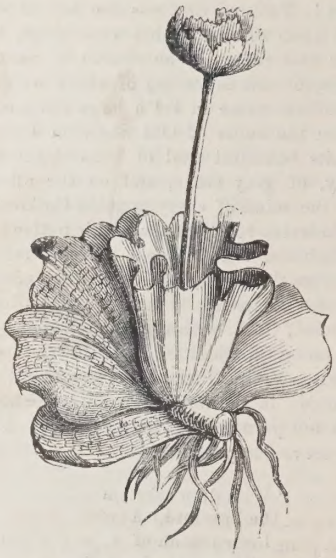


Fig 5.—The Dwarf Scale Moss.

earth or the bark of trees in damp places, spreading over the ground in the form of a green incrustation, from the lower surface of which root-fibres are developed. This crust or thallus is entirely composed of cellular tissue, the cells of the outer layer being closer in texture than the rest, and forming a thick leathery cuticle, in which are large stomata. The fruit consists of a head of spore-cases, radiating from a central disk called the "shield," like the spokes of a wheel. The

Fig. 6.—The Broad-leafed Scale Moss.

species which render their feeble aid in thus converting water into land, are some of the little frondose scale-mosses, and also some of the other tribes of the hepaticeæ. The broad-leaved scale-moss (*J. Epyphilla*, fig. 6), which is depicted of the natural size, is one of these. It is frequent on moist heaths, and in damp woods, and thickets, especially by the sides of head is mounted on a long stalk springing from a bell-shaped sheath, which starts from the surface of the frond or thallus, usually at the margin. The spore-cases or thecæ open by irregular fissures, either four or eight in number. Besides this normal fruit, *gemmæ*, or detached buds, of quite a different structure, are found on these plants. These are small leafy

bodies which spontaneously separate from the parent plant, and when mature are washed out by the rain, and carried abundantly to new localities, where they spring up and grow very rapidly. The form of the thalli or fronds of the marchantiæ is thus quaintly described by the good old herbalis Gerard:—"Liverwort is a kinde of mosse which spreadeth itself abroad upon the ground, having many uneven or crumpled leaves lying over one another, as the scales of fishes do; greene above, browne underneath." These fronds are variously lobed, their colour is a living green, and when broadly spread over a damp bank or the wall of a fountain or reservoir of water, they form a beautiful object. The Germans have the same name for the tribe as ourselves, and call it *leberkraut*. The conical liverwort (fig. 7) is common. It is of a yellowish-green tinged with brown; the peduncle, or fruit-stalk, is white touched with pink, and fleshy. It springs from a concave disk, usually situated in the marginal clefts of the fronds. The sporules are large, of a dark olive hue. The fronds, when bruised, send forth a peculiar fragrance, like bergamot.

The other example given (fig. 8) is of the star-headed liverwort (*M. polymorpha*), a species even more common than the conical.

Fig. 7.—Conical Liverwort.

Of the other genera which the order *hepaticeæ* comprises we shall say but little, as they are few and, in comparison, insignificant.

Targionia hypophylla at first sight resembles a marchantia, but differs in its fructification, which is globose and nearly buried in the margin of the frond; and this, with anthocerus punctatus, sphærocarpus terrestris, and a few species of a little tribe called *riccia*,—on which, as they are for the most part little known and not of much general interest, we shall not enter particularly,—complete the number of the genera contained in this order.

Fig. 8.—Star-headed Liverwort.

PEERS AND M.P.'S;
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

II.

That the proceeding does not always go off so smoothly as in the above extract, the reader of Lord Byron's life is aware. Mr. Dallas, who was present, says: "I accompanied Lord Byron to the house. He was received in one of the anti-chambers by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the fees to pay; one of them went to apprise the Lord Chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the house; Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business; then Lord Byron entered. I thought he looked still paler than before, and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woolsack without looking around, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through, them the chancellor quitted his seat and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him, and though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a stiff bow and put the tips of his fingers into the chancellor's hand. The chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat, while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the lords in opposition. . . . We returned to St. James's Street, but he did not recover his spirits." His lordship's mortification arose in part from the fact that his relative, the Earl of Carlisle, had not offered to introduce him. To revenge himself for this disappointment, Byron, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," took a biting revenge. Till then he had introduced his guardian into the satire in the most complimentary manner possible—

> "On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
> And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle."

In common with members of the House of Commons, peers enjoy all the privileges they possess. They have, however, others. They may vote by proxy; they are not subject to make answer to questions from the lower house of parliament; they can only be tried by peers, and a peer has this advantage on his trial, all his peers are summoned to his trial, and he is acquitted or condemned by the verdict of the majority, which is not given upon oath, but in the form, "Guilty," or "Not guilty, upon my honour," pronounced by each peer in his place in answer to the question severally put by the lord steward who presides in the court, beginning with the youngest baron and proceeding to the first duke or senior prince of the blood royal. A peer, also, answers to bills in chancery upon his honour and not upon his oath; but when he is examined either in civil or criminal cases as a witness, or in the high court of parliament, he must be sworn. A peer cannot be bound to keep the peace in any other than the courts of queen's bench and chancery, and the honour of peers is so highly tended by law that it is much more penal to spread false reports of them than of other men; scandal against them being called "scandalum magnatum," and subjected to punishment by divers ancient statutes. Peers are exempted from attending court-leets or on the "posse comitatus." A peer cannot lose estate but by death or attainder, except, indeed, he wastes his estate so as not to be able to support his dignity; then he can be degraded by act of parliament; but there is but one instance of this supreme jurisdiction, which was in the case of George Neville, Duke of Bedford, in the reign of Edward VI.

The great council of lords spiritual and temporal dates as far back as the time of William the Conqueror. In the reign of Henry III., where we more clearly see daylight, it was entirely composed of such persons, holding lands by barony, as were summoned by particular writ of parliament. Tenure and summons were both essential at this time in order to render any one a lord of parliament. No spiritual peer was summoned without a baronial term. The prior of St. James, at Northampton, having been summoned in the twelfth of Edward II., was discharged upon his petition because he had nothing of the king by barony, but only in franhalmoign. The prior of Bridlington, after frequent summonses, was finally left out with an entry made in the roll that he held nothing of the king. The abbot of Leicester had been called to fifty parliaments, yet, in the twenty-fifth of Edward III. he obtained a charter of perpetual exemption, reciting that he held no lands or tenements of the crown by barony or any such service as bound him to attend parliament or councils; but there were great irregularities in the lists of persons summoned. "It is worthy of observation," remarks Mr. Hallam in a note, "that the spiritual peers summoned to parliament were in general considerably more numerous than the temporal. This appears, among other causes, to have saved the church from that sweeping reformation of its wealth, and perhaps of its doctrines, which the commons were thoroughly inclined to make under Richard II. and Henry IV. Thus the reduction of the spiritual lords by the dissolution of the monasteries was indispensably required to bring the ecclesiastical order into due subjection to the state. From the time of Edward III. the council, consisting of the chief ministers of the crown, and the lords' house in parliament, were often blended together in one assembly. Thus was formed the great council which exercised a considerable civil as well as criminal jurisdiction. In the time of Edward III. or Richard II. the lords, by their ascendancy, threw the judges and rest of the council into shade, and took the decisive jurisdiction entirely to themselves, making use of their former colleagues but as assistants and advisers, as they still continue to be held in all the judicial proceedings of the house. Ages have come and gone, and the grand council of the nation is now not in the upper, but lower house; but, as part of the whole English constitution, it still exists. And though now of decreased importance and power, still it has claims for the intellect it yet boasts, and for the good it yet accomplishes. Intellectually, it must take a high stand, for it is constantly replenished from the most successful lawyers of the other house. Historically, it has been the barrier against the despotism of the crown. To the great whig families that upheld the revolution of 1688—that bravely contended with a lower house of Jacobites—we owe the Hanover succession, and England's subsequently growing favour. On the face of it, it seems absurd that a man should be a legislator born; but, at the same time, practically the custom has not been fraught with the evil which might have been anticipated. It is very clear that many men who have done the state good service, have cared more for acquiring hereditary honours for their children, than for the immediate éclat which promotion to the peerage conferred on them.

Of course the lords do not act as common men. For instance: in divisions they give their votes beginning at the lowest and proceeding *seriatim* to the peers highest in rank. Each one answers for himself, content or non-content. If the numbers should chance to be equal, it is invariably presumed that the house is against the bill. The lords are still true to the maxims of their forefathers. We are unwilling to change the laws of England. Right or wrong, a law is a law, and with them, for that reason alone, is to be reverenced and preserved. The lord has this advantage over an M.P.: the latter may pair off when a division is about to take place, and thus the loss of his vote to his party is compensated for by the absence of the vote of the M.P. with whom he pairs off to his party. A lord may do more than this: he may vote for a measure by proxy. Some men are very large holders of proxies. The number of those held by the late Duke of Wellington was prodigious, and almost dangerous to the state. There were times when the noble duke had nearly half the votes of the peers in his pockets. Debating, in such circumstances, must have been little better than a farce.

THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

The world in general, and the readers of Bleak House in particular, we take it, have heard of the Lord High Chancellor,

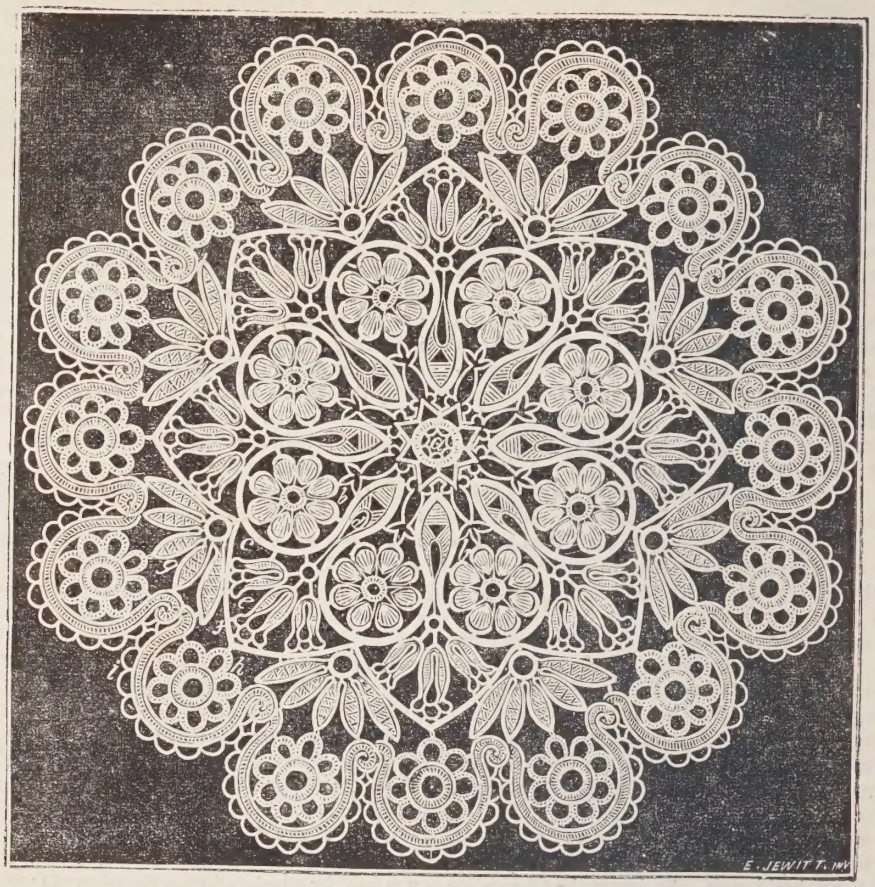
the Keeper of the Great Seal—of her Majesty's Conscience—of church livings and patronage and power held by no other living man. Of his power and influence in general it does not become us here to speak, but it does become us very briefly to state that he is Speaker of the House of Lords, and that, therefore, we have something to do with him here. One of the oldest offices existing is that of Lord Chancellor: the almost fabulous Arthur is said to have had a chancellor; certainly such an officer existed in the time of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, for the good St. Swithin, we believe, was one. But in our point of view he is merely Speaker of the House of Lords, an office he holds whether he be peer or not. In recent times, for instance, we find on the 22nd of November, 1830, an entry in the list of peers present, "Henricus Brougham, Cancellarius;" but he had no right to debate and vote till the following day, when the entry of his name and office appears in the same place, "Dominus Brougham et Vaux, Cancellarius." This privilege of speaker, according to Lord Campbell, is said to belong to him by prescription, and he has enjoyed it many centuries, although in the reigns of Richard I., John, and Henry III. (within time of legal memory), it was exercised by the Chief Justiciary. The crown may by commission name others to preside in the House of Lords in the absence of the Chancellor; and no speaker appointed by the crown being present, the lords of their own authority may choose one of themselves to act as speaker, which they now often do in hearing appeals; but all these speakers are immediately superseded when the Chancellor enters the house. He is a very great personage, is the Lord Chancellor, for the time being. To stay him in the execution of his office is high treason. Whether he be peer or commoner he has precedence above all temporal peers, except they be kings' sons, nephews, and grandsons. If he be a peer his place is at the top of the dukes' bench on the left of the throne, and if a commoner before the woolsack. Generally, however, peer or not, he sits there as speaker, and when he joins in debate he leaves the woolsack and stands in front of his proper seat at the top of the dukes' bench. Anciently the Chancellor addressed the two houses on the meeting of parliament. This, however, he does not do now; as speaker of the lords, he is not equal in power to the speaker of the commons. He is not addressed in debate. He does not name the peer who is to be heard: he is not appealed to as an authority on points of order; and he may do what would be considered very indecorous in the Speaker of the lower house—he may cheer the sentiments expressed by his colleagues. When he addresses their lordships he is to be uncovered, and he is covered when he addresses others including a deputation of the commons. When he appears in his official capacity in the presence of the sovereign, or receives messengers of the House of Commons at the bar of the House of Lords, he bears in his hand the purse containing, or supposed to contain, the Great Seal; on other occasions it lies before him as the emblem of his authority, or is carried by his purse-bearer. When he goes before a committee of the House of Commons he wears his robes and is attended by his mace-bearer and purse-bearer. Being seated, he puts on his hat, to assert the dignity of the Upper House; and then, having uncovered, gives audience. At the opening or close of a session of parliament he is the bearer of the royal speech, which he delivers, on his knees, into the hands of his sovereign—a mode of procedure handed down from very early times. In respect to dress he has great choice. He may "weare in his apparel velvet, satene, and other silkes of any colours except purpure, and any manner of furres except genettes." In good old times the office was filled by an aspiring clerk with a view to a fat bishopric; now it leads to nothing further. It has become the *ultima Thule* of the aspiring lawyer Once chancellor, he has nothing else to look forward to. On account of his high rank, his important duties, his great labours, and the precariousness of his tenure, he has generally received the largest remuneration of any servant of the crown. In early times, this supply seems to have been raised principally from presents and bribes; then by sinecure places in possession and reversion. Now he has a fixed salary, and a retiring allowance when he has resigned office, to enable him to maintain his station and still to exert himself in the public service as a judge in the House of Lords and in the Privy Council. But for the prospect of a sufficient pension on retiring from office, it would be unreasonable to expect men who are at the head of a most lucrative profession to give up their practice, as is required of all who accept this exalted but precarious dignity. It is well known that Lord Brougham made a considerable sacrifice of income by becoming Lord Chancellor, and there are, even now, barristers whose professional gains amount to, if they do not exceed, the salary attached to the chancellorship. Yet these are the men, and none but these, who are wanted to preside in the highest court of judicature in the realm. The proper tenure of office is during pleasure, and it is determined by the voluntary surrender of the Great Seal into the hands of his sovereign, or by the latter's demanding it in person, or sending a messenger with a warrant for it under the privy seal or sign manual. There have been grants, says Lord Campbell, of the office of chancellor for life and for a time certain, but these Lord Coke pronounces to be illegal; and while its political functions remain, the person holding it must necessarily be removable with the other members of the administration to which he belongs.

Lord Campbell, in his valuable work, commemorates 167 chancellors. Memorials of the Anglo-Saxon chancellors are scanty, but we have a series nearly unbroken from Maurice, who held the Great Seal in the year 1067, to the present occupier of that important post. Of these chancellors, the greater number were ecclesiastics. The first lay chancellor in England was Fitzgilbert, appointed by Queen Matilda soon after her coronation, during the short time she occupied the throne; and there was no other till Sir Robert de Bourchier a soldier appointed by Edward III. Bishop Williams, in the reign of James I., was the only Protestant divine who was ever in possession of the Great Seal; although the Privy Seal was held by a bishop during the reign of Queen Anne. Scrope, in the reign of Richard II., was the first law lord ever created; since then the number has considerably increased. Much of the best blood in the peerage has a legal origin.

There are now sitting in the House of Lords seventeen peers descended from chancellors in the direct line. Earl Fortescue from Sir John Fortescue, Lord Mountfort from Sir Thomas Bromley, the Marquis of Winchester from Sir William Poulet, the Earl of Bradford from Sir Orlando Bridgman, the Earl of Coventry from Lord Coventry, the Earl of Shaftesbury from Lord Shaftesbury, the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham from Lord Nottingham, the Earl of Guildford from Lord Guildford, Earl Cowper from Lord Cowper, the Earl of Macclesfield from Lord Macclesfield, Marquis Camden from Lord Camden, the Earl of Lovelace from Lord King, the Earl of Hardwicke from Lord Hardwicke, Earl Talbot from Lord Talbot, Earl Bathurst from Lord Bathurst, the Earl of Eldon from Lord Eldon, and Lord Erskine from the illustrious lord of that name.

It may be satisfactory to our readers to learn that only one chancellor was beheaded while in possession of the Great Seal, and that, during the last three hundred years, only six have been impeached, and only one—the great Somers—acquitted. So much for the Lord Chancellor. Gradually he has become great and strong and terrible, from a very small beginning. As Gibbon says, "This word, so humble in its origin, has, by a singular fortune, risen into the title of the first great office of state in the monarchies of Europe." It is clear that the office has now reached its culminating point; change looms in the future—law reformers are at work. In a short time the political character of the office may cease to exist. In the meanwhile, chronicling things as they are, we could do no less than devote a chapter to an office which makes its possessor the president of the peers of England, and which has been generally bestowed by victorious party chiefs on the lawyers who have most skilfully—most powerfully and successfully—fought the battle of party on the floor of St. Stephen's.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.



ROSE D'OYLEY.

MATERIALS :—Exhibition Crochet Cotton, Nos. 14, 16, 18, 20, 28. Walker's Penelope Hook, Nos. 3, 3½, 4.

a. With cotton No. 20 and hook 3½, work 13 chains : make it round and in loop 24 d.c., · 1 d.c. on d.c. 7 chain, miss 2, repeat · 7 times more: ·· in 4th chain stitch of 7 chain, 1 s.c., 12 chain, 1 s.c. in 6th chain from hook ; 7 chain, 1 s.c. in same as last s.c. ; 5 chain, 1 s.c., in same as last s.c., 5 chain, 1 s.c. in next chain stitch to 1st of 12 chain ; 5 chain repeat ·· 7 times more, fasten off.

b. With cotton No. 18 and hook 3½, work 10 chain, make it round, and in loop 24 d.c. · In 1st d.c. work 3 chain, 3 long, 3 chain, 1 d.c., miss 1, and repeat · 7 times more. Those only in the last, 2 long, join to 4th chain stitch of 7 chain of *a*, 1 long, 3 chain, 1 d.c., fasten off. Make 7 more *b*, joining to the 7 chains of *a*.

c. With cotton No. 16 and hook 3, ·· 1 s.c. in the centre of the two 5 chains of *a*, nearest the foundation ; 7 chain, 1 s.c. in the centre of 5 chain ; 5 chain, 1 s.c. on 2nd long of 1st division of *b* ; · 3 chain, 1 d.c. on next division repeat · 5 times more, 5 chain ; 1 d.c. in next 5 chain, 7 chain, repeat ·· 7 times more, fasten off.

D.c. all round the chain and fasten off.

d. With cotton No. 28 and hook 4, · 7 chain, 1 s.c. in 1st chain, and in round loop 1 d.c., 4 long ; 3 chain ; join to d.c. stitches where the two 5 chains are found together, turn, and on the 3 chain 1 d.c., 3 long ; then in round loop, 4 long, 1 d.c. ; hen join to the d.c. on the opposite side, and fasten off. Repeat 7 times more.

e. With cotton No. 18 and hook 3. Where you left off in *d*, join on No. 18 cotton ; 9 chain, 1 s.c. in 5th chain ; then in round loop ·· 1 d.c., 5 chain, join to 5th d.c. from where you joined No. 18 cotton on ; 5 chain, turn, and on 10 chain, 1 d.c., 9 long ; 1 d.c. in round loop, 7 chain join to the top d.c., 3 chain, 1 s.c. in the 7th chain ; 3 chain, 1 d.c. in the 7th chain ; · 2 · 5 long, 1 d.c. in same as 1st d.c., 1 d.c. in round loop repeat ·· from ·· without joining the 10 chain twice. The second time only work to · 2 ·, work 3 long, join to 5th d.c. from where you joined No. 18 cotton on ; 2 more long on 7 chain, 1 d.c. ; then 3 s.c. down the stem. Make 7 more joining in the same way : fasten off.

f. With cotton No. 16 and hook 3. In 14th d.c. of *e* from where you joined No. 18 cotton on, · 1 d.c., 4 chain, join to 1st 3 chain of *e* of 1st section, 4 chain, join to 2nd 3 chain of *e* of 1st section ; 8 chain, join to 1st 3 chain of *e* of 2nd section, 3 chain, join to 2nd 3 chain of *e* of 2nd section ; 8 chain, join to 1st 3 chain of *e* of 3rd section ; 3 chain, join to 2nd 3 chain of *e* of 3rd section ; 4 chain, repeat all round ; d.c. all round.

g. With cotton No. 16, and hook 3, 10 chain, make it round and in loop ; 8 d.c. join to the same place, where you began the long chain of *f* 5 d.c. · 5 chain join to 8th d.c. of *f* from where you joined the d.c. : 6 chain, turn, 1 d.c., 7 long, 1 d.c. miss 1, 1 s.c. in next d.c., repeat · 4 times more. Join in the same place only to last petal. In the last petal work down the chain as follows : 1 d.c., 4 long, join to 8th d.c. from were you joined the 1st d.c. ; 3 long, 1 d.c., fasten off. Make 7 more. Joining each as you make them.

h. With cotton No. 16 and hook No. 3, 15 chain, 1 s.c. in 1st stitch ; then in loop ; 24 d.c., · 1 d.c. on d.c., 7 chain, miss 2, repeat · 7 times more, then in each 7 chain, 9 d.c., except the last, which work as follows : 5 d.c. join to 3rd point of *g*, 4 d.c. in same 7 chain.

The next, *h*, join in the same manner to point of *f*, make sufficient to go round, joining alternately to *g*s and *f*s.

i. With cotton No. 14 and hook No. 3, ·· 1 s.c. on 5th d.c. of 1st division of *h*, · 5 chain, 1 s.c. in next division, repeat · 5 times more, 9 chain join to next point of *g* "9 chain," 1 s.c. in next point of *g*, 9 chain repeat ·· from all round. d.c. all round, and when you have come to the end of "9 chain" 4th d.c. join to the 9th d.c. · 7 chain, miss 2, 1 d.c. in next, · repeat 9 times the 10 and 11, join to the other side and fasten off.

INTERIOR OF THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION BUILDING, NEW YORK.

THE NEW YORK EXHIBITION.

The great advantage of a university education lies in the knowledge it gives young men of the exact extent of their own powers, as compared with those of their companions, who are to be their competitors in the great race of life. A home-bred youth, however careful his training, must always labour under serious disadvantages, because, for want of a standard of comparison by which to measure himself, he never knows his weak points, nor in what direction his strength may be most profitably exerted. He may enter upon life in the full persuasion that every word his friends told him was true, and that he is in reality a prodigy of learning, or one of the rising stars in the constellation of science, till he perhaps finds himself miserably deceived, and surpassed by thousands even in his favourite pursuits. On the contrary, frequent trials of strength with others whose occupations and prospects are the same, not only sharpen his faculties and stimulate him to industry, but enable him to form an accurate estimate of his own worth, tell him where his forte lies, reveal his weaknesses, rouse his caution, and teach him what weapons he is most likely to handle with greatest dexterity. The great secret of success in this world lies not merely in doing a thing well, but doing it better than others. If you cannot beat somebody, you are nobody. It is no wonder that life is compared to a battle.

Now, as far as regards all peaceful pursuits, the nations of the world have been hitherto exactly in the position of a youth who has never been at either school or college, and is consequently in complete ignorance as to the position he occupies on the ladder of attainment. In the science of destruction the scale of merit has been many a time adjusted. The killing powers of every people in the universe have been ascertained with marvellous nicety; but strange to say, down to the year 1851, no country had full means of learning what was its real proficiency in the arts which minister to human happiness and comfort. In that year, the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations in London for the first time made the artizans and manufacturers of each completely aware of the precise nature of their merits, and the extent of their deficiencies as compared with their neighbours. The eyes of some of them were painfully opened. Marvellous transformations took place. Designs and ornamentations which, a month previously, had been looked upon as perfection itself, appeared hideous and absurd; workmanship, warranted to last for ever, found itself side by side with some that plainly promised to last longer. The finest linen met with finer linen still; furniture that had defied competition all over the walls, and in all the newspapers, cried craven, and showed the white feather when it found itself in the lists. In short, prejudices of every kind received a general shock from which they never recovered. Before the Exhibition opened, America, France, and England, the three great rivals in commerce and manufactures, had but a vague and imperfect idea of each other's strength. None of them knew exactly what it had to fear—on which side it was likely to be assailed. When it closed, each was perfectly aware of its own position. Clearly France was by far superior in everything in which taste and artistic skill played the leading part. Nobody could accuse the lively Gauls of overweening vanity in informing the world so often during the period of the Exhibition—that "quant aux articles de goût et de luxe, la France y tenait la première place." In the useful, in everything that could be accomplished by enormous power of machinery, by untiring industry, in the art of production, in short, without reference to anything but practical utility, Great Britain was undoubtedly first in the scale. But America had certainly the pre-eminence in ingenious applications of science to industry, in inventions calculated to facilitate the great transactions of commerce and agriculture,—in everything which acute practicality could devise. This was exactly what was to be expected from a new country, the resources of which are still but imperfectly developed, the raw materials of which are but half known, in which the whole energies of a people of unrivalled activity have as yet been barely sufficient to afford a glimpse of the mighty future that is still in store for them.

But from the very nature of her contributions, bulky, heavy, and valuable, America laboured under great and striking disadvantages at the World's Fair in 1851. The expense of carriage, in some instances from an immense distance inland, and over a vast expanse of ocean,—the risk, the doubt which many felt regarding the success of the enterprise,—all combined to deter American inventors and manufacturers from entering into competition. The consequence was, that the department allotted to the United States in the Crystal Palace was at first scantily filled, and though later arrivals helped to swell the list, its contents were at no time of a nature to attract the attention of the multitude. The glittering products of French and Austrian and Belgian industry which surrounded them, as a general rule, presented far more attractions to the marvelling crowds who daily thronged the fairy avenues of that gorgeous erection. Nor did the English press at first do justice to the efforts of the Americans. The contrast between the sombre hues of their contributions, and the brilliant exterior and exquisite finish of the more elaborate handiwork of their competitors, was sneeringly pointed to. It was not till the first burst of superficial sight-seeing was over—till the thoughtful and serious portion of the visitors began to make the Exhibition a place of study, with a view to discover what blessings or promise of blessing for mankind it contained, that America received her due meed of praise. And when it came, we are bound to acknowledge that it was hearty and cheerful. It was then found that almost every article she sent in contained in itself the germ of a revolution in some department of trade or commerce or manufacture. It was, however, evident that it was only on her own soil that her capabilities could be rightly judged of, where all the products of the vast extent of territory which acknowledges her laws, and which includes every variety of climate, from the frosts of the arctic circle to the blazing heat of the tropics—her railway system, her telegraphs, her steamboats, her fire-arms, her locks, her sailing vessels, her marine engines, all of them different from, and, let us add, all of them in some way superior to those of the old world—could display all their peculiarities, powers, and advantages. In no foreign country was such a consummation possible, and in the New York Exhibition America has done all, and more than all, that was expected of her. In no collection of the works of human industry has the genius of utility made such a triumphant display. All the ingenuity, mechanical skill, and enterprise of a great people have been combined for the single object of facilitating or securing man's dominion over nature. Native cutlery has made a brilliant show, and one that may well cause Sheffield and Birmingham to tremble. Indeed Yankee manufacturers in this department have already attained to such proficiency as to have, in many instances, excluded the Englishman altogether from the market. In locks, the old supremacy has been fully maintained, and in mechanics' tools ingenuity enough has been lavished in devising new shapes, new powers, and new methods of use, to dispense, one would think, with any progress in this direction for a generation to come. Four new patent processes for planing boards; new machines for cutting staves, and for dressing flax; new lathes; new iron planers, and shapers, and presses which manipulate cold iron like so much putty, bruise it, slice it, roll it, bore it; looms, spinning-machines, carding-machines, power-pumps, steam-presses, caloric-engines, steam-engines, screws, sewing-machines, and a host of other contrivances for diminishing or dispensing with manual labour, or for overcoming space and wind and waves, crowd the machinery department. There is one article in it, however, which, although it does not, in consequence of its being so well known by the public, attract so much attention as some others, deserves more than a passing notice, from the mighty influence it has exercised upon the industry both

of Great Britain and America. We need hardly say we allude to Whitney's Cotton Gin, an invention now half a century old, but which has played as prominent a part in the growth and extension of cotton manufacture as the power-loom.

A few facts will convince our readers of its importance. Great Britain, the great seat of cotton manufacture, receives eighty-four per cent. of the raw material from America. In certain parts of Georgia and South Carolina, owing to peculiarities of the soil, the cotton when plucked is almost ready for exportation without any further trouble. But throughout the remainder of the cotton districts of the Union, it is so entangled with the seeds when gathered, that a tedious course of hand picking used, in former times, to be necessary to make it fit for the manufacturer. The consequence was, that in 1793 the United States were able to export only 307 bales, and the manufacture in England was proportionally restricted. In 1794 Eli Whitney invented a machine which with marvellous rapidity clears the staple of every impurity, and turns it out ready for use; and in that year the exports rose to 3,000 bales. In 1849 it reached 1,500,000 bales, and in 1853 it will probably be one-third larger. At the present moment the manufacture of cotton employs one-eighth of the population of the United Kingdom, who turn out products to the value of £30,000,000 yearly, and its taxes supply one-fourth of the whole revenue of the empire. So much for the Cotton Gin.

In the philosophical instrument department, America stands without a rival; in carriages—in which she displayed so much excellence at the Great Exhibition—we observe no novelty, except wooden springs, which we think an invention of doubtful utility. Piano-fortes, too, hold their old ground, but still fail to equal those of other countries in finish.

In a mere summary like the present, we cannot enter into the details of the various departments. We therefore pass from the subject of mechanical inventions, with a mere mention of those in which we think American skill and perseverance have produced marked and striking results, and promise to compete successfully, and that at no distant day, with the best productions of foreign artificers. American artizans have now seen their strength, and are enabled to measure the progress they have made. They began little more than half a century ago from nothing; they now find themselves entering the lists against the time-honoured skill of the old world. There is, however, one section of the Exhibition more interesting, we think, than any, but which has not at all made the display that might have been expected of it; not for the want of materials, certainly, but perhaps for want of time, and space, and means. We allude to that which contains, or should contain, the natural products of the American climate and soil, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the great northern lakes to the gulf of Mexico. A more wonderful and varied collection of articles which minister to human comfort or happiness, or more striking evidence of the vast and almost inexhaustible resources of the territory of the United States, could not be afforded than specimens of each of these, if well arranged, would exhibit. Much has been done; more might have been done. We do not chide; we simply regret. The various kinds of farinaceous and other products, which make an American breakfast-table such a marvel to a foreigner—wheat, rye, oats, Indian corn, pumpkins, peaches, yams, flour, sugar; the materials of industry and manufacture—hemp, cotton, flax, wool, and the iron, copper, and other ores, from the great mineral region of Lake Superior and other districts, all find a place in the Exhibition; but not so prominent a one as we could wish them, nor so arranged as to indicate their importance. In one branch of industry, however, we are glad to find America rising into competition with the old world—and that by no means a trifling one. Vine-growing has become a profitable calling in the States, and promises to render them independent of the European continent in a matter for which a large sum of money is yearly disbursed. It is, of course, still in its infancy, but the results hitherto obtained have been most gratifying. Ohio is its great seat, and the grape mainly cultivated is of home origin. Cincinnati is the centre of the vine district, and though many of the dressers are foreigners from Germany, France, and Switzerland, most of the vinegrowers are Americans. The wines already obtain a preference in America, although, of course, the manufacture has not been brought to anything like perfection. The number of acres cultivated as vineyards in Ohio is about 2,000; and the crop of last year is supposed to be worth 1,000,000 dollars, or about £200,000 sterling. This year four commercial houses in Cincinnati have prepared more than 250,000 bottles of sparkling wine, worth about fifty shillings a dozen, but have not been nearly able to supply the demand.

With regard to the fine arts, the result of the Exhibition has been gratifying and holds out great promise of future excellence. American artists have hitherto had great difficulties to contend with. The intense application to money getting, or purely material pursuits, which always prevails in a new country, has deprived them of the great rewards of genius—fame, and public encouragement. The beautiful has been too much kept in the background, and her sister the useful over-caressed. Properly, the two should work together in harmony, and this is a truth which the American people are now beginning to recognise. Considering, therefore, that all the gems of art lie in Europe, and can never be examined or studied by the mass of the people, and that American artists can only drink in inspiration at these great fountains after a long and painful pilgrimage, the collection of so many *chefs-d'œuvre* at New York is an inestimable benefit, and the works of native genius occupy no unworthy place beside them.

THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

Gray makes his bard exclaim—

> "Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
> With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

It is more than questionable whether the poet had any right to connect the name of the great Roman with London's lasting shame. It is certain, however, that England's saddest tragedies have been acted there—that nowhere has poor human nature appeared in darker colours—that nowhere have been seen in clearer light the faithlessness of friends, the brutality of power, the savage hate of foes. There Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, the victims of a monarch's caprice, went to a bloody death. There Lady Jane Grey met her untimely end, so as to shed eternal lustre on her ill-starred life. There is that gate,

> "Misnamed, through which before
> Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."

Those walls tell a fearful tale. In the absence of history, we could read in the Beauchamp Tower the characters of the men and times. So strikingly true is it, as has been observed, that there could be no doubt, for instance, as to the ambition of Edward I. or the weakness of Edward II., the lust of Henry VIII., the bigotry of Mary, or the vanity of Elizabeth, if we possessed no other record than these walls could furnish. The Beauchamp Tower is history. Ages speak to us by it. It records for us the chronicle of the past; it tells what innocence languished here, trusting in God when vain was the help of man—what high hope was here changed into black despair—what proud ambition had here to relinquish a palace for a prison, dreams of empire for stone walls, the throne and the sceptre for the scaffold and the axe.

The Beauchamp Tower, in all probability, derives its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was confined in the state prison there, prior to his banishment to the Isle of Man, in 1397. It consists of two stories, ascended by a circular staircase; the lower story was till lately used as the

officers' mess-room. In this apartment there are several pointed arched recesses, originally admitting light into it from narrow embrasures, but these are now blocked up, and windows opened in another part. It is situated on the west side of the Tower. We have said, part of it is the officers' mess-room; part of it is devoted to better purposes, for it is now a repository for the ancient enrolments of chancery, the most valuable, it is said, of our national documents. Of the Tower as a whole ittle now remains. To what therefore does exist at the present time a considerable value attaches. As we as a nation have not been remarkable for the attention we have paid to such places, it is gratifying to find that we are awaking from our apathy, and that the Beauchamp Tower is being restored under the direction of Mr. Salvin, an eminent architect in this department of building. Till recently it has been inaccessible to the public. It was only so late as 1796 that the inscriptions it contains were discovered. Till then, by some means, they had been plastered over; now, when we enter the state prison, memorials of its former inhabitants meet us on every side. Everywhere we see inscriptions, coats of arms, initials cut to wile away a weary hour, or, possibly, to remind posterity of men who hoped to be remembered by it for something more than an inglorious captivity and a wretched end. These inscriptions are sad in the extreme; no one can expect they could be otherwise. For instance, what can be more touching than the following:—

"William Rame, 22 die Aprilis, anno 1559.

"Better it is to be in the houze of morning than in the houze of banqueting.

"The hearte of the wyse is in the morning houze. It is better to have some chastening than to have over moche libertie.

"There is a tyme for all things; a tyme to be borne and a tyme to dye; and the daye of deathe is better than the daye of birthe.

"There is an ende of all things; and the ende of a thing is better than the begenyng.

"Be wyse and patient in trouble; for wysdom defendith as well as money.

"Use well the tyme of prosperitie, and remember the tyme of mysfortune."

Another inscription, in old Italian, is translated as follows:—

"Since fortune hath chosen that my hope should go to the wind to complain, I wish the time were destroyed, my planet being ever sorrowful and discontented. "Wilim Tyrrel, 1541."

The above inscription has the name Charles Bailly cut upon it. In another part of the prison is the following inscription by the same hand:—

"Be friend to one, be enemy to none. Hoping, have patience, A.D. 1571, 10 Sept. The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversitie; for men are not killed with the adversitie they have, but with the impatience which they suffer.

Tout vient a poient quy peult attendie
Gli sosbiri ne son testémoni veri dell'angoscia mia.
"Æt. 29, Charles Bailly."

It appears that Charles Bailly, or Bailif, as Camden spells his name, was a person engaged in the services and practices of Mary, Queen of Scots, who, coming over to England, was, at the very moment of his landing, seized and imprisoned. This prisoner was afterwards liberated.

"Thomas Maigh, 1581.
"Thomas Maigh, which lieth here alone,
That fayne wold from hense begon,
By torture strung my troyth was tried,
Yet of my libertie denied.
"1581—Thomas Maigh"

"1585—Thomas Bawdewin—Juli.
"As virtue maketh life,
So sin causeth death."
(A pair of scales.)

Not the least interesting of these marks is the name IANE, (fig. 6), without any ornament in addition: this is supposed to have been cut by the husband of Lady Jane Grey during his imprisonment. The beautifully designed and well executed sculpture (fig. 3), is the work of John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, eldest son of John Dudley, the ambitious Duke of Northumberland, and brother to Lord Guilford who was executed.

It will be seen, by a reference to the engraving, that the shield containing the lion, bear, and ragged staff is surrounded by a border composed of oak sprigs and acorns, honeysuckles, and another plant which we have not been able to find a name for. The inscription is as follows:—

"Yow that these beast do wh. behold and se,
May deme with ease wherefore here made they be,
With borders eke wherein . . . .
From brothers names who list to search the ground."

The unfinished line may be filled up with the words "there may be found."

Mr. Balley, in his history of the Tower, says, "The names of the four brothers were Ambrose, Robert, Guilford, and Henry; and taking it for granted that the pun, which is evidently couched under the above lines, has an allusion to them, we may conjecture that the roses, separated in one corner, are meant for the name of Ambrose, his next eldest brother; the elucidation of the remaining part of this singular device may be left as an interesting puzzle."

We would suggest that the acorns may possibly have been intended for the first letter of Ambrose's name; the roses for the R in Robert; the honeysuckle for the H in Henry; and perhaps some ingenious reader will enable us to apply the remaining flowers to the G in Guilford.

Another inscription (fig. 7) is the following:—

"Verbum Domini manet,
1568.
John Prine."

The date, as well as the words of this inscription, renders it highly probable that the person who made it was some priest of the Roman Catholic communion.

The words, "Saro Fideli. Inggram Percy," (fig. 7) were written by the third son of Henry V., Earl of Northumberland. There is every reason to believe that he was implicated in the northern rebellion, for which his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, was executed, with several others, in the month of June, 1532. He appears to have been pardoned, and to have died about the latter end of the following year.

The inscription "A. F. Page" (fig. 1), relates to Francis Page, who, after studying the municipal laws in England, went abroad, and being ordained priest, returned as a missionary into his own country. He resided for the most part with Mrs. Anne Line, a widow gentlewoman; and being at last seized, he was condemned to die, and was executed at Tyburn in the year 1601. Mrs. Line was also persecuted and suffered death for entertaining him.

The name of Peveril is met with in several parts of the prison; one in connexion with sculptures of a cross and shield of arms, on which are three wheatsheaves, the armorial bearings of the Peverils of Derbyshire (fig. 2); again at the bottom of a partly defaced Latin inscription, cut round a border of a horse-shoe shape (fig. 8); and also at the bottom of the inscription (fig. 1). The history of this prisoner is not known; but it is no doubt owing to the sight of these inscriptions that we are indebted for the suggestion of the novel of "Peveril of the Peak." The scene in another part of the Tower, described in the "Fortunes of Nigel," has also been evidently studied on the spot.

The inscriptions are so numerous, that it is difficult to select from them; here is, however, one we cannot pass over—

"He whom this place will not mend,
Was bad before and worse will end."

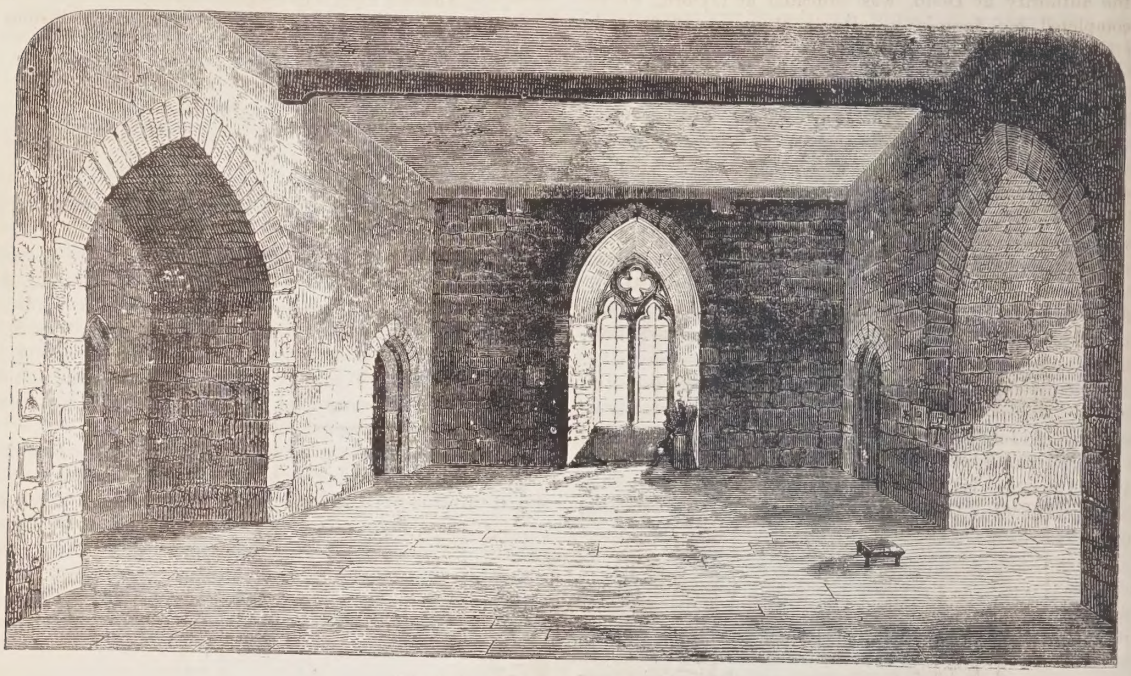
Above the fire-place is an inscription by the Duke of Norfolk, who aspired to the hand of Mary, Queen of Scots. Scattered here and there are the names of several eminent nonconformists (fig. 4), who suffered at Tyburn and elsewhere, amongst them Dr. Cook.

Elsewhere we meet with the record, "1576, Thomas Fooll." Below this is a rude piece of sculpture by Thomas Willyn-

gar, without date, which consists of a bleeding heart with the letters T. W., the initials of his own name, on the one side, and P. A., most likely those of his mistress, on the other. There

" My hart is yours tel dethe."

Passing over several inscriptions of little interest, we come to the following inscription :—



ROOM IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

is also a figure of Death holding a dart in the left hand, and an hour-glass in the right; and on the opposite side of the

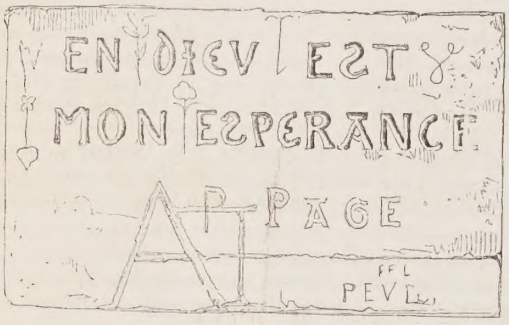


FIG. 1.

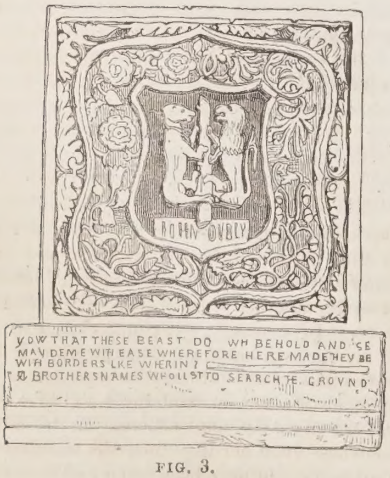

ROBIN OVBLY
YOW THAT THESE BEAST DO WH BEHOLD AND SE
MAY DEME WITH EASE WHEREFORE HERE MADE HEY BE
WITH BORDERS LKE WHERIN
BROTHERS NAMES WHOLL STTO SEARCH TE CROVND

FIG. 3.

bleeding heart are the words "Thomas Willyngar, goldsmith."

" Thomas Roper,
1570.
Per passage penable passions a part plaisant."

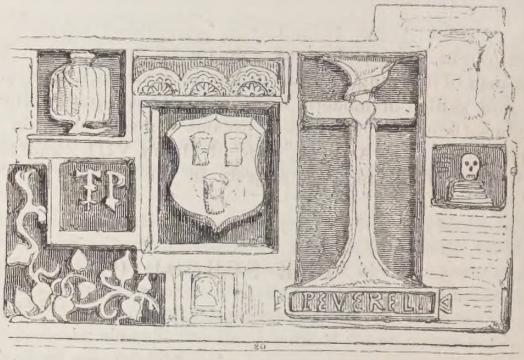


FIG. 2.

FIG. 4.

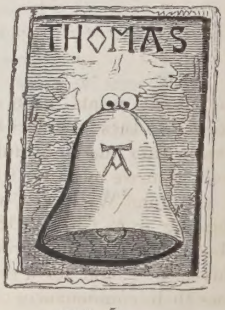


FIG. 5.

This person was, probably, a descendant of the Ropers in Kent, one of whom married Margaret, the accomplished daughter of Sir Thomas More.

Our space obliges us to refrain from noticing other inscriptions of much interest; we cannot, however, pass over, without a few words, that of Thomas Abell (fig. 5), who, on the authority of Dodd, was educated at Oxford, where he completed his degrees in arts in the year 1516, and, mentioned. When the validity of the marriage between Henry and Catherine became a question, the affection which Dr. Abell bore towards his mistress led him into the controversies to which it gave rise, and he opposed the divorce both by words and writings. By giving in to the delusions of

FIG. 6.

FIG. 7.

FIG. 8.

proceeding in divinity, became a doctor of that faculty. He was a man of learning, a great master of instrumental music, and well skilled in modern languages. These qualifications introduced him at court, and he became domestic chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII., and had the honour of serving her majesty in the capacity above-

Elizabeth Barton, called the Holy Maid of Kent, he incurred a misprision, and afterwards was condemned and executed in Smithfield, July 30, 1540, together with Dr. Edward Powell and Dr. Richard Featherstone, for denying the king's supremacy, and affirming his marriage with Queen Catherine to be good.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUSION.

"My bride,
My wife, my life! O we will walk this world
Yoked in all exercise of noble end;
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: come,
Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself.
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

Alfred Tennyson.

Let us, at all events, have a gleam of sunshine in which to bid farewell to these scholars in the School of Life. It is full three years after the mournful deaths of Leonard and of little Cuthbert, that we meet our friends, Lucretia, and Mary Gaywood, and John Wetherley, sauntering along an umbrageous lane leading from Clifton Grove towards the Hellings. Of poor Leonard's fate the three friends had been conversing; and this may account for a certain mournfulness which overshadows their countenances; but as they speak of the noble steadfastness with which Agnes has pursued her path, purified by her deep sorrow, an undying love permeating her every word and deed—her whole life devoted to the service of suffering humanity—their faces beam with an enthusiastic joy.

"Her true union with poor Leonard was more accomplished by his death," remarked Lucretia, "than ever it could have been by his life. Through her he still acts and lives in the world; his spirit of universal love has entered into her, and become active through her moral being. To her imaginative nature, the ideal of Leonard, mingling, as it does, with bitterest regret for her own hardness—though even I, John, am ready to confess now, that I formerly accused Agnes Singleton too severely of an absence of tenderness and love—has been, and ever will be, probably more effective in its influence for good and nobleness upon her life, than the marriage with the living Leonard ever could have been, even had he returned her love with the full force of his being. Love may do his work by separation at times rather than by accomplished union. But you, dear Mary and John, shake your heads; you are

sceptics! And may *your* lives, beloved ones, in their accomplished union, read a yet stronger and yet more beautiful moral. But, dear ones, I am not going to preach you a marriage homily; I am going to consult you about a scheme which Andrew, and Mr. Ellis Stamboyse, and I have in hand. We were very busy in discussion, you may remember, the other evening when you two returned from your long day's ramble, bringing with you that grand sheaf of water-plants, and that beautiful sketch of the old willows upon the island; but as we had not quite settled affairs, we would not then tell you."

"Oh, I'm afraid you did not tell us, dear Lucretia," cried Mary, with her sweet, gay voice, "because John and I were so full of our adventures, and so selfishly absorbed in our happy day; do, do forgive us! But what is the scheme? three such wise people can only have concerted a marvel of wisdom!"

"It is that I shall become book-keeper for the London branch of the great house of Stamboyse—book-keeper with a salary of £200 a-year; what think you of that?"

"You *book-keeper*, Lucretia!" her two listeners exclaimed with one voice of astonishment.

"Yes, the idea is novel I confess, but the more you reflect upon it the better I fancy you will like it," pursued Lucretia, smiling at the surprise written upon the countenances of her auditors. "You know that Ellis Stamboyse has long been an advocate for the employment of women in various occupations usually closed to them—and how in every direction he would open up paths for their enlightenment, and for means of their usefulness, both to themselves and others—and how he and Agnes have worked together in this direction for some two years past you also know—and how since his return from America he has become still more earnest upon the subject. The other day he offered Andrew this situation in London, which has a much higher salary than the one which Andrew fills at Nottingham; but Andrew hesitated, both because he dreaded, on account of his delicate health, the increased responsibility, and the greater confinement; and because, delightful as would have been his near neighbourhood to us, he still regretted leaving his old routine of business and his old haunts—you know Andrew's ways! And then, all at once, Mr. Ellis proposed that I should become their book-keeper with £200 a year! I was not so much surprised as you are; all became clear to me at once, and many things could thus be accomplished about which I was anxious. I had wondered often how I might, after dear Mary was gone, employ my time in such a manner as should, to some degree, banish my longing for her dear presence. Dearest Mary, now that I have found this employment, I can speak of this selfish regret of mine in losing you, who these long years past have been my sister, daughter almost, and most beloved of friends." Mary could only reply by pressing Lucretia's hand fervently to her lips.—"And then, too, I shall be *so* rich; there will be no fear for sickness or old age in years to come; and, besides, I have secretly determined never to rest until Andrew gives up his situation and comes and lives with me in London—and we will take a cottage within a short walk of you at Brompton—so there will be plenty of money provided for our own wants. I already have fixed upon the cottage even. And it will be most edifying, I assure you, dear ones, to see me setting off to my *office* each morning punctual as clock-work by the omnibus; and still more edifying to see me sitting within my glass case, like some rare stuffed animal, with my big ledgers about me. I mean to become the very model of a book-keeper; it will never do for a *woman* to do such a thing imperfectly, you know. And thus you see it is all arranged, and Andrew comes over to-morrow evening to give me my first lesson in posting the ledger. Yes, dear Mary, you and John may laugh, but the thing is no joke!" And thus, gaily talking, the trio passed along towards the old-fashioned village of Wilford, where John had determined that he and Mary should be married, and where the three were now waiting until the marriage-day arrived.

The reader will perceive that various changes must have taken place in the heart of our friend John Wetherly since we parted with him, seeing that we find him now a third time in love. John himself laughed with Mary about what he called "his very susceptible heart," and had confided to her the history of his youthful passion for L'Allegro; at which both Mary and John smiled, recalling L'Allegro, as they now knew her, the very elegant, but insipid, fine lady, whose interests in life were bounded by the desire to see "her dear husband and babes" enjoying every possible creature-comfort, the "babes," be it observed, adorned always in the most exquisite and costly of attire, fashioned by no meaner hand than that of the fair L'Allegro herself. They smiled not at L'Allegro's love—so far as it extended—but at its extending within such narrow bounds, and sighed also when they believed that they had divined what was the peculiar and secret trial of Ellis Stamboyse's life, disappointment in the compass of his pretty wife's soul, which he so willingly would have cultivated and enriched with precious seed, till it should have brought forth roses more beautiful than those which glowed upon her pretty cheeks, and she became truly a *help-mete* for him in this world of stern labour. John also had confided to Mary his more serious passion for Honoria, and with words of a deep earnestness declared that if ever Mary found in him the devoted, faithful friend and life-long companion which he so earnestly desired to be to her, she must ascribe much—if not all—of their happiness to Honoria, and to the upright principles which she so sternly had inculcated, to the aspiration after, first moral, then intellectual perfection, which she had thought necessary to inspire him with. "No, never, never, beloved Mary," had John once exclaimed, "could I ever have recognised the beauty of your and Lucretia's lives, had it not been for Miss Pierrpoint's influence. Never, never could your beautiful love have been bestowed upon me, except for her teaching of *wisdom;* for even had she by her wealth and influence raised the poor boy from the turnip-field into the painter and well-to-do man, that would not have crowned me with the rarest of blessings, the love of a pure and noble-minded woman such as you! Yes, sweet little Mary, let our gratitude towards, and love of, this dear and noble friend show itself to her through the accomplishment of our beautiful dreams of an ideally lovely marriage. Oh, Mary, how lovely, how pure and noble a future lies before us. God only grant us strength to accomplish some of these beautiful aspirations through His holy power and love!" "Amen!" spoke Mary in a low, deep voice, and clasped her beloved with unutterable tenderness in her soft arms.

John Wetherly truly must have been born under a lucky star; for not only upon his return from his continental sojourn, enriched with study and purified by a profound mental struggle in which he had come forth nobly victorious, did he achieve an extraordinary success in his artistic life; but gradually had dawned in his breast a fresh love for sweet Mary Gaywood, who had been developed during his absence, by her sorrow over little Cuthbert's death, and by the gradual course of time, from the gentle, sweet young girl into the sweet, joyous-hearted, and intellectual woman. This love, virginal in its purity as his love of L'Allegro, elevated in its moral tone as his love of Honoria, yet differed from either through its blessedness in being returned, and that with a fullheartedness which at times fairly intoxicated John. Mary, if anything, grew graver and more thoughtful; but her gay, joyous nature lost nothing by the mellowed earnestness which this deep affection, with its beautiful but awe-inspiring responsibilities, cast over her.

And now, as we have seen, the wedding-day was rapidly approaching, and we find our friends located at the quaint little village where first we made John's acquaintance. John is staying with his good old grandmother, who yet lives, of course looking older, but hale and merry as ever, although we have lost sight of her these ten years past. She lived in the same little cottage, but which had, thanks to John's never-ceasing thoughts of the dear old woman's comfort, been enriched with many useful presents. She had a girl, too, who did whatever house-work was beyond the old body's

strength; and altogether old Sally Wetherley was regarded quite as a lady by her village acquaintance—not that she regarded herself as a lady; she would have been the first to ridicule the idea, and still hobbled about her work with a certain pride, although her dream of former days was strangely realised, and she "had a maid-of-all-work, and could live like a lady." Her greatest pride was "my grandson John." "He's a brave lad's my John, not a bit of pride, I assure you, Dolly," she had said some weeks before to her old gossip—"not a bit of it, and that you'll see when he comes down here next week to look out for lodgings for the lady as he's going to be married to, and as is coming down here to stay, as she must do, you know, she and her sister. John says in's letter they's made up their minds long ago only to be married by Mester Brewster, as had laughed at him for painting with 't powder-blue and mustard, when he was a bit of a chap, thou remembers, Dolly; and that he and Mary—that's th' lass's name—none of your fine fly-away names, you see—had rather be married in th' old Wilford chuch, than in St. Peter's at Rome, or in any o' th' fine chuches he'd seen in foreign parts. And it seems that the lass knows all about Wilford, and has a brother as lives in Nottingham; and she sends her affectionate love to me, thou sees, Dolly—nay, I forgot thou wast so blind, and could not see th' writing, though it is big;—my lad always writes big and black; for he knows my eyes is bad, though not so bad as thine yet, Dolly. And so thou sees it's no wonder I'm a bit in a flurry, and must help Bess to red up th' place. But I must say, Dolly, I'm a bit scared when I think a seeing my grand lady granddaughter as is to be! Not but that she'll be a good lass to my lad, I feel sure; but she mayn't like, thou knows, to find, as her husband was such a poor lad, thou sees, and has still such a poor old woman for a grandmother, as can't talk fine."

And terribly "*scared*" indeed was good old Sally the evening of Mary and Lucretia's arrival. "Now, grannie!" exclaimed John, bursting into his grandmother's cottage, his face radiant with joy,—"make haste and come across the green. Mary is come! I've just brought them from Nottingham; they are going to drink tea, and are a little weary after the journey, or would have come on directly with me—but I said I'd fetch you to drink tea with them—come along, come along. Mary's so impatient to see you," cried he, kissing the old woman, "I'll put your bonnet on—and there's your shawl!"

"But bless thee, lad, I can't, I tell thee; thou quite upsets a body—thou's rumpled my cap, and flustered me ever so, lad!" cried the old grandmother, a little bit ruffled in temper as well as in dress. "I can't go and see thy fine Lunnon acquaintance I tell thee, Johnny, thy fine ladies in this old rag; thou should'a a bit more respect for me—and you're come ever so much sooner than Bess and I expected—we've been redding up the hearthstone thou sees, and have been making some pikelets. I was just a-going to clean myself and be ready. Thou shouldn't be in such a hurry, lad!"

"But you'll do beautifully, grandmother,—that nice russet gown Mary will admire if she looks at it; but she'll only look at your dear old face that I've told her about so often," said John, laughing.

"Make me believe that, lad," interrupted his grandmother with a touch of her old hastiness of temper, "as if a young fellow like thee talked so much to his sweetheart about an old woman. I can't go i' this shabby rag, I tell thee; and my puce silk's laid out all ready up stairs to put on, and my best cap, and my beautiful reticule with thy pretty flower paintings upon it, as I use only on holidays—thou remembers it, John, Miss Emma Dale as was, made it up for thee: I've not forgotten it if thou has."

But John's laughter and his grandmother's oration were interrupted by a sun-beam gliding into the room and pausing beside them: it was dear Mary. "Have you quarrelled again about the comforter, then," said a merry voice, and in a moment more the old grandmother and Mary were folded in a warm embrace.

"Well, Johnny, and this is thy wife then, that is to be," said the old woman at length, sinking down upon a chair, and wiping her eyes which some way were full of tears, as were the eyes of John, and of Mary, and of Lucretia, who stood upon the threshold of the cottage. "Well, but she's a sweet lass, and looks as though she'd make thee a brave wife—and do thou, lad, make her a brave husband, which is a harder thing, John, than being ever such a brave grandson as thou's been to me. 'Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also praiseth her,'" added the old woman in the beautiful blessing of Scripture, and then fairly sobbed outright.

Surely a more beautiful prelude to a beautiful and holy married life could not well be imagined than were the quiet weeks spent by John and Mary at Wilford before their marriage. Mary and the old grandmother became very fond of each other, and could not outdo one another in singing his praises. Lucretia and Andrew and Ellis Stamboyse had many discussions leading to results equally rational as the one we have already recorded, and Mary and John spent days of almost celestial joy among the woods and fields, looking down into the depths of each other's being with an unreservedness such as could alone exist between two such loving, pure, and enlightened hearts, and mirroring each other in their souls, mutually to gain truth and strength. Not a spot hallowed to Mary by any incident of John's childhood but was visited by them; "for," said Mary, with her deep love welling up into her sweet eyes as she looked into her lover's face, "I must not alone belong to your present and to your future, but must be able to live with you in the past. To me it is so beautiful, John, that I also have childish associations with these dear fields and groves; for it would seem to me so sad and painful if ever there had been a time when no association bound us together. And that you knew and loved Cuthbert and poor Leonard, and love Lucretia only next to me, is indeed a great blessedness; but it could not be otherwise, for my soul acknowledges you as an old friend. I cannot imagine how I felt or lived before this deep emotion formed a portion of my life."

And a great deal more such love-making went on whilst John sate painting among the pleasant trees and blossoms, with Mary beside him, forgetful of the book which she had begun to read aloud to him; or when John, flinging aside his sketch, would throw himself at her feet in the grass, and gaze into her dear face with a nobler but not less intoxicating passion than had flamed up within him for his lost love.

"I do think my Johnny's nearly off 's head with love for that lass," had been Sally Wetherley's remark to old Dolly; "only think, I came the other evening upon the two whilst they was sitting down at the bottom of the garden—thou knows the turf-seat, where John's made the strawberry-bed as is so full o' fruit this season—and there, only think, if th' silly chap had not made her a crown o' flowers which he'd put upon her head, and was lying down 'mong the grass at her feet; and just when I and Miss Gaywood hobbled up—they'd been too throng in their talk to heed us—there was the lass a-laughing like a madcap because my silly big booby of a grandson—who, they say, is a mighty great man, and has his bits a paintings written about i' th' Lunnon papers—had just seized hold of her little foot and covered it with kisses—her *foot*, Dolly—if it had been her pretty white hand I should not have wondered, but her foot, in its little light-coloured, dandyfied boot, as these ladies wear. 'Johnny, Johnny, thou big booby!' I cried, laughing a'most as much as she did, 'a dozen years hence, think you, wilt te' be as fond and foolish as now?' 'Not quite so foolish, grandmother, I hope,' the dear lass replied, stopping her laughter, 'but quite as fond.' And if you had seen how proud and happy they both looked up toward me, thou'd a thought with me, Dolly—though we know what wedded life is—that mappen a dozen years hence he might be as fond of her, if not so foolish!"

THE DORIA PALACE AT GENOA.

THERE are few, if any, of the Italian cities which possess a greater number of attractions, both for the antiquarian and the artist, than Genoa. It stood amongst the foremost of three great republics of the fifteenth century, in which the wealth, liberty, art, and learning of the world were concentrated. To have produced Columbus and Doria was title enough to fame and admiration, if it had no other. But it was no less renowned for commercial enterprise and for daring hardihood by land and sea, than for the magnificent tastes of its great men. The mighty sailors who carried its flag triumphantly into every corner of the Mediterranean, and baffled the might of Mahomet II. in the straits of the Bosphorus, were as remarkable for the refinement of their tastes, in the retirement out picturing in his mind's eye that majestic figure, the lofty port, and the venerable gray hairs of Andrew Doria—the Father of his country, the rival of Gonzalvo de Cordova, the admiral of Francis I., the conqueror of Charles V. and of Barbarossa?

It would be well if the tourist in Italy could dwell upon these recollections solely, and shut out the present from his sight. The contrast is appalling. The liberty, wealth, learning, and genius which shed lustre round every wall and hillock in this classic land, have fled northward and westward; and here, in the birthplace of Petrarch, and of the Medicis, of Zeno, of Doria, of Titian and Michael Angelo, ruin and desolation and decay mark every yard we traverse. A race of

of their homes, as for their stern valour on the waves. In none was this combination so fully displayed as in Andrew Doria, the great admiral, whose virtues and exploits have formed the theme of so much eulogy, poetry, and romance. Amidst the wonderful ampitheatre of houses, temples, palaces, terraces, of which Genoa is composed, and which mirror themselves in the blue waves that dash their silvery foam on the strand beneath, his palace is the first object which strikes the eye and fixes the attention, with its colossal Neptune, its splendid gardens, and its ennobling memories. Who could look on it without being forcibly reminded of the great age in which it rose? How many noble and patriotic struggles, how many grand self-sacrifices, how much courage, constancy, and devotion, does the name of its founder alone call up? Who could gaze upon the white terrace in the gardens with-

slaves display their squalor and misery around the Ghiberti Gates at Florence—"those gates fit to form an entrance to Paradise;"* and at Genoa, those awful palaces, each a poem in stone, are mouldering to decay, as if blasted by a curse. The statue of Neptune, in the Doria gardens, is mutilated; the porticoes are falling into ruin. The sculptured trophies on the walls are hidden by lichens, and the sea roars over the grounds of him who so often baffled its fury. But even in desolation the palace is magnificent.

It was designed by Montoisoli, a Roman architect. The gates, statues, and arabesques are the work of Pierino del Vaga, the pupil of Raffaele. Many of his paintings still adorn the walls—"Children's Games," amongst others; and, as a contrast, "The War of the Giants."

* So said Michael Angelo.

HENRY CLAY.

Henry Clay has been styled the Canning of America, as Daniel Webster has been likened to Burke. Clay and Webster were for forty years the leading orators of their country, and although, at their outset in life, they were for a time opposed to each other, during the latter and best part of their career they stood together on the same side, contending for the lead of the whig or conservative party of the United States. Both were the sons of men who moved in a humble station of life; Webster's father was a small New England farmer, and Clay's was a poor clergyman of Virginia. Clay was born of English parents at a place called the Slashes, in the county of Hanover, Eastern Virginia, on the 12th of April, 1777, just after the Declaration of Independence, and while the country was still amidst the throes of the revolution. He was the seventh child of a numerous family, some branches of which still remain in England, and which includes among its members Sir William Clay, who has represented the Tower Hamlets ever since the passing of the Reform Bill. His ancestors were among the earliest settlers in the States. Before he was four years old his father died, leaving his mother with a large family of young children dependent upon her. Shortly afterwards she married again, having for her second husband Captain Henry Watkins, a man well worthy of her affections. His step-father and mother introduced him to the practical business of life at an early period; for even in his fourteenth year we find him an assistant at the store of Mr. Richard Denny, Richmond; his education, which was that of an ordinary private school, having been prematurely brought to a close rather than properly completed. But whatever deficiency there may have been in his early training was, as far as possible, supplied by the more effective discipline of *self*-education.

PORTRAIT OF HENRY CLAY.

It soon became evident that he was capable of much higher pursuits, and accordingly his step-father took him away from the store, and placed him in the office of his friend, Peter Tinley, Esq., who was at that time clerk to the court of chancery. Here, by his diligent attention to

his duties, he soon attracted attention, and made friends. It happened opportunely that Chancellor Wythe was just then in want of a private secretary, and young Clay entered into an engagement with him, which lasted four years, and proved the great turning-point in the future statesman's history. His employer, perceiving the singular ability and industry with which he performed his duties, soon became strongly attached to him, joined Governor Brooke in advising him to study for the bar, generously granted him the free use of his library, and himself undertook the task of superintending his studies. Accordingly, in 1796, he left Mr. Tilney's office and became a student at law. After a year's intense application, he qualified himself for admission, and obtained his diploma before he had fairly entered into manhood. But it was a matter of vital moment to him that he should commence practice forthwith, as his mother and sister were entirely dependent on his exertions for a living, and they accompanied him on his removal to Lexington, in Kentucky, where he began the practice of his profession. The same diligence characterised him throughout. His amenity, accessibility, close attention to business, and eloquence as an advocate, soon attracted suitors enough, and before many years were over, Henry Clay led the bar of his state. Alluding, years afterwards, to this period of his life, he said he was then "without patrons, without friends, and destitute of means;" and again, "I remember how comfortable I thought I should be, if I could make £100 Virginia money per annum, and with what delight I received the first fifteen shillings fee. My hopes were more than realised. I immediately rushed into a lucrative practice." As a not unnatural consequence of his success, he married; and it is gratifying to be able to add, that the union was a source of happiness to both parties. His wife was Lucretia, the daughter of Colonel Thomas Hart, of Lexington, whom he left a widow, and by whom he had eleven children, only two surviving him.

Henry Clay, as a youth and a man, was throughout life a diligent self-cultivator. He was an extensive reader, and he did not fail carefully to cultivate the art of speech, by which, indeed, he made his bread. On one occasion, when giving advice to young men, he described the secret of his success in life after the following manner: "I owe my success in life," said he, "chiefly to one singular fact, viz.—that at the age of twenty-seven I commenced, and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made, sometimes in a corn-field, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and the ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice of the art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and have shaped and moulded my whole subsequent destiny."

From the bar the road to the legislature is comparatively easy in America, as it is in England. He was first returned to the legislature of his state in 1803, and immediately assumed a prominent position there. Three years after, he was returned to Congress as a member of the Senate, and chosen speaker the following year. Webster and Calhoun did not enter it until some years later. Coming from a new state of the west, Mr. Clay at first took the side of Mr. Madison and the democratic party, and was soon recognised as one of its leading members. He was once more returned to the Senate, in 1811, when there was some prospect of a war with Great Britain; but withdrew from it to the lower house, where he had a more commanding position, and a better field for the display of his oratorical powers. He took his seat at the opening of Congress, November 4, 1811, and was elected to the honourable post of speaker by a majority of 31 in a house of 128 members. This high distinction, which was the more marked from the circumstance that there were many much more experienced members of his party in the house, was continued—with a short interval during his absence in negotiating the treaty of Ghent in 1814—till the year 1825, when he received the appointment of Secretary of State. He was chosen speaker on six different occasions, viz., 1811, 1813, 1815, 1817, 1819, and 1823, and filled the chair about ten years altogether. He was Mr. Madison's most able supporter in Congress, in 1812, during the debates on the subject of foreign policy, especially as respected England, a war with which power Mr. Clay strongly urged. Indeed Mr. Madison attributed to Clay much of the success that attended his administration; and when congratulated on the successful conduct of the war, he said, "to the right arm of the administration, to Clay, all is due." Daniel Webster had by this time entered Congress, and was ranged with the moderate federalists on the side of peace. He represented the more pacific commercial character of New England, whereas Clay then represented the ardent and rather headstrong republicanism of the west. But though Webster was opposed to the war with England, he yet advocated such measures as were essential to the honour and safety of the country, and particularly an increase of the navy. "Even our party divisions cease," said he, "at the crater's edge. They are lost in attachment to the national character, where that national character is made respectable."

It is easy to understand the feelings which actuated Henry Clay, and the majority of his countrymen who sided with him at that time, in their eagerness for a war with Britain. While a child, war was raging about him, and the Americans were engaged in a deadly struggle to free their country from British power. The impressions then made sank deep into their hearts, and the long war with England left behind it, together with their independence, many traditions of oppression and of hate. These still survived, when, in 1812, the attack was made upon the Chesapeake; and the numerous petty indignities committed, and supposed to have been committed, by Britain upon its late revolted colony came to a head, and burst into open war. Clay was an enthusiastic nationalist; love of country was his controlling principle; and it is therefore easy to understand the part he took on the occasion. It was this which made him a protectionist. He desired to quicken the industry of his country, to establish the peaceful arts there, and to render it independent of foreign supplies, from which it might at any time be cut off by the superior power of the British at sea. Hence the imposition of high protective duties, which at length became so intolerable that they threatened the existence of the Union. That policy has, however, been changed; and now that the old traditions are dying out, we trust we may look forward to a peaceful and mutally beneficial intercourse between America and England.

When the war was brought to a close, Mr. Clay was appointed one of the deputies to meet the British negotiators at Ghent to settle the terms of a treaty of peace, which has not since been broken. On his return to the States, he resumed his extensive practice at the bar, and in the House of Representatives he was appointed to the honourable post of speaker. Mr. Clay's personal and political influence steadily increased, and in 1824 he mainly contributed to carry the election of John Quincy Adams, of whom Mr. Clay was afterwards the first adviser in the cabinet. He held the office of Secretary of State under Mr. Adams, and in this capacity negotiated many important treaties with foreign governments. He succeeded in striking a blow at the system under which armed vessels were formerly enabled to carry on piracy under what were called "letters of marque." He advocated the cause of the South American revolted colonies, and induced the government of the United States to recognise their independence. He somewhat departed from the line of policy of the older statesmen of the Union, in taking part in the polical affairs of Europe, having exerted himself to procure the intervention of Russia in establishing the independence of Greece.

When the high protectionist duties on British manufactures led to extreme agitation throughout the Union, and threatened the disruption of the northern and southern states, Mr. Clay projected and carried a compromise measure, which restored peace to the nation, and enabled it to adjust its financial policy after the excitement had subsided. But the anti-slavery movement soon threatened the States with new dangers,

the end of which, indeed, no one can yet very clearly see. Being a zealous unionist, and not at all a zealous abolitionist, Mr. Clay again stepped forward with a new compromise bill, which he succeeded in carrying, in the belief (though, as events may yet prove, a vain one) that the vexed question of slavery in the States would thereby be permanently settled. Mr. Clay's readiness to make compromises on all important questions, has led some to call in question his statesmanship; but others, who recognise in all legislation a system of compromises, where extreme views are sacrificed for the sake of a wise moderation, have been found equally ready to defend him.

Henry Clay owed much of his influence to his personal qualities. He gave one the impression of a thorough-bred gentleman. His ways were most winning—we might almost say fascinating. His voice was beautiful; and his action while speaking was graceful, and yet emphatic. To a friend or stranger he was kindness itself; yet to an opponent he would display a lordly imperiousness. He spoke with earnestness, too; often with fiery eloquence, though he could be sweet and gentle as a woman in his more subdued moods. He could play upon the heart-strings as upon an instrument, and he could also rouse the fiery passions of our nature. To understand the enthusiastic admiration with which Henry Clay was regarded throughout the States, one must have seen him and heard him speak. Merely to read his speeches in the book in which they are collected, fails to give any adequate idea of the man. Webster's speeches are different: there you see the orator in all his greatness; and the orations of Webster will be read and admired long after those of Clay have been forgotten. And yet there are few of Webster's speeches which had the immediate effect of the more fervid orations of Clay.

The Earl of Carlisle, when on his last visit to America, in 1841, met Mr. Clay more than once, and has given us an interesting account of his appearance at that time.

"I heard Mr. Clay in the Senate once," says he, "but every one told me that he was labouring under feebleness and exhaustion, so that I could only perceive the great charm in the tones of his voice. I think this most attractive quality was still more perceivable in private intercourse, as I certainly never met any public man, either in his country or in mine, always excepting Mr. Canning, who exercised such evident fascination over the minds and affections of his friends and followers as Henry Clay. I thought his society most attractive, easy, simple, and genial, with great natural dignity." His lordship had afterwards an opportunity of visiting Mr. Clay at his country residence at Ashland, in Kentucky. "The qualities," says he, "which rivet the Senate and captivate his adherents, seemed to me both heightened and softened by his frank, courteous, simple intercourse. He lives with his family in a modest house, among fields of deep red soil, and the most luxuriant grass growing under very thriving and varied timber, the oak, sycamore, locust tree, cedar, and that beautiful ornament of the American woods, the sugar maple. He likes showing some English cattle. His countrymen seem to be in the habit of calling upon him without any introduction. Slavery, generally mild in the pastoral state of Kentucky, was certainly seen here in its least repulsive guise. Mr. Clay's own negro servant, Charles, was much devoted to him; he took him with him on a tour into Canada, and when some abolitionists there wanted him to leave his master—'Not if you were to give me both your provinces,' was the reply."

Mr. Clay was several times a candidate for the presidency, but failed to achieve that highest ambition of American statesmen. He died at Washington, in June, 1852, and on the 1st of July his remains were conveyed from Washington to New York. His funeral took place on the 4th, with all due solemnity, when a vast crowd, composed of senators, friends, and other admirers, assembled to pay the last tribute of regard to the memory of one who had throughout life shown such an undeviating attachment to his country, and rendered it such essential service in several critical periods of its history. His personal graces and high intellectual qualities will long be remembered; and after these have been forgotten, the traces of his useful public career will be read in the legislation of half a century.

We cannot close this biographical account better than by quoting from the following warm eulogium pronounced upon the departed statesman by Mr. Breckenridge, in the House of Representatives. "As a leader in a deliberative body, Mr. Clay had no equal in America; in him intellect, person, eloquence, and courage, united to form a character fit to command. He fired with his own enthusiasm, and controlled with his amazing will, individuals and masses. No reverse could crush his spirit, nor defeat reduce him to despair—equally erect and dauntless in prosperity or adversity. When successful, he moved to the accomplishment of his purposes with severe resolution. When defeated, he rallied his broken bands around him, and from his eagle eye shot along their ranks the contagion of his own courage. Destined for a leader, he everywhere asserted his destiny. In his long and eventful life he came in contact with men of all ranks and professions, but he never felt that he was in the presence of a man superior to himself. In the assemblies of the people—at the bar—in the Senate—everywhere within the circle of his personal presence, he assumed and maintained a position of prominence. But the supremacy of Mr. Clay as a party leader was not his only nor highest title to renown—that title is to be found in the purely patriotic spirit which on great occasions always signalised his conduct. We have had no statesman who, in times of real imminent public peril, has exhibited a more genuine and enlarged patriotism than Henry Clay. Whenever a question presented itself actually threatening the existence of the Union, Mr. Clay, rising above the passions of the hour, always exerted his powers to solve it peacefully and honourably."

THE ART OF TURNING.

In a previous article on Turning, an intimation was given of an intention to recur to the subject on another occasion. The promise then made we now redeem. The lathe in its primitive and more complex but completer form we have already presented to the reader; the chucks and gouges we likewise exhibited; how to use the gouge, and how to work the lathe, we now proceed to tell.

For turning a cylinder, or anything of a cylindrical form, by the lathe, the piece of wood chosen should be first reduced to something resembling the shape intended, roughly hewn into the proposed form; the wood should then be attached to the centres or points of the puppets, being firmly wedged into its right place. The cord is then adjusted to the wheel, and the rest for the tool so arranged that the gouge may be easily employed. The workman then presses the treadle, communicating a regular rotary motion to the wood, and firmly holding the tool with both hands (fig. 1), commences the operation. Slowly moving the gouge upon the rest as the wood turns upon its axis, every part of the article is attacked; this must be done with the greatest care and attention. Various tools must be employed; now the circular gouge, now that with a straight edge, according as the nature of the work requires, finer and more delicate tools being used as the work approaches completion. The dimension of the article must be carefully tested, for which purpose callipers are used. The operation is completed by the workman's employing a chisel of a peculiar form, which removes the remaining imperfections. The article is polished sometimes with glass paper, sometimes with fine sawdust. The last application of the gouge is made by holding the tool either as A or B (fig. 2.) The latter position is generally considered the best. The whole process is remarkably simple, and no less remarkable for its accuracy; by no

FIG. 1.—METHOD OF HOLDING THE GOUGE.

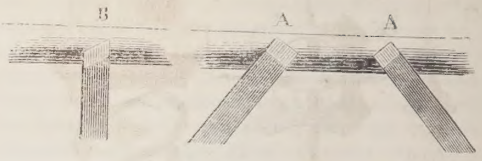


FIG. 2.—VARIOUS METHODS OF APPLYING THE CHISEL.

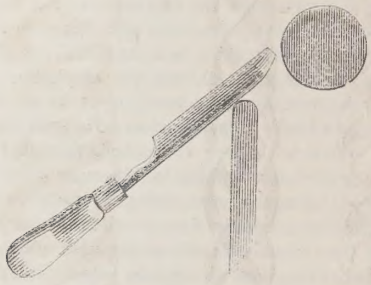


FIG. 3.—POSITION OF THE GOUGE ON THE REST.

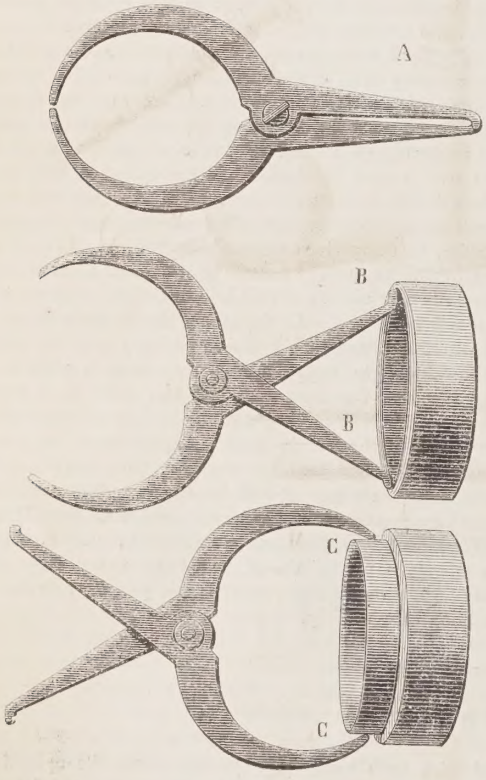
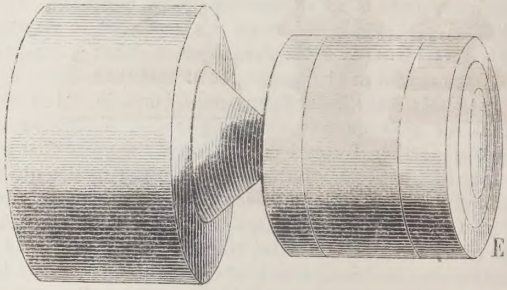
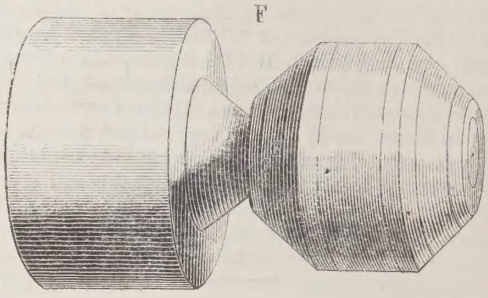


FIG. 4.—CALLIPERS.





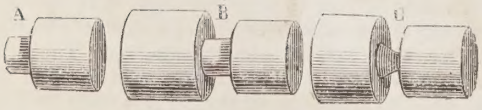


FIG. 5.

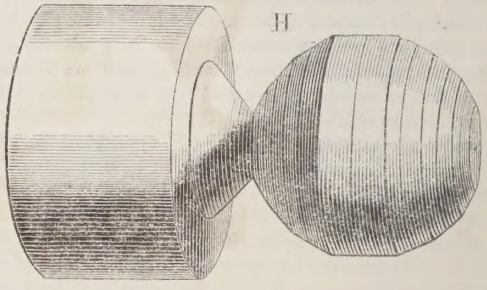


FIG. 6.—TURNING A BALL.

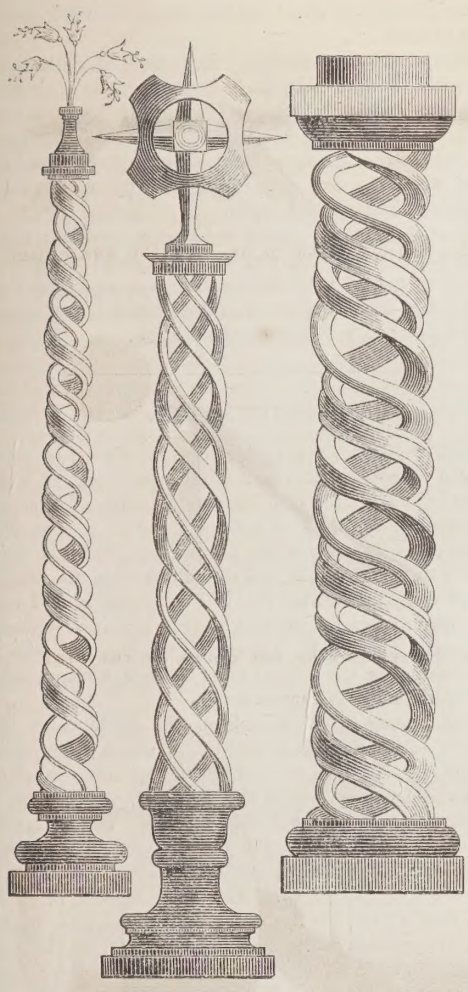


FIG. 7.

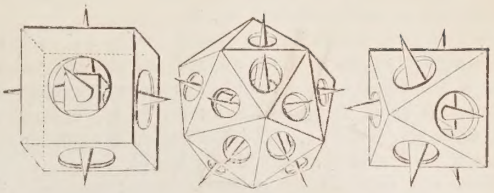


FIG. 8.

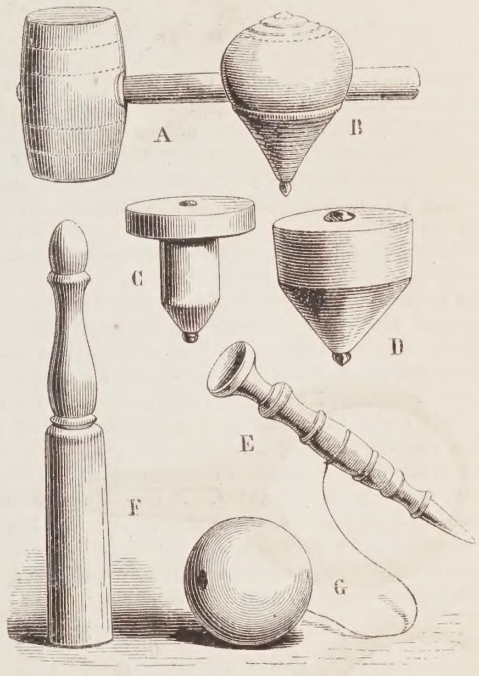


FIG. 9.

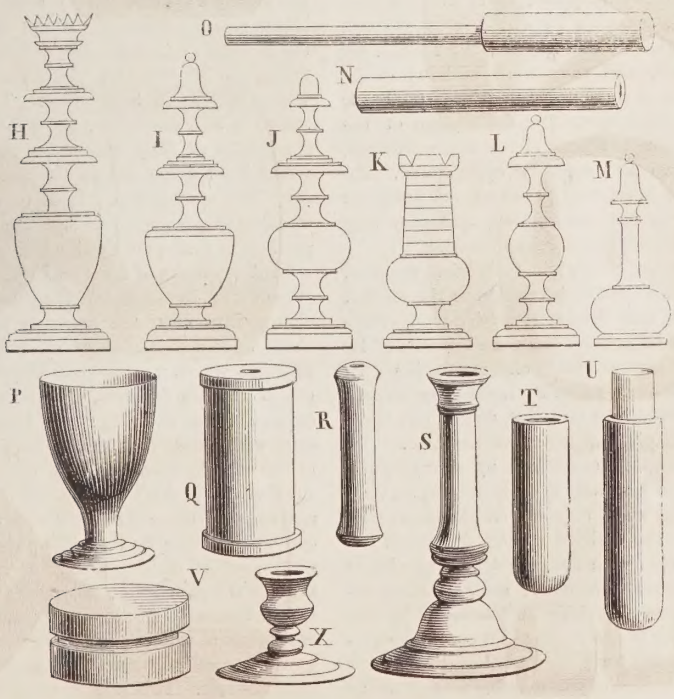


FIG. 10.

VARIOUS SPECIMENS OF TURNERY.

other means could the manufacture of a circular article be so exactly and so easily effected (fig. 3).

The callipers, called by the French *maître à danser*, represented by fig. 4, are used for ascertaining the exact measurement of the article to be turned, and frequently applied during the process so as to prevent any error in the operation. In turning boxes, box-lids, and indeed in all the various departments of the art, they are peculiarly useful.

Boxes and box-lids are generally turned from one piece of wood; the exactness necessary is thus preserved with but little trouble. B B represents the lid of a box, C C the box itself, the accurate dimensions of each being carefully taken by the callipers.

The method of turning a ball is shown in figs. 5 and 6. A cylindrical piece of wood is taken, say two inches thick and three inches long, and placed in the lathe (fig. 5, A), or fixed to the ordinary mandril (B) or (C); the lathe is then set in motion, and, by the careful use of the gouge, the wood gradually assumes the varied forms seen in fig. 6, E, F, H. The utmost and closest attention is requisite during the process.

There are various modifications of this beautiful art, and to some of the varieties the name ornamental turning is applied. This includes spiral turning, eccentric turning, rosette turning, epicycloidal turning, and elliptic turning. Each of these requires certain peculiarities in the construction of the lathe. In eccentric turning, for instance, a solid circular plate is fixed to the mandril of the lathe. Two guides are fixed on the surface of the plate, forming a dove-tailed slide for another plate, which is moved by a screw connected with the under plate. The upper plate has on it a circular-toothed plate, which is capable of being revolved upon its centre, but is retained in any desired position by a catch which falls between the teeth, and is held by a spring. A screw, similar to that on the mandril, is fixed on the centre of this wheel, and to this is chucked the work which is to be turned. The result is obvious; the first plate moves concentrically with the spindle of the lathe; but the slide, with its circular plate, can be moved so that the work revolves with any degree of eccentricity required.

Rose-engine turning is beautifully adapted for ornamental purposes, and among workers in gold, silver, and gilt work it has been very generally in use. And yet, though so often applied, and used for so many purposes, there are few who thoroughly understand the machine by which it is effected. Who invented the rose-engine no one knows; the French lay claim to be its originators, and they were without doubt expert in the use of it before it was known in England. There was indeed a machine answering to the description of the rose-engine in England about the time of Sir Isaac Newton, yet it was but little known and scarcely appreciated. An unsteady lathe, which in revolving produces an irregular circle, is a rude approach to the rose-engine, and may very possibly have furnished the first hint for its invention.

A writer on this subject says, "In plain cylindrical turning, the motion of the slide is so adjusted in relation to the motion of the article operated upon, that the cutter carried by the slide shall not move over a space greater than the breadth of its point in the time that the article makes one revolution. In screw turning, the cutter is made again to travel over a space as much greater than the breadth of its point, during one revolution of the spindle, as the pitch of the screw requires. The requisite changes in the motion are effected by changing the wheels on the ends of the main spindle and the leading screw."

In geometric turning, the work revolves on the lathe, and the eccentric cutter, after the fashion of the drill-stock, is driven by a band in connexion with the mandril. An almost endless variety of curious and beautiful, and, in some instances, most complicated curves, may be produced by this means. The geometric chuck is described as an eccentric with the addition of an arrangement for giving motion to the work upon the chuck, and independent of the mandril; fixed to the head-stock, and concentric with the mandril, is a toothed wheel, which, as the chuck revolves, drives another and smaller wheel on its under surface; this latter is connected with another toothed wheel, which causes the click-plate and work to revolve.

A description of the various adaptations of the lathe, the useful machines and tools lately invented, and the simple and efficient methods of conducting the work, would require larger space than can be devoted to it here. We have endeavoured only to present some interesting engravings as specimens of what the art can effect, and by what means it accomplishes the beautiful result.

Group of Objects, figs. 7, 8, 9, and 10.—A, a mallet; B, a top; C, a cornice; D, a whip-top; F, a cup and ball; F, a pin-case; G, a ball; H, I, J, K, L, M, chess-men; N O, a pop-gun; P, an egg-cup; Q R, silk-winders; S, a candlestick; T U, a pencil-case; V, a box; X, a bed-room candlestick.

CAPRIFICATION.

In ancient writings upon agriculture we often find mention made of a process called caprification, the object of which is to hasten the ripening and increase the size of figs. The method appeared to those of modern times so strange and so little calculated to answer the desired end, that they did not hesitate to treat the whole as a ridiculous fable, till travellers worthy of credit had learnt that this operation is still carried on in our own day, and in the very places where it was customary two thousand years ago. Tournefort was the first who gave any information on the subject; but Godheu, a commander at Malta, entered more fully into detail.

The inhabitants of the islands of the Archipelago derive their chief subsistence from dried figs, which they eat with barley-bread. Hence it is an object of importance to them to promote the fructification of the fig-trees. They have two kinds, the cultivated and the wild fig-tree. The former bears fruit only once a year; but the figs grow in such abundance that they would injure each other, and never reach maturity, if art were not resorted to. The wild fig-tree bears three crops of fruit a year, the figs being unfit to eat, but useful for ripening the produce of the cultivated fig-tree, by the process of caprification. Wild fig-trees begin to bear their first or autumn crop in August. These figs continue till November without ripening. Little worms are engendered from eggs deposited by a species of very small ichneumon flies, of a glossy black colour, which fly round the tree for a long time. In the months of October and November these worms, having in their turn become flies, pierce the second or winter crop of figs which appear in September. The autumn figs fall a little after the flies come out; the winter figs remain on the tree till the month of May, containing the eggs deposited by the flies which have come out of the autumn figs. In the month of May the spring figs begin to appear. When they have attained to a certain size and the eye begins to open, they are pricked in that part by the flies reared in the winter figs.

In the months of June or July, when the worms which are engendered in the figs of the third or spring crop are about to change into flies, the peasants gather these wild figs, stick them upon a sort of skewers, and put them on the cultivated fig-trees which are then in blossom. The flies which come out of the wild fig-trees, after being thus transferred, enter the cultivated fig, carrying with them the pollen or fructifying dust which they collected in moving about among the stamens of the wild fig blossoms, and introduce it to the very centre of the fruit in which they are about to deposit their eggs. The entrance of these flies produces a double effect—first that of conveying to the cultivated fig the pollen of the wild fig; and next that of causing a sort of irritation which attracts the fluid to the part where they are, and where they lay their eggs, thus occasioning an abnormal enlargement. We see something analogous to this in pears, which, when they have been pierced by insects and contain worms inside, grow larger more quickly than the rest. It is a little surprising to see the Greeks taking so much trouble about figs, but we must bear in mind that they form a large part of their food, and that therefore quantity is of more consequence than quality.

POZZUOLI.

NEAR the entrance of the Bay of Naples is the town of Pozzuoli, situated within a creek of the same name. It was called by the ancients Dicearchia, and was first used as a port for which it was well calculated on account of its sheltered (yet accessible position) by the Greeks of Cumæ, who found it very convenient for facilitating their commerce with the towns on the shores of the Bay of Naples. The natural harbour afforded a refuge to their mariners, who, unskilled in the art of navigation, and unprovided with any but the rudest appliances for the guidance and government of their frail barks, were compelled to make short voyages, and to trust to chance, and the nearest shelter nature afforded them, in case of a storm.

Naples (which is now as much distinguished as a trading town as Pozzuoli was at the time of which we are speaking) was considered by the ancient mariners to be too far distant from the entrance of the bay for commercial purposes; besides which, it afforded but poor protection for their vessels, the coast being much exposed. Therefore, Dicearchia became the great dépôt of merchandise and the centre of commerce, leaving to Naples the encouragement of the fine arts, for which it has always been celebrated.

During the second Punic war, Dicearchia passed into the hands of the Romans. It was noted for its hot springs, celebrated for the cure of various diseases; within its limits there were thirty-five natural baths of different sorts of tepid water, and from these baths or pits, called in Latin "putei," the town is said to have taken its name of Puteoli, since modernised to Pozzuoli. Under the yoke of the Romans, Pozzuoli increased in importance, and received into its ports vessels from different parts of the world, laden with tributes of the riches of the conquered nations. In the first century, in the reign of Augustus, it reached the zenith of its prosperity. Ships, richly laden, touched at its ports to land their cargoes; the stuffs of Asia, the corn of Egypt, the various commodities and metals of the East, were brought to this town. Large manufactories now sprang up close to the harbour, and materials received in the raw state were again exported, after having undergone various processes of manufacture.

But the inhabitants of Pozzuoli did not give themselves up entirely to the pursuit of commerce; for the ruins of their magnificent public buildings and beautiful villas still bear evidence of superior taste. On the shore of the gulf, west of the town, was Cicero's villa, called Academia, where he wrote his book entitled "Academical Questions."

The cathedral church of Pozzuoli was built from an ancient temple, constructed of large stones without the aid of mortar or cement. This temple was dedicated to Augustus, under the name of Jupiter, by Calpurnius, a Roman knight, to which fact the inscription on the front bears evidence. It is related that St. Paul once preached there. Puteoli is mentioned in the 28th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

The amphitheatre, of which some of the arches and cells still remain, is supposed to be more ancient than that of Vespasian at Rome. A cell is shown in which it is said St. Januarius and many other martyrs were confined, before their exposure in the arena. An inscription tells us that this saint, being exposed to famished bears, they went down on their knees before him: he was afterwards beheaded.

At the village of Bacoli, between the castle of Baiæ, which is represented in our engraving, and the Cape of Miseno, is the Piscina Mirabile, constructed by Sucullus as a reservoir of water for the use of the Roman fleet. Forty-eight massive pillars supported the vaulted roof of this singular edifice: near it were large granaries which furnished the vessels with corn.

Augustus, being aware of the importance of its position, and wishing to add still more to the strength of Pozzuoli, undertook vast works of improvement. The Greeks had already built out an immense mole, in the form of a bridge, supported on huge piles, from the point on which the town stood; for the Cape of Miseno formed an insufficient barrier against the violence of the open sea. This was a bold work, but Augustus undertook one of far greater magnitude, in connecting the Lucrine lake with that of Avernus, and thus establishing a communication with the sea; so that there were three harbours, that of Pozzuoli, of Lucrine, and of Avernus, capable of receiving the Roman fleets. He gave to Agrippa the management of this great work. The lake of Avernus was surrounded by steep banks overgrown with wild masses of vegetation. The ancients described the fumes it emitted as being so malignant that even birds could not fly over it, but dropped down dead. This circumstance, joined with the depth and gloom of the lake, led the ancients to take it for the gate or entrance of hell; and, accordingly, Homer brings Ulysses to Avernus, as to the mouth of the infernal regions; and, in imitation of the great bard, Virgil makes Æneas descend this way to the same abodes:—

> "And here th' innavigable lake extends,
> O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
> No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
> Such deadly stenches from the depth arise,
> And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
> From thence the Grecian bards their legends make,
> And give the name Avernus to the lake."
>
> *Æneid*, Book vi.

Agrippa had the forests levelled with the ground, and thus allowing the malignant effluvia to escape, dispelled the gloom of horror and superstition by which it had so long been beset

Pozzuoli was the scene of one of the mad acts of the monster Caligula. In imitation of Xerxes, he ordered a bridge of boats to be constructed, at an immense expense, across the bay, between Baiæ and Pozzuoli, for no other purpose than that he might be able to boast that he had walked over the sea as over dry land, because some astrologer had once declared that there was as little chance of Caligula succeeding to the throne, as there was of his walking across the bay. The road was paved and covered with sand, and had parapets on each side. The first day after its completion, he crossed it on horseback, crowned with oak, followed by an immense crowd; the second day he traversed it in a triumphal chariot, carrying on his head a crown of laurel given by the Parthians to Darius.

The remains of the temple of Serapis form the most striking monument in Pozzuoli. The three remaining columns, of fine coppolino marble, are seen in the engraving. It was erected, during the second century B. C., in honour of the Egyptian Jupiter; and, after remaining buried under the sea for several centuries, was covered by an eruption of the Solfatara, which dispersed the waters. On the excavation of this temple, in the year 1751, it was found to be almost perfect; and, though its preservation would have been very easy, was completely stripped, the columns, statues, and vases, by which it was adorned, being carried away. This building, although sacred, contained a number of baths to which the public were doubtless admitted. In ancient times the practice of medicine was generally connected with, and protected by, religion; this building was evidently planned to serve these two purposes. In the quadrangle was a portico supported by Corinthian columns; in the centre of this atrium four steps led up to the place upon which the antiquaries of the last century assert that a circular temple, the cupola of which was supported by sixteen pillars of red marble, was found standing, and within this round enclosure they discovered an octangular bath, which was doubtless used in the great ablutions. This is the form of the Christian baptistries of the fourth century, such as we find at Rome in the baptistry of Constantine. Those constructed at Aix, at Riez in Provence, and at Ravenna in Italy, were of the same form. The Christians evidently borrowed the design of their fonts from these octangular baths enclosed in circular colonnades, which were

used by the ancients for both medical and religious purposes. In the temple of Serapis, behind the quadrangular peristyle, are square apartments, which must have been used as private baths, and not, as it has been supposed, for the use of the priests.

Behind Pozzuoli rises the volcanic mountain of Solfatara, called by the ancients the Court of Vulcan. On its summit is an oval plain, surrounded by hills, which appears to have sunk to its present level by the falling in of the top of the mountain during some eruption. Some conjecture that the hollow beneath is connected with Mount Vesuvius. Mr. Swinburne says that the ground quaked and resounded under his feet, and by laying his ear close to the earth, he could distinguish the bubbling and hissing of boiling water; yet, upon part of this crust or floor, chestnut trees flourish in perfect vigour, and a variety of shrubs shoot up along its banks, where they find level ground into which to strike root, and are out of the blasting smoke. On the north side of the mountain the waters find vent, and pursue their way in a burning stream to the lake of Aquano, a circular lake nearly two miles in circumference, embosomed in hills, which has all the appearance of a volcanic crater. Its waters are filled with myriads of frogs. At Solfatara, manufactures of sulphur, alum, and vitriol are carried on.

The country around Pozzuoli is rich in interesting antiquities; between the town and Naples is the celebrated grotto of Posilippo, a gallery cut through a mountain of the same name. It is half a mile in length, and sufficiently broad for two carriages to pass. Various accounts are given of its origin; the common people ascribe it to the enchantment of Virgil, but it is thought to be much more ancient than Rome.

On the hill above is the tomb of Virgil. It is related by Ælius Donatus, a celebrated grammarian of the fourth century, in his life of Virgil, that his ashes were carried to Naples, by order of Augustus, and deposited on the road to Pozzuoli. Several authors describe the cinerary urn of Virgil, but nothing now remains but a square room with an arched roof, overgrown with briars and weeds, among which flourishes an ancient laurel, which tradition says planted itself upon the tomb of the poet. It is said that it is impossible to destroy the plant, for that if cut down it is sure to bud again; but, in spite of this, slips of the tree are planted around to preserve the species, and the plant itself does not appear more than sixty years old.

VIEW OF POZZUOLI, ON THE GULF OF NAPLES.

The shores of Pozzuoli, once the scene of Roman magnificence, luxury, and profligacy, are now deserted. Here and there, amid the luxuriant though neglected vegetation, decaying monuments meet the eye, forcibly reminding one of the former greatness and opulence of this town. In the month of June, the scene is rendered still more desolate by the terrible malaria which extends its sway over the vast and beautiful part of Italy lying along the coasts of the Mediterranean, driving away the principal inhabitants. The effects of the malaria, though differing according to the constitution and habits of its victims, are always most distressing. Sometimes the sufferers are carried off in a few days, but more frequently they are attacked by an intermittent fever, in which case they gradually lose strength, and sometimes linger for several years.

MRS. CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

The lady whose portrait adorns this number of our publication was born at Northampton, in May, 1808. Mr. Jones, her father, belonged to that respectable class of yeomen of whom England has for centuries had reason to be proud. At an early age the subject of this sketch had to deplore her father's loss, and thenceforth she was indebted to the example and energy of her maternal parent for many of those characteristics which have so singularly marked her career, and placed her in the first rank among the practical reformers of this enlightened age. Mrs. Jones is still living, enjoying more health and strength than falls to the lot of most people; and she doubtless feels an honest pride in witnessing the position which her daughter has so deservedly attained in the estimation of the British public.

When about twenty-five years of age, Caroline Jones was married to Captain Archibald Chisholm, a native of Scotland, in the East India Company's military service. It was for a long time imagined that Mrs. Chisholm's husband was connected with the navy, and even now that notion prevails very generally; but it is quite a mistake. This error has doubtless arisen from Mrs. Chisholm's name having so long been associated with ships.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. CHISHOLM.

Two years after their marriage, Mrs. Chisholm accompanied her husband to India, he being connected with the Madras Presidency. Here may be said to have commenced Mrs. Chisholm's first public efforts. She found the poor young girls and orphans of the soldiers in an alarming state of ignorance and vice. Seeing the evil, she lost little time in

uselessly deploring it, but immediately proposed a remedy. This was, to establish a school, and to teach the young girls domestic duties. After many disappointments and vexations, Mrs. Chisholm succeeded in firmly establishing the institution now known in Madras as the Orphanage.

In 1838 Captain Chisholm's health compelled him to remove his family to Van Diemen's Land, and he eventually settled at Sydney. In 1840 he rejoined his regiment, leaving Mrs. Chisholm and her family in Australia. Mrs. Chisholm soon found an ample field for her activity and philanthropy in endeavouring to improve the then infamous system of emigration, more especially with regard to the treatment of her own sex. Both want of space and disinclination to submit facts so unseemly to our readers, preclude us from detailing the sufferings and insults which hundreds of virtuous English girls had to endure, both during the Australian voyage and at its termination. Thanks to the subject of this sketch, those iniquities are at an end.

After a series of obstacles had been overcome—obstacles, too, that arose in quarters where they might have been least expected—Mrs. Chisholm succeeded in establishing at Sydney an Emigrants' Home. After she had procured them the shelter of the Home—brought them, as she termed it, "under her own roof," for she resided there herself, sending her children to the care of others elsewhere—her next object was to find them employment. Even now, when all the facts are so familiar to the public, it is almost difficult to conceive that we are not perusing some romance, so unusual and extraordinary was the course adopted to attain the much-desired end. Well knowing that Sydney was the last place where the girls could obtain respectable employment, although numerous "places" were vacant, Mrs. Chisholm resolved to take them into the bush. Journey after journey did Mrs. Chisholm take, at times accompanied by sixty or seventy girls, whom she left comfortably placed with the wives of respectable settlers. These "bush" excursions proved eminently successful for the female emigrants, and were productive of great good to the colony.

After Mrs. Chisholm had been employed in these arduous undertakings for more than eight years, she resolved upon returning to England, where she hoped still further to extend her sphere of usefulness. In February, 1846, the inhabitants of Sydney presented her with an address and testimonial, amounting to 150 guineas, all of which was collected on the eve of her departure. That money Mrs. Chisholm promised to devote to the service of the colony, by fulfilling two commissions with which she had been entrusted—one from the convicts, and another from the emigrant population of Sydney. And most nobly was that promise redeemed, under circumstances, too, that would have dismayed most persons, even of the sterner sex.

No sooner had Mrs. Chisholm landed in England than she commenced her work, which was nothing more nor less than laying siege to the Colonial Office! "Emigration and Transportation relatively Considered," a small pamphlet addressed to Earl Grey, was the first shot, which, of course, "fell short," and did not induce the besieged to exhibit any tokens of submission. But this was followed by such a continuous fire of petitions, statements, and appeals, from many hundreds of convicts (who, having long since paid the penalty of their faults in the colony, now called upon the home government to redeem the promises made to them, on condition of their good behaviour, and forward to them their wives and children), that "the enemy" capitulated, and government listened with an attentive ear to Mrs. Chisholm's plain and homely truths, and fulfilled the pledges they had broken at the suggestion of the "squatting interest," which had succeeded for a time in hindering a measure of both policy and justice. Thus was one of Mrs. Chisholm's colonial missions fulfilled.

The other commission was of a still more difficult kind to achieve, inasmuch as there was not the plea of injustice upon which to base her application at head-quarters. Among the emigrants at Sydney vast numbers had been compelled, by the then existing regulations of the government commissioners, to leave their children in England. These children numbered several hundreds, and were, in many cases, a burden upon their respective parishes. To get these children sent out to their parents was now Mrs. Chisholm's object. At first all attempts were utterly fruitless; but perseverance always has its reward, and in this case there was no exception to the general rule. After numerous attendances, both at the Emigration Commmissioners' and Colonial Offices—at both of which places Mrs. Chisholm presented herself almost daily, during the severest winter weather—success at last crowned her exertions, and government issued orders for the conveyance of the children to their parents in the colony, which orders were promptly carried out in the ensuing spring.

And now, Mrs. Chisholm having done with her colonial friends, thought there was something needed for the improvement of emigration and the protection of the emigrant at home. She imagined that the condition of emigrants, during a journey of sixteen thousand miles, was well worthy the attention of those who either felt, or professed to feel, an interest in the moral welfare of their fellow-creatures, but more especially of the tender sex, who, when once on board an emigrant ship—whether a "government" ship or not made little difference—were entirely at the mercy of men whose conduct was highly censurable. As Mrs. Chisholm truly observed, "these are trying situations for human nature, and a dangerous position for young women to find themselves in. The innocent and the helpless stand there exposed to the wiles of the snarer. Who has not been shocked by the frightful details we have read in the public papers; how orphan after orphan has been victimised on board emigrant ships by men calling themselves Christians; how modest maidens have been brutalised over and insulted by those whose peculiar duty it was to protect them during the long and tedious voyage?"

It was with a view to the suppression of these evils that Mrs. Chisholm resolved to establish the Family Colonisation Loan Society, through the medium of which she has of late years become so universally known in England. The aims and objects of that society have been made public through so many channels, that it is quite unnecessary here to recapitulate them. But too much importance should not be attached to this one result of Mrs. Chisholm's energy and perseverance. It is in the increased morality, the established propriety, the improved sanitary arrangements, and the better regulated dietary scales of every emigrant ship leaving a British port, that her beneficial exertions are universally acknowledged.

In 1851 Captain Chisholm sailed for Melbourne, where he has since been actively engaged in sending over remittances from parties in Australia who are desirous of seeing once more in this life those nearest and dearest to them. Right well has he seconded his wife's views; for since his arrival he has remitted upwards of ten thousand pounds, some of which has been expended in affording immediate relief to aged parents; but the great bulk of the amount has been disbursed as passage money for numerous relatives, who, but for these arrangements, would in all probability never again have met in this world. In less than two years, about eight hundred individuals have joined their relatives in Australia solely through the aid afforded them by the Family Colonisation Loan Society, in addition to the remittances sent through the medium of Captain Chisholm.

In connexion with Mrs. Chisholm's surprising career, we could state many facts alike creditable to that lady and new to the general reader; but our space compels us to refrain from their recital. It must not be thought for a moment, that when Mrs. Chisholm has seen her emigrants on board, she has done with them. Every matter connected with the emigrant's welfare and comfort has her hearty support. Thus the Colonial Postage Association has been favoured with her powerful assistance, and the Post-office authorities are at present engaged in making arrangements whereby the postage will be reduced to a uniform rate of fourpence to every British colony, instead of the present enormous charge. At the earnest request of Mrs. Chisholm, also, colonial money-orders

will shortly be adopted, for sums not exceeding five pounds. But for the example set by Captain Chisholm in forwarding remittances to this country, and the great success attending his efforts, this arrangement, would probably never have been entered into.

In this sketch of Mrs. Chisholm's labours, we have been obliged to limit ourselves to a mere glance at her numerous practical endeavours. To enter into details would fill a goodly volume. In the spring of next year, the subject of our sketch will embark for Australia, which may justly be termed the country of her adoption, and whose people will no doubt one day do homage to the genius and philanthropy of their foster-mother. But in proportion as Australia will be benefited by her presence, so will English emigrants of every grade (but working people's wives and daughters especially), find that they have lost the kindly aid of one whose place it will be difficult indeed to fill. The testimonial at present in course of subscription will doubtless prove that Englishmen can duly appreciate her worth, but English women can never sufficiently reward *their* champion in every position in which it has been Mrs. Chisholm's lot to find them placed. Thanks to that enterprising lady, English mothers can now safely trust their young and innocent daughters in ships for Australia, without any fear of their falling, as too many have before now, an easy prey to bad, designing men.

As many of our readers would doubtless deem this account incomplete without a sketch of Mrs. Chisholm "at home," we will very briefly describe our visit (accompanied by a female friend) in June of last year, just before the departure of the "Scindian," "Frances Walker," and "Nepaul," freighted with the society's emigrants. The exterior of Mrs. Chisholm's residence at Islington was as unprepossessing as bricks and mortar could possibly make it. Street architecture was evidently in its infancy when Charlton-crescent was thrown together — not built. An assemblage of humbly-clad but clean-looking persons saved us the trouble of seeking the particular house we wanted. It had no distinguishing feature from its neighbours, save that the street-door was adorned with a very small brass plate, inscribed "Captain Chisholm," which had evidently done years of good service in the East on some bullock-trunk or travelling-chest. Such an unpretending name-plate would be repudiated by most suburban residents of the present "fast" school, even for their carpet-bag during their annual week's vacation at Gravesend or Margate. The passage was crowded with intending emigrants, each more eager than the other for an interview with the object of our visit. After considerable jostling and squeezing, we, at length contrived to send up our name by a venerable female attendant, who expressed a fervent wish that we "might see her missus that night," but she was sure she didn't know *when!* Our fair companion's curiosity was, of course, awakened at this aspect of affairs, and she, at any rate, resolved not to be disappointed. "Patience *is* a virtue," and we had a tolerable lesson in its acquirement. At its termination we were ushered up the narrow uncarpeted stairs into the audience-chamber upon the first floor. We had been at many "receptions," but this was the strangest of them all. Mrs. Chisholm was seated behind a large sea-chest, raised upon a couple of benches. The chest was covered with writing materials and baggage-papers, which she was distributing to the various emigrants, whilst at the same time answering every possible inquiry, and endeavouring to satisfy almost every impossible complaint. After witnessing for five minutes what Mrs. Chisholm had to endure, we felt heartily ashamed at having lost our patience on the stairs. The room (but dimly lighted by two or three candles hung in tin candlesticks against the wall) was furnished with a model of the sleeping-berths allotted to emigrants on board the society's ships. Though doubtless very well adapted for the purpose intended, their appearance certainly did not imbue us with a desire immediately to seek

"A life on the ocean wave,"

but rather strengthened our determination

"To take our stand on solid land,"

and repose in our own time-honoured four-poster. Attached to the sides of these sleeping-berths were sundry utensils required by those indulging in a voyage to the antipodes, such as tin plates, hook-pots, and water-cans. These were evidently constructed by some one having most severe notions of economy, combined with a vast regard for durability. One of the bed-places was occupied by a filter, snugly ensconced in a wicker-basket of snowy whiteness, looking altogether so provokingly cozy and comfortable by comparison with its neighbours, that it almost seemed to say, "Won't you find *me* useful, my friends?" A model emigrants' medicine-chest, made of plain deal wood, unencumbered with all decoration save a printed label, together with a life-buoy, "capable of sustaining seven persons," completed alike the ornaments and utilities of the room.

The "group-meeting" over, and the emigrants dismissed, we were (at ten o'clock at night) favoured with a private interview by the Emigrants' Friend—for such, indeed, is Mrs. Chisholm. Most of our readers have doubtless seen many portraits of this lady. Beyond our own illustration, we have seen but one good likeness—poor Fairland's lithograph from Hayter's painting. To describe a lady's personal appearance is an ungracious task at best, and we will therefore not attempt it save in a negative manner. Those of our readers who have seen Mrs. Chisholm depicted (by a certain enthusiastic artist, as yet, happily, unknown to fame) as being mounted on a coal-black steed, attired in an elegant riding-habit (with the prescribed length and insufficiency of waist), and with her whip beckoning her emigrants across a colonial river, in a decidedly "Come on!" style of attitude, worthy of Astley's best tableaux,* may rest perfectly assured that they do not, from such a picture, form a very accurate notion of the Emigrants' Friend, as she really appears when rendering them assistance. Let them imagine a sedate, matronly lady, with eyes well set under a very capacious forehead—orbs that seem to "look you through" whilst addressing you—and withal a fascinating manner which at once seizes upon you, and induces you to prolong your stay, and they will have a tolerable portrait of Mrs. Chisholm.

After a very brief interview, we took our leave, convinced that we had seen by no means the least remarkable personage of these practical and wonder-working times.

Although future English emigrants will shortly be deprived of Mrs. Chisholm's counsel before they quit their native shores, still the results of her labours will remain. These results have been obtained in despite of an opposition such as few would be willing to contend against—an opposition that could only have been defeated by one who was prepared to bring into the contest the same amount of stern determination, unflinching industry, and disinterested philanthropy, as Mrs. Chisholm. But it is the women of England who should ever bless her name, for many indeed are the almost broken hearts of the gentler sex that have been healed by her. Mothers have been united to children whom they hardly dared to hope ever again to see in this life; wives have joined their husbands, after years of painful separation; and scores of British maidens, shielded alike from injury and insult during the long sea voyage, have been safely deposited at their brothers' Australian firesides. These facts should not, and we feel assured will not, be speedily forgotten. Whilst they are remembered, then also will the woman be borne in mind by whose undaunted energy such glorious results were achieved. Every English parent, for ages yet to come, whose children, either from necessity or inclination, may be induced to seek the Australian shores, will have good reason to bless the day when emigration was reformed, its glaring and infamous abuses remedied, and its difficulties and dangers lessened, by the energetic genius and daring moral courage of CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

* A picture recently published in a panoramic form, entitled, "Adventures of Mrs. Chisholm," contains the above portrait. This singular production has been sold by thousands both in the metropolis and the northern provincial towns.

THE ARABA, OR OMNIBUS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

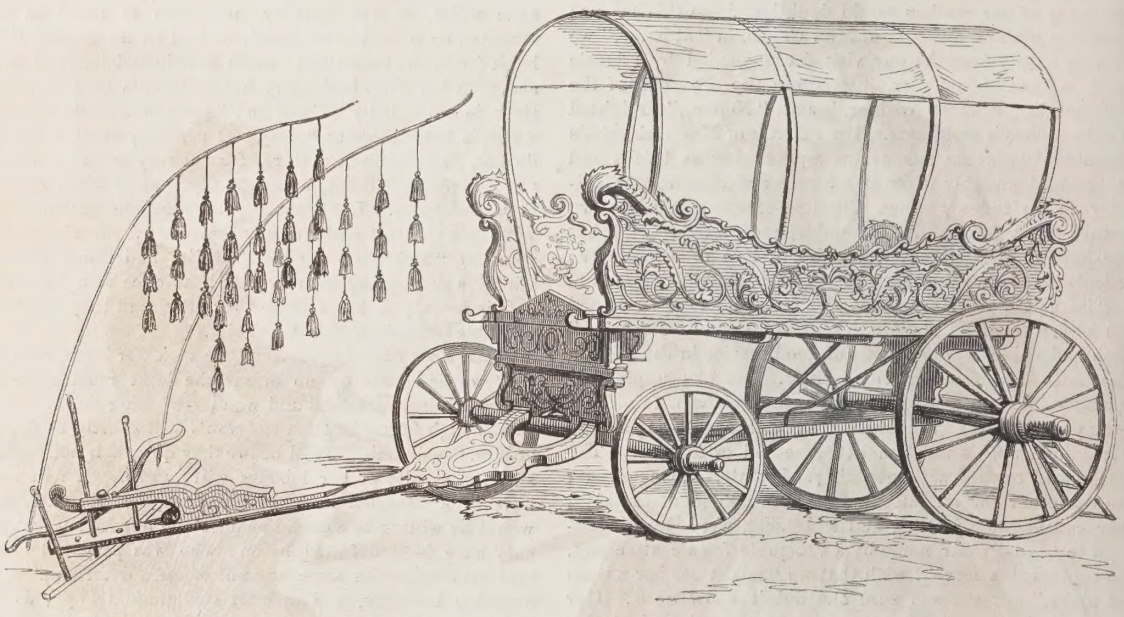
The first London omnibus which plied in metropolitan thoroughfares was started in 1829, by Mr. George Shillibeer, and on the 4th of June made its first journey from the residence of the old lady in Threadneedle-street, commonly called the Bank of England, to the Yorkshire Stingo, Paddington. The original omnibuses were vastly different from our modern vehicles bearing the same name; there was a heaviness about them not now to be tolerated; they were drawn by three horses abreast; fitted up, some of them at least, with a library of books for the entertainment of travellers, while the conductors wore velvet caps and uniform jackets. At present there are about three thousand 'buses, each travelling daily over sixty miles of ground, employing about eleven thousand men in the traffic, in which is invested a sum not less than £100,000. The omnibus conveyance is now popular all over England, and in many parts of the continent. The progress made in arts and manufactures has been equalled by that of locomotion, and while over the broad country, the metallic net-work of iron rails marks out the course of the steam-king, through city streets and out to pleasant suburbs plies the omnibus, affording at once cheap and rapid travelling, though the latter must be received with a grain of caution.

Turkey has its omnibuses as well as England. Strangely different, however, in every particular; unlike as turban and toga to wide-awake and gaiters. Through the kindness of a correspondent we are enabled to present a sketch of a Turkish conveyance which they call Araba, and we call 'bus.

This description of vehicle is constructed to carry ten or twelve persons. It is intended for the conveyance of the inhabitants of Constantinople; and plies to the various quarters of the city and its environs. It is covered with an arched canopy, such as those that were formerly used by the priests of Rome, and are depicted on ancient medals of the time of Nero: to this canopy curtains can be attached so as completely to conceal those who are within the vehicle, and when thus arrayed the Araba is employed to convey the women of the harem to the mosques or into the country, shutting them in effectually from the vulgar gaze. The sides of the carriages are richly ornamented, covered with the most beautiful sculptures, light and elegant in their design, and coloured with taste and delicacy. These decorations are reproduced within the carriage, and are, if possible, more graceful than those without, for the Turk loves the beautiful as well or better than the useful. There are no benches or seats, the passengers being accommodated after the oriental fashion with mats, while the flooring of the carriage is covered with a rich carpet. The omnibus is entered by a small strong ladder at the back.

The means which have been adopted for making the comfort of the passengers greater than it would otherwise be, are not at all complete, and in most instances, the deficiency of, or the clumsiness of the springs used, renders this mode of travelling very fatiguing. The streets of Constantinople are not the best in the world, and rumbling through them at a quick pace in a Turkish omnibus is not the most exhilarating or agreeable process. But the look of the carriages prepossesses one in their favour.

The pole of the team is attached to the first axle-tree and to the horizontal board which connects it with the second; it is richly ornamented with sculptured foliage, and tastefully painted after the style of the vehicle. The carriage is drawn by a pair of oxen, and from the front of the pole which separates them arise two slender pieces of iron, each bearing twenty-one silken tassels, which add considerably to the picturesque effect of the whole. These omnibuses are among the most interesting objects of the Turkish capital. Wandering through the busy streets, among the turbaned heads, and dark visages, and full-robed figures, dreamily thinking of the glories of its past history, of Mahomet with his new faith, of the idolatry of the Kaaba, of the battles, triumphs, and defeats of these ancient people, of the mysterious harems and wondrous mosques, the traveller is surprised by the approach of one of these arabas, with its stately oxen, their horns all hung with ribbons like sacrificial bulls, the gilded and painted carriage, a very marvel to behold, and the varicoloured costumes of the men and women within, as bright and variegated as a rainbow. An omnibus it may be, but it is so thoroughly Eastern, so much in keeping with the place and the people, that it seems to defy all modern notions, and might have conveyed the one-eyed cadi or been hailed by Sindbad the Sailor in the "good old time."



THE ARABA, OR OMNIBUS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

A MACHINE has at last been invented which promises to make the wrongs of distressed needlewomen a matter of historical record, instead of a living and painful reality. We have lately had the pleasure of seeing it at work at the office of the company which has purchased the patent, in Lawrence-lane, Cheapside, and were no less surprised at the simplicity of its mechanism, than at the speed and excellence with which it performs its work. In appearance it very much resembles the copying presses that one sees in a merchant's office, excepting that it is a little bulkier, and has a small wheel turned by the hand, for which, of course, the foot or steam can at any time be substituted. The turning of the wheel is effected by ordinary mechanism working across the shaft; a bar which passes from one side of the machine to the other, in the form of an arch, causes a needle fixed in a groove perpendicularly to ascend and descend through a hole in the platform underneath, with great rapidity. About the centre of this needle is its eye, through which the thread, wound off a reel fixed in the shaft, passes.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

Upon the platform, under this needle, over the oblong hole or cutting of which we have spoken, is placed the cloth or other substance to be operated upon, in such a position, of course, that the needle shall strike it in the right place. All being ready, the attendant turns the wheel, down darts the needle through the cloth, carrying the thread *with* it, but not *after* it, as in hand sewing. The consequence of this is, that when both get to the other side, the thread, by the mere impetus, hangs down in a loop, and has no hold on the cloth at all. Very imperfect mode of sewing, this, you will say. But wait a minute. Underneath the platform, cloth and all, and almost hidden from the eye of the spectator, is another needle, forming nearly a circle, and having a groove running along its back, like an eel that has had its spine removed. This needle is made to revolve with great rapidity *horizontally*, by the same wheel, only that in this instance it is moved by machinery passing under the platform, and it receives its ammunition from a reel fixed in the same place. It has its eye in the proper place—its head; and the thread, when placed in it, falls into the groove in its back when the machine begins to move. As soon as this needle, then, sees the loop hanging down from the other needle, it dashes at it with great rapidity, whirls itself through it, thread and all. The other needle immediately ascends, carries the loop with it, but there is no escape; the latter is fixed against the cloth, and a stitch is made. The cloth is kept in motion by the hand of the attendant, and thus the process is repeated along the line with intense rapidity, one needle jumping up and down with one thread, and the other traversing its loop horizontally with another thread below.

Every minute a yard of cloth is sewn in a style far superior to that of hand-sewing, and the invention can be applied to nearly every sort of work, except the stitching of button-holes and a few other things requiring great nicety. For sail-making, and such like, it will prove invaluable; and as it does the work of twenty hands, it will undoubtedly cheapen clothing of every kind greatly.

The invention is American, in which country the machine has, we believe, been at work for a considerable length of time; but the patent having been disposed of to a gentleman in England, a company has been formed to carry it out, which is now conducting operations on an extensive scale. Immense numbers of the sewing-machines are disposed of every week to tailors, clothiers, hosiers, sail-makers, &c., and some to private families. The price, £30, will, of course, for the present, place it out of the reach of most of the latter; but that it will one day be an essential article of furniture in every well-regulated household we have no doubt.

Many people are already beginning to exclaim—"What will become of the poor needlewomen? This will ruin them!" Nothing of the kind. Much misery may, no doubt, result from the suddenness of the change, but the result will, in the long run, be the overthrow of a system which disgraced our civilisation, and the rescue of thousands of suffering mortals from misery and degradation. Every triumph of machinery over manual labour is a gain to humanity.

LITERATURE IN RUSSIA.

Russian society is divided pretty much in this way:—first come the noblesse, made up partly of those who claim descent from the old boyards, or landholders, and stand on the high ground of ancient lineage, and partly of the parvenus, like our law lords, who have been ennobled for years of faithful performance of their duty in the public service. Between these and the serfs, however, there comes a large class, which we altogether lose sight of in thinking and speaking about Russia, composed of government officials, toiling desperately in the hope of one day obtaining a patent of nobility, and cheating and taking bribes in order to accumulate a fortune sufficient to support the looked-for honour; of the merchants and traders who are daily advancing in wealth and importance, and who, under the present emperor, have been placed in possession of many new privileges; and, last of all, the shopkeepers, whose interests are almost identified with those of the merchants. Below all these, at the very base of the social system lie the serfs; and even here we find many shades of distinction, which, in a paper like this, it would be impossible to enumerate. But, despite the petty rivalries, prejudices, and antipathies by which the various classes are naturally animated, one idea has of late years pervaded the whole mass, and now exercises a powerful influence upon the foreign politics of the state—the idea of Muscovite nationality, as something original in itself, separate and distinct from all the other nationalities of Europe. It is this sentiment which has always lived in the heart of the great body of the people, notwithstanding the efforts of the sovereign to assimilate them to the rest of Europe, and which has produced Russian literature such as we now find it.

Before the time of Peter the Great, it is hardly necessary to say that no literature, any more than art, or science, or manufacture, or in fact anything beyond the very rudiments of civilisation, existed in Russia. He found the whole nation in a state of barbarism; but he found them in possession of a noble language, rich but simple, pompous but energetic, passionate but dignified, containing a splendid family of verbs, which have the singular power, unknown to any other modern language, of expressing by a single word, and without the help of any auxiliary, the nicest shades of distinction in either state or action,—of changing the substantives into verbs, and of heightening or lowering infinitesimally the force of all expressions by a whole army of augmentative or diminutive particles. Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. It is the eldest daughter of the old Sclavonic, and the one which has most faithfully adhered to the original type. In the tenth century, John, the exarch of Bulgaria, applied the Greek method of John Damascenus to its grammatical organisation. Some of the Russians, however, claim for their idiom a still more remote origin, and state that the two monks Cyrillus and Methodius invented the Sclave alphabet in the seventh century of the Christian era. This agrees with the opinion of the great Sclave scholar, Safarjik, who ascribes the origin of the principal Sclavonic dialects to the period comprised between the end of the fifth and the commencement of the tenth century. The oldest written monument of the Russian language is the testament of Vladimir Monomachus; after him comes a monk named Nestor, the most ancient chronicler of Russia; the only traces of literature to be found between his time and that of the Czar Peter are the popular songs and ballads, and some fragments of an epic poem, entitled "The Exploits of the Army of Jegor II., the Son of Oleg." It was out of these that the Russian language, such as it exists at the present day, and such as we have described it, arose. It was spoken over a larger extent of territory than any other, whether of ancient or modern times. It was the tongue of the boyard as well as of his serfs,—was heard in the castle halls, as well as in the rude *isba* or cabin of the ploughman.

In Peter's time nothing that was of home growth received much encouragement. Foreign manners, foreign manufactures, foreign costume, foreign houses, were sedulously copied under his direction. He was the architect of the first European city which had appeared in his dominions. His great aim was to bring Russia within the pale of civilisation, and entitle her to take rank amongst the great powers of the continent. We know with what success his efforts were crowned. But in one department they were near doing Russia a fatal and all but irretrievable injury. They struck a deadly blow at her literature. Foreign artificers may promote industry and teach the arts of civilisation, and foreign discipline might organise an effective army; but nothing save native efforts and native genius can create a literature. This must assuredly be an indigenous plant. Its growth must be from within, not outwards. Any attempts to engraft upon it the productions of other climes and races destroy its vigour, and produce sickly deformity. France, as the nation which then, as now, possessed the largest influence and most extended relations upon the continent, stepped into the sphere which was now opened up to her, and under Catherine the Great, particularly, all the productions of Russian intellect were cast in a Parisian mould. Every mark of nationality disappeared from them. Except Lomonossoff, the poor fisherman of Archangel, and the Prince Cantemir, celebrated for his satires, no Muscovite author of the eighteenth century published anything racy of his native soil, which was not spoiled by French airs and graces. The literary circle which Catherine the Great gathered round her at the Hermitage was made up of foreigners, or denationalised natives, who sought to hide their origin, and forget the barbarism out of which they had just emerged, by close imitation of French customs, the adoption of the French language, and the discussion of all the questions of literature or philosophy which then agitated the Parisian *salons*. Any books which appeared were feeble imitations of French authors, the court wits cracked French jokes, sang French songs, and read French novels and memoirs, and abandoned their native language to the lower orders and the country gentry. A poem, recounting the glories of Peter the Great, by Keraskoff, entitled the "Petreid," appeared during this period, but it bore an unmistakeable resemblance to Voltaire's "Henriade." No traces of Muscovite literature were to be found, save in the old songs and romances, which the peasants sang or recited during the long nights of winter around the firesides in their cabins.

This state of things subsisted without change until the campaign of 1812 led the Russian army into the heart of France. Thousands of the youth of all classes served in the ranks or bore commissions in it, for the war against Napoleon had become a holy war; and thousands more followed in the wake of the conquerors. Once in Paris, a new world was opened up to them. The prodigious intellectual activity, the freedom, the excitement, the enterprise, the bustle and unfaltering energy, and, above all, the bold and prominent outlines of character which marked the nations of the west, surprised and astonished them. Their sovereign, Alexander, was not the man to put a curb on their inquiries, or check their aspirations. On the contrary, he rather encouraged them. He was enthusiastic, high-souled, and magnanimous beyond the measure usually allotted to sovereigns, and it was well known that he dreamt of a state of things in Russia in which the rights of humanity should be duly respected, and the principle of equality before the law be fully recognised. As a natural consequence of all this, the peace was the commencement in Russia of an era of prodigious intellectual activity. The various social and political questions which then occupied the attention of statesmen in France and England, were discussed with almost equal freedom at St. Petersburg. Unhappily, this excitement bore bitter fruits. Alexander died in November, 1825, and in the following month a conspiracy, which had been long organised, and had for its object the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, or a republic, broke out and was promptly suppressed. The Emperor Nicholas inaugurated his reign by hanging five of the ringleaders, and sending the rest to Siberia or the mines. Beyond this, the affair seemed to have little effect upon the mass of the people; but the youth, who had imbibed the new doctrines, saw at once the error

their chiefs had committed in resorting to brute force, and that the true course for the progressionist party to follow was to create and foster a national literature, and make it racy of the soil, as the first step towards the civilisation and elevation of the masses, and the diffusion of sound notions of liberty and government. For this they, as a matter of course, threw aside German and French—then the language of the court and of polite society—and went straight to the old Russ. They found it divided into two branches; one pure, but spoken by the common people, preserving all its imagery, its metaphorical forms of expression and stately dignity; the other gallicised and germanised, clipped and pruned and debased by foreign intermixture, in order to adopt it to the requirements of town gossip and of trade. The former they at once selected as their weapon, and fortunately for them they were not debarred from the perusal of such works as appeared upon various questions of social and political interest in France, and Germany, and England. Russia has, in the matter of books, always been in advance of Italy and even of some parts of Germany. There was no "Index Expurgatorius" at St. Petersburg; most books that might be read in London might have been read there also. The national language and literature about this time, thanks to the efforts of a few gifted individuals, began to occupy the attention of the nobility, and became subjects of interest in the *salons* of the capital. The movement had eventually set in in the right direction. All that was wanted was a man of genius to represent it, to watch over and direct it, who should in short be the gauge to test its rapidity and strength. This man appeared in the person of Paul Pouchkina, a scion of one of the oldest families of the empire. While a pupil at the military school, he devoted every hour he could snatch from severe studies to the secret and enraptured perusal of Voltaire and Goethe. While yet a boy his poetical effusions had excited attention in St. Petersburg, and intercourse with some of the literary men of the day who frequented his father's house developed his talent into precocious activity. He entered upon life, proud, fiercely independent, impetuous to the verge of ferocity, gloomy in temperament, and almost barbaric in his passions. His productions, after the assumption of the virile robe, were chiefly lyrical odes upon the triumphs of the Russian arms, and upon the ancient glories of the nation. His fierceness and independence growing with his strength, he at last launched forth into an impassioned eulogy upon liberty, and a fervid appeal to the emperor to lead the people to its destiny along the paths of freedom. The great military Colossus was not the man to be moved by appeals of this sort. Pouchkina was ordered to the Caucasus. This, which his friends looked upon as a severe blow, was, in reality, the very thing needed for the full development of his genius. The splendid scenes of nature amongst which he now found himself, the grandeur of the mountains, the awful solitude of the valleys, the wild rocky glens, the gloomy forests, and the foaming waterfalls of the ancient Chersonese, and the perfection of physical beauty, the native freedom and picturesqueness of manners which he found prevailing amongst the tribes against whom his sword was drawn, were sources of rich and varied inspiration. Some of his poems written here have a charming air of local originality, if we may use the phrase. "The Fountain of Baktchisarai," suggested by seeing the palace of one of the old Tartar Khans in ruins; "The Prisoner of the Caucasus," founded upon one of those romantic episodes which the Russian war in that region is ever displaying; "The Gipsies," portraying life amongst some of these wild tribes upon the plains of Eastern Asia—all contain a rich vein of poetry, are full of pictures of passing beauty, and yet they only give us a glimpse of the materials which in that land of wonders wait but the poet's or the painter's hand to rise into gems of art.

He returned to St. Petersburg from exile in 1824, and was employed by the Emperor Nicholas to write a history of Peter the Great. This work he never executed; but the researches which he undertook in the national records when preparing for it led him to a mine of romantic incident, from which he drew materials for some novels, portraying the national manners and modes of thought with a master hand. They were as striking and as original as his poems. Unhappily, Pouchkina's unbridled temper led him to resort frequently to duelling as a means of deciding his quarrels; and in one of these combats, carried on in a spirit of barbaric ferocity on his part, he was killed at the early age of thirty-eight years.

He was the creator of Russian literature. He marked out its course; he gave it an aim and a standing; he infused originality into it; he showed the youth of the country what a rich, boundless store of materials, of energy, genius, and ambition to work upon, lay in the manners of their countrymen, in the scenery of their native land, in the incidents of their every-day life, and in the national archives. He did not labour in vain. If his death revealed the full height of his greatness, it revealed also the extent to which he had provided for filling up the void left by his departure. At the period when he entered upon his career, literature was exclusively the domain of the higher classes; but before he died, it had worked its way lower down in the social scale, and by the side of this aristocratic literature there grew up another, the chiefs and prophets of which belonged to the middle classes, the government officials, and professional men. All it wanted to enable it to swamp, or rather absorb, the other was, a little encouragement and support. This, luckily, it was enabled to secure. The minister of public instruction in Russia at that time, Count Ouvaroff, an able and enlightened man, gave the plebeian students every facility for competing with their more fortunate rivals. Very soon the whole energies of the rising band of young writers who began to spring up were directed towards one object—the production of a Russian Encyclopædia—which was, in every sense of the word, a great national work, civilising in its tendencies and influence. The volumes, as they appeared, had a wider circulation than any literary work which before appeared in Russia. They reached the old Muscovite towns of the interior, and made them for the first time participators in the movement which was going on in the capital. Unhappily, owing to the misunderstandings between the conductors, it was never carried to a completion. Previously to the appearance of the "Encyclopædia," a "Literary Gazette" had been carried on, exclusively devoted to literature and art, but this being confined to a very small circle of readers, the "Reading Library" was started upon a more popular basis, and although at first ably conducted, rapidly degenerated into a mere collection of translations from French and English. The best of all these literary periodicals, and one which exists in full vigour at the present moment, is the "Contemporary," edited by Peter Pletneff, the rector of the University of St. Petersburg, and member of the Russian Academy. It is the leading organ of the *Panslavist* party, whose war cry is the union of all peoples of Sclavonic origin under one head, meaning of course the czar for the time being. Many of its contributors belong to the highest class of nobles.

Political literature, such as we see in our newspapers and reviews, we need hardly say, does not exist in Russia, as no observations upon any act of the government are ever for a moment permitted. Anything, however, which asserts the claims of Russia to a wider dominion, and advocates the policy of aggression, is winked at by the authorities. Historical essays, written to show the right of Russia to the possession of Poland and other countries, have at various times appeared; and very recently a drama, entitled the "Revisor," ridiculing the follies and stupidity of the provincial administration, received the direct sanction of the emperor. The latest production of the Russian press is a poem by Apollo Maïkoff entitled "The Two Destinies," which paints in glowing colours the glories of the future still in store for Russia, and points out the duties of her youth with great energy and freedom of language; and to the surprise of every one, the censure has met no objection. This would be a good sign if this zeal pointed to any nobler aim than armed aggression. Still, if the seeds of free thought are once sown, wisdom is sure, in the long run, to grow out of them.

THE VALLEY OF MEYRINGEN.

THE Valley of Meyringen, in the canton of Berne, is completely shut in by some of the grandest and most picturesque mountain scenery in Switzerland. The Alps rise in rugged magnificence on every side, their snow-capped summits contrasting strangely with the verdant, flowery valley, dotted here and there with rustic *châlets*, and watered by the river Aar, which is crossed by wooden bridges, similar to the one represented in our sketch (p. 185). This river is fed by the neighbouring mountain torrents, which, when swollen by rain or snow, have several times threatened the village of Meyringen with destruction. In the year 1762, it was buried twenty feet in *débris* in one hour. The church was filled with sand and gravel to the height of eighteen feet. This catastrophe was caused by a swollen torrent, descending from the mountains behind the village; carrying with it quantities of sand and rubbish, together with uprooted fir-trees and masses of rock. From this disaster the village has scarcely yet recovered. In the year 1733, many houses were carried away by an inundation.

In this valley are to be seen some of the most celebrated falls of Switzerland—those of the Reichenbach—the principal of which is 200 feet in height, and its column of water nearly thirty feet in diameter. If visited in the morning, when the rays of the sun are upon it, a triple bow or iris is to be seen on the spray, which has a very beautiful effect.

The wealth of the inhabitants of this valley consists chiefly in cattle, for which the mountains yield plentiful pasturage during the summer, and in the autumn the herdsman, anticipating the severity of the coming winter, descends with his flocks to seek shelter in the valley; for the weather is such during the winter months as to render it dangerous to expose the cattle in the long cold nights. These herdsmen lead a migratory life, moving about from place to place with their flocks.

THE SWISS HERDSMAN.

As spring approaches, the cattle, lying upon the grass, or perched upon the rocks and bridges, as the artist has represented them in the accompanying illustration (p. 185), throw longing glances towards their mountain home. Then, also, the herdsman, who loves his mountain life as the sailor loves the sea, joyously prepares to leave the valley. But when, like the man of whom we give a sketch above, he begins to re-ascend the mountain, he casts an affectionate glance on the *châlet*

where he has just left his family. He can still see the smoke issuing from the roof, and thinks how they will miss him at the frugal meal. But he proceeds on his way, and now the projections of the rocks shutting out these cherished objects from his view, he finds himself alone with his flocks among the grand and towering Alps.

The athletic man, represented on the opposite page, carries upon his broad shoulders his household furniture, holding in one hand his milk-pail, in the other a thick staff, pointed with iron, upon which he leans, and which would be a formidable weapon in his powerful hand. A large basket on his back contains his milk-strainer, some straw, a one-legged milking-stool, a cheese mould, the stand on which the cheeses are placed to drain, and the great kettle in which the milk is collected, heated, and made into curds.

The Swiss herdsman's is, in reality, not so idle a life as it is often described to be; he has to collect eighty or ninety cows twice a day to be milked, many of which have often strayed away in different directions. Besides this he has to make the cheese, and keep all his utensils scrupulously clean. Hardy, robust, and indefatigable, inured to exposure from earliest childhood, his weather-beaten frame is indifferent to the vicissitudes of climate. He is wild, uncultivated, and ignorant of the usages of other people, but simple and uncontaminated by the vices, unfortunately, too common among the labouring population of most other districts.

PASTURES OF THE VALLEY OF MEYRINGEN.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XII.

King Henry. What tumult's this?
Warwick. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice.
Shakespeare.

And how passed the days with Bianca and Giulio while we have been occupied with the war at Palestrina? You remember—so at least would we hope—how that at the end of Spring-tide we left them in Venice. After the sudden departure of the Sieur de la Mole, the intercourse between the maiden and her old playmate was renewed very much upon its former footing of by-gone days. The girl analysed her feelings, and pondered upon them, and so she knew and acknowledged to her own heart that she loved. The young man took not his heart to task; he cared not to define the nature of his feelings, happy in this, that he felt they were ministering to him delights, stronger, and tenderer, and fresher than the converse of woman had ever brought to him before. Daily his thoughts turned to the same object; daily his feet led him to the same presence. Enjoying the present, unheeding the future, the relations which had so long subsisted between him and his father's ward justified his warmest words and acts, while they caused him not to consider, perhaps not even to suspect, how far he was tampering with the most precious affections of another. Alas! this is a passage in the heart-history of our species too common to excite surprise. How often are the warm aspirations of human love drawn out from the heart and upwards to the beloved one by a warmth bright indeed, but yet not enduring—the admiration which is mistaken for passion—and then the light and the heat pass away, and the evening comes, and those aspirations exhaled from the heart fall back again upon it, like cold dew upon the earth, and turn into tears. "Amor che a nullo amato amar perdona," wrote the great Florentine—and he puts the sentiment into the mouth of woman;—with her we believe the proverbial paraphrase of the Italian sentiment, "Love begets love," is oftener a truth than with man.

Well, be this as it may, after a few weeks of such intercourse, a message from the Count Polani summoned the young man to join him at Palestrina. It aroused Giulio from his pleasant dream, somewhat as suddenly as a plash of cold water awakes a heavy sleeper. Perhaps, too, the shock was as good for him. He began to reflect that it was scarce becoming his manhood or his noble name to linger in the city, while so many of his peers were with the troops elsewhere. And so with a blush for his past neglect of duty, and a sigh over the pleasant hours that were now to be brought to a close, he communicated to Bianca that the next day he was to leave Venice and join his father. And that day passed as the other days had lately passed, marked, it might be, by a sense of sadness that cast its shadow over Bianca's brow, and left not Giulio's face undarkened. But it passed, and passed quickly, too; and the young man has bidden his last farewell, and touched the lips of his sister-friend, and they have parted. He to mingle again in the stirring scenes of life, and give his heart and his thoughts to things that energise and brace the spirit. She to the solitude and contemplation of that habitual seclusion which had been disturbed for a short space—even as a lake is troubled by the passing breeze, and then smooths its surface that it may reflect all the more faithfully the image of the heaven that has looked down upon it.

And thus did these young people part for the second time in their lives, each loving the other, yet neither having sought or made an avowal of that love to the beloved. We believe that this is more frequently the case in real life, especially amongst the young, than writers of romance are disposed to allow. In the earlier days of such intercourse, the heart is too much engrossed with feeling to need that the lips should avow what it feels. Love seeks to enjoy its own passion, rather than to declare that enjoyment in the formality of words. And yet when the hour of parting came, a strong desire impelled Giulio to declare all he felt, and to learn from Bianca how far his own feelings were reciprocated; but an indefinable feeling, half fear, half reserve, repressed the words that were trembling on his lips, and he went forth as the shadows of evening were falling around, with his secret still undivulged, and the strong hope that a few short months, perhaps weeks, would restore him to the same happy intercourse which was now interrupted. With the morning's light Giulio was on his way to Palestrina, very much to the dissatisfaction of his mercurial valet, Tomaso, who contrived to make himself especially happy in the discharge of those gallantries which he had learnt to consider as at once the duty and the privilege of a travelled servitor such as he was. It must, however, be admitted that good old Guidetta felt by no means a corresponding discontent at the departure of the man as of the master, inasmuch as she had found it no easy matter to maintain of late that sobriety of demeanour amongst the young serving maidens of the establishment which an old woman is somehow usually disposed to exact from the younger of her own sex.

Meantime no tidings whatever of his friend Jacques de la Mole reached Giulio. At first he awaited with anxiety for some letter, or other explanation of his sudden disappearance, but none came. By degrees the engrossment of other thoughts superseded the recollection of their brief meeting, and after a few months Giulio had almost forgotten that it had taken place.

Let us now return to the camp at Palestrina, and follow the progress of the war.

The disastrous issue of the desperate attempt to escape from Chioggia made by the Genoese but aggravated the sufferings of the besieged. The hope of an honourable escape, which hitherto had sustained them, was now utterly annihilated, and to their despair was added the horrors of famine. All their supplies of food were exhausted,—then came a want more terrible still than even that of food, the water failed them. Within Chioggia itself there were no wells or springs of fresh water; the salt lagunes flowed all around, and access to the Brenta and the mainland, from which supplies were ordinarily procured, was entirely intercepted. And thus it is related by faithworthy historians, that after all their stock of grain and animal provision was consumed, and their scanty allowance of fresh water was exhausted, the soldiers were reduced to the necessity of boiling down, in brackish water, skins and even such pieces of old leather as they could procure, for the purpose of sustaining life.

Zeno foresaw all this with his usual penetration: he saw, too, that such a state of things could not possibly last, and that ere long the Genoese would be forced to surrender unconditionally, and thus justify to the world the wisdom and success of the general's plan of operation.

And so indeed it turned out. In a few days after the engagement which we detailed in the preceding chapter, a flag of truce was seen approaching the western redoubt, accompanied by deputies from the Genoese. These latter were conducted to the fortress of Palestrina, and were received by the Venetian general, who had hastily summoned the doge and the principal senators to receive them. When they were brought into the presence of the council of state, the deputies laid before the assembly the terms which they were commissioned to make on the part of the besieged. The condition of the Genoese was indeed sadly changed from that which they exhibited when as conquerors, scarce a year before, they approached the city of Venice, and haughtily refused all terms of accommodation from the republic, and threatened to bridle the horses of St. Mark.

"Noble Seignori of Venice," said the spokesman of the deputation; "we come as honourable enemies, and sue for peace from an honourable foe. If Genoa has warred with Venice, she has ever done so without violating the laws of war or of humanity. If we have struggled with you for empire, we have never sought to exterminate your people. We have, with a bravery which a generous enemy should appreciate, maintained the defence of Chioggia during many months, and we claim now at your hands that instead of vengeance you should recognise our devotion to the interests of our own republic, and esteem us as the citizens of so renowned and warlike a state as Venice should esteem a brave enemy. Reduced by famine, we seek to terminate a contest which we can no longer sustain. Let us hope to find in Venice that moderation in success which the memory of her own sufferings and of the inconstancy of fortune should induce. It is no longer a question of riches or booty; we abandon our stores, our armament, all, to our conquerors—we ask but to leave Chioggia—as soldiers, with our arms; as men, with our liberties and our lives."

It was an affecting scene, and the generous heart of Zeno was not untouched by the appeal of soldiers to a soldier. But whatever might be his own disposition, he felt it would be imprudent to give expression to it. The doge Contarini for a few moments held consultation with the principal senators in low and earnest tones, and Zeno sought not to control or influence their deliberations, satisfied that he had heretofore, in all the weightier concernments of the war, exercised his authority as generalissimo, when the interests of the state required that he should oppose those whose authority was never to be thwarted on light grounds. At length the doge replied to the Genoese ambassadors.

"The Republic of Venice have considered the request of the deputies from the Genoese beseiged in Chioggia. They who have unjustly invaded the territory of Saint Mark, have little claim to her mercy when they have failed in their unjust aggression. Tell those who have sent you hither that we make no terms with the vanquished. Let them surrender at discretion and unconditionally, and the serene Republic will then deliberate upon the question of life or death with the wisdom and the generosity which ever govern her councils."

The doge then waved his hand, and the deputies were led from the council chamber.

No sooner had they passed from without the walls of the fort, than Zeno left the chamber, and passing speedily to his own apartment, found two persons already there, as if awaiting him.

"Ah! my faithful knight, thou hast had my summons, though the time was somewhat scant for apprising thee. Who have we here?"

"So please your excellency, he is an acquaintance. Roger Harrington, one of my archers—the same who attended you on a former occasion."

"Nay, I remember it well, and am right glad thou hast brought him, Sir William. I have good reason to suspect that the ambassadors of Genoa, who have failed in their mission to the republic, will attempt to enlist the mercenaries in their favour. If my secret information be not incorrect, they meant to offer them possession of Chioggia, with the entire of the stores, treasures, and even their arms, provided they are guaranteed their lives and a safe conduct to their fleet, which lies waiting out at sea. You will, therefore, speedily assemble your archers, and see the deputies beyond the entrenchments. And take good heed that they communicate with no one on their way. If force be necessary to insure this, you must even do so by force; but if possible I would avoid extremities. Should any unforeseen emergency arise, thou wilt apprise me of it without a moment's delay. This stout yeoman will find me here in readiness. Take this ring, good fellow, 'twill procure thee access to me at all times."

The burly archer took the ring which the general handed to him, and the knight and Hodge o' the Hill saluted Zeno, and hastened away upon the duty confided to them.

Hastily repairing to his quarters, Sir William Cheke put himself at the head of a company of his archers, and came up in a few moments with the deputies from Chioggia. At the end of the redoubt, of which we have so often spoken, Cheke perceived that considerable bodies of the different mercenaries were collected, but whether merely to gratify their curiosity upon the subject of the recent interview of the ambassadors with the senate, or for other purposes, the English knight knew not. Interposing, however, his own band between the deputies and the troops, he signified to the former briefly, but peremptorily, that it was the order of the republic that he should see them safely beyond the precincts. The communication, though couched in terms of courtesy and respect, was too plainly a mandate to be declined, and accordingly the English company formed a guard of honour around the Genoese, and left them not till they were far on their way in the vessel that had brought them from Chioggia.

As Sir William Cheke and his company of archers were on their return, they again found the mercenaries standing in groups along the redoubt. It was evident from the earnest gesticulations of the men, that some exciting topic was at present under discussion amongst them. He was now within hearing of a knot of some dozen of men gathered around two speakers who were apparently in dispute. "Der Teufel," said a huge man-at-arms, whom Sir William at once recognised as the German who had been plundered by the Italians, "Der Teufel? How dost thou know that? Where is thy proof?"

"Proof! proof," retorted the other, an Italian lancer. "Oh dio! che sei pazzarello! What proof dost thou want, fool that thou art? Would'st expect that the senate or the general would proclaim their intrigues by a herald. I tell thee there is enough to convince any man with an eye in his face or an ear on his head, that the Lion of San Marco is determined to have, as usual, the lion's share, and to leave us, brave companions, who have fought their battles and served their city, just the dog's share. Ha! ha! after the noble beast has lapped up the blood, and devoured the flesh, he will leave us curs the bare bones to satisfy our hunger. What think ye of that, comrades?"

"Un ingiustizia? un infamita!" cried several voices, in answer to the appeal of their companion in arms.

"Aye," continued the other, "it is a wrong and a disgrace, which is not to be submitted to, brothers. Vi fanno il diavolo a quatro. I tell thee they are going to play the very devil *there* yonder," and he pointed to the fort where the council had been sitting. "These deputies have made their terms with the doge. The Genoese are to surrender up Chioggia by night to the Venetian admiral, who is secretly to convey away in his galleys all the treasure and spoil; and then the gates are to be thrown open, and the empty houses are to be our share of the booty."

Again the voices of his auditors were raised in loud and angry comments, but the German seemed not yet convinced.

"Thou must vouch thy tale, comrade, by something more than thy own tongue before I'll believe it. I tell thee more, the noble Zeno is not the one to go back of his promise or defraud the soldiery of their lawful booty."

"Siete un benedetto uomo! Thou art a blessed fellow truly! What, dost think because he made a poor rogue restore thee thy zecchini, that he can stop rich rogues, like yon senators, from defrauding us of florins and crown pieces?"

"Giusto! giustamente hai regione!" cried out his abettors in responsive chorus.

"Well," said the German, "here comes one who should know more of this matter than thou or I, comrade. Let us ask the English capitano who came from the council with the deputies."

"Aye, per bacco," said another of the lancers, "that's a shrewd thought of thine, Wilhelm. Aye, by all means let us ask the English capitano."

By this time Sir William Cheke stood amongst the group of soldiers, and looking towards the principal speaker, with a cheery voice he said—

"How now, my masters, what news to-day? Che nuove?"

"Che nuove, capitano," said the lancer, taking up the question. "I'faith that's just what we want to be certified of. Will you be pleased to enlighten us?"

"On what point, comrade?"

"Marry, upon this point, signore. Whether the council of state yonder have made terms with the Genoese, without the knowledge of the leaders of the free companies?"

"My good friend," replied the knight, "I was not of the council, and so I cannot know what they have decided upon."

"That is true, sir capitano. But though you were not of the council, yet you may have heard of their decision, doubtless."

"By St. George, friend," retorted Cheke, somewhat sharply, "I pry not into matters that concern me not. When the state whose pay we receive, and whom we are bound as honourable soldiers to serve, thinks fit to disclose their councils, they will, I suppose, do so. Meantime, as I am but an indifferent gossip, I have not even heard what common rumour may say; and if I had, I should not be disposed to give much heed to it."

"Well, then, signore, if there be any truth in the rumour, it behoves us all to take good heed to it. Cospetto, it will be too late when the Republic has out-witted us."

"How dost thou mean?" asked the Englishman.

"Why, marry, I mean this," replied the soldier, and he forthwith proceeded to repeat the report with sundry exciting comments to the soldiery around him, the number of whom was greatly increased when it was perceived that the band of Sir William Cheke had stopped amongst them, and that some communication was going on between them. And, in truth, the words of the soldier fell amongst hearers as excitable and explosive as could be well imagined—men, who were already prepared by the rumours that Recanati, through his agents, of whom this soldier of his own band was one, had insidiously and industriously spread far and wide through the camp. The spark was now applied, and as the flame runs along dry stubble, so the word spread all through the free companies that Chioggia was about to be surrendered to the Venetians, and the Genoese treasure to be protected from the army. It was to no purpose that Sir William Cheke endeavoured to check the growing tumult. In vain he assured the troops that they had no just ground for believing the reports, and exhorted them to seek from the general or the senators the confirmation or refutation of the story before they committed any act of violence or insubordination. A cry, with whom originating no one could say, ran through the now dense masses of men—"To arms, to arms!" In a moment those who were not accoutred rushed to their barracks and snatched up their

weapons, while such of them as had arms remained on the spot. In an incredibly short time the bands were re-assembled, and now several of the leaders might be seen amongst them.

"To Chioggia! to Chioggia!" was now heard amid the tumult of voices and the rush of feet; and forward the mass hurried, heedless how they were to effect a landing at that port.

Meantime the English knight had not forgotten his duty to the republic or his promise to Zeno. When the cry to arms was first raised, he spoke in a hurried whisper to our old friend Hodge o' the Hill, whereupon that trusty bowman slipt away and disappeared from the company.

All this time the band of English archers were true to their allegiance, and stood firmly and unmoving. And now the various bands of condottieri, Italians, Germans, French, and Gascons, swept past them, cleared the redoubt, and were hasting forward to the edge of the lagune that flowed between them and Chioggia. Now, however, they paused to consider for the first time, by what means they were to proceed. Some counselled that they should wade through the lagune, alleging that it was easily fordable now that the tide chanced to be low; others hesitated, and proposed that the troops should sieze upon some boats that lay near, and by degrees pass over in them. While they were thus deliberating and inactive, a cheer was heard from behind them, and Zeno, accompanied by the principal senators, were seen hurrying forward. In a moment the general threw himself amongst the insurgents with that reckless daring which formed so remarkable a trait of his character.

"Soldiers," cried he, "why do I see you thus in arms without my orders? Whither are you going? What are you doing?"

The promptness and energy of Zeno surprised and checked the soldiers in the very critical moment. The foremost and loudest shrank back instinctively reverencing the bravery of a man who seemed to bear a charmed life, whose spirit seemed to control the haughtiest and the proudest.

"Who are they who lead this movement?" he continued, taking advantage of the momentary calm. "I call upon them to come forward."

One or two of the captains now advanced.

"Noble general," said the foremost. "We are in arms to assert our own rights which your state has neglected. We go to share the spoil, which, by the right of warfare, is ours as well as the republic's."

"Who denies your right to share it?" asked Zeno.

"The council of your senators who have capitulated with the deputies that have just left the camp."

"Who dares assert that? Where is his proof? Let him come forward."

"Ah! Der Teufel!" muttered the German man-at-arms to his neighbour, "that's just what I wanted to know too. Aha! the proofs, mein camarad."

As might be expected, no one could do more than rely upon the general rumour.

"It is in every man's mouth—let the council contradict it if they can."

An angry reply was rising to the lips of Zeno, but one of the Council of Ten—the member whom we already made acquaintance with—stood beside him and plucked his sleeve. The admonition was not lost on Zeno.

"It is false," said he, "no matter whose the mouth that utters it. Eccellenza," he added, turning to the senator, "thou canst answer for the council."

"I can, assuredly," said the member of the *Neri*. "His highness the doge, with the advice of myself and the others of his council, have rejected all terms offered by the deputies from Chioggia."

The effect of this announcement was manifest amongst the soldiers. Zeno followed it up:—

"Soldiers, you have been betrayed and duped by some base agents and for base purposes. Think you, when the besieged are in the last extremity, we should be the fools to discuss terms with them. Return to your duty, and await the hour, not far distant, when Chioggia shall fall into our hands without a blow. I promise on the part of the most serene republic, I promise on the faith of a soldier, which never yet have I broken, that the troops, without distinction, shall be allowed three days' pillage of the town, and shall receive one month's additional pay."

The senators present with one voice confirmed the promise of the general. The mercenaries once again seemed contented. Gradually the bands dispersed to their respective quarters. The senators betook themselves again to their schemes of policy, their intrigues, and their jealous vigilance of Zeno; and the general pondered bitterly as he threw himself on a seat for a short repose after the exciting scene.

"Alas!"—such were his musings—"how deplorable is the position of a general whose soldiers are mercenaries, such as those I command. Never for a moment safe from the plots or the defection of his own troops no more than he is from the enemy without. He is environed with as many perils in his own camp as he is in the midst of the battle-field. He knows not the hour that his treacherous friends will range themselves amongst his enemies. Well, well, it cannot last long. Patienza! a few weeks—nay, most likely a few days—will secure the prize for which I have been working and watching day and night for many a weary month. And then, aye, and then, I shall be strong enough to grapple with secret foe as with open enemy. Meantime, patienza!"

INGENIOUS FABRICATION.

A LITERARY forgery, supposed to have been grafted on those of Annius, involved the Inghirami family. It was by digging in their grounds that a number of Etruscan antiquities were discovered, consisting of inscriptions, and also fragments of a chronicle, pretended to have been composed sixty years before the vulgar era. The characters on the marbles were the ancient Etruscan, and the historical work tended to confirm the pretended discoveries of Annius. They were collected and enshrined in a magnificent folio by Curtius Inghirami, who, a few years after, published a quarto volume exceeding one thousand pages to support their authenticity. Notwithstanding the erudition of the forger, these monuments of antiquity betrayed their modern condiment. There were uncial letters which no one knew; but these were said to be undiscovered ancient Etruscan characters; it was more difficult to defend the small Italic letters, for they were not used in the age assigned to them; besides this, there were dots on the letter *i*, a custom not practised till the eleventh century. The style was copied from the Latin of the Psalms and the Breviary; but Inghirami discovered that there had been an intercourse between the Etruscans and the Hebrews, and that David had imitated the writings of Noah and his descendants.

The Romans, who have preserved so much of the Etruscans, had not, however, noticed a single fact recorded in these Etruscan antiquities. Inghirami replied that the manuscript was the work of the secretary of the college of Etrurian augurs. It was urged, in favour of the authenticity of these Etruscan monuments, that Inghirami was so young an antiquary at the time of the discovery, that he could not even explain them; and that when fresh researches were made on the spot, other similar monuments were also disinterred, where evidently they had long lain; the whole affair, however contrived, was confined to the *Inghirami family*. One of them, half a century before, had been the librarian of the Vatican, and to him is ascribed the honour of the forgeries, which he buried where he was sure they would be found. This, however, is a mere conjecture. Inghirami, who published and defended their authenticity, was not concerned in their fabrication; the design was probably merely to raise the antiquity of Volaterra, the family estate of the Inghirami; and for this purpose one of its learned branches had bequeathed to his descendants a collection of spurious historical monuments, which tended to overturn all received ideas on the first ages of history.

THE JAVANESE AND THE SHARK.

Sir John Barrow, who accompanied Sir George Staunton on his embassy to China, published a volume, in 1806, giving an account of his observations in Cochin China, which is full of interesting details regarding that as well as other countries of the southern hemisphere. Gifted, as he was, with nearly all the qualities which fit a man for travelling with profit to himself and the world at large, his descriptions of men and things could hardly fail to be interesting. The volume has been, however, so long out of print, that, in all probability, few of the young generation of readers are familiar with it. His statements respecting the Spice Islands of the Pacific, under Dutch sway, are particularly deserving attention. We have selected for engraving an incident which he describes as having occurred while lying off Java, and we shall let him describe it in his own words:—

THE JAVANESE AND THE SHARK.

"In no other part of the world do I recollect to have observed such shoals of sharks as are constantly prowling near the shore at Anjerie, attracted, no doubt, by the offals that float down the river, or are thrown upon the beach. When on board the "Hindostan" at this anchorage, I hooked one of these voracious animals from the stern gallery, in doing which, however, I had a very narrow escape from being dragged by it into the sea. No sooner did the fish put the hook in its jaw, than, plunging towards the bottom, he drew his line to its full stretch, which, being entangled in the railing of the gallery, swept away at once a great part of the balustrade. In the rapidity with which the rope ran out, a coil of it got round my arm; but just as I was forced among the wreck, the shark, by darting back to the surface, slackened the rope sufficiently to enable me to disengage my arm and get clear. Greatly as I was alarmed at this accident, a poor Javanese appeared to be still more so, who happened at that moment to be astern of the ship, paddling his canoe, with a load of fruit and vegetables. His apprehension lest the wounded shark, in rolling and plunging, and lashing the water with its fins and tail, should overturn his little skiff, which was not much larger than the animal itself, his exertions to get out of its reach, and the marks of terror that were visible on his countenance, struck our fellow-traveller, Alexander, so forcibly, that, though of momentary duration, he caught with his pencil a spirited sketch, which, having the merit at least of being a true representation of a Javanese canoe, with its paddle and bamboo outrigger, was considered as not unworthy of being put into the engraver's hands. The shark, being killed with a harpoon, was then hoisted on deck and opened. The contents of its stomach formed a mass of such magnitude and variety as can scarcely be conceived. It consisted, among other articles, of the complete head of a female buffalo, a whole calf, a quantity of entrails and of bones, and large fragments of the upper and under shells of a considerable-sized turtle. The length of the shark was ten feet eight inches."* Sir John gives a horrible account of the treatment of the Chinese settlers in Java by the Dutch colonists who ruled them. Finding it impossible to induce them to consume opium and other foreign products in quantities sufficiently large to fill the coffers of the importers, a pretended conspiracy was trumped up; in 1740, the Chinese chiefs were horribly tortured, and the whole of the Chinese population, including the women and children, to the number of twelve thousand, were massacred in cold blood.

* "A Voyage to Cochin China, in the years 1792 and 1793," pp. 162-3.

THE LADY OF TOULOUSE.

THERE is, in the ancient city of Toulouse, a church, which, although not so old as the city itself, is still old enough to put many a mouldering cathedral to the blush, for it was founded by Runsahilda, the queen of the Goths, called by the Romans *pedanqua*, or wetfooted, because she was so fond of the baths. In the centre of the aisle the visitor may perceive a large round stone, to the centre of which a large iron ring is attached. If he lay hold of this ring, raise the stone, and peer down into the aperture, it is probable he will see nothing, inasmuch as the vault is pitch dark. But if he enter into conversation with any of the old hangers-on in the neighbourhood, he will be put in possession of a very curious occurrence, of which this vault was the scene. It took place about the year of grace 1770, when France was still divided into provinces, and when parliaments sat in the provincial capitals, and wrangled, and played at ecarté, and trictrac, and fought duels, at which the whole population "assisted." In the parliament of Toulouse, there was at this time a very worthy gentleman, who rejoiced in the possession of a wife of extraordinary beauty of person, singular excellence of disposition, and extraordinary vigour of mind. With one failing only, or rather weakness, was she afflicted, and this was a passionate fondness for fish. She mused upon it by day; she dreamed of it by night; the consumption of it was her beau ideal of enjoyment, and her love of it made her as famous in the neighbourhood as the sparkle of her eye, the grace of her vigour, or the raven tresses on her alabaster brow. She was one of those natures that seek either to love or be loved. She sought love, and loved fish.

Did her husband, a councillor of the parliament by the by, love her the less for this singular taste? I trow not; on the contrary, this formed a new tie between them. To minister to her wants was the great object of his ambition, and to keep up a regular and constant supply of the dainty so dear to her, was the object to which his whole energies were directed. But this was no easy matter. Special couriers daily went to and returned from the shores of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic with choice parcels. One day, however, not long after Easter, the councillor, all radiant with smiles, entered the apartment of his spouse, bearing on a plate a monstrous, magnificent carp, which Monsieur le Président de la Cour des Aides de Montauban had himself caught at Beausolert, and which he had forwarded as a present to Madame, with his respects. The lady put the note in her pocket without as much as opening it, but ordered the fish to be cooked instantly.

Tradition states that the carp was delicious, and that the lady ate of it so voraciously that she choked herself and died. Great was the lamentation of her lord. He sent forthwith for the barber-surgeon, who lived at the corner of the street, and for the Regius Professor of medicine; but both these worthies felt her pulse, shook their perukes, and declared she was stone dead; but at the same time, in order to ease his mind, offered, if he liked, to open her body, and ascertain the cause of her sudden dissolution. Whereupon the enraged councillor kicked them both out, and buried his wife that same evening in the vault aforesaid.

It was a custom amongst the rich at that time to bury the dead in the gayest dress they had ever worn in life, with all their ornaments and jewellery. The lady was accordingly attired in her ball-dress. The gold chain was placed round her neck; her brow was decked with a wreath of diamonds, and on her arms hung bracelets of gold set with the costliest jewels. The servants were brought in to take a last look at their mistress, as she lay in this ghastly state. They all wept most piteously, but none so loudly as her own maid and the house steward. They not only cried, but bellowed.

Seven hours afterwards, just as the clock of St. Antony's was tolling the midnight hour, the said house steward and lady's maid entered the church, wrapped up in cloaks, and carrying a lantern and a crowbar. They were evidently shaking in every limb with fear. The time, the solemnity of the place, the awful gloom of the cloisters, had a powerfu effect upon their nerves. They stopped at the mouth of th vault. The woman laid down the lantern, and said in a ver tremulous voice:

"Now you're sure you'll keep your promise."

"*Ma foi*, to be sure I will; when I'm rich I'll marry you.'

"Swear then!"

"What—now?" said the man, looking very uncomfortable

"Yes—now, over this spot."

He swore. They raised the stone and entered the vault The air was thick, heavy, and noisome. A bat flew agains the light and nearly extinguished it, and they could hear th buzz of its wings in the church above while they stood endea vouring to get a view of the place. The coffins were range around in the order of their interment; the coffins of th young and of the old, of maidens and wives, of young gal lants, and aged councillors, and magistrates; of soldiers wh had fallen in fight, and priests who had died in prayer; of al the scions of the great family of La Caloune, from the da when their ancestor crossed the sea to spread confusio amongst the Saracens,—there they were, of all sizes, an the newest, most gorgeous, and glittering of them all, with th damp of the tomb yet fresh upon it, was that of the fish-lovin mistress of the impious despoiler, who had now followed he to her last abode. They worked their courage up to th sticking point; tore off the lid, and dragged the body ou on the floor; pulled off all the ornaments, the rings fro the fingers, and the ear-rings from the ears, the costly lac from her dress, and tied them in a bag.

"Let us be off now," said the steward.

"Wait a minute," said the maid: "I must pay the wrete off for all she made me suffer while she was alive."

Whereupon she seized the lady by the hair, and gave her few very hearty slaps on the face.

"There, take that!" said she. This example roused th ardour of the steward. He remembered all the indignities h had suffered at the hands of his mistress—how she used t scold him, and harass him whenever he had not a supply fish in the house. So he gave her a smart blow on the nap of the neck, and to his horror and astonishment a hollo groan issued from the body. The maid dropped the ligh and up the ladder they scrambled, in an agony of terror, an rushed out of the church. The blow had loosened the bon which was stuck in the lady's gullet, and she slowly revive from her trance. When she looked around her upon th vault and coffins, and her own disordered dress, the whol dimly lighted by the lantern which the fugitives had le behind, she swooned away, and three hours had elapsed befo she summoned up sufficient strength to sally forth and mak her escape from the scene of horrors. She found the churc doors open. It was a fine clear starlight night. The stree were empty, and not a sound was to be heard except the long drawn cry of the watchman, "Gentle and simple, pray for th souls of the dead!" He met the lady, and fainted with terro She reached her own house, and knocked loudly. The mai looked out of the window, saw the white garments and th well-known face, and immediately went into fits, shrieking "Madame, madame!"

Another knock, louder than before. The steward wen down and opened the door, shouted "Madame!" and swoone away. The councillor left his room, where all night long h had been praying and weeping, and weeping and praying, an would not be comforted—in order to learn the cause of th tumult. He came into the hall, and there stood his wif pale, indeed, and haggard, but alive and well. We mus leave the joy and rejoicing attendant upon this unexpecte meeting to the reader's imagination. The steward and th maid confessed their crime, but in consideration of thei having been instrumental in dislodging the bone from th lady's throat, they were pardoned. As to their mistress, sh renounced fish from that day forward and for ever, an within six months after her burial she presented her fon husband with a charming boy, who was baptized in the churc of St. Antony à la Daurade.

CRIPPLEGATE, AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THERE is scarcely a street in the city of London but has its tory, for those who care to seek it out. For the literary ntiquary especially, the dim by-ways and no-thoroughfares resent peculiar attractions, for in them once dwelt the poets nd great historical personages of past times. Many a wide, rambling building now devoted to the purposes of trade, as, years since, a noble mansion; and in the dark, dusty ooms, and up the wide stairs, where the gold-work on the eilings and the walls has become black with age, and the arvings on high chimney-pieces have long since been built in nd hidden by high piles of merchandise, children once ported, young people flirted, and those of more advanced ears enjoyed all the sweets of domestic life.

The neighbourhood between Finsbury and Saint Paul's is ch in interesting associations. Out of Cheapside on the orth side, nearly opposite to Bow Church, there is a thorough- re called Wood-street. It is a busy place enough, full of arehouses and counting-houses. At the Cheapside end— the yard of St. Peter-le-Cheap, destroyed by the great re—there is an old elm, inhabited by a colony of rooks; and n the street itself is the church of St. Michael, in which the ead of James the Fourth, who fell at Flodden Field, was nally deposited. This Wood-street—which was formerly mous for its wedding-cakes, and at the end of which stood he Cheapside Cross, commemorated in the Cross Keys Inn— ads directly into the district called Cripplegate, one of the wenty-six wards of the City of London.

The neighbourhood is historical. Long before the Conquest, e are told by Stow, it was known by this name, on account f cripples begging there. The gate itself, which formed one f the northern boundaries of the city, was taken down in 762; and part of the ward is now known as Cripplegate Vithout—that is, outside the walls. "I read," says tow, "that Alfune built the parish church of Giles, nigh a ate of the City, called Porta Contractorum, or Cripplegate, bout the year 1099." This church was destroyed by fire, and he present church erected about the year 1545. The round, ower-like portion of the church has remained unchanged, but he square steeple, with its fanciful spires and cupola, is the ork of a later period. It is a quiet, old-fashioned, little- requented church, surrounded by houses, with a high wall eparating the graveyard from the street. The living, how- ver, is one of the richest in the city, being worth at least 2,600 a year. It was once held, we are told by Cunningham, y Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Manchester.

In the church-yard have been buried many well-known istorical personages, and the parish register records the mar- iage of Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Bowchier, on the 0th of August, 1620. The future Protector of the Com- onwealth of England was at that time in his twenty-first ear.

On the south wall of the church there is a plain monument John Fox, the author of the "Book of Martyrs," who died this parish in the year 1587; and in the south aisle there a tablet to the memory of "skilful Robert Glover," as Stow lls him, who held, during his lifetime, the office of Somerset erald. He died in 1588.

Monuments also exist, either in the church or the church- ard, to the "bold mariner," Sir Martin Frobisher, who, after ircumnavigating the globe with Drake, and assisting in the estruction of the "Invincible Armada" in 1588, died on his omeward passage from Brest, in 1595; John Speed, the topo- rapher, who died in 1629; the father of John Milton, who ied in 1646; and the great epic poet himself, who, in 1674, as "buried in the same grave with his parent," in the upper nd of the chancel at the right hand. The bones of John Iilton have been more than once disturbed. Abrey, in his Lives," tells us (vol. iii., p. 450), that "his stone is now emoved. About two years since (1681), the two steppes to he communion-table were raysed. I ghesse Jo Speed and he e together." In the year 1790 also, the grave of the poet as disturbed, and "many indecent liberties" taken with his remains. Most of our readers will remember Cowper's lines "on the indecent liberties taken with the remains of Milton in 1790," commencing

> "Me, too, perchance, in future days,
> The sculptured stone shall show,
> With Paphian marble or with bays
> Parnassian on my brow;"

and ending

> "Oh, ill-requited bard! neglect
> Thy living worth repaid;
> And blind idolatrous respect
> As much affronts thee dead!"

The bust, erected in Cripplegate Church to the memory of the great poet Milton, was sculptured by Bacon, in 1793, at the expense of Samuel Whitbread.

Several other monuments to historical personages exist in this church; among them are, that to Margaret Lucy, second daughter of Shakspeare's Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcote, and that to the memory of Constance Whitney, whose mother was the fourth daughter to the said Sir Thomas Lucy.

Close at hand is the debtors' prison of Whitecross-street, celebrated as still continuing poor Nell Gwynne's bounty; being the "request of Nelly, made in her will, to her natural son, the Duke of St. Albans, that his grace would be pleased to lay out twenty pounds yearly for the release of poor debtors out of prison every Christmas-day." In Whitecross-street, says Stow, "King Henry V. built one fair house, and founded there a brotherhood of St. Giles; but the said brotherhood was suppressed by Henry VIII., since which time Sir John Gresham, Mayor, purchased the lands, and gave part thereof to the maintenance of a free school which he had founded at Holt, a market-town in Norfolk." The present prison, appertaining to the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, was built in the years 1813—15.

In Fore-street, Moorfields ("a fen or moor without the walls of the city to the north, first drained in 1527, laid out into walks in 1606, and built upon in the reign of Charles the First"), is the noted Grub-street, "much inhabited," says Johnson in the first edition of his Dictionary, "by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called Grub-street:" near to which John Milton had one of his numerous London residences. It is now called Milton-street, and leads directly from the city to Islington. Pope, in the Dunciad, says—

> "Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
> And write whate'er he please, except my will!"

Close at hand is Jewin-street, so called from having contained a Jews' burial-place. In it Milton lived when he married his third wife; and here Dunton, the bookseller, at the sign of the Raven, corner of Bull-head-court, published his "Athenian Mercury." In the chapel in this street is preserved John Bunyan's pulpit.

In Redcross-street, within a stone's throw almost of Cripplegate church, is preserved the excellent theological and general library formed by the eminent protestant dissenting divine, Dr. Williams, in 1680—1705. The library, according to the catalogue published in 1841, consists of upwards of 20,000 volumes. Admission is accorded to any respectable person, to whom the books are lent, under some restrictions, on the first five days of the week throughout the year, except during Christmas and Whitsuntide and the month of August, from ten till four. The room will accommodate fifty or sixty readers. In the library is a fine copy of the first folio edition of Shakspeare, and an original portrait of Richard Baxter, the distinguished nonconformist.

The Fortune theatre—built by Peter Strut, the carpenter, for Phillip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn, the founder of God's Gift College, at Dulwich—stood on the east side of Golden-lane, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate. The original

building was a square construction of lath and plaster and timber, with a picture or sign of Fortune in the front. Here were performed the immortal plays of Shakspeare, and here it was that Alleyn derived the funds with which to found the college and his other numerous charities in London. Another theatre, called the Nursery, from the fact that in it children were instructed in the art of acting, was afterwards erected in this same narrow street, a passage in which is still called Playhouse-yard.

We have by no means exhausted the interest of the neighbourhood, though it may happen that we tire the patience of the reader by these dry antiquarian remarks. Finsbury-square (properly *Fens*bury, from the fenny or marshy nature of the ground originally) at no great distance, was once a favourite walk for the citizens of London in the reigns of Elizabeth and

CRIPPLEGATE CHURCH.

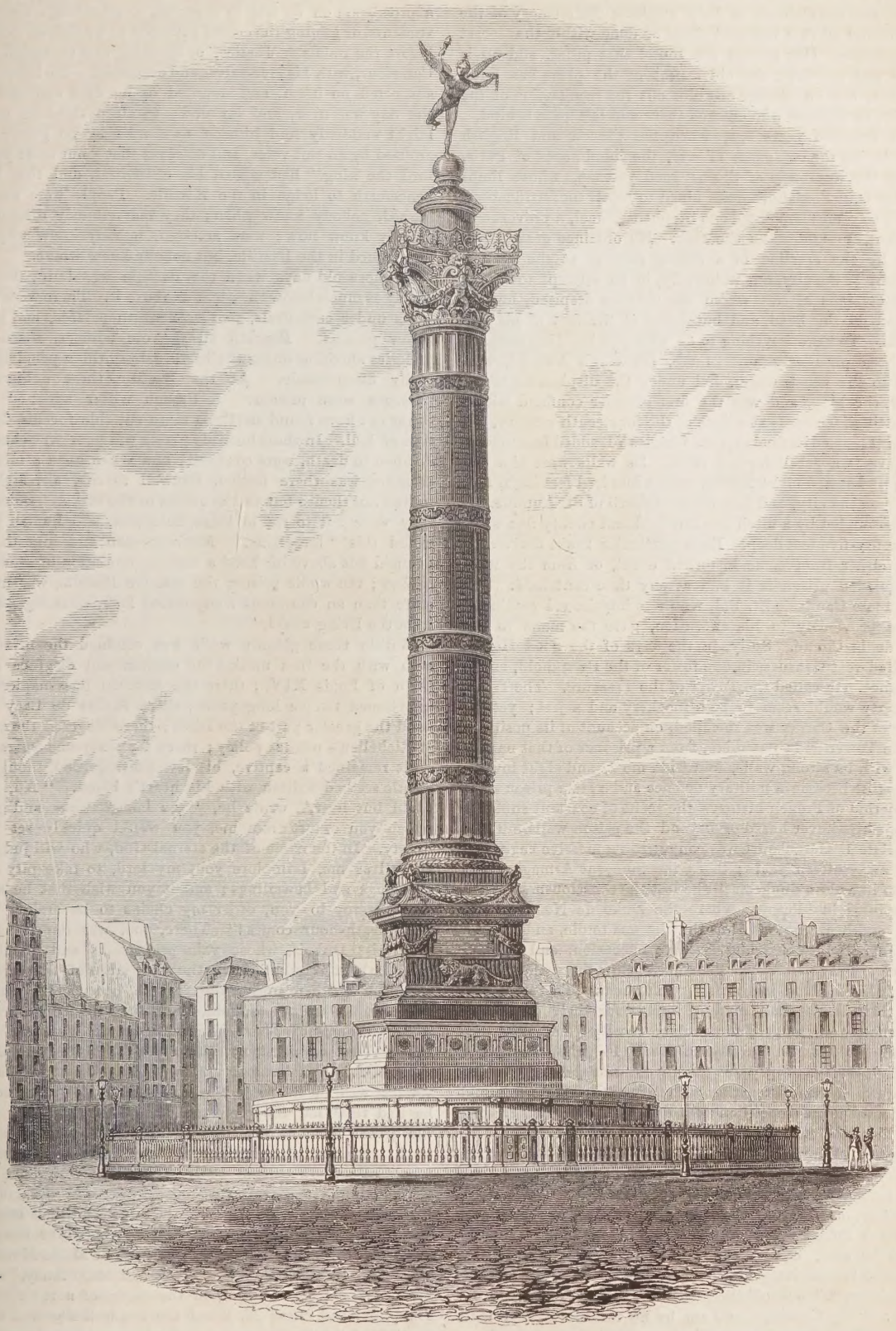
James the First. Shakspeare alludes to it in the first part of "Henry IV.," in Hotspur's reference to Lady Percy:—

> "And gro'st thou such sarcenet surely for thy oaths,
> As if thou never walk'st further than Fensbury."

The square was built in 1789. It is now principally inhabited by medical and professional men. In the "Circus" is the famous London Institution, containing upwards of 60,000 volumes, among which are some of the most curious pamphlets and broadsides in existence. The first librarian of the Institution was no less a person than the celebrated Richard Porson, Regius Professor of Greek in the university of Cambridge, who earned such great renown among continental scholars by his masterly editing of Greek plays, and who died in the year 1808. The following amusing anecdote is told of this eminent scholar. He was once travelling in a stage-coach, where a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and, amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too, roused the slumbering professor from a kind of dog sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, 'I think, young gentleman,' said he, 'you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it.' 'O, sir,' replied the tyro, 'the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and from Sophocles, too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since you were at college.' The professor, applying his hand to his great-coat pocket, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he could be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, 'Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides.' 'Then perhaps, sir,' said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, 'you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book. The young Oxonian again returned to his task, but with no better success, muttering, however, to himself, a vow never again to quote Greek in a stage-coach. The tittering of the ladies informed him plainly that he had got into a hobble. At last, 'Why, sir,' said he 'how dull I am! I recollect now; yes, now I perfectly remember that the passage is in Æschylus.' The inexorable professor returned to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished fresh man vociferated, 'Coachman! holloa, coachman! let me out I say instantly let me out! There's a fellow here has the whole Bodleian library in his pocket.'

The first stone of the present fine building—erected from the designs of William Brooke, the architect—was laid on May the 15th, 1815; and the Institution itself opened within less than four years after.

THE COLUMN OF JULY.



The column of July occupies the site of the bastion of the Bastille. It was erected shortly after the accession of Louis Philippe to the French throne, and at its foot were buried the remains of those who fell in the struggle for freedom during the three days of July. The pillar is covered with the gilded names of those who perished, and is surmounted by a statue in commemoration of the triumph of their cause.

The chief interest attaching to the column arises from its

locality, and as we cross the broad open square where it is situated, in the way to Père la Chaise, thoughts of the strong fortress, which once arose upon that spot, are naturally suggested, and the Column of July awakens the memory of the Bastille and all that was said about or done within that secret prison-house. Gay groups are round that pillar, and all is bustle and activity; the old aspect of the place has quite departed, but no change can blot out the recollection of the Bastille, or of those who entered there and left hope behind.

Five hundred years ago, when the French and English were playing the old game of war, the inhabitants of Paris, fearing the approach of those "good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England," determined to repair the fortifications of their city, and appointed one Stephen Marcel, a provost and merchant, to undertake the task. He obtained great popularity by the erection of a strong fortress at the eastern extremity of the city, but unhappily, in an attempt to favour the pretensions of one whom the citizens despised, he was knocked on the head, and butchered at the foot of his own Bastille. To have anything to do with this building seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate, for Hugh Aubriot, who added to the construction, fell under the displeasure of his master, the king, and was the first offender confined within the Bastille. Towards the close of the fourteenth century, the building assumed its final aspect. Charles VI. added four towers, and gave it a parallelogram form. Its walls were nine feet thick; it boasted eight towers, each a hundred feet high, four looking on the city, and four on the suburb of St. Antoine. It was surrounded by a ditch one hundred and twenty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep. Each particular tower derived its name, either from some historical event, or from the most distinguished prisoners it had at any time contained. The unfortunate Count de St. Pol, who was imprisoned within the fortress previously to his execution, gave the name to the Tour de la Comté. Sully, in the days of the good Henry, deposited vast treasures in one tower of the stronghold, and it was henceforth called the Tower of the Treasure. The Tower of Liberty would seem to be a mockery and a jest; yet the Tower of the Corner was so called, on account of its position; and the Tower de la Bazinière, from a prisoner of that name.

So, with its strong walls, and wide moat, and eight towers, the Bastille became a military defence and a state prison at an early period of French history—the scene of constant suffering and injustice never heard of beyond the prison walls. There the prelate D'Harancourt was confined in a massive cage, and pined away fifteen years; there the innocent Armagnac was shut up in a close dungeon till he lost the consciousness of his unhappiness in idiotcy. There the Duke de Nemours lingered, and heard no news but that he was to die, and saw not the light till they led him forth to execution, and in their wanton cruelty placed his little ones below the scaffold, that their father's blood might fall upon them. There, hunted from their homes and made prisoners for their creed, the Huguenots were lodged, and suffered cruelly from the caprice of their gaolers. In the days of Henry IV., the Bastille was well nigh empty. Sully was the governor of the fortress, and his natural clemency, together with that of the king, prevented for the time the repetition of those enormities which had given the castle so terrible a renown.

The period which followed saw the Bastille once more crowded. A tyrannical method of capture made it one of the most thronged of prison-houses. A *lettre de cachet* was easily obtainable, and during the reign of Louis XV. no less than 150,000 or 200,000 were annually issued. Sometimes a letter would be sent, commanding the person to whom it was addressed to constitute himself a prisoner. When Louis the "well-beloved" was offended with the Prince of Monaco, he wrote:—"My Cousin,—As I am by no means satisfied with your conduct, I send you this letter to inform you of my intention, which is, that as soon as you receive it you shall proceed to my castle of the Bastille, there to remain till you have my further orders. On which, my cousin, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping." Generally, however, the officers of justice were sent to the dwelling of the intended prisoner, commonly in the night, and while all Paris slept, hurried him away to his new lodgings. Thus the idle loiterer, who had been leisurely sauntering through the busy streets, looking at a procession on its way to a shrine, or attending a meeting of students, or joining the crowd gathered to witness an execution before the Palais de Justice, or listening to a charlatan on the Carrefour, with his love-salves and cosmetics,—the loiterer who suspected no harm, and mounted up his dark staircase when the day was over, and lay down to sleep thinking no evil, might suddenly find himself awakened by no gentle hand, aroused by no soft voice, and discover that "our most puissant lord the king" had signed his committal, and that he was henceforth to lodge in the Bastille. People were suddenly missed, nobody knew when; they marvellously disappeared, nobody knew how; were arrested, nobody knew why; and imprisoned in the Bastille, but nobody knew where.

In those old days when the Bastille was built, there was nearly as much below the earth as above it. There were cathedrals under cathedrals, palaces beneath palaces, and prisons below prisons. Beneath all the old edifices, there were galleries shooting under the earth, labyrinthian penetralia not easily discoverable. At the Bastille these subterranean passages were prisons. A French writer says:—"Dante could not have found anything more suitable for his description of hell. In these horrible places the poor wretches, condemned to death, were confined; and when once a miserable creature was there buried, farewell to life, air, light; he moved not thence but to the gibbet or the stake. Sometimes they were left to rot in these dungeons, and human justice called this 'forgetting.' Between man and him the condemned felt above his head a vast accumulation of stones and gaolers; the whole prison, the massive Bastille, was nothing more than an enormous complicated lock, shutting him out from the living world."

Within those gloomy walls was confined the mysterious man with the iron mask—the enigma and disgrace of the reign of Louis XIV.; there the Marshal Bassonapierre was imprisoned twelve long years; there Maitre de Lacy translated the greater part of the Bible; there lingered the victims of Richelieu's pitiless policy; there for sixty-one years Dussault remained a captive, his letter disregarded, though that epistle seemed written with his heart's blood. "Ah, if you could but hear," wrote he, "the lamentations and groans which you extort from me, you would quickly set me at liberty. In the name of the eternal God, who will judge you as well as me, I implore you, my lord, to take pity on my sufferings and bewailings; and if you wish that he should show mercy to you, order my chains to be broken before your death-hour comes!" There, too, was imprisoned the alchymist Dubois, whose vain pretensions and inability to realise them brought down the vengeance of the cardinal; there he writhed under the torture, because he could not turn leaden bullets to gold, and from thence he was led to the scaffold. There the unfortunate Fouquet tasted the reverse of fortune; there the Chevalier de Rohan suffered for high treason, and a young student of the University was incarcerated for one and thirty years because he had ridiculed the professors in a Latin distich. There the grocer Niceron was shut up for many a year on account of having protested against the government monopoly of whale oil; there Citizen Poignant suffered "durance vile" for grumbling at the taxes; there Massat and Catalan were long detained in captivity for refusing to lend their money to the State. There father St. Severin expiated the imaginary crime of sorcery by a long detention, and M. de Montespan was left to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," simply for differing from the king in the choice of a tutor for the Dauphin; and there M. Burai the counsellor passed a long captivity for defending a treasurer prosecuted by government. Sometimes, indeed, people who well deserved it wore "the stone doublet." There St. Croix was imprisoned, became acquainted with Exili, and learned from him the art of poisoning; and there, too, when the report of the poisoners had filled all Paris, was lodged the beautiful Madame de Brèn-

villiers, and thence she was carried forth to execution. Years afterwards La Voison and forty accomplices were thrown into the Bastille on a charge of poisoning, and their leader was burnt to death on the Grève. Terrible were the doings during the time of Louis XV., and although less abuses existed in the beginning of the reign of his successor, yet when the revolution broke out the first efforts of the people were directed against the Bastille. The 14th of July, 1789, saw its destruction. Eighty invalids, or pensioners, and about thirty Swiss soldiers garrisoned the place; it was gallantly defended; but the people were at last victorious, and the fortress was taken, those within it massacred, and with it passed away the power and influence of the old régime.

The Bastille was finally demolished by order of the local authorities, a grand ball given on the place which it had occupied, and the anniversary of its destruction appointed as a festival throughout all France. So the Bastille, after nearly five centuries, was swept away—not a stone left—and a canal flows deeper than the deepest *oubliette*. None can regret its fall. When the revolutionists marched in, they found only a few prisoners, and those chiefly for debt; still it was the dungeon of despotic power, and they who destroyed it did good service to the land.

The struggle of 1830 gave new interest to the Place de la Bastille, and the column represented in our engraving was erected to perpetuate the memory of the second revolution. M. Duc, whose name is so honourably connected with the structure, was the first who originated the idea, and who designed and superintended the erection of the pillar. It is of bronze, carefully and delicately finished; the total cost was about £50,000. The symbolical portions of the building are peculiarly appropriate. The lion is at once the zodiacal sign for the month of July, and a fit emblem of the majesty of the people. The three divisions which are seen upon the shaft of the column indicate the three days of the revolution. On these compartments the names of the victims which fell in the struggle are inscribed: there are 504. Upon two faces of the pedestal are crowns and palms; on the four corners the Gallic cock. A well-executed figure of Mercury surmounts the pillar; and the simplicity and excellency of the ornamental portion, as well as the grand outline of the whole, combine to produce a solemn and striking effect.

NEW ZEALAND BIRDS.

That the frightful and disgusting habit of cannibalism should have been prevalent amongst so fine a race as the New Zealanders, has often formed the subject of wonder to the ethnologist. We think the circumstance may be attributable to the almost total absence in New Zealand of indigenous quadrupeds, and the scarcity of native vegetable productions. The only native quadruped whose existence is well attested, is a sort of rat; though Mr. Walter Mantell, Government Commissioner for the settlement of native claims, is inclined to believe in the existence of another, a sort of badger. At any rate, this animal, if not extinct, must be very rare, seeing that a large reward, offered by Mr. Mantell, failed to bring a specimen of this animal (termed by the natives Kaureke) to light.

But, if nature was sparing in her allotment of quadrupeds to New Zealand, she lavished on that far-distant isle a variety of extraordinary birds. Occasionally their bones turn up, startling the naturalist by their extraordinary size, or curious conformation. Most of these birds were, in one respect, like the ostrich; that is to say, their wings were only rudimentary—very useful as sails to catch the breezes, and assist the animal in running, but totally unavailable for the purpose of flying. Although the only evidence we possess of the former existence of all these birds, save one, is the discovery of their bones, yet circumstances favour the idea that they were not exterminated until comparatively recent periods. Popular native tradition still hands down their characteristics; the various native languages give them a name; which would scarcely have been the case if these animals had ceased for many centuries to exist.

The largest of these wingless birds is termed in native language the *Moa;* it must have been considerably larger than the ostrich; of this there can be no doubt, although the entire skeleton of the Moa has not yet been found.

Our drawing and present remarks do not relate to the Moa, but to an individual of a species, contemporary as is supposed with that gigantic bird, and for the discovery of which we are indebted to the son of that eminent naturalist, unhappily now no more, the late Dr. Mantell. Mr. Walter Mantell imbibed much of his father's love of natural history, and very soon after his appointment to an official capacity in New Zealand, applied himself to the collection of fossil bones of birds in which New Zealand is so rich. At length a fortunate chance enabled him to send to England the skin of a bird supposed to be extinct; and had it not been for the gluttony of a crew of sailors, the bird itself, alive and well, might probably have figured in our Zoological Society's gardens.

Before stating how this capture was made, it is necessary to premise that, according to native tradition, there lived, contemporary with the gigantic *Moa*, a bird also wingless, but far smaller, termed by the inhabitants of the northern island *Moho*, and by those of the southern island *Takahé*. All the natives who mentioned this bird concurred in stating, that formerly it existed in such numbers that their ancestors derived from the species their chief sustenance; the natives, moreover, were all unanimous in stating the bird to have been already for some time extinct. The species was not extinct four years ago, as we shall presently discover; but whether the species be *now* extinct—whether we are now about to describe the last of these birds—is more than can be averred.

To show how extremely rare the *Moho* must have been, it is sufficient to mention, that none of the natives with whom Mr. Mantell conversed on the subject had ever seen it; moreover, the Rev. Richard Taylor, who has so long resided in the islands, had never heard of a bird of this kind being seen. In his "leaf" from the Natural History of New Zealand, under the head of Moho, is the following note:—"*Rail*, colour black, said to be a wingless bird as large as a fowl, having a long bill, and red beak and legs; it is nearly exterminated by the cat; its cry was '*keo, keo.*'"

Let us now inform the reader how a living specimen of the Moho came to light, was caught, killed, and eaten in the year 1849. A party of seal hunters, who were pursuing their avocations in Dusky Bay, having observed the trail of a large bird in the snow with which the ground was then covered, determined to give chase. Proceeding in the direction of the footsteps, they at last caught sight of the *Moa* or *Noturnis*, as naturalists have since denominated it. Their dogs at once gave chase, and finally after a long hunt the bird was captured alive, in the gully of a sound behind Resolution Island. It ran with great speed, uttered loud cries, and violently attacked the dogs. But, notwithstanding the long struggle, it was caught uninjured and taken on board ship, where, after having been kept alive for three days, it was at length killed and eaten, the sailors who partook of the meal describing the bird as most delicious food. Fortunately, these nautical epicures, who certainly were no great naturalists, did not pluck their bird, but skinned it, and Mr. Walter Mantell having secured the skin, confirmation of the correctness of native accounts was at length obtained.

It is a great pity that the seal catchers, having once determined to preserve a memento of their capture, did not set aside the bones as well as the skin. The external lineaments of a stuffed bird are sufficiently attractive to the general observer, but the skeleton is of infinitely greater value to the naturalist.

Our accompanying illustration represents the *Moho*, or Noturnis Mantelli. Its form is not very prepossessing, and its plump, well-rounded contour is so strongly suggestive of a delicate *bonne bouche*, that we do not wonder that the race is so nearly extinct; if, indeed, its extinction be not already consummated. The colours of the plumage are exceedingly fine. The beak and legs are of a deep crimson, the head, throat, and abdomen, purple, and the tail white.

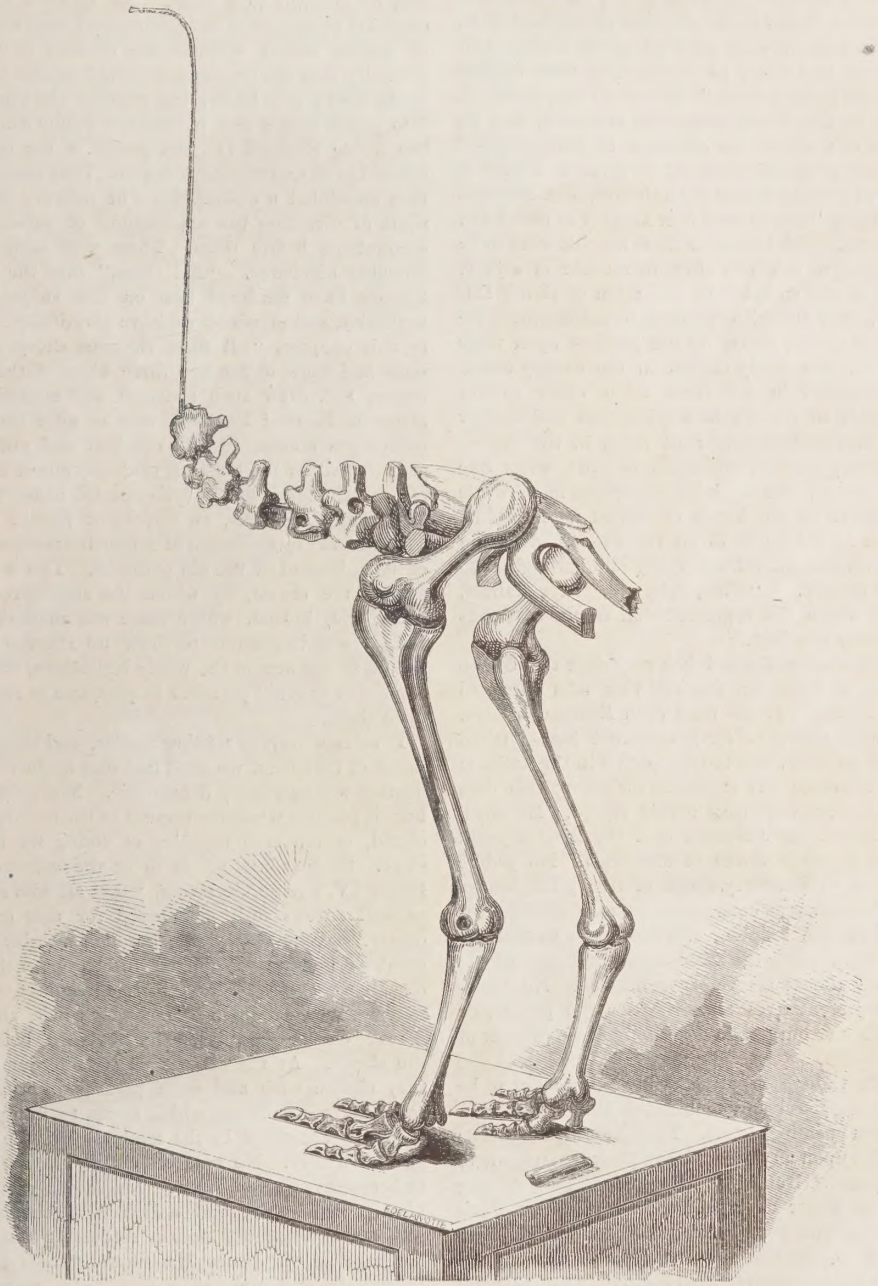
We regret our inability to do by the larger as we have done by the smaller bird—present the reader with a perfect representation of it. However, in default of this, we append a

NOTURNIS MANTELLI.

representation of so much of its skeleton as may serve to convey an impression of its general configuration and enormous size. Our sketch has been copied from an anatomical preparation now to be seen in the College of Surgeons' Museum—that unequalled collection, for the first germ of which we are indebted to our illustrious countryman, John Hunter. Connected with this skeleton, there is a very interesting tale, of which we will give an outline, as it serves very forcibly to demonstrate the wonderful degree of perfection to which the science of comparative anatomy has now arrived.

When digging deep into the bowels of the earth, separating strata, and bringing to light the fossilised traces of animals now extinct, the naturalist refers them to this or that genus; when confidently asserting that such or such a bone belonged to an enormous lizard to which the modern crocodile is but a pigmy; when proclaiming that in such a region there formerly existed dragon-like beings with wings, or scaly monsters with webbed feet, and necks like those of swans—or, in short, some of the marvellous creatures which we are told roamed this world of ours long long before the advent of man,—we are sometimes inclined, notwithstanding our confidence in the power of induction, to think philosophers a little too wild; but the tale we shall now relate concerning our bird-skeleton goes far to abolish our doubts on this head, and to vindicate the assertions of geologists. The tale is this:—Some years ago, a traveller, returning from New Zealand, brought with him a few inches of bone. Not a very inviting freight one would think, nor likely to arrest a traveller's attention: but Australian gold had not been discovered at the period to which our remarks apply, and travellers were content to fill their sea-trunks with curiosities less fascinating than nuggets. The traveller in this case was an intelligent man. He had heard

of gigantic New Zealand birds now extinct: he had heard of Professor Owen, to whom, accordingly, he presented his few inches of bone—that precious bone which now lies at the feet of the skeleton-bird, and which our artist has depicted. The Professor examined the bone attentively. It was big enough to have been the bone of an ox;—an observer less acute than the Professor would probably have regarded it as such, and have thrown it into his dust-bin. Not so Mr. Owen: he in all that philosophers had written about iguanodons, ichthyosauri, and megatheriums, could not believe in the former existence of this New Zealand bird. Professor Owen waited his time. Causing inquiries to be made in New Zealand, his emissaries at length succeeded in collecting some disjointed bones. Forthwith they were packed off in a trunk directed to the man of bones in Lincoln's-inn-fields. Arrived at their destination, the bones were put together on wires, and formed



SKELETON OF A NEW ZEALAND BIRD, IN THE MUSEUM OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.—DRAWN BY PERMISSION OF THE COUNCIL.

oticed a peculiar cancellated structure in the bone; an appearance only noticeable in the bone of a bird; but how could here have been a bird so large? It must have been almost vice the size of the largest existing ostrich. This startling onsideration did not deter the philosopher. A bird's bone this emnant must be, he proclaimed, and, at once setting to work, e figured the bird as it must have been. The announcement, owever, was too startling. Even people who had put faith the very skeleton which our artist has depicted. Some of the vertebræ of the neck are yet wanting, as the reader will observe, but there stands the wire representative of the length to which they should extend. Let us hope, as gold-hunting has now commenced in New Zealand, that some nugget-hunter will turn up amongst his more ignoble treasure these missing bones, and thus enable the worthy anatomist to complete his bird.

PEERS AND M.P.'S;
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

III.
THE COMMONS.

WHATEVER may have been the original purport of the lower house, in our day it has come to be the great battle-ground of party. "The first instance of actual representation which occurs in our history," says Hallam, "is only four years after the Conquest, when William—if we may rely on Hoveden—caused twelve persons skilled in the customs of England to be chosen from each county, who were sworn to inform him rightly of their laws, and these, so ascertained, were ratified by the consent of the great council." No stress can, however, be laid upon this insulated and anomalous assembly, and we find nothing that can arrest our attention in searching out the origin of county representation, till we come to a writ in the fifteenth year of John, directed to all sheriffs, and, amongst other things, charging them to send four knights of the shire; and it remains problematical whether these knights were to be elected by the county or returned after the manner of a jury, at the discretion of the sheriff. In the reign of Henry III. one fact is clear, that subsidies granted in parliament were assessed, not as in former times, by the justices upon their circuits, but by knights freely chosen in the county court. At a subsequent period in the same reign every county elected four knights to inquire into grievances and deliver their inquisition into parliament. Still later, in the thirty-eighth year of Henry's reign, and again in 1261, writs like summonses were issued; and at length, four years later, while Henry was a captive in the hands of Simon de Montfort, writs were issued in his name to all the sheriffs, directing them to return two knights for every city and borough contained within the county. "This, therefore," says Hallam, "is the epoch at which the representation of the commons becomes indisputably manifest."

So far as the towns are concerned, it is very clear that Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, was the first who extended the franchise to them. Till his time even London, a town rich, powerful, with thirty or forty thousand high-spirited inhabitants within its walls, was unrepresented in the national councils. By Mr. Hallam the argument for giving this date to popular representation is very briefly stated. He says, "We find from innumerable records that the king imposed tollages upon his demesne towns at discretion. No public instrument previous to the forty-ninth of Henry III. names the citizens and burgesses as constituent parts of parliament, though prelates, barons, knights, and sometimes freeholders are enumerated, while since the undoubted admission of the commons they are almost invariably mentioned. No historian speaks of representatives appearing for the people, or uses the word citizen or burgess in describing those present in parliament."

Such convincing though negative evidences are not to be invalidated by some general and ambiguous phrases, whether in writs and records or in historians. Those monkish annalists are poor authorities upon any point where their language is to be delicately measured. But it is hardly possible that, writing circumstantially as Roger de Hoveden and Matthew Paris sometimes did concerning proceedings in parliament, they could have failed to mention the commons in unequivocal expressions if any representatives from that order had actually formed part of the assembly. In the reign of Edward I. the borough representatives were finally engrafted upon parliament; then commerce enriched the kingdom, and government saw it would not do to neglect the towns.

There is no reason to believe that the lords and commons ever voted together. They might have met in the same chamber till the time of Edward III., but that they ever intermingled in voting is, in the language of Mr. Hallam, inconsistent with likelihood and authority. But, in fact, there is abundant proof of their separate existence long before Edward III.'s reign. "It may be inferred," says the same authority, "that the houses were divided as they are at present in the eighth, ninth, and nineteenth years of Edward II."

Early it became decided that the proper business of the House of Commons was to petition for redress of grievances, as much as to provide for the necessities of the crown. This privilege the commons never abandoned, and hence it is they have grown and become strong. It was ordained in the fifth of Edward II., that the king should hold a parliament once, or, if necessary, twice every year, "that the pleas which have been thus delayed, and those where the justices have differed, may be brought to a close." In Edward III.'s time, three essential principles of our government were won: the illegality of raising money without the consent of parliament; the necessity that the two houses should concur for any alteration in the laws; and lastly, the right of the commons to inquire into public abuses and to impeach public councillors. Under the feeble Richard II., the power of the commons was increased in an extraordinary degree. They impeached ministers; they appointed a commissioner of reform; they acquired the right of directing the applications of subsidies, and calling accountants before them. These were additional engines of immense efficiency. "All these," says the historian whose labours have rendered him on this subject a pre-eminent authority, and of which we have plentifully availed ourselves in this chapter, "all these vigorous shoots of liberty throve more and more under the three kings of the House of Lancaster, and drew such strength and nourishment from the generous heart of England, that in after times and in a less prosperous season, though checked and obstructed in their growth, neither the blasts of arbitrary power could break them off, nor the mildew of servile opinion cause them to wither." In Henry VI.'s time, an important change was introduced. This was the introduction of complete statutes under the name of bills, instead of the old petitions. This was done to guard against the crown, by whom the statute-roll was tampered with; and, indeed, where there was no design to falsify the roll, it was impossible to draw up statutes which in truth should be the acts of the whole legislature, so long as the king continued to grant petitions in part, and to engraft new matter upon them.

If we now turn to another matter, and inquire into the character of the voters, we shall find that in the counties the qualification was extremely democratic. Not only all freeholders, but all persons whatever present at the county court, were declared, or rendered capable, of voting for the knight of the shire. Such at least seems to be the inference from an act of Henry IV.'s reign, declaring, "that all who are there present, as well suitors duly summoned for that cause, as well as others." Who elected the borough members is a question of greater difficulty. It appears to have been the common practice for a very few of the principal members of the corporation to make the election in the county court, and their names as actual electors are generally returned before the writ by the sheriff. At the same time it is frequently stated, that they choose such and such persons by the consent of the community—a phrase which seems to imply, that the freemen were consulted in the matter. But the subject is one of great difficulty. No one can clearly state what the franchise in boroughs originally was. The inquirer into the past finds himself continually surrounded with clouds and darkness. We can say nothing certain respecting parliament. In the language of Sir James Macintosh, "most of its parts were irregularly and unequally unfolded; some attained their vigour before others, and the growth of some appeared for a time to be too rudely checked for recovery;" yet to its early rise and progress an undying interest attaches; for it grew with England's growth, and strengthened with her strength. Born of the people, more or less, it has been true to them.

We hasten gladly from these dull inquiries. We shall find more entertaining matter as we proceed. The darkness becomes less—the path more plain. Still, even down to our own time, the history of the house is locked up in voluminous journals, state trials, parliamentary debates, and ancient pre-

cedents; yet even a lover of light reading will find much to interest, and a real student of human progress will find much to richly reward his patient research. "How much interest," remarks Mr. Townshend, "may be found in a review of its former privileges, some obsolete or retrenched, and some forgotten; of those hard-won rights to personal and deliberative freedom which the progress of constitutional principles has sanctioned and matured; of its large powers both to reward and punish; of its power of impeachments, that ponderous instrument of the vengeance of the commons, blunted by frequent and injudicious use; of its former vindictive expulsion of members, and tyrannical sentences on offenders kneeling at the bar."

A grand lesson is taught by the House of Commons. It has been snubbed by counties—frowned on by kings. It has gone through every extreme. At one time base as baseness itself. At another time proud in its integrity as the champion of the right. It has been bought and sold over and over again. Yet it lives. What a proof of the inherent virtue of the representative system. What a proof that, so long as you have that, you have politically every thing. That working even imperfectly is a guarantee that the machine of the state will go right.

THE SPEAKER.

The student of etymology in general, and Horne Tooke in particular, will not be surprised to learn that the Speaker of the House of Commons is, in reality, almost the only member who never speaks. Everywhere around you oratory drops like dew, and very heavy dew, from all parts of the House, with the exception of that one particular spot—the oasis in the desert—where stands the richly carved and ornamented Speaker's chair, and where the Speaker sits. You hear him name the different actors on the busy scene. If honourable members cluster too thickly at the bar—if old fogies or young bucks, instead of the quiet tones in which you should discuss the last new tie, or the points of a woman or a horse, speak in tones so loud as actually to drown the voice of Mr. Humdrum, who is in possession of the chair, then "Order! Order!" is cried by the Speaker, deeply, loudly, grandly, and for a time the tumult subsides. Or if a bill is to be put, you again hear the Speaker's voice, thus, "The Middlesex Grand Junction Railway bill, that it be read again this day six months; as many as are of that opinion say Aye, on the contrary, No—the Noes have it." When you have heard thus much, you have, generally, heard all that the Speaker has got to say. Silent, watchful, he sits all night in his chair of state. If the sight of a good man struggling with adversity—a sight which philosophers have pretty often an opportunity of witnessing—be a sight dear to them, what must those excellent personages think of the Speaker of the House of Commons, in a stormy debate or a row—the latter, of course, principally an entertainment got up and conducted for the amusement of the house by the Irish members? And really an ordinary mortal at such a time may feel pleasure in witnessing the conduct of the Speaker, in attempting to keep order under difficulties. Scarcely is the house awed by his majestic appearance, or his vehement tones; often the confusion lasts some time. In ordinary seasons, while the debate drags on smoothly, the Speaker hardly seems to belong to the house at all, as calm, dignified, silent, he sits apart—a witness of the scene, but rarely an actor in it.

"The first Speakers of the House of Commons were chosen," says Mr. Townshend in his History of the House of Commons, "from belted knights and commoners of distinction, but in accordance with the previous nomination of the king. Sir Thomas Hungerford, 51 Henry III., in the year 1376, is the first named as Speaker in the parliament roll, and termed *parleur*, or mouth of the house. But as the ancient parliament rolls recorded only the acts that passed between both houses, and the laws that were made, omitting all matters of form and ceremony, it may be conjectured that the antiquity of the office is coeval with the sitting of the commons apart from the lords. In the forty-fourth year of Henry III.'s reign, their refusal to suffer the recall of Adomar the Bishop of Winchester elect, from banishment, is signed. "Petrus de Mounteforti Vice Communitatis." In the olden time, when the commons were of little importance, the post of Speaker was not always one of honour alone. Sir Peter de la Mere was committed close prisoner to Nottingham castle for having spoken too freely of the royal favourite Alice Pierce. The poor Speaker was browbeaten, contradicted, and buffetted at the royal will. One was committed to the Fleet, and ultimately beheaded, though the whole house petitioned to have him restored, urging his privilege "by common custom time out of memory of man, and even afore these times used in every of the parliaments of the king's noble progenitors."

We cannot be much surprised then if we find that, in the time of Richard II., a custom grew up on the part of the speaker elect of praying to be excused from office. Sometimes the addresses of these gentlemen were of the most fulsome character. Richard Rich compared Henry VIII. upon one occasion, "for justice and prudence to Solomon, for strength and fortitude to Samson, for beauty and comeliness to Absalom." Sir Edward Coke, the second great Speaker—that far nobler man Sir Thomas More having been the first—in his address to Queen Elizabeth, said, "Although as in the heavens a star is but *opacum corpus* until it receive light from the sun, so stand I *corpus opacum* until your highness's bright shining wisdom hath looked upon me and allured me. In this house are many grave, many learned, many deep, wise men, and those of ripe judgments; but I am untimely fruit not yet ripe, but a bud scarcely blossomed, so as I fear me your Majesty will say amongst so many fair fruit ye have plucked a shaken leaf." In the same reign we have another illustration of the mode in which the house conducted its affairs. The house having met for the choice of a speaker, the Comptroller of the Household, Sir William Knoles, said, "I will deliver my opinion unto you, who is most fit for this place, being a member of this house, and those good abilities which I know to be in him (here he made a little pause and *the house hawked and spat*, and after silence made he proceeded) —unto this place of dignity and calling, in my opinion (here he stayed a little), Mr. Sergeant Yelverton (looking upon him) is the fittest man to be preferred (after which words Mr. Yelverton blushed and put off his hat, and after sat bareheaded); for I know him to be a man wise and learned, secret and circumspect, religious and faithful, no way disable, but every way able, to supply this place." He then sat down, hoping for a general consent. The whole house cried, "Aye, aye, aye, let him be;" and the master-comptroller made a low reverence, and sat down. Up then rose modest, blushing Sergeant Yelverton. He could not account for the choice—he lacked merit, ability, and wealth. He was a poor man with a large family. Nor was he of a sufficiently portly presence. "He that supplieth this place," said the sergeant, "ought to be a man big and comely, stately and well spoken, his voice great, his carriage majestical, his nature haughty, and his purse plentiful and heavy; but, contrarily, the stature of my body is small, myself not so well spoken, my voice low, my carriage lawyer-like and of the common fashion, my nature soft and bashful, my purse thin, light, and never yet plentiful." This modesty, real or affected, of course enraptured the house, and Sergeant Yelverton was elected *nem. con.* The Speaker is nominated by the government; and if party feeling runs high, it is generally in the choice of a Speaker that the first trial of strength takes place. The most recent instance of this sort took place in the year 1835, when, on the death of Earl Spencer, and the consequent elevation of Lord Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, to the peerage, King William IV. rather unceremoniously dismissed his whig ministers. Sir Robert Peel, who was appointed Premier while on a tour in Italy, had so strong an opposition to contend with, that he dissolved the parliament, and the first of the defeats, which shortly afterwards led to his retirement, was upon the election of Mr. Abercrombie as Speaker, in opposition to Mr. Goulburn, the ministerial candidate.

KHOSROVAH.

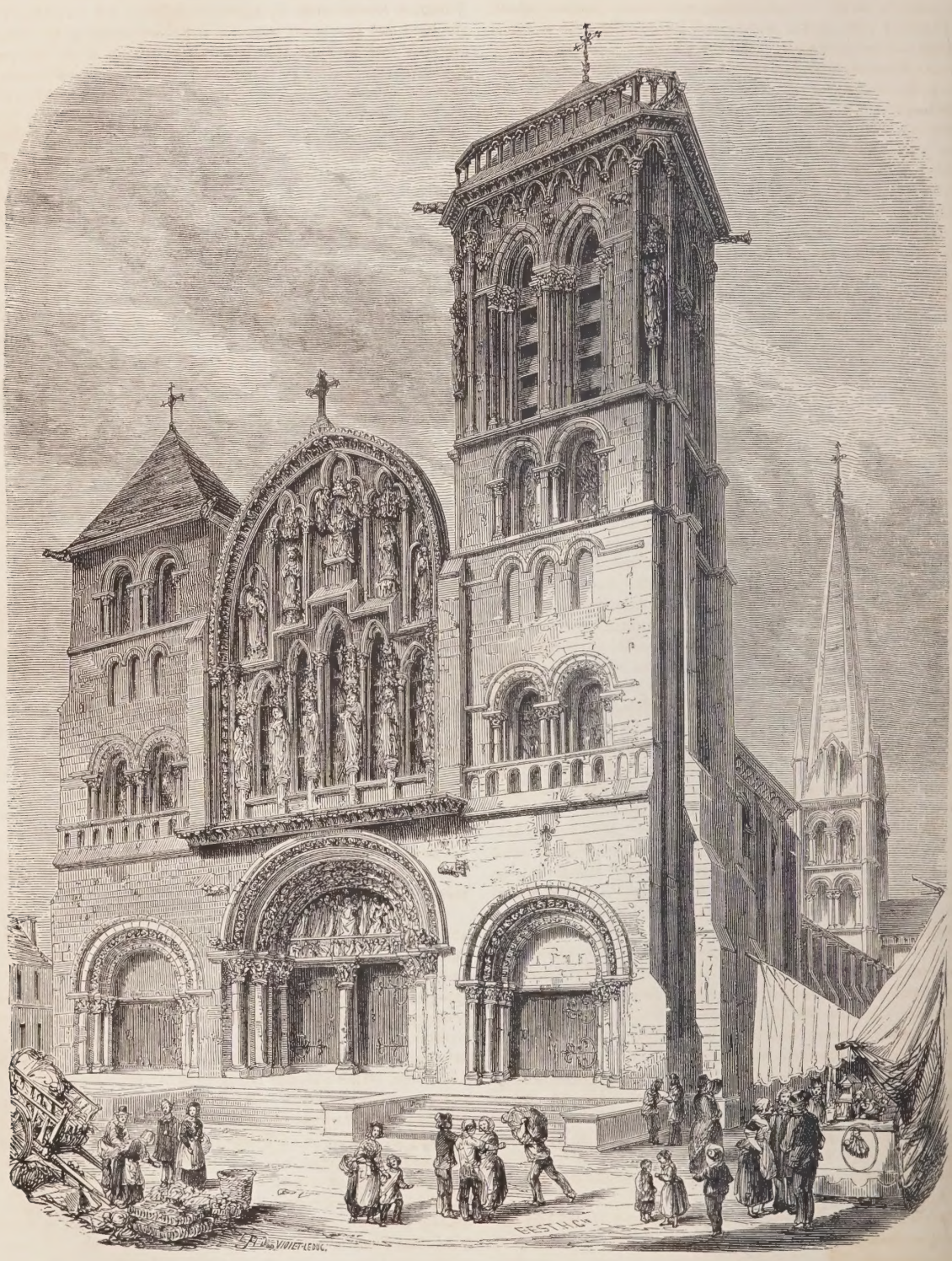
KHOSROVAH is a town situated in the middle of a beautiful plain near the lake of Ommyah, within three days' journey of Tabriz, the capital of Azbaidjan, one of the ten provinces of Persia. The inhabitants number nearly twelve hundred, and are of Chaldean origin. They were formerly Nestorians, but have lately adopted the Roman Catholic faith. At Khosrovah the houses are large, convenient, and well built, many of them have very beautiful gardens attached, but the cultivation of the earth does not say much for their owners' knowledge of agriculture; and in this they are not distinguished from their neighbours, who are but indifferent husbandmen. A recent traveller says that when he for the first time saw Khosrovah, the peasants who used carts, employed a team of buffaloes; from a sketch which he then made our engraving is taken. At a short distance from the town an ancient bas-relief is found upon a rock, representing two horsemen attended by champions on foot: it is very large, and after a remote style of art, probably sculptured during the monarchial period of the Sassanides.

Persian villages generally resemble each other in nearly every particular; there is the same earthen wall, and row of trees, and breaches in the wall, occasioned by some trivial accident, for the Persian builds but slightly, and his fortification is a merely imaginary defence, that a fox might break down—the same mud hovels, and here and there picturesque old houses, with gilded cupolas of different heights; together with the same extensive caravansaries—simple as of old. If the village is rich and populous, the houses of the principal inhabitants are garnished with various carvings and coloured glass; some of the dwellings are built of brick. From any other habitations, by its peculiarity of material or architectural decoration, may be recognised the dwelling of the Ket Khoda, chief of the village. The Mosque is generally indicated by a brick dome, upon the point of which a plume of stork's feathers is exposed, or sometimes the point is surmounted by a nest.

The peasants for the most part erect their own dwellings, and manufacture their own materials for the building. Collecting a great quantity of earth in a trough, they moisten gradually by adding water till the whole is reduced to a thick paste, they then press this moistened earth into the wooden brick-mould, with rapidity and exactness. One man may thus produce a prodigious quantity of bricks in one day, generally between two and three thousand. The bricks having taken the desired form are hardened in the sun, and are then considered fit for use. Nearly all the houses are built of these materials.

In Persia, as well as in Europe, agriculture sustains the chief part of the public expenses, and is a source of considerable revenue. The state claims a certain duty upon all products; but money being extremely rare in the villages and country districts, most of the peasants pay the greater part of the government imposts in grain or cattle. This is a great alleviation to the husbandmen, who are generally poor. Agriculture in Persia, is the same now as it has been for many centuries. They have a stereotyped system of husbandry—a good old way—from which it would be difficult to induce them to depart. In the labours of the fields, as we have before remarked, bullocks or buffaloes are employed. Everything in Persia reminds the traveller of the old time—there things seem to have remained as they were from the beginning; the Persian makes his bricks and builds his house as of yore, the ox-drawn cart rumbles over the marshy soil; but while every social arrangement maintains its old character, one looks in vain for the glory and power of the country, the bygone magnificence buried in unaccountable oblivion even by their own historians. Scattered fragments here and there give indication of the condition of ancient Persia, and the caves in the rocks still remain where the Persian kings are buried.

CART OF A HUSBANDMAN, KHOSROVAH, IN PERSIA.



CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE, VEZELAY, FRANCE.

THE CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE AT VEZELAY.

Vezelay, a French town in the department of L'Yonne, is on rather a lofty mountain. The access to it is difficult on every side but the west. Neighbouring and distant heights, which are crowned with tufted woods, and intersected with winding streams and fertile valleys, afford a pleasant prospect from it. The mountain on which it stands was chosen in the middle of the ninth century as an abode for a colony of children connected with the order of St. Benedict. Count Gerard de Roussillon, the fierce antagonist of Charles the Bald, and his pious wife, Bertha, were the founders of the monastery at Vezelay. They occupied a strong castle on this mountain, and there provided an asylum for monks, when the convent which they had built in honour of St. Peter was destroyed by the Normans. Vezelay, placed by its founder under the immediate protection of the Holy See, soon ranked among the great religious establishments of France, and all attempts to make it subordinate to bishops or abbés proved unavailing. In the tenth century, relics of Mary Magdalene were supposed to have been conveyed to it, which naturally gave rise to many pilgrimages thither. The population increased, and the place soon became renowned. Its inhabitants grew rich by commerce, and in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries we find them mixed up with all sorts of transactions, either as witnesses or judges. They could not be unaffected by the general movement which was at that time going on in the north and centre of France. No less turbulent than the *bourgeois* of other towns, they killed their feudal lord, the Abbé Artaud, who wished to impose a new tax upon them, burnt the monastery, and involved many in the general destruction. This was only the prelude to other disturbances in the city, which led to an appeal to the Pope. The second crusade, which was proclaimed at Vezelay in 1146, summoned the *élite* of the French barons to arms, and St. Bernard blessed Louis the Young, with a vast crowd of his vassals, on the hill to the north of Vezelay, where a church was afterwards built, under the name of the Holy Cross. In the year 1155, the disputes between the inhabitants of Vezelay and their ecclesiastical superiors were brought to an end, by the payment of a large fine to the abbé, and the demolition of the towers and fortifications of the town. But during the latter half of the twelfth century the repose of the monastery was again disturbed, till at length the monks were constrained to retire. In these commotions the inhabitants once more took part, hoping to recover their independence, but were again condemned to pay a heavy fine. The monastery was for a long time afterwards frequented by pious pilgrims, some of whom were royal personages, as St. Louis, who came in 1267, to celebrate the translation of the relics of the Madeleine. In the sixteenth century Vezelay gave birth to the celebrated Theodore Beza, one of the great lights of the Reformation. One of the abbés, Cardinal Odet de Coligny, embraced protestantism, and saw the Huguenots seize upon the monastery in 1569, after a brave resistance on the part of the inhabitants. The destruction of the abbey followed, and the church, which had been already neglected, was seriously damaged. The monks, who were secularised by Pope Paul III. in the middle of the sixteenth century, no longer possessed the means of keeping the ancient edifice in repair. Their abbés, the lords superior, spent all the revenues at Paris, without troubling themselves at all about the state of the building.

The church of Vezelay is no less celebrated in the estimation of archæologists than the town in that of the historians of the middle ages. The building, which is as large as a cathedral, being nearly four hundred feet long, occupies a great part of the summit of the mountain on which it is erected. From whichever side the town is approached, it commands attention by its imposing magnitude. Its towers, from their unequal size, look as if they had been more than once struck by lightning. Various opinions have at different times been entertained with regard to the origin and age of the church of Vezelay. The learned of the place gave it at least a thousand years' existence, and attributed it to the Saracens. Without going so far back, and without believing that the good Countess Bertha rose by night to go with her attendants to the sand and stones set apart for the construction of the fabric, we may feel assured that the nave, which is in the pure Romanic style, belongs to the end of the eleventh century; that the church of the catechumens, that is to say, the porch, which is in the transition Romanic style, and not less than sixty-eight feet in breadth, dates from the twelfth century; and that the choir, which is in a pointed, bold, and slender style, must be referred to the beginning of the thirteenth century, or somewhat later. The large front, represented in the accompanying engraving, itself exhibits a mixture of several styles. In the lower part may easily be recognised that of the twelfth century, characterised by the Romanic arcades; the two towers belong to the same age, except the upper story of that on the right, which is pointed, and of the thirteenth century; the too slender balustrade which surmounts it is modern. At a later period the sculptures which adorned the tympanum of the principal door were destroyed.

If we could open the doors and show the admirable sculptures which adorned the tympanum of the inner entrance, and that of the capitals of the columns in the porch; then the beautiful and simple arrangement of the long triforiums of the three naves, perfectly restored to their original condition, which are most sumptuously decorated from the base of the four-columned pillars to the arches of the vaulting and triforiums, and even to the cordons which separate the three stories of the building; we should be surprised at what the monks of the middle ages could accomplish in the way of adorning their churches. Together with the rose-work, so rich, and so vigorously executed, must be reckoned, though inferior in point of art, the thousand subjects of statuary which cover the capitals of all the Romanic part of the church and the vast tympan of the porch. This last is occupied by Christ sitting in his glory, surrounded by the apostles, and blessing the world. The statue of John the Baptist stands on the central pier of the entrance. The zodiac, a usual accompaniment of Romanic portals, surrounds this tympanum. On the side-doors are represented the principal scenes in the life of our Saviour. By the sculptures of the Romanic capitals in the naves, in which Satan, under various very ugly forms, plays an important part, the struggle of man against evil, and his triumph through the assistance of angels, are symbolically represented. There are also many biblical subjects found there.

The choir of the church, which is decorated in the pointed style, has no sculptures of persons. The columns of the chancel, consisting of one stone, are ornamented with frescoes and even incrustations in mosaic. The tympanum of the exterior portal is an addition made by some abbé of the fourteenth century, who wished to throw more light into the nave of the porch than was afforded by the Romanic bays that were originally there, by making open arcades in the centre of the fore-front. This part has lately been carefully repaired. The subjects are arranged in the following manner:—The Eternal Father is seated on the summit of the tympanum; two angels support his crown on each side, but a little below are statues, the one of the Virgin, who is crowned, and the other of Mary Magdalene. In the lower story may still be discerned the statues of St. Peter and St. John; three others represent a bishop and two martyrs. The style of these works is a little hard, and bears marks of the age of their execution. It is surprising that we do not here see the founder of the monastery.

For twelve years the French government has made great sacrifices to save the church of Vezelay from ruin. Thanks to the attention of M. Viollet-Leduc, who superintended its total restoration, it has resumed an air of youth and life quite reassuring, and which does not at all interfere with its original character. When this architectural monument is completely restored, it will be one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the largest, Romanic edifices in France.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

But we must hasten over to the conclusion of our story, tempting as it is to linger among such pleasant scenes and such hearty people—tempting as it is to elaborate with loving pen pictures of that rare beauty in the world—a deep, pure, earnest, and devoted love between two equally noble beings.

We can but glance at the golden bridal morning, when Mary, awakening from a refreshing and deep sleep, found Lucretia already dressed watching her, as she so calmly slumbered on, with surprise and deep love; for now that the eventful morning had arrived, Lucretia was by far the most agitated of the sisters. As for John, he had never slept a wink all that night, so agitated and intoxicated was he with joy and awe. He had been strolling through the woods and fields, living over his past life; and, in the transient darkness of the balmy June night, offering up fervent prayers to the Creator of this beautiful universe for strength to perform the duties of the new life stretching out before him, and this, too, in such a manner that his own life, and the lives bound up in his, might be in harmony with the beauty and glory pervading all nature; that he and Mary, as an Adam and Eve standing amidst the garden of Eden of nature, though having eaten of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, should cleave to the good, and listen unfearingly to the voice of the Almighty, wandering through the garden, serving Him, though unseen, hourly with obedient and adoring hearts, until that blessed day when they should eat of the Tree of Life, and enter into the glory of their Lord.

When the sun rose redly up, and sent his slant beams quivering through the tangled underwood of a coppice where John had flung himself down upon the mossy ground, and when the happy birds burst into their morning anthem, and the dew-drops showered down from the thickly-blossoming may-trees, and the corn-crake was heard uttering his shrill note with his quiet voice through the deep mowing-grass, John came forth from his meditations, and gathering trails of lovely wild creepers and flowers, slowly sauntered towards the village. Two milk-maids, going out to their cows, passed him as he walked along, his agitated face half concealed by his sheaf of greenary, and, looking back after him, observed to each other, "Why that's Mr. Wetherly, isn't it?—old Sally's grandson; and to-day's to be his wedding-day—bless the young man! But, depend upon it, he's so full of joy he's not been able to sleep all this blessed night!"

And when Mary was about to array herself in a lovely white silk dress—a present from Honoria which had arrived the previous day—Lucretia opened the door of their chamber, and led Mary, much surprised, to a table in a little ante-room, where, most tastefully festooned with wild creepers and flowers, stood a quaint little old looking-glass. "See what John has been doing whilst you have been fast asleep! He has been wandering about all night, I fancy, from the look of his face, too happy to sleep, and came ever so early, begging me to let him adorn the old looking-glass with flowers; for he says the image of you, darling, in your bridal dress must be encircled by a worthy and appropriate frame. See how lovely it is! And he would not take any of the exquisite flowers sent last night from the Hellings' hothouses, but brought these simple wild flowers. Oh, Mary, he loves you dearly, tenderly; but can he love you as I do, as I have done for these long years, ever since you were the little motherless child?" And the sisters clung together in a tight embrace, and it was now Mary's turn to cheer her sister, and to call again bright smiles forth from amidst her loving tears.

We must not dwell upon the marriage blessing pronounced by Mr. Brewster over the lovers in the quaint little church, where Mary knelt before the altar in her pure white dress, with a ray of sunshine falling upon her, till, like Keats's lady, she looked "a splendid angel newly dressed, save wings, for heaven." Nor yet may we dilate upon the grandeur of dear old Sally Wetherley, who stood during the ceremony, big reticule in hand, between Lucretia and Mrs. Brewster; nor how the three tender-hearted women shed tears, and inwardly besought blessings upon the united lovers,—this we leave, also, to the imagination of the reader. One little ray of sunshine we must, however, notice, as being present at the marriage ceremony, beside the ray which glanced over and kissed sweet Mary's bridal garment; and this was a tall figure robed in a white muslin morning-dress, gleaming forth, like a fresh morning cloud, from a distant pew in the church. It was Honoria; but before the little bridal party had recovered from the emotion of the solemn ceremony, the beautiful white figure had floated, cloud-like, out of the church, and was nowhere to be seen, either in the churchyard or upon the road. Upon the wedding breakfast-table lay, however, a little note, with the most fragrant of orange-blossom bouquets, which, opened by Mary's trembling fingers, and read by her and John's eyes half blinded by happy tears, ran thus:—

"Beloved friends,—All happiness, all peace to you! I was at your wedding, you see, though you believed me still with Agnes at *Kaiserswerth*—but I could not lose a true moment of happiness in witnessing the solemnisation of such a marriage as I believe yours will be. I am not going to disturb you now, dear John, dear Mary, do not fear; such moments in life ought to be sacred even from the dearest of friends. But I shall await you with the warmest welcome and congratulations upon your return from the Peak. Drive immediately, when you return to Nottingham, to Pierrpoint House. I shall be there, and will command even our poplars to *shiver* you a *warm* welcome!

"Your affectionate friend,

"Honoria Pierrpoint.

"P.S.—Mary must not trouble herself in bidding her sister adieu with the thought of how lonely she will be. I and the Hellings shall look after that."

And in Pierrpoint House, standing within that stately dining-room, which long years before had sent such a chill into John's heart, did Honoria welcome her friends; and beneath that portrait of the stately Lady de Callis, who no longer chilled him with her enigmatical eyes and proud smile, did Honoria pronounce their marriage homily with the same eyes and lips as were pictured in the portrait of her grandmother.

"Welcome, dear friends," cried she, stepping forth with her gracious, yet majestic air, and taking a hand of each wedded lover. "Welcome! It is seldom a marriage gives me any satisfaction, any hope; but yours does. You must not fail in the fulfilment of your dreams of an ideally beautiful marriage; such marriages becoming realities, are the great educators of the world, the sole regenerators of society—such married pairs as you may, perhaps, become, are the only reformers of our great social evils in whom I place much faith. John, through your beautiful Art, ennoble your own soul and your wife's soul; and, Mary, through your life, ennoble your husband's Art. And your children—oh! I have much joy in the thoughts of your children, for they will be worthy denizens of this beautiful world—strong mind and body—healthy to the core. And we—for I shall love them as *my* children, John—*we* must rear them up so that they may become worthy denizens of a yet more beautiful, more perfect world. We must always treat them as little angels; and as they sit upon their little benches far down in the lowest forms of the Great School of Life, let us seek—we the elder scholars—so to teach and train their innocent hearts, that in later years the Great Schoolmaster may not have to whip and buffet them as He has had to do with us, His disobedient scholars! Dear friends, dear brother and dear sister, do you associate me with you in this holy labour!" Their answer was spoken rather by warm pressure of the hands, and by the united looks of love in the faces of the married pair, than by words.

And now, in conclusion, we must just remark that the Wetherleys' marriage has in no wise disappointed Honoria. The other night, driving away with Agnes from John Wetherley's beautiful house at Brompton, Honoria suddenly broke the silence in which the two friends were sunk by saying:—

"Agnes, if I felt proud of John's first picture in the Exhibition, how much more proud do I feel of John's beautiful life! What so exquisitely beautiful, so sublime, as moral excellence! Does not such an evening as this refresh our souls? Will not the memory of those two pure and loving beings standing in perfected union before John's noble picture, within that lofty and quiet studio, and Mary's full voice mingling with and leading the shriller voices of her children, as they sang that lovely anthem, revisit us again and again as glimpses of living poetry? You, dear Agnes, the type of a class of woman each day becoming less rare—the woman of intellect, who, self-absorbed, offers up as a willing sacrifice her heart's blood as well as her brain to the life of the intellect; and I, the woman of wealth, who offer up all the vast power of this wealth to the furtherance of what appears to me justice and truth,—we two women, who have chosen our portion in the world, and consider it a good and wise portion; and who, struggling to benefit our sex, and indignant at the injustice it has suffered through long ages from ignorant man, at times inveigh against marriage as a yoke of all bitterness,—let us recall this marriage with joy, and acknowledge that among the women-workers for the enlightenment of the world, such a wife and mother as Mary is one of the most efficient; but she is efficient alone, Agnes, because she has followed in all simplicity the bent of her nature, and all her duties thus flow forth easily from her—they are her radiations. To her, to guide and to cherish those beautiful children is as natural and easy as it is for you to pour out your soul in eloquent words, which arouse to deeds of noble action thousands of men, women, and children,—as it is for me to plan schemes for education and for the alleviation of misery. Agnes, each of us, sister-workers, have we not, in listening to the secret voice of our hearts, disentangled the skein of our destinies? and may we not thank our beneficent Father for the clear and noble path of duty stretching forth before us boldly into the future? To learn how to discern our duty, is not that the first great lesson of life? and that lesson now surely, dear friend, we have conned thoroughly."

THE END.

WODIN AND HIS RELIGION.

The authors who have hitherto written upon Wodin and his religion are far from inspiring confidence in the reader. We cannot pretend to give more than a brief sketch of some of their statements, which, though not free from error, deserve attention on account of having been long current. It is supposed that this mysterious personage was originally king of a tribe on the borders of the Caspian sea. A contemporary of Mithridates, he was on the point of entering into an alliance with him against Rome; but the death of the King of Pontus disarranged his plans, and henceforward he thought only of giving scope to the warlike tendencies of his people by attempting the conquest of Germany. Aided by the counsels of the philosopher Mimer and his wife Frigga, or Freya, he managed during this expedition to give his people the religion on which he had long been meditating, and of which he was destined to be the principal hero. Its fundamental principle was the consecration of suicide. Whoever died a natural death bore the reproach of a coward, and incurred the penalty of future punishment.

As the believers in this creed regarded life as a burden from which they were bound to seek release, they boldly faced the storms and ice of the ocean around Iceland where they established their colonies. One division of this nation, known by the generic name of Northmen, went and settled, in the ninth and tenth centuries, in Normandy, to which they gave their name; and by their invasion they completely changed the political aspect of the whole of France. But Wodin pursued his conquests in the north, and apportioned immense empires to his sons Bagded and Segded, after subduing Sweden and Denmark at the head of his hordes. Having reposed for some time from the toils of war, he invaded Norway, and gave it as a heritage to his son Sæmungua. It is supposed that about this time the followers of Wodin took the name of Scandinavians.

Thus the life of this hero was spent in victories; and, it may be added, that he died as he had lived. For seeing his end was near, and not wishing to belie what he had advanced, he assembled his people, and after delivering a speech in which he summed up the principles of his religion, he stabbed himself and his wife with his poniard; upon which the aged who were present melted to tears, and fell upon their swords; and the young, inflamed with ardour, rushed to new exploits.

Among a people so enthusiastic as the Scandinavians the recollection of Wodin could not but produce a lasting impression. His death, accompanied by such striking circumstances, naturally tended to increase their veneration for him, and before long they came to regard him as a god, though he had only proclaimed himself a prophet of the divinity. According to the poets, Wodin combined an invincible courage with such a remarkable eloquence, that he improvised verse in the course of his speeches. Some idea of the religion of Wodin may be gathered from the description of it contained in the "Edda," a poem said to have been composed in the eleventh and twelfth centuries by various authors. The first part of the "Edda" explains the doctrines relating to worship, the creation and the battles of the giants, the second treats only of the quarrels of the gods. There are twelve gods; Wodin is their chief; and he has one hundred and twenty-six attributes of his own. Frigga, his wife, is the goddess of pleasures. Thor, his son, is the god of thunder, corresponding to Zeus among the Greeks and Jupiter among the Romans. Loke is the god of evil; he is the Beelzebub of the Scandinavians; he never ceases—says a writer, with great simplicity—from playing tricks with the gods. Niflheim is their lower world; Hela, the goddess of death, and daughter of Loke, presides there; her body is half stone and half flesh, to indicate the principle of life and destruction. Adulterers, perjured persons, and cowards, lie weltering in a green lake, formed by the poison of serpents, in which they are incessantly swallowed up and thrown back again by frightful monsters. Walhalla is their paradise; a bridge composed of a rainbow is the only entrance to it; Heimdall is the keeper. This giant has teeth of pure gold; he sees as well in the night as in the day, and hears the wool grow on the back of sheep! There in the midst of clouds warriors partake of banquets, served up by nymphs, called Walkiries. Their most agreeable pastime is that of renewing in heaven the combats in which they engaged upon earth, and challenging even Wodin himself to fight them. Surrounded by scalds—*i. e.* poets occupying much the same position among the Scandinavians as the bards among the Scots—who celebrate their exploits in song, they never grow old. To give our readers some idea of the character of these tribes, we here quote from the death-song of Reyner Lodbrog, King of Denmark, which ends thus:—

"We fought sword in hand. But I am full of joy at the thought that a banquet is preparing for me in the palace of the gods. Soon, seated in the splendid abode of Wodin, we shall drink out of the skulls of our enemies. A brave man fears not death; I will not pronounce words of terror on entering Wodin's hall.

"We fought sword in hand, Ah! if my sons knew the torments I endure; if they knew that venomous serpents gnaw my bosom, how ardently would they desire to engage in fierce conflicts; for their mother has given them a valiant heart.

"We fought sword in hand. But it is time to finish. Wodin sends me goddesses to conduct me to his palace. I am going to the regions above to drink beer with the gods. My life is at its end, I shall die with joy."

KING RENE'S GARDEN.

René, called the Good, Duke of Anjou, King of Naples and Sicily, and Count of Provençe, was born at Angers, on the sixth of January, 1408. He was the son of Louis II., King of Naples, and Yolande, daughter of John I. of Arragon. He received at his baptism the title of Count of Guise. But few particulars are known of his early life, except that he was educated under the eye of his mother, and in his youth acquired that taste for the study of the beautiful which distinguished him in after days. While still young he obtained the hand of Isabella of Lorraine, and at the age of thirty succeeded to the title and estates of that dukedom. His right to this high dignity was disputed, and the question referred to a council of peers, who, however, decided in favour of René. From the council the new claimant appealed to the sword. Civil war devastated the land, but without the desired result. Soon after René proceeded to Naples, as lieutenant-general, to take possession of the throne on behalf of his wife, vacant by the death of Joan II. There fresh troubles assailed him; a competitor was ready to dispute with him for the crown, backed by the Duke of Milan and the Pope himself. He struggled hard, but the fortune of war was against him: for six years he remained a close prisoner, and then had to pay a heavy ransom before he was permitted to return to his own domains.

Forced by the troops of Alphonso of Arragon to abandon the kingdom of Naples, René returned to his own duchy of Lorraine. There, surrounded by a brilliant court, he passed his time in the midst of the utmost magnificence, fêtes and tournaments being matters of daily occurrence. Knights and troubadours gathered around the monarch, his court became the centre of all grace and beauty, and the fame thereof spread over the face of all fair France. But this ceaseless round of pleasure was but ill adapted for the failing health of Isabella: the bloom had passed from her cheek, and the brightness from her eyes; time and trouble had marked her brow. With her René took many a solitary ramble, and together they traversed the quiet hills and valleys about the old town of Angers. In one of their rambles they remarked an elevated spot, a rock about sixty feet high, formerly called the Camp of Cæsar; at the summit they discovered a grotto, once the abode of a saintly recluse. The situation delighted Isabella; there was an air of quietness and of romance about the place that afforded a charming contrast to the noise, bustle, and excitement of the court. René occupied himself in attempts to render this spot, so wild and so uncultivated, a pleasant and agreeable retirement, by making its barren steeps bloom and flourish with all the glories of floriculture. Great obstacles had to be overcome, but patience works wonders, and patience overcame them all. The ground was clothed with the richest verdure, cool and shady arbours were picturesquely arranged, flowers shed their fragrance, and the locality soon presented an entirely new aspect. Nothing was talked of but the glories of King René's garden, and all praised his assiduity and love.

When René had completed his work, a chapel was erected on the rock, richly ornamented with frescoes and pictures and poetical devices. Adjoining the chapel was a small hermitage, where he often tarried with his beloved queen. From this spot a stupendous and noble panorama was to be seen. To this hermitage the monarch gave the name of *La Beaumette*.

VIEW OF THE GARDEN OF KING RENE, NEAR AIX.

Surrounded by all that could charm the fancy or elevate the taste, the poor queen lingered out her few remaining days, and when René was left alone, the garden, the chapel, and the hermitage, became doubly dear to him, suggestive as was every spot of her who was in very truth his second self. Afterwards, indeed, by the advice of his vassals, he again married, but never loved with the same deep earnest tenderness as he had loved before.

He devoted himself almost entirely to agricultural pursuits. When driven from his beloved Anjou by political intrigue, and forced to take refuge in Provençe, he there made most extensive and admirable alterations. His memory was long cherished, and the melancholy which overhung his life added fresh interest to his history.

MONACO ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

It has been remarked of certain names, as of certain countenances, that it is difficult to believe them to be in earnest. So it is with Monaco. While the name recalls the idea of monastic life, the bright country itself rather brings before us the jovial faces of our ancestors; and, perhaps, the best introduction to a description of it would be the famous burden of the song, "La Monaco."

Historically considered, Monaco is one of the most interesting places upon the Mediterranean. Upon this rock, now so little known, Greek civilisation was first planted in Europe. Ancient tradition relates, that Hercules, before his return to Spain, landed here, and vanquishing the mountain robbers, opened a passage through the Alps, and consecrated to himself the rock and the natural port which distinguish it. "Monœci similiter arcem et portum ad perennem sui memoriam consecravit," says Ammianus Marcellinus ("He consecrated both the citadel and the port to a lasting remembrance of himself"). Hence, down to the first ages of Christianity the port of Monaco retained the glorious name of Portus Herculis. This is a settlement much more ancient than those made by the Greeks and Romans on this shore, for it belongs to the mythological period. Even five hundred years before the Christian era, Hecatœus of Miletus made mention of Monaco as a celebrated colony.

Its great antiquity is especially proved by the etymology of its name. As this colony, or rather this monument of the first navigators, dedicated by its founders to Hercules, formed an isolated point on the wild shore, the god received from it the surname of Monoikos (isolated habitation), of which the Latins made Monœcus. Hence the city was called Portus Herculis Monœci, or Portus Monœci. Thus the guardian divinity of the place was Hercules the Solitary, or Hercules the Monk. An heraldic device, still extant, represents a monk of noble form, as the god of strength, with short, thick beard, of fierce countenance, and sword in hand.

The most ancient mention of this singular transformation is to be found in the "Annals of Genoa," by Oggerius Panis; where, speaking of the rebuilding of the citadel, in the tenth century, after its destruction by the Saracens in the ninth, he simply calls it Podium Monachi, the manor of the monks. They appear to have forgotten Hercules, or only retained his surname, and the god was metamorphosed into a monk. Be that as it may, from the middle ages we date the name of Monaco, or the substitution of the idea of a cell for the more poetic one of the solitary Hercules.

Monaco and Nice are separated by a barrier of mountains, which must be scaled, for as they descend perpendicularly to the sea, there is no passage at their base. For the pedestrian

VIEW OF THE MEDITERRANEAN BETWEEN NICE AND MONACO.

the journey from one town to the other hardly occupies four hours, while by carriage it is nearly two hours longer, from the circuitous route necessary to avoid the ruggedness of the declivity. Between the two modes one could not long remain undecided; for, by Hercules! who would choose to travel otherwise than did the god himself to whom we go to pay tribute? Apollo has his horses; Diana her hinds; Amphitrite has her dolphins; Venus her doves; the swift Mercury his winged sandals; but Hercules, who traversed the world, receives nothing from the poets but the strength of his limbs.

On leaving the city, you at once ascend the massive barrier between Nice and Monaco, which forms a most valuable natural shelter to this part of the world, so renowned for the delightful mildness of its winters. The ascent commences through a grove of olive trees, and between their light foliage

the eye roams over one of the most smiling, happy prospects in the world. The plain covered with gardens of orange-trees, diversified here and there by black pyramids of cypress, and the stately palm-tree. The hills rise one above another, covered with olive-trees and terraces to their summits. Around the picturesque rock, upon which formerly stood the castle, but now stand only the ruins, the city lies in the form of a horse-shoe, its two extremities abutting upon the sea; and its circumference so thickly studded with houses extending into the country, that it loses itself, so to speak, in this wondrous valley, which is terminated on the north by the jagged and snowy tops of the maritime Alps, and on the south by the azure gulf, which is bordered throughout its whole extent by a fringe of white spray.

After half an hour's walk, this magnificent spectacle suddenly vanishes by a turn in the heights, and you must say "adieu!" until you see it again from a greater altitude. You then reach the summit of the rock which separates Nice from Villa-Franca, looking down almost perpendicularly upon the latter town and its glorious bay. Imagine a basin about two miles in length, and a third of a mile in breadth, situate between two hills, which advance in promontories southwards, and an abrupt recess reuniting with the highest pinnacles of the rock, and you have the bay of Villa-Franca. One could easily fancy it to be the impression left upon the shore by a blow from the club of the demigod; and, if learning were guided by poetic instincts, this might be thought the reason why some have endeavoured to prove that this fine bay, rather than Monaco, was the ancient port of Hercules. Their chief argument is founded on a passage of Strabo, which seems to imply a distinction between the port of Hercules and the port of Monœcus, inasmuch as it speaks of the trophy of Augustus as placed between the two; but the passage reads differently in different manuscripts, and that from Ammianus Marcellinus, which has been cited literally on account of its importance, leaves little room to doubt that it is in accordance with other evidence into the details of which we need not enter at length. Perhaps the most conclusive evidence may be found in the places themselves. In proportion as the rock of Monaco, rising from the sea, would appear eligible for the seat of a colony in so isolated a condition, to the same extent would the situation of Villa-Franca, upon a declivity which might be swept away, so to speak, by rolling stones down the mountain, appear unfavourable; and although the roadstead of Villa-Franca would afford admirable anchorage for a squadron, and even for a fleet, we must not forget that the ancient ideas of navigation, so different from our own, would find every convenience in the more confined port of Monaco.

Hence, after a careful consideration of the subject, and an attentive observation of the locality, we have no hesitation in siding with those who deny this bay so great an antiquity. It is sufficient for the roadstead of Villa-Franca to form one of the most important features of the Mediterranean, and to take rank, if not as a rival, at least as an accessory to that of Toulon. We do not mean to assert that the Greek colony of Marseilles may not have had a settlement there; but the Phocæans, who founded that colony, had no occasion for the assistance of Hercules to enable them to discover and appreciate so remarkable a position. After being destroyed by the barbarians, and afterwards by the Saracens, it was not until the end of the eleventh century that the city could again raise its head. The castle, which still overlooks the city and the bay, historically dates from the end of the tenth century; but the primitive structure has yielded to the more modern, and it now consists of a bastioned fort, retaining, however, its rude and picturesque appearance. The town, which enjoyed great commercial prosperity under the House of Anjou, who changed its primitive name, "Port of the Olive," for that of Cieutat Franca—in French, Villefranche—is now little more than a large village, commerce having found a better home at Nice.

The promontory which forms the eastern boundary of the bay of Villa-Franca is connected with a second promontory still more rugged, which, diverging at right angles from the former, has an extraordinary appearance. It is called the peninsula of Saint Hospice, covered, except at its head, with a magnificent grove of olive trees; it is chiefly remarkable fo its lighthouse, which, with that of Antibes, warns the mariner of this dangerous coast. Ruins appear in this desert landscape, and heighten the contrast between it and the fertile plain of Nice. Here in the primitive ages of Christianity stood a monastery of Benedictines, connected with that of Lérins, which is still to be seen in the distance. It was destroyed by the Lombards in the sixth century, and there remained only a tower, in which the Abbé Hospitius, who alone escaped being massacred like his brethren, secluded himself during the remainder of his life. The renown of his austerities, and his lamentations, struck the lively imagination of the people, and the gulf from hence took the name of Sant-Souspir. Nothing now remains of this remote period but the ruins of a chapel, which are still held in veneration by the fishermen.

Many ruins of a later date are heaped around. Upon their site the Saracens founded a maritime settlement, which they long maintained, to the injury of the commercial interests of these shores. This settlement is called by historians Fraxinetum, the etymology of which is purely Arabic, and signifies fortress. Having been destroyed by the Genoese, these ruins were restored under the House of Anjou to form a new citadel similar to that of Villa-Franca. But this structure shared the lot of those which preceded it; rased in 1692 by Catinat, it mingles with the ruins which cover this spot.

The scenes around are in harmony with these vestiges of the barbarous Saracen. On leaving Villa-Franca, the mountain is stripped of its olive-trees. The rough, barren rock appears, with here and there a few bushes of myrtle, some cactuses, and aloes. The ascent becomes much more rugged; for this is the ancient road of the giants. As no pains are taken to keep it in repair, seeing that there is a post-road which, by a winding of about three miles, rejoins this road at an altitude of about a quarter of a mile, nature is fast reclaiming her own. After an hour's walk over these stony declivities, we come upon a true city of Africa, Esa. Built on the summit of a rocky pyramid, inaccessible on all sides except by a narrow path cut in the rock, this was formerly the principal Saracen station on this coast. With such means of attack as the middle ages afforded, such a position must have been impregnable except by famine. A stone hurled from the platform would roll violently down to the waves which, sixteen hundred feet below, wash the foot of the cliff. It is enough to make one giddy to look down into the abyss. There is also a complete desert all round the mountain. This ancient city, reduced now to the insignificance of a most miserable village, is the only habitable spot between Villa-Franca and the other extremity of the rocky height. From this extreme seclusion and unfavourableness of natural position, there results a certain savageness of disposition in the inhabitants, which is now, indeed, daily yielding to civilising influences, but before the opening of the new road rendered the brigands of Esa almost as notorious and as formidable as the pirates formerly were.

This part of the route from Genoa, of which we give a view (p. 205), is, perhaps, the finest. The rugged canton of Esa occupies only a small space in the view. On turning to review the road traversed from Nice, the principal points are again discerned, while the horizon spreads out beyond. A portion of France is seen before you, and no less than half a dozen gulfs are visible. First, the peninsula of Saint-Hospice, and the bay of Villa-Franca; then the town of Nice in a semicircle round its monumental rock; the mouths of the Var, and the long peninsula of Garoupe, at the base of which Antibes and its fortress stand out clearly; behind, the gulf of Juan, celebrated for the disembarkation of Napoleon; the island Sainte Marguerite; the gulf of Napoul, washing the charming town of Cannes; above, the porphyry chain of Esterel; below, the gulf of Grimaud, bordering on the town of Saint Tropez, which is bounded by the granite chain of Mavres, still bearing the name of the barbarians who were

so long in possession of it; the most prominent point, Cap Camard, covering the island of Hyères.

On the Italian side, the view is as limited as it is extended towards France. The mountain which rises above Monaco eclipses the less elevated regions beyond it. In the pass between the top of this mountain and the jagged crests beyond, are found the remains of the gigantic monument erected by Augustus to commemorate his victory over the people of these countries; and from thence you descend upon Italy. And now where are you? Are you still in France, or are you already in Italy? It is easy to reply, with a geographical treatise in hand, which indicates as a frontier line the bed of the rivulet, lost in the sands, called the river Var. But comparing a chart of the Republic with one of the Empire, we see that the Var is one of those undetermined frontiers which change with every treaty, and not one of those immutable boundaries such as the Rhine or the Alps. To turn to history, where did Gaul commence under the Romans? The Itinerary of Antonius leaves no doubt on the subject. Between Cemenelo (now Cimiés) and Lumone (now Menton) the geographer mentions, by the name of *Alpes summæ*, an intermediate station, which, reckoning according to the distances, coincides with the village of Turbie; and on the mention of this station he adds: "Usque huc Italia, hinc Gallia" ("Up to this point is Italy, beyond it is Gaul).

The acts of St. Pons, the first apostle of Nice, leave no doubt that in the first ages of Christianity this decision was always respected. "Passing beyond the frontiers of Italy he reached a town, situated far from the crest of the Alps, named Cimella." This is the same village, Turbie, which formed the separation between Provençe and Liguria in the middle ages; as it appears, in a treaty of 1125, between the Count of Toulouse and the Count of Barcelona: "Ipse mons per fines Italiæ descendit ad ipsam Turbiam in mare ("The mountain forming the frontiers of Italy descends at Turbie to the sea"). It may be added, that the monument erected by Augustus on this spot forms a strong proof that Turbie was a boundary point between Italy and Gaul. Pompey had raised one of the kind upon the crest of the Pyrenees on the limits of Spain and Gaul. Augustus, who, after having imitated this great general in his war against an independent people, wished to imitate him in his glory, would be likely to erect his trophy on the limits of Gaul and Italy.

To conclude with a proof more appropriate to the traveller: in a kind of inn, near Esa, whither a French writer had been driven by the heat of the road, he heard nothing spoken around him but French and Provençal; and the hostess, whom he questioned, knew no more of Italian than is known at Quimper Corentin. "It is below, beyond the mountains," said she, "that they speak that language."

SCARRON'S "COMIC ROMANCE."

As one of the French writers who contributed, in some measure, to the formation of that clear and lively style of composition which Pascal, Voltaire, and Lesage carried to such a high degree of perfection, Paul Scarron deserves honourable mention. He was born at Paris in the year 1610, and was intended for the church—indeed a canonry at Mans was actually obtained for him; but having been stricken with the palsy, and thus deprived of the use of his limbs, at the age of twenty-six, he was compelled to forego all prospects of clerical distinction. In spite, however, of this drawback, he managed, by his brilliant talents, to win for his father the favour of Cardinal Richelieu—who was the means of procuring him a handsome pension from the crown, though he had previously been offended with him—and to obtain for himself the hand of the witty and beautiful Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, whose splendid accomplishments, combined with his own, attracted around them all the *élite* of that period, and whom he left a widow in the year 1660. She afterwards became more remarkable under the name of Madame de Maintenon.

Of all Scarron's works, the "Comic Romance" is certainly the most distinguished. Even Boileau, who said to Racine the younger, "Your father sometimes was weak enough to read Scarron's verses, but he took care to conceal it from me" —even Boileau himself saw some merit in this work. And, indeed, there are in it, notwithstanding its frequent traits of burlesque, many proofs of observation, well-drawn portraits, and a certain lively and natural eloquence rarely found in the prose writers who preceded Scarron. Besides its other merits, it is noticeable as the first serious attempt at a portraiture of manners in fiction. Previous writers of romance had confined themselves to great adventures, fabulous passions, and feats of gallantry. Every one is familiar with those strange recitals in ten or twenty volumes, in which the greatest men of antiquity were transformed into courtiers and gentlemen of the time of the magnificent Louis Quatorze. The "Comic Romance" of Scarron tended to counteract this ridiculous species of literature, much in the same way as Cervantes' "Don Quixote" had the books of chivalry. Thus, in spite of the vast difference between the Spanish and the French writers, Scarron has the honour of having contributed in his measure to render the cause of good sense and truth predominant.

It must not, however, be supposed that the work of Scarron is completely free from all tinge of romance. A Spanish influence is perceptible in the sentimental details with which the author has interspersed his narrative, as Lesage himself did afterwards in his "Gil Blas." These false ornaments, stuck rather awkwardly in the comic story, are evidently a concession to the vitiated taste of the time. Obliged to intermingle recitals of lofty gallantry with his public-house adventures, the author has some trouble to preserve a serious tone, and sometimes heedlessly abandons himself to satirical sallies.

Stripping the "Comic Romance" of useless episodes, we find that it consists mainly of the adventures of a set of country players, roaming about from place to place to obtain a precarious subsistence. Our engraving (p. 208) represents the arrival of a part of the company in the town of Mans. To give the reader a better insight into its meaning, we will here quote from Scarron the passage which our artist has rather freely rendered.

"The sun had accomplished more than half his journey, and his chariot, having reached the descent in the heavens, was rolling along more quickly than he liked. Had his horses chosen to take advantage of the downward tendency of the road, they would have completed what remained of the day in less than half a quarter of an hour; but instead of pulling with all their force, they amused themselves by curvetting and snuffing up the briny air, which made them neigh, and warned them of their approach to the ocean, in which their master is said to rest every night. Humanly and more intelligibly speaking, it was between five and six in the afternoon, when a cart entered the market-place of Mans. This vehicle was drawn by two very lean oxen, headed by a mare, whose foal kept running round the cart like a silly creature as it was. The cart was full of boxes, trunks, large packages, and painted coverings, which formed a complete pyramid, on the top of which sat a young woman, dressed half in city and half in country fashion. A young man, as poor in clothes as he was plump in the face, was walking by the side of the cart. He had a great plaster on his face, which covered one eye and half the cheek; and carried on his shoulder a large gun, with which he had killed several magpies, jays, and ravens, that formed a sort of belt, from beneath which peeped out the feet of a fowl and a gosling, which looked very much as if they had fallen a prey to this kind of warfare. Instead of a hat, he had nothing but a nightcap, twisted round with garters of various colours, forming a sort of turban in the rough. He had on a gray doublet, with a strap, to which was fastened his long

sword. He wore a sort of knee-breeches, such as actors put on when they have to represent any great hero of antiquity, and instead of shoes he had buskins, after the ancient fashion, which were well worn and dirty. An old man, dressed rather more tidily, though far from well, was walking by his side. He carried a bass-viol on his shoulder, and as he stooped a little in walking, he appeared at a distance like a large tortoise going along on his hind legs. The company passed the principal public-house, at the door of which many of the chief inhabitants of the town were assembled. The novelty of the paraphernalia, and the noise of the rabble who crowded round the cart, had attracted the notice of the worthy burgomasters to these strangers. Among others, a provost, named La Rapinière (the Pilferer), went up to them, and with an air of magisterial authority demanded to know who they were. The young man, of whom I have just spoken, replied that they were Frenchmen by birth, and actors by profession; that his drawn from life. The character of the old player, called Malice, deserves to be cited as an example of the happy manner of the romancist. "Malice was one of those misanthropists who hate every body, and do not love themselves—I have known many such, who were never seen to laugh. He had some little talent, and wrote satirical verses indifferently well. He was also destitute of every feeling of honour, malicious as an old ape, and envious as a cur. He had something to find fault with in every member of his profession. One was too affected, another too uncouth, another too cold, and so of the rest: and he would fain have one believe he was the only actor without fault; and yet the fact was, he would not have been allowed to continue in the company, but for his having grown old in the service. Latterly he had been reduced to perform the part of nurses and old women, in a mask. In his better days he represented a head-porter, confidant, messenger, or bailiff's follower, when a king was to be

ARRIVAL OF COMEDIANS AT MANS (SCARRON'S "COMIC ROMANCE").

theatrical name was Destiny, and that of his aged companion Malice, and that of the young woman perched on the top of the baggage, Cavern. The conversation was suddenly brought to a close by sundry blows of the fist and dreadful oaths which were heard in front of the cart. It was the waiter of the inn, who had belaboured the driver with blows without warning, because his oxen had made too free with a heap of hay in front of the door."

This troop, according to Scarron, formed only a part of the whole. Our author draws a lively picture of the characters of the remainder. He also describes, with much spirit, certain subordinate personages, such as La Rapinière, an officer of the police, as ready to commit crimes on his own account as to prosecute them in others.

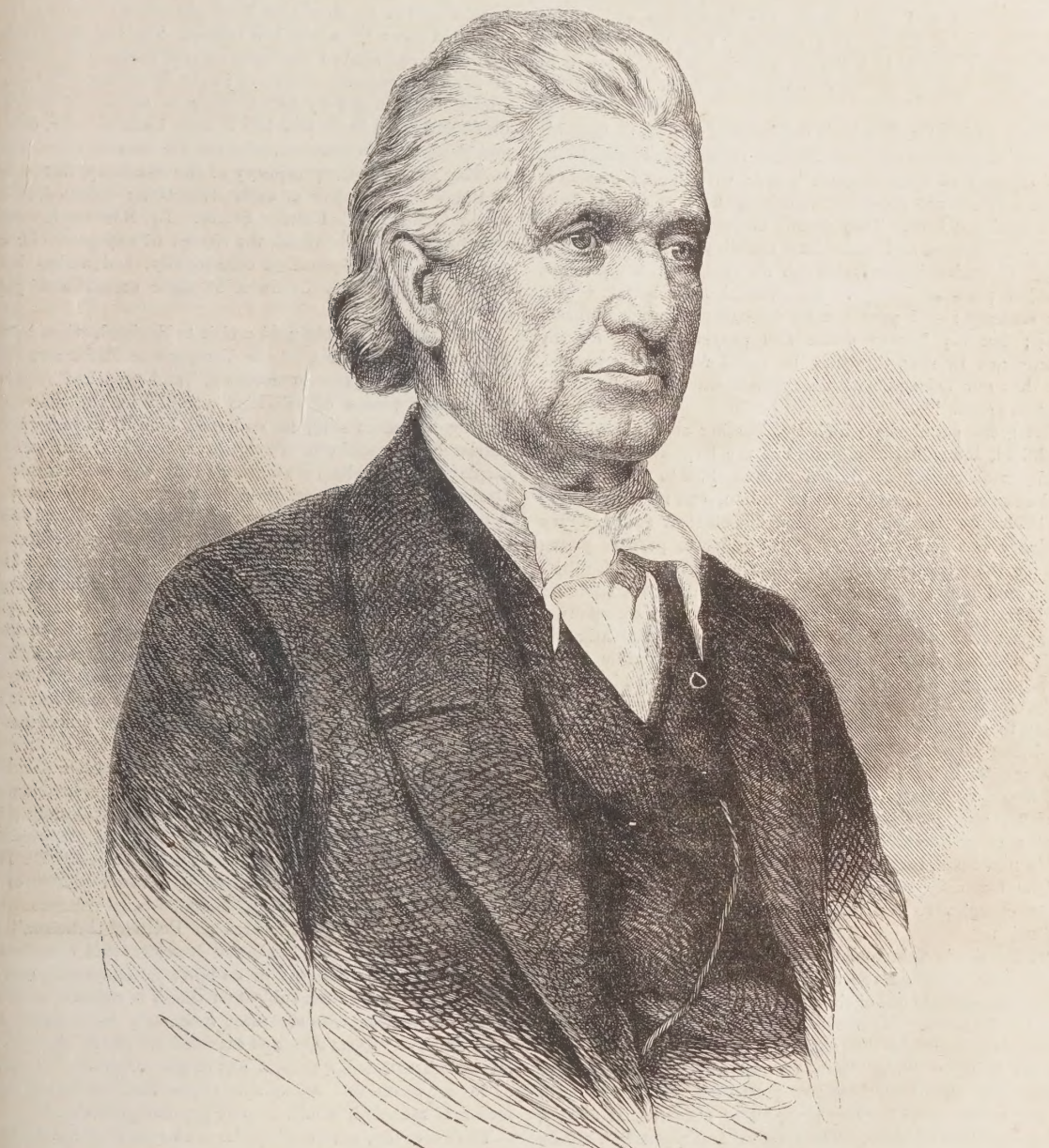
The adventures of these various persons are not well connected together. We find nothing but mystification, quarrels at public-houses, and misfortunes in travelling; but the narrative is generally rapid and gay, and the portraits are escorted, or any one was to be assassinated, or a battle was to be fought. He sang villanously in a trio, and afterwards powdered himself for a farce. On the strength of these brilliant accomplishments, he supported an intolerable amount of vanity, which was combined with incessant raillery, an inexhaustible fund of slander, and a quarrelsome humour, backed, it must be confessed, by some valour. All this made his companions regard him with a sort of terror. Towards Destiny alone he was mild as a lamb, and appeared as reasonable as his nature would allow. It was said he had once been thrashed by him, but this rumour did not last long, any more than that of his liking for other people's property, which he was strongly suspected of having made too free with. Yet with all this, he was the best fellow in the world."

The "Comic Romance" also contains details indicative of the manners of the lower classes of society at that period. There are to be found in the conversations, certain thoughts on art, more striking than have been thrown out for many years.

REV. LYMAN BEECHER, D.D.

This eminent man is the head of a large family, most of the members of which have distinguished themselves by the energy of their character, and by the prominent part they have taken in philanthropic and religious movements. Lyman Beecher was born in New Haven, Connecticut, October 12th, 1775, in a dwelling still standing on the corner of George and College-streets. His immediate ancestors were men of exemplary character, enjoying a serene and cheerful old age. His mother having died four days after his birth, Lyman was confided to the care of her sister, Mrs. Lot Benton, of North Guilford, who kept him in her family until it was judged advisable to send him to college, which was when he was in his seventeenth year. He had previously been engaged, partly in following his father's occupation, that of a blacksmith, and partly in agricultural pursuits with his uncle Benton. He was fond of reading and study, and his uncle having proposed his going to college, Lyman, after spending about twelve months in preparation, entered Yale college, under the able presidency of Dr. Dwight, in September, 1793. Here he pursued his collegiate studies for several years.

Being called to assume the pastorate of a church at Litchfield, he soon established his fame as a preacher of more than ordinary talent. Here, according to his own account, he passed the most laborious portion of his life, carefully maintaining the vigour of his constitution by frequently engaging in house labour and field exercises, as well as in visits to the people of his charge, with whose condition, character, and conduct he felt bound to make himself well acquainted.



PORTRAIT OF THE REV. LYMAN BEECHER, D.D.

While at Litchfield the mind of Dr. Beecher was deeply distressed in consequence of the havoc made by the use of

intoxicating liquors among the inhabitants of that place, including some of his own congregation and friends. In 1811 an association was formed, and a committee appointed, to ascertain and report what could be done to stay the progress of intemperance. That report was made; but though the wide spread of the *evil* was lamented, it was discouragingly said that there seemed no possible *remedy*. This did not, by any means, suit the vigorous and practical mind of Dr. Beecher. He, therefore, immediately moved that the committee be discharged, and that another be appointed, to report, *instanter*, an appropriate remedy for intemperance. He was made chairman, and reported resolutions at once, recommending to all Christians and good men, the immediate and entire abandonment of intoxicating drinks. The resolution was carried; and this, it is believed, was the first step taken in the great history of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks.

It was during Dr. Beecher's residence at Litchfield that his famous six sermons on the "Nature, Occasions, Signs, Evils, and Remedy of Intemperance" were written and preached. These sermons are the evident gushings forth of a heart filled with grief and love. They greatly extended his reputation in the United States, and made him favourably known in England and its dependencies, and, through the medium of translations, in other parts of Europe. He concludes the sermons with this sentence:—"I pant not for fame or posthumous immortality; but my heart's desire and prayer to God for my countrymen is, that they may be saved from intemperance, and that our beloved nation may continue free, and become great and good."

The great popularity which Dr. Beecher acquired while at Litchfield, induced the members of the large and influential Presbyterian church at Boston to invite him to take the pastoral charge. He accepted the invitation, and remained there till 1832. In that year the Lane Theological and Literary Seminary was founded. Its object being to prepare young men for the ministry of the Christian religion, such facilities for manual labour were offered by it, as to make it possible for any industrious young man to defray, by his own exertions, a large part of the expenses of his education. The philanthropic spirit which Dr. Beecher had throughout his public career displayed, together with his known habits, pointed him out to the projectors of this new institution as the man most competent to undertake its direction. It was confidently anticipated that he would be able to demonstrate the practicability of educating mind and body at the same time, as well as to infuse new energy into the work of domestic and foreign missions, and revolutionise the Presbyterian church. A number of professors were elected to aid him. He removed to his new home in the immediate neighbourhood of Cincinnati, and remained there until the year 1830, devoting his whole energies to the promotion of the prosperity of the institution.

Dr. Beecher's principal coadjutor was the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, who occupied the situation of Professor of Biblical Literature, and was one of the most distinguished ecclesiastical *savans* in America. He married Harriet Beecher, the doctor's second daughter, the distinguished authoress of that most popular book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and other interesting books. For some time these two gentlemen laboured to build up the seminary with every prospect of success. It started under excellent auspices. The number and reputation of the professors had drawn together several hundred students from all parts of the United States; the majority hardy and intelligent men, fired with the noble ambition of doing good on a large scale, and diligently working their way, through privation and toil, to educational and ministerial orders. For a short time all went on well, and Lane Seminary was the pride and hope of the church and the world.

About this time, however, the French revolution of 1830, the agitation in England for reform and against colonial slavery, and some other circumstances, had begun to direct the attention of a few American philanthropists to the evils of slavery. Agitation commenced. The subject was set up for discussion among the students, and the feeble flame soon becam a conflagration. Societies were organised for aiding fugitiv slaves on their way to Canada, and a number of other scheme were devised for promoting the cause of abolition. At first th discussions were encouraged by the president and professors but when they saw it swallowing up everything like regula study, they thought it high time to stop. But the current wa too strong to be arrested. Commercial interests took th alarm. Public sentiment exacted the suppression of th discussion and excitement. Slaveholders came over fro Kentucky and urged the mob on to violence. For severa weeks there was imminent danger that Lane Seminary and th houses of Dr. Beecher and Professor Stowe would be burn or pulled down by a drunken rabble. The Board of Trustee interfered, and allayed the excitement of the mob by forbiddin all further discussion of slavery in the Seminary. To this th students responded by withdrawing *en masse*. Where hun dreds had been, there was left a mere handful. Dr. Beeche and Professor Stowe remained there for several years, endea vouring to revive the prosperity of the Seminary, but in vain and this great project of their lives being defeated, in 185 they returned to the Eastern States. Dr. Beecher has not a present, as we understand, the charge of any particular con gregation, but he preaches occasionally, and assists in th deliberations of his brethren at their stated and publi gatherings.

In 1846, Dr. Beecher paid a visit to England, when he took part in the deliberation of the Temperance Reformers in th "World's Temperance Convention," and preached in some o the largest places of religious worship in the metropolis During his short stay, he endeared himself to many by th patriarchal simplicity of his manners, by the vigour which he displayed on public occasions, and by the gentlemanly and Christian tenor of his whole deportment. On his return to America in the "Great Western," in September, 1846, in company with Mrs. Beecher and several of his brethren and friends, the vessel was assailed by a fearful hurricane. Many hours passed in most dreadful suspense, amidst the roaring o the tempest, the crashing of timbers, and the drenchings o the waves. But during the terrible conflict of the elements which raged around, our venerable friend engaged with his companions in religious exercises; and when, after thirty-six hours exposure to accumulated dangers, they were mercifully delivered, he called upon them to unite in solemn thanksgivings to Almighty God.

As a preacher, the style of Dr. Beecher is rather peculiar; it is racy and pungent, bearing, perhaps, some resemblance to that of the "witty South" of the English church. His sermons abound with original and striking thoughts, amplified by numerous ideas and appropriate illustrations. He is at present engaged in superintending a uniform edition of his whole works, which will occupy six good-sized volumes. One of his larger works, "Lectures on Political Atheism," has been republished in England, and has attracted considerable attention, both on account of its powerful eloquence, and the great importance of the subject on which it treats. After all, it is said by those who are most intimately acquainted with him, that the "finest effects of his mind are not in his writings, but are unexpectedly thrown out in the inspiration of speech or in conversation. Many apothegms and condensed sentiments, if recorded, would become popular proverbs."

The engraving presented to the reader may be considered a good likeness. His figure is small, but well knit, close, and compact. The head is large in proportion, and abundantly covered with hair of an iron-gray colour. The features are striking. The eyes of light blue, with a grayish tint. The nose large, long, and rather prominent; the mouth wide, and well marked with the lines of decision; the forehead high and broad; the complexion florid; and the whole expression that of a man of vast energy, determination, and perseverance. Though nearly eighty years of age, he is still hale and hearty; and, to use the language of one who knows him well, "he does not fail to justify his claim to the title of 'the old man eloquent.'"

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES AT THE LOUVRE.

On a former occasion,* we presented our readers with an account of some of the objects of curious interest in the Museum of American Antiquities at the Louvre, accompanied by numerous illustrations. As the subject was not then by any means exhausted, we now recur to it for the purpose of further elucidation.

Art, among the Peruvians, was not confined, as was the case in Mexico, with one or two exceptions, to the reproduction of sacred effigies; it enriched the country with real statues destined to perpetuate the recollection of historical personages, and free from the excess of awkward ornament which is observable in the productions of the Mexicans. We find that even the foundation of museums, which seems to be reserved for the most civilised nations of Europe, was not altogether foreign to the Peruvians. As early as the fifteenth century, Yasca, the general of the armies of Guayna Capac, had ordered each of the tribes composing the empire to bring the great *guaca* of their country, that is to say, the most venerated idol; and when these statues had been collected, he formed a sort of pantheon out of them.

However numerous these idols were, the remains of Peruvian statuary are less numerous than those which have been preserved of ancient Mexico, for this simple reason, in our opinion, that though the statuaries of Anahuac were well acquainted with the various processes of founding, they preferred working their gods in granite or basalt, to casting them in gold or silver. The reverse of this took place among the Peruvians, and it was the intrinsic value of the statues or vases delivered by the Inca to the conquerors that caused their destruction. It is not surprising, therefore, that our museums are so poor in statuettes of the precious metals, or even silver vases. The only articles of this sort exhibited in the museum at the Louvre are the cylindrical bell-mouthed vase, presented in fig 5, and the two silver statuettes represented figs. 4 and 11. The vase exhibits two heads, back to back, the form of a Janus, above which is a flowing headband. Although the size of this species of goblet, which was reserved, it is said, exclusively for the Incas, is larger than usual, it dwindles to insignificance in comparison with the accounts of the same sort of wealth possessed by Atahualpa.

However indisposed we may be to put undoubting faith in what is told of those famous gardens of the Inca, in which flocks of alpacas (animals of the Llama tribe) in gold were guarded by herdsmen of the same metal, who stood near strange animals, all combining intrinsic value of material with exquisite finish of workmanship; it is not the same with the works in gold which Pizarro sent off to Seville immediately after the conquest, and which were intended for Charles the Fifth, as an addition to the impost levied by the crown. Francisco Xeres, the private secretary of the conqueror, had abundant leisure to examine and admire them, for it was on board one of his vessels that they were conveyed to Europe; and he thus describes them: "On board the Sancta Maria del Campo, which arrived on the 9th of January, 1534, were thirty-eight golden, and forty-eight silver vases, among which was a silver jugle, containing upwards of two gallons of water. Two immense pans, one golden and the other silver, capable of containing a whole ox cut in pieces, recalled to the recollection of the devout conquerors the sea of brass in the temple of Jerusalem." We will spare the reader any account of the bars of gold, weighing altogether 53,000 ounces, and the 5,480 silver marks thrown carelessly in the middle of this splendid gold work of the Inca; we will only speak of a golden idol of the size of a child four years old, and the dimensions of which are given by Xeres without any other remark of importance. But it is quite certain that, if the vases and the idol had been subjected to the simple process of moulding on their arrival at Seville, the American museums in Europe would have presented much more curious specimens of Mexican art than are now found in them. France, no less than Spain, has failed to profit by the opportunities afforded her of enriching her collections at a moderate cost. Her conduct, in reference to the remarkable productions of Aztec art, is an illustration of our remark. These productions, consisting of vases, statues, and even gems (including an emerald of almost fabulous dimensions), were seized by Captain Florin near the Azores, when he spoiled Antonio de Quinones of the presents which the conqueror of Mexico was sending to Charles the Fifth. They were sent to Fontainbleau; but the crown jeweller or the Italian goldsmiths were the only persons who saw them in their primitive form; and it is suspected, not without reason, that perhaps the beautiful works of the Renaissance in the Museum at the Louvre, which are so much admired, have a closer relationship than is commonly supposed with the grotesque idols of the ancient Americans.

The art of working in gold as applied to ornamental vases or dress, and the various productions of pottery, are the principal sources from which a knowledge of Peruvian art can be obtained in the present day. The costliness of the materials employed by the artists of Cuzco has been fatal to statuary productions. On the contrary, in the guacas of Peru, as in the hypogæa of Etruria, vases are still to be met with, made of extremely fine clay, not, however, without a certain degree of solidity, in consequence of which they have greatly multiplied in cabinets of curiosities for some years past. The ornamentation of these vases, which is almost always borrowed from the animal kingdom, affords evidence, not only of a remarkable richness of invention in the semi-barbarous artist who produced them, but also of a delicate taste, reminding one in some measure of that elegance of form so prominent in Grecian antiquity. Thanks to the generosity of some travellers, the Museum at the Louvre possesses several valuable specimens of this class. Such, for example, is the vase in red clay (fig. 21); the arybals, conical at the bottom (figs. 17, 18, and 20), discovered at Yucay, near Cuzco; and the object represented by fig. 19, which was found in a child's tomb at Arica, and is equal, in the paintings with which it is adorned, to any other in the collection.

The guacas from the neighbourhood of Truxillo have enriched the Museum at the Louvre with several specimens of pottery, which were presented by M. Angrand, and which, if they exhibit no great elegance of appearance, give, by the very grotesqueness of their assemblage, a good idea of those fanciful forms which astonished the first conquerors, and made them discern the dreaded influence of demons even in the most simple articles of domestic use among the people with whom they were found. From man down to reptiles and fishes—in fact, all the strange objects in the animal kingdom—have been turned to account by Peruvian artists. If fig. 9, which represents an ape seated, whose tail forms a handle, was not at all out of place in the collection of grotesque demons furnished by Delancre, figs. 14 and 15 enable us to understand what the statuary of these countries could accomplish when it attempted to reproduce the regular features of man, and recognised its true mission, so to speak. The first of these objects, which is in red clay, was found at Cuzco; the hair and beard are painted black. The two others, which are heads joined together, and placed upon a conical pedestal, are in black clay; but there is no doubt as to their Peruvian origin. This vase, however, we are told, presents such an analogy with those found in Etruria, that M. Durand, though a very skilful connoisseur, has been deceived by it.

The vase in black clay, exhibited in fig. 7, simply has the form of a duck, with a little ape in relief on the neck; fig. 13 represents a wild boar. The human form appears in fig. 10 on the vase found at Borja; it is still perceptible in the grotesque vessel at the side (fig. 11). Fig. 8 represents an object sent from Quilca, on the top of which is seen a man's head; while on the body, made of black clay, are figured two arms in relief. Fig. 12 carries us back again to the neighbourhood of Truxillo; it is a truncated cone reversed, the neck of which,

* Vol. i. p. 59.

divided into two parts, serves as a handle; the small human figure on one side has a vase at its mouth. The object represented by fig. 16 comes from the same country; it is made of red clay, and presents one of those numerous specimens of double vases so often met with in American pottery, and especially in that of Peru.

rises a straight tube, at the foot of which is placed a smal figure of a bird in relief." The vase is made of black clay and presents a complete analogy with a specimen of the sam kind found at Lima, and deposited at Sèvres. Figure 29 which is also in black clay, was taken from the ruins nea Truxillo, bearing the name of Great Tchimu: it is a fish, th

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.

7. 8. 9. 10. 11.

12. 13. 14. 15 16.

17. 18. 19. 20. 21.

Among the beautiful specimens in the collection must be placed fig. 28, which has borrowed its principal ornament from Peruvian ornithology: two birds, which may be supposed to be two doves, serve as the basis for two portions of a tubular quadrilateral handle, "upon each face of which are carved ten small birds in relief; in the middle of this handle

species of which would be difficult to name precisely, and t neck, which answers the purpose of a handle, is surmount by a small ape in relief. If fig. 27 was found at Borja, proves that this site was in no way inferior to other Peruvi towns in pottery. The figure of a man seated, which cons tutes the handle, and has a vase in the right hand, is adorn

with a head-dress; large gold earrings remind one of the strange custom of those celebrated *orejones*, whom the Spaniards (from the Spanish word *oreja*, an ear), designated by a name significative of the custom of wearing earrings. The spherical vase (fig. 26) has the head of an ape for its ornament, and comes, as is supposed, from Quilca.

22.

23.

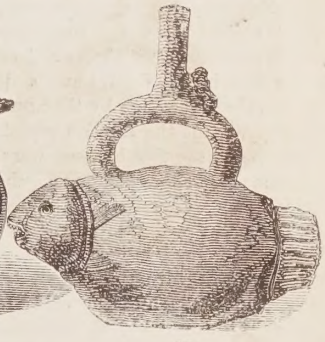
24.

25.

26.

27.

28.



29.

All the historians of the conquest of Peru have mentioned with satisfaction the numerous utensils for changing the courses at table, employed in the two great empires of the New World. Among the Incas, these objects were made of the precious metals; among the Aztec princes, clay, painted with elegance, was often employed, and the articles which had been once brought to table could never be used again. Figs. 22, 23, and 24 represent dishes made in the empire of Peru, in the middle of which an Aztec dish is drawn. From their nature, being made of clay, and rather coarsely painted, these dishes could not have appeared at the splendid banquets which historians have described. Fig. 25 carries us back to some curious trifles, the products of Mexican art: it represents an infant asleep in a cradle.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lord. "He can come no other way but by this hedge corner—
Couch low—here he comes. * * *
Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-winked as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee, haply thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.
Par. O let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes. Nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at
Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me."

All's Well that Ends Well.

THE long twilight of the summer day was growing deeper and deeper, and the shadows of bastion and tower were disappearing in the thickening darkness of night, when two soldiers stood somewhat apart from their comrades who formed the night-watch at the western redoubt.

"This should be the spot designated, if my instructions be accurate," said one of the two in a low voice, "and I think too, it must be pretty near the hour."

"Aye captain," replied the other, "I know the spot well. Of a dark night one might steal all along yonder marshy ground up to the very walls of the fort, unless they who were on guard had the eyes of owls or the ears of foxes."

"Thou sayest truly, good Hodge," replied Cheke, for he it was, "and, therefore, we have need to be both watchful and wary. Down Hodge, down man," he whispered suddenly—"Remember your old woodcraft—Hist! I hear footsteps."

The two crouched down stealthily under cover of the raised ground—as stealthily as if they were watching in their own island forests beside the run of the deer at midnight. The sounds were at first so faint that none but a practised ear could detect them, and a long interval elapsed between each light foot-fall, indicating that he who thus approached was exercising the utmost caution. Nearer and nearer came the steps, while the two Englishmen held in their breath. At last the steps were heard upon the ditch, and then the person who mounted slid gently down into the dyke, almost into the arms of those who were watching for him. A heavy hand griped the right arm of the intruder, while at the same time the blade of a poignard glimmered even in the darkness across his eyes, and a voice whispered strongly in his ear—

"Silence or you die."

The capture was so speedy and so sudden that the captive submitted without a struggle. His arms were unresistingly drawn backwards, and a thong of leather passed tightly round each wrist, which was then drawn together behind.

"Now then, Hodge," said his superior, "move on carefully to the place I told thee of, and take good heed that none see thee. And hark!" and this he added so that the prisoner could hear him, "if this fellow utter one word, just slit his weasand with your dagger, as you would a buck's."

"Aye," replied the archer in a hissing whisper close to the ear of his prisoner; "if the cur should bark or even whine above his breath, he shall have a dog's death." And so saying, he griped the man by the arm and led him on his way unresistingly, while the English captain returned to visit the night-watch and see that his men were vigilant.

Meantime the archer sped on as quickly and as stealthily as the nature of the ground and the darkness of the night permitted, urging onward his prisoner, who did not venture to break silence. Once, indeed, he stopped short, as if either about to parley or with the dogged determination of going on no further, but a touch of the cold steel in the region of the neck brought him quickly to submission. Thus they passed on skirting the whole side of the fortifications till at length they stood beside a small but massive postern door in the wall, which was concealed by one of the bastions of the rampart. Pausing a moment to take breath, Hodge once more addressed his companion.

"Now, good fellow, take heed to what I say. When you pass this door, look neither to the right nor to the left, and let not your tongue as much as move in your mouth. A step out of your course or a word from your lips, and by the blessed Saint Hubert thou shalt get the dog's death I promised thee. I'll dash out thy brains with my maule." Having delivered himself of this very emphatic injunction, Hodge Harrington smote with the handle of his mallet two smart strokes upon the door, and, after an interval, two more. After a little time a voice at the inner side of the door demanded in a low tone—

"Chi sta la?"

"Un amico," was the reply.

"Che segno si da?"

"Patienza."

"Bene: si puo passar."

The noise of shooting back bolts was now heard from within, and in a moment the door was opened, just sufficiently wide to admit the two individuals, and closed and bolted immediately after entrance.

Roger Harrington and his captive crossed the large enclosure into which they were thus admitted till they reached the opposite side, and then passing along a range of buildings, at length stopped before the open door of a small guard-room, within which was seen, by the glimmer of a few smouldering billets of wood, a soldier keeping a half-drowsy watch, as he sat on a bench and leaned his head against the wall. Hodge looked into the room, and ascertaining that the guard was alone, he pushed his prisoner before him and entered.

"How now, comrade!" said the man, rising to his legs "what's your business?"

"I must see his excellency the general."

"That can't be."

"Nay, but I must see him!"

"Impossible. He has given strict orders that none shal be admitted except the bearer of a certain token; and you ar not he, I trow."

"Who knows?" replied Hodge, recollecting himself, an he showed the soldier the ring which Zeno had given him.

"Giusto, Giusto!" said the other; "Cospetto, man! wh didst not show me the token at first? Wait a moment here."

The guard knocked at a door at the further end of the room which was speedily opened by the Greek youth, Alexis.

"Here is one that would see his excellency, and hath war rant for so doing," and he pointed to Hodge.

"Admit him instantly," said the boy, recognising Hodg and the signet which he held up to his view.

Hodge again tightened his grasp of his prisoner, and push ing him before him, they both entered the inner apartment and the door was closed behind them.

The room into which we must now introduce our reader was one with which they are already familiar. At the furthe end from that at which the men entered sat a figure, leanin over a table, apparently busied with papers. The light of large lamp was so managed, that while it illumined all th room in front, it left the man in deep shade. The rays no fell strongly upon those who stood before him. Our burl friend Hodge o' the Hill, drawn up to his full height, with hi bluff, ruddy, honest face in respectful repose, as of on who knew he had done his duty, awaited till he was interro gated. The other, who now stood beside him, presented striking contrast. He was scarcely of the middle height, an looked even less as he hung down his head, and shrank as were from observation. A figure slight and wiry, looke more so from the maceration that was visible both in h limbs and features. He had no armour upon his body, bu was clothed in a tight-fitting buff leathern jerkin, with hose o the same material, and his head was covered with a bonne of cloth.

Zeno gazed upon the two men for some time in silenc Perchance he might have been occupied in making the contra between them which we have just noticed; perchance he wa deliberating on the course which he should pursue. At lengt he said,—

"Well, goodman Harrington, thou hast snared the gam like a true forester as thou art."

Hodge's blue eye twinkled gleefully at the allusion to hi youthful woodcraft, as he replied—

"By Saint Hubert, even so please your excellency; but b my halidome I am bound to say that he who found out hi run and set the snare is as true a woodsman as Hodge o' th Hill; the fellow sprang right into the springes, and we ha little to do save to draw them tight about him. So here h is, signore."

"Come hither, fellow," said the general; "lead him fo ward a little, good archer."

Hodge did as he was required, and Zeno proceeded.

"Thy name, sirrah?"

The man still kept his head down, and made no answer.

"What was thy purport in seeking the camp?"

But the interrogatory like the former was unanswered.

"So! is this thy mood? Well, we shall find the means o making thee speak by and by. Meantime, good yeoman, se if he have not that about him which will give us som information."

The archer forthwith commenced to search the person o the prisoner, a task which seemed comparatively easy fro the scantiness of his garb. In vain, however, did he thrust h hand into pouch and opening of the dress, and even remov the bonnet from his head: nothing was found upon him.

"Come," said Zeno, "we must have a cast of thy o trade. Slit me up the fellow's doublet as thou would'st stag's hide."

Hodge drew forth his dagger in a trice, and commencing at the man's breast he inserted the point of the blade with one hand and with the other holding out the buff coat, he made a smart rip upwards, as a huntsman would do when flaying a deer. The man gave a shriek and started backwards, struggling with his bound arms as much as he was able. In truth, the archer had gone to work a little too dashingly, and cut not only the coat but the skin beneath it. At this moment Alexis sprang forward. His keen eye had discovered a small slit in the arm-pit of the coat, which the twisting of the arm had exposed. In a moment he plunged his hand into the spot, drew forth a small folded paper from a concealed pocket and handed it to his master.

Zeno took the paper, opened it, read it slowly and thoughtfully, and then quietly folded it up again.

"Knave," said he, "eyeing the prisoner fixedly as he rose and stept into the light, and his voice was cold and stern while he spoke, "Knave, I have now learned thine errand in despite of thee. Thou art a spy, and comest to plot with traitors. Mark me, then, thy sentence is, that by to-morrow's light thou shalt hang like a dog from the next parapet. Nothing can avert thy doom, unless that thou shalt truly inform me upon such subjects as I shall interrogate thee."

This speech, and the glare of the speaker's eye, were not without their effect on him for whom they were intended. The fellow looked up and said doggedly,

"Well then, signore, unbind my wrists, for they are nearly cut through with the thongs, and I shall answer your question so far as I can."

"Loosen the bands somewhat, but do not release his hands altogether," said Zeno. "There, that will do. Now, fellow, tell me what provisions have ye in Chioggia."

"Scarce a day's food—not as much as a rat left."

"Have you had any communication with the Genoese fleet of late?"

"Not since the last sally."

"Then you are without hope in that quarter?"

"Utterly."

"Well, and if the notable scheme that thou wotest of"—and here he pointed to the paper—"if it should fail, what then is proposed to be done?"

"To throw the gates open and surrender unconditionally."

"Good. What may be the number of souls in Chioggia?"

"About four thousand, including those on board the vessels."

"And how many galleys remain?"

"Nineteen."

Zeno proceeded to put a great many further questions, to which the man replied; he then said,

"Thou hast answered me truly on some points, I know, and it may be that thou hast spoken truth on all. This we shall know hereafter. Meantime, thou shalt be kept in safety, and receive good treatment, to abide the issue. Take him hence, Alexis, and let him be secured in a safe place and strongly guarded."

The Greek motioned silently to the Genoese, who followed him out of the apartment, leaving Roger Harrington alone with the generalissimo of the Venetian army.

"Good fellow," said Zeno, "thou hast served me with skill and fidelity, and thy services shall not go unrequited. But as yet thou hast done but a part of the work that I design for thee. Say, art thou ready to proceed in it?"

"Noble general!" said Hodge. "My own captain, Sir William Cheke, hath told me that I may in all things do thy will. I have served long under him and know him well, and, by our blessed St. George, I shall ever do his behest; for he would not that I should do aught that an honest soldier should shrink from."

"It is well said, good fellow," said Zeno admiringly. "Now listen to me, for I have much to disclose to thee, and much wherein to instruct thee. Sit down, man, sit down; and give good heed to what I say."

Hodge, thus invited, sat down on a low bench in a manner at once respectful but manly. Then Zeno proceeded to detail to him matters of great and pressing import. What the nature of these communications was we shall not at present disclose. Suffice it to say, that the night was somewhat advanced before the English yeoman passed out from the apartment of the Venetian general.

When Roger Harrington departed from the presence of Zeno, he hastened through the fort till he reached the quarters of the English archers. Here he found Sir William Cheke awaiting his return, and he forthwith craved a private audience with his captain. The result of their deliberations was, that the archer divested himself of his arms and even of some of his ordinary habiliments, and arrayed himself, as nearly as possible, in a style that did not betoken either his particular nation or military calling. Retaining only his dagger, he threw over his person a large cloak, and placed upon his head a bonnet of Genoa velvet, which he drew down over his brows. Thus equipped, he again sallied forth as stealthily as he had entered, and made his way in the darkness of the night till he reached the place where the mercenaries under the command of Roberto di Recanati were located. One of the Italian lances who kept the guard arrested his steps, whereupon Hodge required to be conducted to the condottiere on urgent business, whispering at the same time in the ear of the soldier some secret word. Apparently his coming was not altogether unexpected, and he was without further delay conducted into the presence of Recanati, who had not yet retired to rest. The condottiere looked keenly at his visitor, and then demanded,

"Your business?"

"This will inform you, signore," was the reply, as Hodge handed him the cartel which had been previously taken from the captured emissary.

Recanati perused the missive with deep attention, and pondered long upon its import. At length he broke silence again,

"He who writes certifies for thee, that thou art trustworthy and may be freely spoken with."

The soldier replied merely by an inclination of his head.

"Well, then, it is an onerous undertaking and full of peril."

"Doubtless, signore," was the reply, "it will need caution as well as courage; nevertheless, if the matter be kept secret, success seems almost certain."

"And suppose it be so, who is to certify to me that I shall receive the money?"

"Here is your security, noble capitano. The name signed to this document guarantees it to you, which I am authorised to give to you, upon your signing the stipulations in the paper which I have given to you, and which I am to bear back to those who sent me."

The document which Recanati now examined was apparently satisfactory, he accordingly signed the paper and returned it to his visitor, observing—

"Well then, be it so; but take heed, good friend, how thou guardest this packet, and see that you make your way hence speedily."

"Aye, Signore, fear not for me. I shall find my way as safely back as I found it hither. Let me, too, warn you to put yonder writing in the safest place about your person—let it not for a moment out of your own keeping. Buona notte, signor capitano; it is time that I were on my return."

Having said this, Roger Harrington once more bent his steps towards the quarters of the general.

"By my faith, good Roger Harrington,"—'twas thus the honest yeoman soliloquised—"thou art rising in the world since thou leftest the green fields by the pleasant Trent. Thou wert not content with shooting a fat buck in the forest, but thou shouldst take to the wild life of soldiering, and let fly thy shafts at thine own kind. And now, God wot, thou art turning to higher game, and taking counsel with thy betters, and joining in their schemes that are well nigh too subtle for thy simple head. By Saint Hubert, I don't altogether like such matters, though, nor understand them over well. It seems like trapping foxes or such like vermin, and not like true woodcraft. Well, well, I have got safely through it so far; but, by my halidome, I would rather fight two hours by daylight than plot or scheme one hour by night."

MOLDAVIA AND WALLACHIA.

EVERY newspaper reader must by this time be tolerably familiar with the names Moldavia and Wallachia, however slight may be his knowledge of the geographical position, population, productions, political constitution, and social condition of these provinces. Their connexion with the Russo-Turkish dispute, which has occupied so large a share of public attention, both in this country and on the continent, during the present year, will cause them to be remembered for years to come. It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers that they form a debateable ground between Russia and Turkey, being situated on the north of the Danube, and having Russia on the east. The boundary stream between Russia and Moldavia, the more easterly of the two provinces, is the river Pruth, which, it will be remembered, was crossed by the Russian troops on the third of July. These two provinces occupy rather an anomalous position, being neither completely independent, nor wholly subject to Russia or Turkey. Nominally they are part of the Turkish dominions, but though more than once devastated by Ottoman forces, and now tributary to the sultan, they are not so completely subject to him as the territory on the south side o the Danube. Even the hospodars, or governors, cannot b appointed without the sanction of the Emperor of Russia However, the provinces unquestionably belong much mor to Turkey than to Russia. Hence, their occupation by th latter power is regarded on all hands as neither more nor les than an invasion of Turkish territory.

It is beyond our province to discuss at any length the merit of the dispute which has led to this invasion. Suffice it to say that the Emperor of Russia lays claim to be recognised as the protector of the twelve million Greek Christians in the Turkish dominions, and demands a formal treaty investing him with that office. The sultan, on the other hand, considers such a step equivalent to a complete sacrifice of the independence of his government.

COSTUMES OF THE MOLDAVIANS AND WALLACHIANS.

That our readers may be able to form some idea of the inhabitants of these provinces, and their state of civilisation, we here present them with a sketch of the costumes of different classes as they appear at the present day.

JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY.

THE SINTOO CREED, OR PRIMITIVE RELIGION OF JAPAN.

In order fully to understand the system of government in Japan, and the right by which the spiritual ruler, or *Mikado*, claims to hold his high, but, as will be afterwards seen, rather onerous, office, it is necessary that the reader should be made acquainted with the Japanese tradition respecting the creation of the world, and also with the principles of the religion of the country. We shall, therefore, proceed to give in this article a succinct account of the Japanese deities, premising that in the length of their names they almost rival some of the princes of the royal families of the continent.

Before the world was created, the Japanese believe that there was a confused mass of water, air, and earth, swaying to and fro on all sides, like the yolk of an egg mixed up with the white.

In this infinite space, which is entitled *Tako-mano-halo* (the plain of high heaven), arose *Ameno-minaka-nusino-kami*, self-created. His name signifies the superior god-like being who sits enthroned in the middle of heaven. After him came *Taka-mi-musu-bino-kami*, the highly elevated creating-god, and *Kamu-mi-musu-bino-kami*, the spiritually elevated creating-god. Each of these three primitive gods was independent of the other two.

At the time of the creation, the elements of chaos divided from each other. An under-stratum of the heavy and thick portions of the world was formed, while the clearer and lighter ones were carried upwards through their own want of weight. At first, though not sensible to the touch, they were visible, like smoke or a thick cloud. Gradually they formed themselves into the heavens, and, at last, attained such a degree of clearness as to become invisible.

The earth was still a young mass, as soft as mud, swimming about in the air, like the reflection of the moon in the waves, when there arose from it a kind of substance similar to the bud of the reed *Asi* (*Erianthus Japonicus*), and *Umasi-asi-kabihiko-dsino-kami*, the noble earth, god of the beautiful reed-bud, sprang into life; while *Ameno-soko-talsino-kami*, the architect of the vault of heaven, began and finished his creation.

Each of these two latter gods, also, like the first three, lived retired within himself, having nothing in common with the others. Combined with the former, they are peculiarly distinguished as *Amatsu-kami*, the five gods of heaven.

From the development and metamorphosis of Asi-bud, there arose between heaven and earth, the creator of firm land, by name *Kuni-soko-talsino-mikoto*. He reigned over the yet unfinished globe for more than a hundred thousand millions of years, a space of time which passes human comprehension. He is still worshipped in a temple of the district of *Oomi*.

His successor was *Kuni-sa-toutsino-mikato*, who also reigned for a like extraordinary period, until *Toyo-kumu-suno-mikoto*, the god of the richly overflowing marshes, assumed the reins of power, which he retained for a hundred thousand million of years. He, too, has a temple erected to him in the district of *Oomi*.

These gods had lived alone, floating in the immensity of the universe, without any female companions. From this period, however, we find female divinities living with them in a state of sisterly innocence. First on the list stands *Wu-hidsi-nino-mikoto*, the god who cooks the muddy earth, with his companion *Su-hidsi-nino-makoto*, the goddess who cooks the sandy earth. Both are worshipped in a temple in the district of *Issye*.

After a lapse of two hundred thousand millions of years, they were followed by *Oo-to-tsino-mikoto*, and his companion, the goddess *Oo-to-beno-mikoto*.

These two divinities disappeared after having reigned as long as their predecessors, and were succeeded by *Omo-tarunomikoto* and his companion *Kasiko-neno-mikoto*, who, after thousands and thousands of years had rolled away, made room, in their turn, for *Iza-na-gino-mikoto*, with his heavenly bride, *Iza-na-mino-mikoto*.

With this couple ends the period of the seven dynasties of the gods of heaven, which reaches up to *Kuni-soko-talsino-mikoto;* and it is to *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* that the creation of Japan is attributed.

Standing on the bridge that was floating in the heavens, *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* one day addressed his wife, *Iza-na-mino-mikoto*, in the following terms:—

"Verily, there should be somewhere or other a habitable country of the world; let us endeavour to find it in the waters which are heaving beneath us." Speaking thus, he dipped his spear, adorned with jewels, in the wide ocean, and stirred the waves round with it. The thick drops of water which trickled off the spear when he had withdrawn it from the waves, instantly thickened and formed an island, *Ono-koro-sima*, or the island that flowed together of itself. The god and his wife descended upon it, and together, by their divine power, created the other portions of the globe.

The next thing that *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* did, was to call into existence eight million of gods, who spread themselves simultaneously all over the country, commenced the development of its resources, and produced vegetation. *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* created also the ten thousand things from which the countless objects of every kind which we possess at the present day have all sprung. Meanwhile, the goddess *Iza-na-mino-mikoto* was not idle, but created the teregod, the godlike couple of the mountains containing metals, and the goddess of water. While, too, the climbing plants were raising their tendrils heavenwards from the earth, she planted under the waves the germs of the mosses, and ordered the goddess *Hani-yama-himeno-kami* to cover the hills with fruitful earth.

All the gods who had preceded *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* and his wife had started into existence of themselves, without being descended from any one. But *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* and *Iza-na-mino-mikoto* had a numerous family, the most virtuous member of which was their eldest daughter, *Ama-terasu-or-kami*, or, as she is otherwise generally denominated, *Ten-sioo-dai-zin*, the great spirit that lights the heavens. She was chosen by her parents as their successor in their earthly kingdom, over which she reigned in conjunction with her brother, *Tsuku-yo-mino-mikoto*, the god-like moon that looks through the night.

After a lapse of 550,000 years, she resigned the empire to her nephew *Amano-osi-ho-mimino-mikoto*, whom she had adopted, and who, after a reign of 300,000 years, was succeed by his son *Nimi-gino-mikoto*, who, in his turn, was followed, after a reign of 318,533 years, by his son *Hiko-hobo-de-mino-mikoto*. The next divine sovereign, 637,892 years later, was *Wu-kaya-fuki-awasesuno-mikoto*, the last of the five earthly gods, his successor being *Gin-mu-ten-woo*, whom he had by a mortal wife, and from whom, as we mentioned in our last chapter, the *Mikados*, or spiritual rulers of Japan, trace their descent—a fact which must, of course, entitle them to the respect and admiration of all those persons who esteem a man not for the noble actions he may do, but for the length of his genealogical tree. We have not the least doubt that the *Mikados*, if they were acquainted with the aristocracy of Europe, would look down on them as mere upstarts, in the same manner as the latter do on those by whose toil and energy they are supported in comparative but noble idleness.

The most ancient religion of Japan is intimately connected with the tradition we have just laid before our readers of the creation of the world. Taking its origin from the divine ancestors of the people, namely, the celestial and terrestrial gods, its religion has existed during countless generations of a good-hearted, simple population of fishermen and hunters, and has, up to the present time, maintained its position in the palace of the sovereign as well as the hut of the peasant. Although it is now no longer the sole religion of the Japanese empire, it is still protected by the state, reverenced by the rulers, and loved by the people.

This primitive religion is known in the Japanese language under the name *Kami-no-mitsi*, that is, the way or doctrine of the Kamis, or gods. It was not until a later period that the

designation *Sintoo* (*Schin-taó*), which is merely a Chinese translation of the old Japanese expression, was bestowed upon it. The word *Sintoo* was used to designate the primitive religion, in contradistinction to the Indian ritual of *Bultoo* (*Tŭ-taó*), which was introduced into the country at a subsequent period.

The principle of the Kami ritual consists in the worship of the celestial beings who created the universe and the island empire of Japan, and of the terrestrial gods who animated the young country with their presence, and whose descendants afterwards became its inhabitants and rulers.

The greatest amount of veneration, however, is paid to *Ama-terasu-kami*, the goddess of the sun, the great spirit who illumes the heavens, and who, in company with her brother, the moon, floats over her island empire, while 8,000,000 spirits follow her and do her bidding. No mere mortal dare address her directly in prayer, but must do so through the medium of certain inferior Kamis, who, on this account, are called *Sjo-go-zin*, protecting, helping, or watching deities.

The spiritual sovereign, or *Mikado*, is always looked upon as being descended from the goddess of the sun, through *Zin-mu-ten-woo*, and it is believed by the Sintoos that her spirit animates each successive *Mikado*. They pay him divine honours, and believe that once in the course of every year all their gods assemble round his throne. His soul is held to be immortal, and on this doctrine is founded the popular belief of a continuance of existence after death. The Sintooist aims merely, it is true, at the attainment of earthly happiness, but he has still some notion, though faint and indistinct, of the immortality of the soul, and of an after-state of everlasting bliss or misery. He has also an idea of a reward for the good and a punishment of the bad, and a conception of some place or other whither the soul goes after this life. Heavenly judges require the soul to account for its actions. The good man's portion is paradise, *Taka-ma-naka-hara*, on entering which he is admitted to the realms of the Kamis. The wicked are punished and thrust down into hell, *Neno-kuni*.

The Kami religion lays down for the guidance of all believers who desire to attain earthly happiness and consolation hereafter a series of rules, which are in substance as follows:—To serve the Kamis a man must preserve pure fire. He must cherish belief and truth in his heart, make fresh and clean sacrifices, and pray to the Kamis to give him their blessing and prosperity, and to forgive him his faults. He must also beg that the sinner's soul may be purified, in order that he may be free from every ill.

It is, therefore, the endeavour of the conscientious Sintooist—

1. To preserve pure fire.
2. To typify by the cleanliness of his body the purity of his soul.
3. To keep festivals and holy days.
4. To undertake pilgrimages; and
5. To worship the Kamis both at home and in the public temples, and to offer up to them pure sacrifices.

Purity of body and soul is the principal article of the Sintoo faith. The purity of the soul consists in doing or leaving undone what the laws of nature respectively require or forbid, and also what the laws of the state and society demand.

The state of impurity is called *Fu-zjoo*. A man may be impure from the following causes:—

1. By the death of near relations; by contact with a corpse.
2. By the shedding of blood, or merely by his being spattered with blood, and by tasting the flesh of domestic animals.

The state of impurity does not extend to persons alone, but likewise to dwellings and other places in which any defiling event has occurred.

The Sintooists signify the first state of impurity by outward signs. The men let their beards and hair grow, and cover their heads with a simple straw hat; the women cover theirs with a white cloth. This is done to keep the defiled head from the rays of the sun. The doors and windows of their houses are carefully closed, and an inscription is hung up outside, stating that the place is impure. This state of things continues for a longer or shorter time, as the case may be, and counts as mourning, the duration of which is strictly prescribed according to the degree of relationship to the deceased, and may extend from three days to thirteen months. The mourner wears a peculiar but very simple white garment. In the house of the deceased, the Gohei * is placed upon a kind of altar, and fish, and other objects which are reckoned to be clean, offered up in sacrifice. When a person is in a state of impurity of the first degree, he is not allowed to enter any temple or engage in certain rites of religion. The state of impurity of a less degree lasts for a shorter time, and it appears to be rather a mere point of etiquette than a command of the Sintoo faith, that the impure person should not enter a temple.

When a Sintooist is either really *Fu-zjoo*, or, for some particular reason, feels himself called upon to free himself from unknown spots, and attain a higher degree of purity, he retires into a solitary, recently cleansed, and, if his circumstances permit it, new dwelling. He then assumes a dress similar to that used on occasions of mourning, and remains secluded for a longer or shorter period, according as he is more or less impure, or the object he has in view requires him to do so. He carefully abstains from all nutritious dishes, especially flesh of any kind, and confines himself to a kind of rice-porridge, passing his time in prayer and the perusal of edifying books. When he is purified by such a course, he returns to his relations and friends. Priests and laymen, rich and poor, undertake these penitential ordeals. The workman, peasant, and, in a word, all who belong to the lower classes, will do so before beginning a pilgrimage or having an audience of any great person. After the prescribed time has elapsed, the house and every object that was *Fu-zjoo* are washed with water and salt, while a purifying fire is kindled in the court-yard, and the temporary recluse returns with his hair and beard shorn, and dressed in a holiday suit, to his relatives and friends.

Another important point of the Sintoo faith is the due observance of the various festivals and holy days. From the moment of his birth to the instant of his death, the native of Japan is engaged, either directly or indirectly, in their celebration. They lead him through the rolling year, reminding him, at certain months, days, and hours, of his duties towards his Kamis, his relations, his friends, his superiors, and himself. The acquirement of a proper knowledge of the various ceremonies to be used at these festivals constitutes one of the branches of a liberal education in Japan.

These festivals and holy days may be classed under the following heads:—Monthly festivals; yearly festivals of the whole population; anniversaries of the various Kamis; family festivals; lucky and unlucky days; days of prayer and penitence.

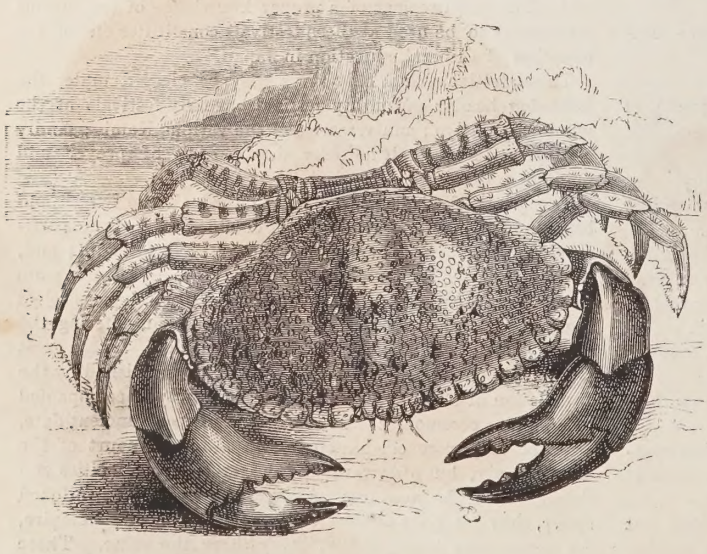
The yearly festivals are celebrated through the length and breadth of the empire, and are not confined to any one particular portion of it. They are days of rest and pleasure; and, as a heart in which joy and content reign is in a better state than when it is filled with care and sorrow, the Japanese select these occasions in preference to any other for entering the temples of their Kamis and offering up sacrifices. These great popular festivals, of which there are five, distinguished by the appellation of *Go-seki*, are, consequently, always accompanied by religious ceremonies. They are of the most ancient date. At first they were celebrated in the *Daïri* (or court of the *Mikado*) only, but afterwards in the larger imperial cities and the capitals of the provinces. At present, as we have mentioned above, they are duly observed throughout the whole empire, the ceremonies being almost everywhere the same. These annual festivals held in honour of the principal Kamis afford the youthful generation an opportunity of proving their veneration and respect for the old customs of their country.

* The Gohei is a sacred vessel formed of stripes of coloured paper, typical of some particular divinity.

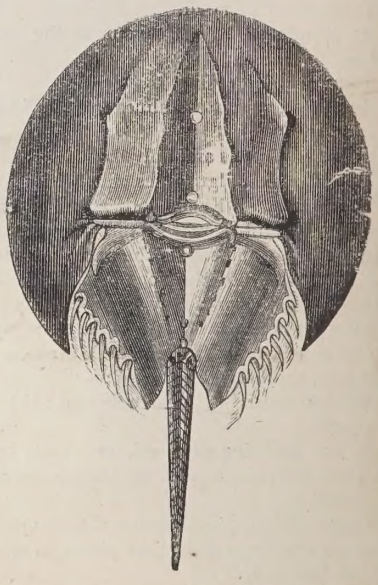
THE VIVARIUM IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

FEW institutions have so well deserved the success they have met with as the Zoological Society. It has, both by its meetings, its transactions, and its gardens, made us familiar with many of the wonders of creation; it has enabled the very cockney, without losing sight of his beloved London, to gaze on the riches of animated nature, to delight his eye with the plants and trees of distant lands: the whole presented to him in a beautiful and well laid out garden, which, during the last few years, has made such progress that it may fairly rank with the richest and most famed gardens of Europe; at the same time that by a liberal arrangement it is open on certain occasions, and under certain restrictions, to the humblest classes.

VIVARIUM IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

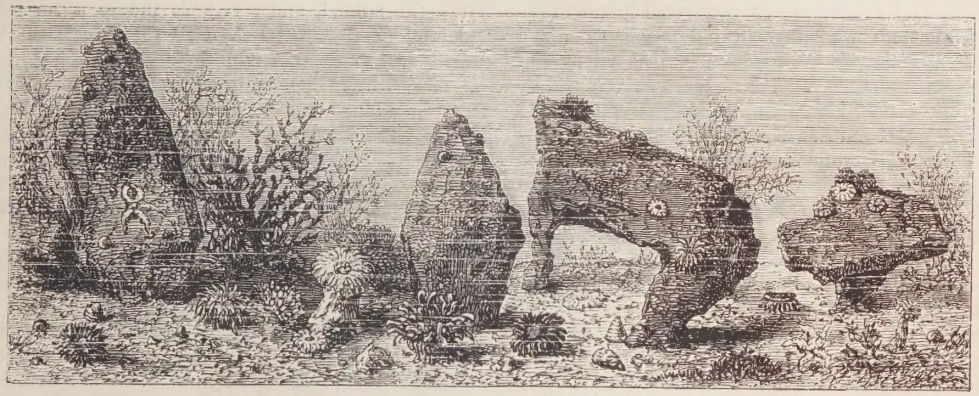


CRAB (CANCER PAGURUS).

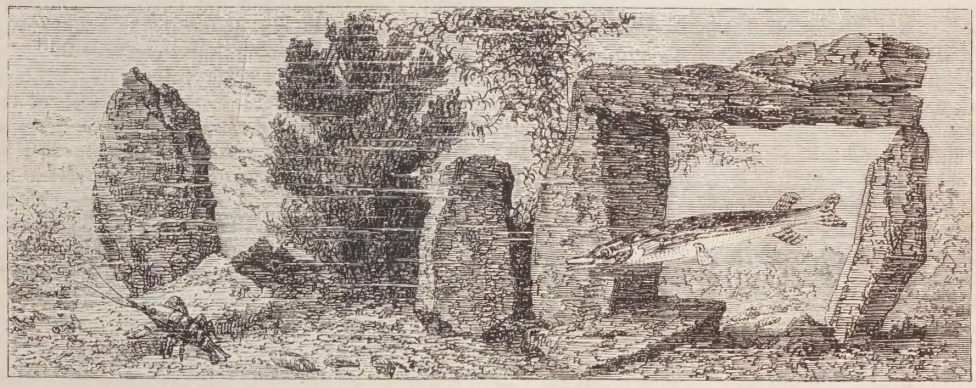


THE MOLUCCA CRAB (MINOCULUS POLYPHEMUS).

Recently an addition of great interest has been made to the institution. The wonders of the deep, the secrets of the life under water, of that semi-animal, semi-vegetable life, which is the least understood part of zoology, have been unsealed to us. Near the flower-bed of the Zoological Gardens has been rock-sand, gravel, sea-weed, and water, they are then stocked with specimens of the various beings which belong to this department of natural history. The zoophytes have hitherto been a portion of animal creation very little understood. Lesson and Dujardin, in their extensive and admirable works



SECTION OF A TANK IN THE VIVARIUM.



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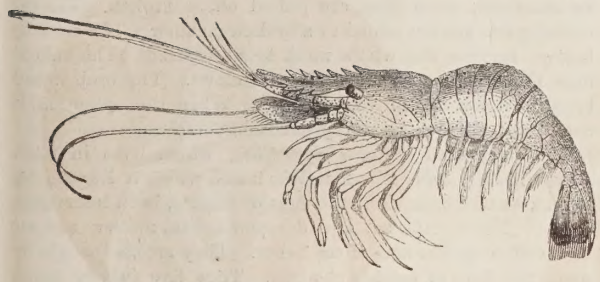
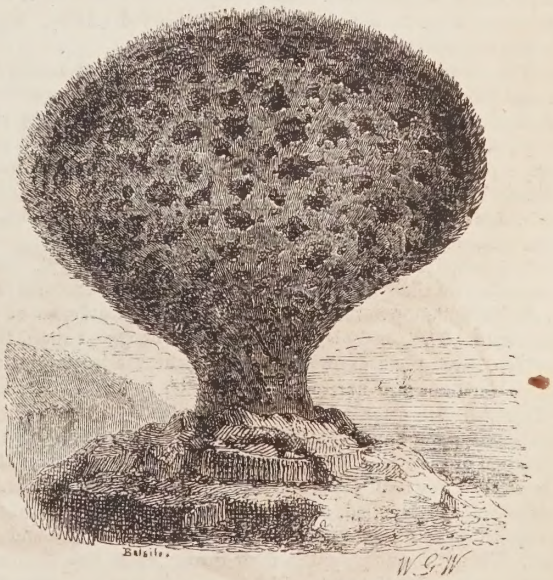


PRAWN (PALÆMON SERRATUS OF LEACH).



COMMON SPONGE.

erected a building, like the Sydenham wonder of the world, of iron and glass, with eight tanks full of specimens of zoophyte and crustaceous nature. It is perhaps the most curious and interesting feature in the establishment. The tanks are so arranged that we see their contents at a glance. Filled with on the subject, confess that it is almost a new department of science. Until the commencement of the present century scarcely anything was really known about the matter, and the division of the zoophytes into classes is yet an arbitrary affair which it will require more complete inquiry to settle

finally. Some confusion will at first exist in the mind of the student of natural history, through the different views of its professors. But the time is not far distant when even this department of science will be bound by the same rigid rules which have been applied to others.

The reason why any knowledge of this department was necessarily vague and indistinct will readily be found in the difficulty of the study. The zoophytes could only be examined in their natural element, on the occasion of long voyages at sea, or by spending whole days on the banks of rivers and by the sea-side. These animal-plants could not be preserved, could not be kept; at least, the means of so doing had not been discovered. This part of the difficulty has been obviated by the indefatigable industry and perseverance of the secretary of the Zoological Society. We find the tanks plentifully supplied with specimens of zoophytes, with crustacea, star-fish, fish of the genera, Labrus, Cottas, &c. They live before our eyes, move, eat, and are eaten. The actinia and the pecten call attention, the former by the brilliancy of colours and his abundant tentacles, and the latter by his peculiarly shaped open valve. To describe the contents of the tank would be impossible, they are so numerous and varied. They are of English origin. They have long excited attention in Scotland; and Sir John Graham Dalyell, in his "Rare and Remarkable Animals" of that country, speaks of them. The department as yet most complete is that of the actinias. The tank in which they are contained present a very remarkable appearance, from the variety and richness of the colours. The crustacea are a very interesting feature in the adjoining tank. The whole has somewhat of the effect of the kaleidescope, the contents of every tank being in perpetual motion. Both the scientific and the unscientific may be interested and instructed by a careful examination of the Vivarium.

The zoophytes are the most imperfect of animals, a kind of connecting link between a sloth and a lump of sea-weed. Their nervous system is either elementary or non-existent, and they have no organs of the various senses. They differ from other animals in the circumstance that the body diverges star-like from a centre; hence their name of *Radiata*. Those who have seen them on the rocky sea-shore, spreading out their membranes, or clinging to each other in masses, must at once be struck by their resemblance to a flower, or even to a bush with many ramifications. They have in times past been confounded with an immense class of sea-weed (*Algæ*), which much resembles the zoophyte creation.

The common sponge (p. 221) has been included among the zoophytes, it being a doubtful substance found on submarine rocks. This substance, of a glutinous character, is in part composed of transparent and spherical globules, which produce *ovoïdes*, which at times are expelled from the mass. These bodies, which move and have an almost imperceptible life, reproduce the sponge, which thus becomes entitled to the name of a zoophyte.

The principal class of zoophytes is that of the polypi. These animals owe their name to the tentacles which surround their mouths, which give them a resemblance to the polypus of the ancients. Their body is cylindrical or ovular, and there is no orifice, save at one extremity; their structure is simple, and their faculties are narrow in proportion to their simplicity. Nearly all are attached to extraneous bodies by their lower extremity, and have no motion beyond the extension and contraction of their tentacles, and of the anterior portion of their bodies. They multiply sometimes by means of eggs, which are detached and expelled, to fix and attach themselves elsewhere; sometimes by excrescences, which grow on the body and fall off. These become polypi in their turn. From this results an aggregation of individuals which seem to live of a common life, as if it were a composite being with one mouth and a thousand bodies and stomachs. Though these stomachs do not open one into the other, there is a vascular communication by which the alimentary matters digested by the one serve for the nutrition of the others.

The bodies of the polypi are often composed of semi-transparent tissue, but with most the lower portion of the tegument becomes hard and petrified. The solid wrapper varies in its form, and represents so many tubes, or so many cells. These polypi, by congregating together, form vast masses, which rise into rocks and shoals in the tropical seas. They rise one upon the other from the bottom of the sea. The stony bark, with which each individual incrusts the lower part of its body, survives the animal, and serves as the basis for other polypi. Generations thus succeed, until they reach the level of the water. All those that find their way above, perish, and the soil formed by their remains ceases to rise; but this soil, which forms on a level with the water, becomes a sunken rock most dangerous to navigators. This draws around remains of vegetables mixed with sand, which form a soil favourable to the development of plants; then, wafted on the waves, come ligneous and herbaceous seeds, which germinate, mingle their roots, and then increase and multiply in this virgin soil, which in a few years is covered by luxuriant vegetation. These islands at last become habitable, and man soon takes possession of them.

The class of infusory zoophytes is composed of animalcules, which are developed in abundance in water where vegetable or animal matter has been infused. Their bodies, round or long, contain in the interior a great number of little cavities which appear to fulfil the functions of a stomach. This has given to them the name of the Polygastric infusories. Their mode of multiplication is doubtful. It would occupy volumes to describe the multitude of these creatures.

Crustaceous animals begin with crabs, lobsters, &c., and go down with some naturalists to the leech of the surgeon. They are articulate animals, which have heart and gills to breathe with in the water. The lowest order are ranged among the intestinal worms. The crustacea have bodies divided into rings, sometimes moveable, sometimes solid. Their tegumentary skeleton presents a strong consistence, due to a very considerable proportion of carbonate of lime. This crust, which has given them the name of Crustacea, is a skin in reality. At certain periods it is detached and falls, as the skin of serpents and the tegument of insects do. We shall allude more fully to this characteristic hereafter.

The head is sometimes free, sometimes fastened to the thorax. This latter supports the head, the pair of feelers, and the mouth, which is adorned with numerous appendages, some of which are regular claws, that serve as a defence against the elements, and aid the progress of the animal. The crab given in our engraving (*Cancer pagurus*) is the one usually consumed by lovers of crustaceous food. It weighs sometimes as much as five pounds. This is the species which reproduces its members, when they are pulled off or broken. The renewed parts are not added to a broken member. If a claw be broken in two, the whole must be extirpated. The animal does this itself, generally using its claws. The crab would bleed to death but for this process. When the operation is completed, the process of reproduction commences.

The river crab (*Astacus fluviatilis*), which lives in fresh water, hiding under stones and in holes, which it leaves only to feed on molluscæ, fish, and eggs of insects, is an interesting study. These crabs eat also decayed animal matter, and are thus caught in the nets of the fisher. They are also caught by using the flare of torches at night. They live twenty years, increasing in growth every year. The female collects her eggs round the false claws, and the young crabs hide beneath their mothers while their shell is hardening.

The period of changing the shell is one of importance to the creature. It is a laborious, painful, and often a fatal operation. By putting a crab in a glass, at the proper season, it can be studied by any one. Some days before it throws its tough skin, it ceases to eat, and the shell begins to detach itself from the body, which becomes loose or thin. The crab begins to rub its claws together, turns on its back, moves its tail, swells its body up, and splits the shell. Then, swelling certain parts of its body, it draws its head back, loosens its eyes and large and small claws, and by a sudden jerk gets out of the shell. The operation is often fatal, but, if successful, the new shell is formed in twenty-four hours.

J. J. BOISSIEU.

When Jean Jacques de Boissieu was born at Lyons, in 1736, affectation and conventional laws predominated in the fine arts as they did in the higher classes of society. It was the epoch of paint and powder, of hoop-petticoats and beauty-spots. Watteau had been dead for fifteen years; Pater, his disciple, died in 1736; but Lancret, his other pupil, still continued to produce lackadaisical coquettes; and Boucher soon after rendered fashionable a *genre* which was as fatal to art as it was to morality; while Dorat, Bernis, Colardeau, Bernard, and the Chevalier de Parny, soon became followers, in poetry, of the same school. All elevation of mind seemed to have disappeared. The age of Louis XIV. had seen the study of nature neglected for the imitation of the ancients; and the eighteenth century substituted the caprices of the imagination, and the fancies of civilised corruption, for the study of the ancients. Whenever man once wanders from the truth, he always plunges, by necessary and unavoidable progression, deeper and deeper into error. But yet, whatever ascendancy the evil may gain, it never succeeds in corrupting all the citizens of a state. A secluded life protects some from its pernicious influence; mental vigour, originality in ideas, and force of character guard others; while a few owe their safety to the artless sincerity with which they follow their inclinations, and allow themselves to be guided by their own inspirations. It is among the last that Boissieu must be ranked. He belonged to an old and noble family which came from Auvergne. His paternal grandfather, Jean de Boissieu, had been secretary to Marguerite de Valois, and was appointed her executor when she bequeathed her property to Louis XIII. Boissieu evinced great aptitude for his calling at a very early age. We are told by one of his biographers, that "Monsieur Vialis, his maternal uncle, possessed some very fine pictures, which Boissieu used to attempt to copy, even before he had received any lessons in drawing; and these first trials of the young artist announced his innate talent."

Boissieu's decided predilection for the fine arts was a source of great annoyance to his parents, who wanted to make a magistrate of him. They placed him, however, with a painter of the name of Lombard, who soon taught him all he knew, that is, very little. Boissieu required a more talented master; but Frontier, with whom he was now placed, was, like Lombard, soon surpassed by his pupil. Boissieu was, therefore, obliged to apply to the princes of the pencil for the instruction of which he stood in need. The works of Ruysdael, of Berghem, of John Miel, and of the brothers Both, henceforth became his preceptors. His imitations met with great success; and a drawing executed by the young artist after a picture by Wouvermans, having been sold at a sale for a thousand crowns, his parents began to waver in their obstinacy. Besides which, as Boissieu led a most exemplary life, and evinced none but the noblest of sentiments, they thought, at last, that he could be trusted to his own guidance. He consequently set out for Paris, where he had long wished to go, in order to improve himself. He was now in his twenty-fourth year.

Though it would not have been astonishing for Boissieu, now that he was in the capital, to be led astray by the paltry style and false taste of the reigning school, yet such was not the case. Rich enough not to be obliged to sell his works, and too modest to court public approbation, he neither troubled himself about fashion nor success, but pursued his profession for the love he bore it, for the sake of exercising his imagination, of satisfying a moral want, and of procuring himself intellectual amusement. He did not even require to be put on his guard against the false theories or the licentious and affected style of the epoch. Without attempting to emulate them, he studied those masters who pleased him, took advice of nature, and followed the dictates of his own sentiments. But it was wholly because his style differed from the one which was in fashion, that his paintings were so quickly noticed. Connoisseurs appreciated their merit, opened their galleries to him, and permitted him to copy whatever he chose. Monsieur Tolosan, who came from the same place as himself, was among his admirers; and the most celebrated artists of the day were not less eager to do homage to his talent. Vernet, Soufflet, Watelet, and Greuze sought his friendship, and prized the possession of his drawings. No one, however, showed him more affection than the Duke de la Rochefoucault, and it was not long before they formed a most intimate acquaintance with one another. One day, this amiable nobleman made Boissieu the proposal to undertake a journey to Italy. Boissieu willingly accepted the offer, but as the duke could not fix any time for their departure, the artist went on as usual with his studies.

To-day he copied the compositions of the great masters, and to-morrow he wandered into the environs of Paris, to sketch the finest views he met with in them. The forests of Marly, of St. Germain, and of Fontainebleau, became his studios, in which nature provided him with an unlimited number of beautiful models. The surpassing majesty of the old trees, the juvenile grace—if we may be allowed the expression—of the underwood, the capricious forms of the thickets and the briars, the old stones on which arabesques were traced by the moss that grew there, the deep glen-like roads full of wild mint, the perspectives which the fog slightly tinged with blue, the tall avenues, and the hilly land, delighted his mind and employed his pencil alternately. On his return to his native place, he took with him a great number of studies, which afterwards enabled him to enrich his etchings with a thousand valuable details.

It was at this time that he made his first trials in engraving. A picture-dealer brought him one day some copper-plates already prepared, and asked him as a favour to make some drawings on them. Boissieu set to work, and thus accidentally commenced the profession in which he was destined to meet with such unlimited success. These first etchings were, of course, imperfect, but they yet bespoke the great and original talent of the artist.

The Duke de la Rochefoucault having at last found time to set out on his tour through Italy, went to Lyons, in 1765, to fetch Boissieu, and they immediately hastened to cross the Alps. Both of them experienced great pleasure on beholding that celebrated country in which so many *chefs-d'œuvre* are embellished by so soft a light, and where the productions of nature are not less attractive than the works of man. Whenever they met with a view that pleased them, Monsieur de la Rochefoucault stopped the carriage, so that Boissieu might make a sketch of it. Florence, Rome, and Naples were the three cities in which they made the longest stay. The young artist sketched the arch of Titus, the Colosseum, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the cascades of Tivoli, and the ruined house of Mecænas. He formed an acquaintance with Winkelmann, who then lived in the palace, and under the protection, of Cardinal Albani. The impassioned admirer of the Greeks and Romans thought he had found a disciple in Boissieu, for the painter listened to his arguments with the greatest attention; and, perhaps, Boissieu himself fancied that he was become a convert to the somewhat exclusive ideas of the archæologist: but, on his return to Lyons, he did not the less continue to imitate the Flemish painters, both in respect to subjects and to colouring.

As Boissieu was determined that want of care should not hinder him from equalling his models, he ground his colours and prepared his varnish himself. But the fatigue attendant on continual application soon proved too much for his weak constitution, and he fell dangerously ill. He was, therefore, obliged to give up painting in oil. From this time, he only worked on wash, lead-pencil, and red chalk drawings, and on etchings, but he executed all these with the greatest talent. "His red chalk portraits," says Monsieur Dugas Montbel, "are finished in a manner which belongs only to him, and which has as yet found no imitators; his lead-pencil land-

scapes also soon attained the greatest celebrity." The Count d'Artois and the first noblemen of the court eagerly sought after al his new productions, and foreigners were not less desirous to obtain them. England, Russia, and northern Germany, neglected nothing in order to procure them. But

ETCHINGS BY BOISSIEU.

this was somewhat difficult to achieve, for Boissieu did not sell his productions. Monsieur Artaria, of Manheim, who carried on a large trade in objects of art, could only obtain them by purchasing them second-hand, or by presenting the artist with valuable pictures in exchange for his own.

He thus lived without ambition, trouble, or regret, till the time when the French Revolution broke out. The passions of the epoch exercised, however, no influence on his heart. While France was giving birth to a new state of society, and suffering the pangs of maternity, Boissieu fled from the noise of con-

ETCHINGS BY BOISSIEU.

In 1772, when he was twenty six years of age, he married Mademoiselle Anne Roch de Valoux, a native, like himself, of Lyons. So mild and steady a man as Boussieu was, necessarily made a good husband: his marriage was, therefore, a very happy one, and in no way changed his mode of life. Incessantly occupied with his art, he now made use of the

tention to seek the calm pleasures of solitude. But misfortune overtook him in the country, where he had lived in retirement for twenty years. An artist, who was a member of the Convention, was sent to the banks of the Rhone for the express purpose of protecting his life; but Boissieu lost his fortune; and his eldest son, who was compelled to flee the country after

the siege of Lyons, died in Switzerland from the fatigues of his journey, and doubtless, too, from the grief caused by his exile.

Boissieu earned sufficient by his pencil to supply his wants; and when the nation had recovered itself enough to enjoy the pleasures of the imagination, the Institute of France, the Academies of Bologna, of Florence, of Grenoble, and of Lyons, appointed him one of their corresponding members. But, in spite of the entreaties of M. Denon, he could not be prevailed upon to quit his province for the more brilliant abode of Paris.

scenes with which they are surrounded. His own portrait, too, confirms these indications; *finesse* is there joined to vulgarity; the cheek-bones are prominent, the nose big, the lips thick, the lower part of the forehead fleshy, and the chin large; but the eye is full of observation and shrewdness, though devoid of noble expression. The face, however, wants that dignity which is the characteristic of a superior mind. The personages met with in his works have, perhaps, still less nobleness, and fewer signs of intelligence about them. The monks in the choir; the children blessed by Pius VII., with

PORTRAIT OF BOISSIEU, DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY HIMSELF.

Old age did not diminish his talent; for his last engraving is one of the finest he ever executed. He died in the possession of all his force of mind, on the 1st of March, 1810, at the age of seventy-four. For some time past, he had with difficulty borne the severity of the winters; and the cold of 1810 penetrated to his very heart.

The works of Boissieu seem completely to reveal his Auvergnian origin; in them you discover patience, and rather a heavy character, but, at the same time, that true love of nature which is imparted to all mountaineers by the beautiful

the woman who has brought them, and the acolytes placed in the back-ground; the fathers of the desert; the little boys playing with a dog; the professor of botany and his pupils; the family before the fire; and several other personages, carefully drawn, surprise you in a disagreeable manner by the common and inert expression of their features. Such lethargic and insignificant-looking faces constitute a defect which will not be found, perhaps, in the works of any other celebrated painter or engraver. This defect spoils the pleasure which the talented and fine execution of the artist pro-

duces. A few heads, on the contrary, possess features of a most lively expression: the two children, for instance, who are looking at a flute-player; those who are amusing themselves by blowing bubbles; the portrait of Boissieu's brother; a three-quarter male figure; and two others in the print where a man is being shaved, surprise you by the boldness of their relief and their animated appearance. Such, too, is the old rogue with a cap nearly reaching down to his shaggy eye-brows, beneath which his suspicious-looking, penetrating, and perfidious eyes assume a formidable expression. Yet these same heads, which are so striking in appearance, and so admirably executed, are void of nobleness and grandeur, and no reflection of a single elevated sentiment is perceptible in them. Observation, *finesse* and cunning, are all that the engraver has been able to represent; and these form, in his eyes, all the phases of moral life. His "St. Jerome in the Desert," for instance, is writing very attentively, but no inspiration is there to light up his look, or to impart any appearance of idealism to his features. The landscape, which is rigidly beautiful, possesses more expression than the face of the saint; and the man is thus rendered inferior to the inanimate objects by which he is surrounded. Boissieu, it is evident, lived too much in solitude and sought too much after calm: it is necessary for the artist, as well as for the poet, that he should himself attentively study the workings of the higher passions, which are to be met with only in the bustle of active life. Goëthe himself, in consequence of keeping continually out of society, lost, at last, the vigour of his brilliant days; and finished by writing works almost void of sense, and full of chimerical visions.

Boissieu was more successful with nature than he was with the human face. His landscapes are very fine: in them vigour is joined to delicacy, and elegance to truth. The drawing is always full of energy in the *tout ensemble* and of *finesse* in the details. Here we see the beautiful effects of light and shade bringing out every object in bold relief, while in another place are seen fugitive lights, carefully managed gradations, and backgrounds of the most exquisite lightness. No trace of negligence or of hurry is anywhere to be discovered in them; but everything is, on the contrary, of the most perfect finish. The foliage of the trees, the movement or the motionless splendour of the water, the canals, the forms of the land, the winding or broken lines of the rocks, and the magic of the perspective are all represented in the most successful and varied manner. A few artists have reproached Boissieu with having exaggerated the brilliancy of the light parts of his foliage to such an extent as to produce the effects of snow: this defect, however, can hardly be said to exist except in the bad copies, in which the details of the light parts have disappeared. It must be owned, however, that Boissieu was not always successful in the execution of his clouds, which might often be taken for mere daubs instead of moving vapours.

But though the works of Boissieu are open to certain criticisms, he himself is none the less on that account the greatest etcher that France ever produced. His drawings are executed in such perfection, that many of them are as valuable as oil paintings, and some of them have even been sold for £120 sterling each. Though they are all characterised by such wonderful delicacy in their execution, Boissieu yet worked very quickly. A skilful draughtsman of his time, having seen him work, was thoroughly astonished at the rapidity with which he completed everything he began; the artist in question did not think it possible for so perfect a finish to be obtained with such promptitude, and was seized with a fit of discouragement, which lasted him a fortnight.

Boissieu also painted some pictures of subjects similar to those painted by Ostade; but he owes all his fame to his etchings, which he executed in so masterly and picturesque a manner. The number of his plates is, according to M. Duga Montbel, a hundred and seven, which are generally marked D. B., with the date. Monsieur Guichardot, who has studied the works of the celebrated engraver more than any one else possesses, or is acquainted with, a hundred and forty-two o his prints; and as this gentleman has devoted forty years o his life to the works of Boissieu, his opinion ought to be taken as an authority.

The following are among the engraver's best prints:—

"An Old Man, with a Boy Reading," in the manner o Rembrandt.

"A Cooper working in a Cellar;" after the same.

"An Italian Landscape, with Women washing."

"A Landscape with Shepherds by the water-side;" afte Berghem.

"A Forest with a Cottage, and a Man on Horseback, wit Peasants."

Another "Forest Scene," the companion to the above.

"A Landscape with Figures and Animals, having in th middle a Hill, on which is a Cross and an Old Man kneeling.

"A View near Zurich, with a Man and a Woman mounte on a Mule, and driving Cattle through a rivulet."

"The Quack Doctor;" after C. du Gardyn.

"A Landscape with Figures in a Boat, and a Mill;" afte Ruysdael.

"The Great Mill," a charming landscape; after the same.

"A Mountainous Landscape, with a Waterfall;" afte Asselyn.

"A Grand Landscape, with a Hermit at the entrance of Cavern," 1797.

"A pleasing Landscape with large Figures, and two Cow standing in the water."

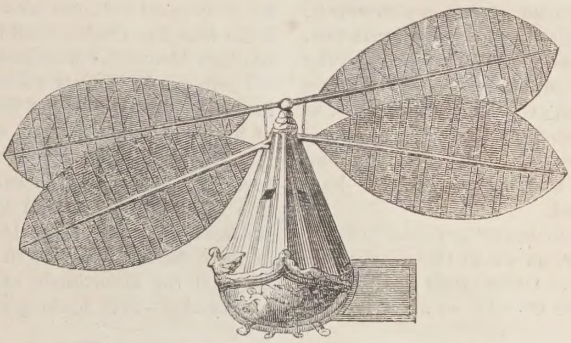
BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

In the advance of mankind, all things, even apparent obstacles, promote incessant progress. Expressions of doubt in every form, the host of sceptical and envious men, favour that improvement which they gainsay; plagiarists extend its influence while they render its effects popular; everything conduces to progress.

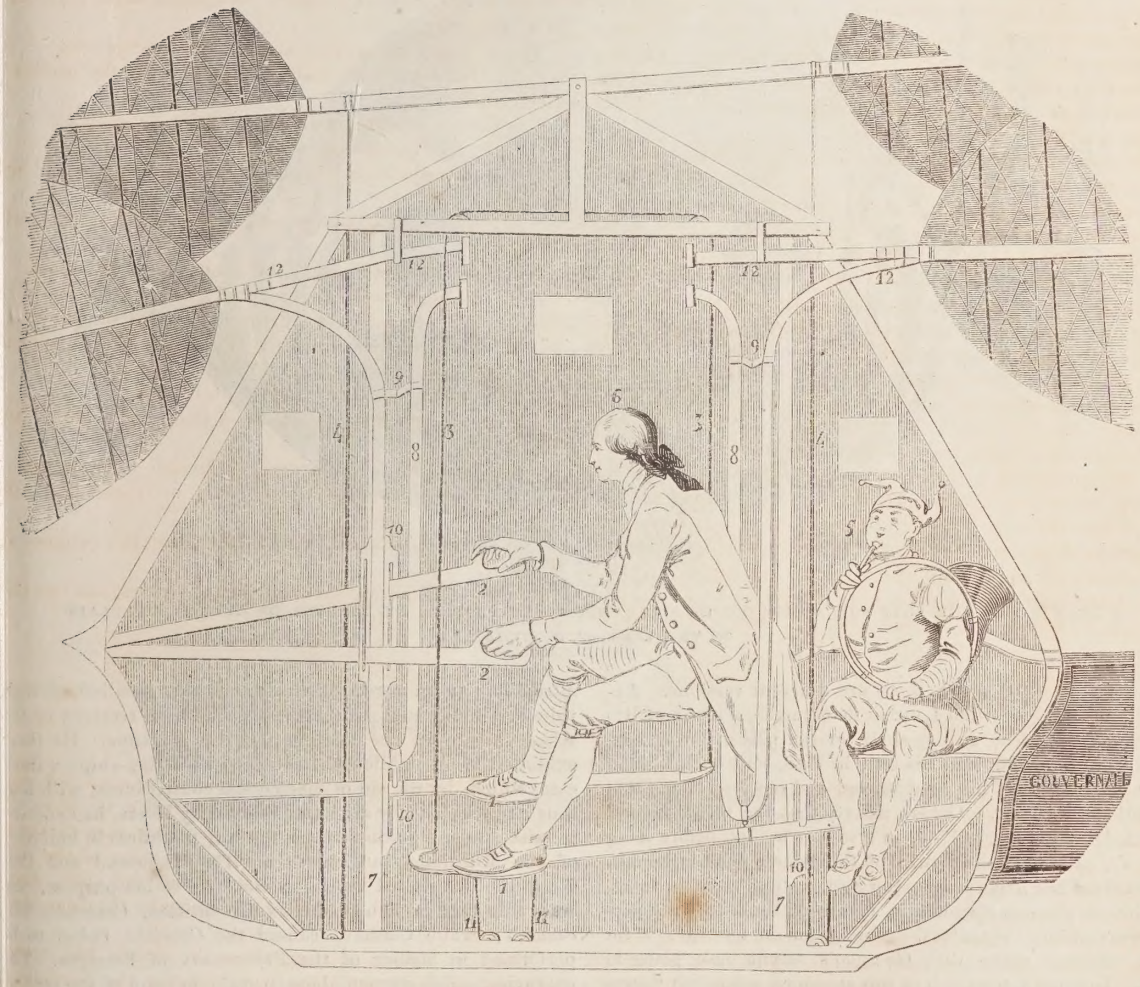
The germ of those successive discoveries, which men of genius from age to age disclose, and which each generation develops, existed from the beginning of time. When the veil which covered them is drawn aside by the skilful or fortunate hand of one of real genius, numbers of envious spirits, anxious to darken the rising glory, ransack the dreams of the past, which turn out sometimes to be the foreshadowing of the future. They there seek to prove that the idea which has just arisen is not new, that the progress is illusive. The man whom they lately admired, far, in their opinion, from meriting universal gratitude, has only meanly attributed to himself the merit of another, by bringing to light the invention buried by an unknown scholar in some old worn eaten book. These efforts, these struggles to deprive th inventor of his legitimate reward, his glory, may darken ar disturb his life, but cannot silence the echo of the divi word, of which the man of genius is but the voice, and, i spite of the envious, the future will recognise the name of suc discoverer.

The first balloon darting above the clouds had scarce imposed silence upon those who, denying the possibility ascending into and traversing the air, taxed with folly th attempts made for this purpose, than these same peop hastened to assert that the discovery was not new. The secr of flying through space was known to the ancients, said they Icarus, the magician of Thrace; the prophets transported heaven; Simon, the sorcerer; fable and history, down Cyrano, of Bergerac, and his ingenious projects for travelli across the moon and the sun, were brought forward and s in opposition to the young aeronauts. These forerunner

however, were strange rivals ; envy could not content herself with them, and brought to light the rare and unknown work of Père Lana. This Jesuit spoke of aerial navigation as a scientific amusement ; the flying ship which he described was surmounted by four spheres of thinner copper (he specified the thickness) than had ever been seen before. To produce



EXTERIOR OF BLANCHARD'S FLYING SHIP.



BLANCHARD'S FLYING SHIP. *

e vacuum which was to lighten the boat, the good father vised filling these spheres with water, which was to be let off by turning the taps and promptly turning them back. The process, as may be seen, was simple. This pleasantry, which appeared in print at Brescia, in 1670, a few years after the death of Pascal, and which was founded upon those ideas which had given rise to the experiments of this great man upon the weight of the air, was seriously brought forward as the origin of the invention of balloons. Then they spoke of Galien, a Dominican monk, the author of

* 1, Pedals in the form of levers of the second kind ; 2, Plyers in e form of levers of the second kind ; 3, Connecting lines which ise the pedals alternately ; 4, Cords which serve to move the ading wings ; 5, Travelling companion ; 6, Pilot ; 7, Posts which pport the top ; 9, Supporting ropes which move the wings by means of the pedals ; 9, Connecting strings to prevent the separa- of the ropes ; 10, Slides which prevent the displacement of the pedals and plyers ; 11, Connecting cords which are attached under the pedals, and pass under the pulleys at the bottom of the keel ; 12, Principal appliances for trimming the sails.

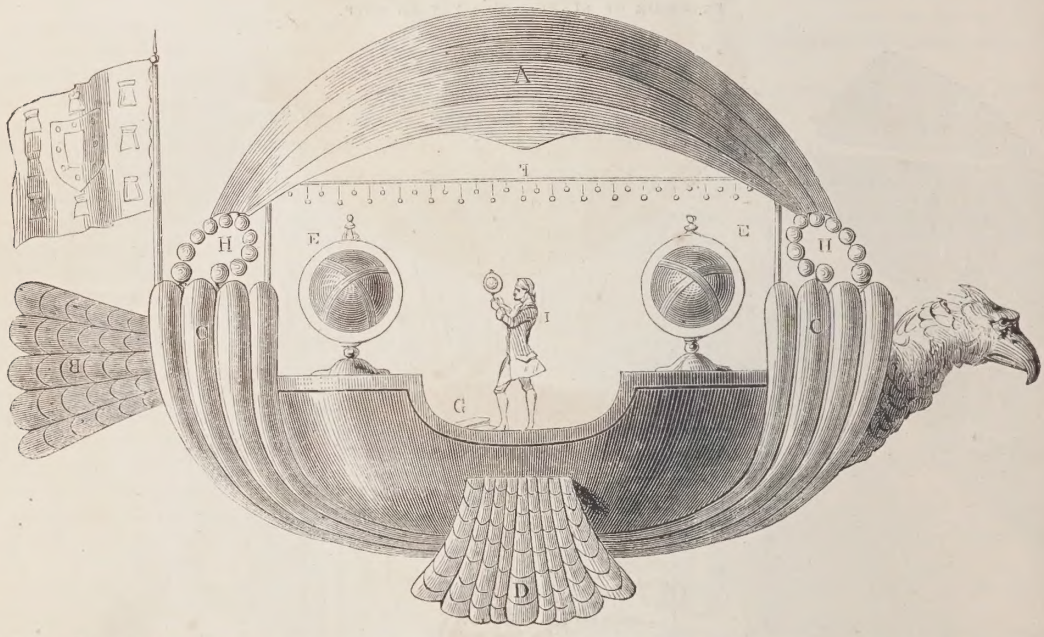
a pamphlet as little known as the work of Lana—a book in which, among other physical and geometrical amusements, was described an immense cubical vessel, measuring above 1,350,000,000 fathoms, longer and broader than the town of Avignon, weighing 12,000,000 cwt.—a weight, the monk affirmed, ten times greater than that of Noah's ark. To raise this gigantic machine above the clouds, Galien, giving to the side of the ship a height of more than 113 fathoms, in order that the lower strata of atmospheric air might not penetrate it, filled it afterwards with rarified air. How to procure this, how to stow the etherial fluid, was a subject upon which the speculative monk had never felt any uneasiness. There was nothing practical, nothing possible, even in his own eyes, in this play of his imagination. These were the mere hypotheses of an intelligent, learned, solitary man, who, though taking pleasure in his dreams, had not an idea that even the least part of them would ever be realised.

These precursors had no power to detract anything from the glory of the brothers Mongolfier, or cause the genuineness of their discovery to be doubted. Other rivals were sought for, and then came the story of the *Ovoador*, or flying man—a confused legend, of which there are different versions. According to some, a certain Laurent de Guzmao, a monk of Rio Janeiro, having seen an egg-shell, or the peel of an orange, float before the window of his cell, in 1720, sent off a balloon to the amazement of his companions, and received from them the title of *Ovoador*. Others assert, that the monk himself ascended, at Lisbon, in 1736, in a wicker basket, before King John V., as high as the cornice of the palace, whence he fell. He received his name by popular acclamation, and his death, which took place in Spain, was, it is said, caused by the persecutions of the inquisitors. The dates do not agree; for other accounts affirm that Guzmao's ascent took place in 1709. To confirm the truth of this anecdote, a Spanish manuscript was quoted, which is neither to be found in the archives of Paris nor in those of Turin, in both which places it was pretended to have been seen. The engraving below, taken from the library of the Rue Richelieu, in Paris, the only trace which we have met with of the pretended invention of Guzmao, we reproduce in all its strangeness, with the annexed explanations.

This dream seems even more fantastic than those of Lana and Galien. The truth is, that the imagination was more and more occupied with the idea about to be realised, and many looks were fixed beforehand upon those new routes which the brothers Mongolfier were preparing to lay open to all.

Further experiments were made, and wings were brought into use. The Marquis of Bacqueville set sail from a window of his hotel upon the quay, and alighted upon the boat of a laundress in the river. The Prebendary Desforges, of Etampes, invented a carriage which was intended to fly; but, in proportion as he rapidly moved the wings which were to raise it, the heavy machine seemed to sink into the earth. The history of these failures appeared in verse; vaudevilles and mockery followed the unfortunate experimenters, as if to discourage imagination—that harbinger of genius. Blanchard, whose intrepidity as an aeronaut was afterwards admired, though ridiculed for unsuccessful attempts, had been received by the Abbé Viennoy in his hotel in the Rue Taranne. He there exhibited to the public what he called his flying-ship—a lined case, which, by the aid of mechanical contrivances, with four sails, ten feet long by six broad, moved by levers, he expected to raise into and guide through the air, doubtless in imitation of the Musulman magician, in "The Thousand and One Nights." Blanchard remained steadfast to his purpose, and was ridiculed in a bad vaudeville, entitled, *Cassandre Mecanicien;* while Cailhava caused the *Cabriolet Volant* to be performed in honour of the Prebendary of Etampes. The engraving which we reproduce (p. 227), in spite of the serious explanations which accompany it, must be a caricature, to judge from the singular personage, dressed in a fool's cap and bells, who strikes up a flourish in the ears of the inventor.

These experiments of Blanchard took place at the end of 1782. In the same year, Etienne, one of the MM. Mongolfier, in his private correspondence, had communicated to M. Desmarest, of the Academy of Sciences, the invention of the balloon, which the two brothers, Etienne and Joseph, then called a *diostatic* machine, because it sustained itself in the

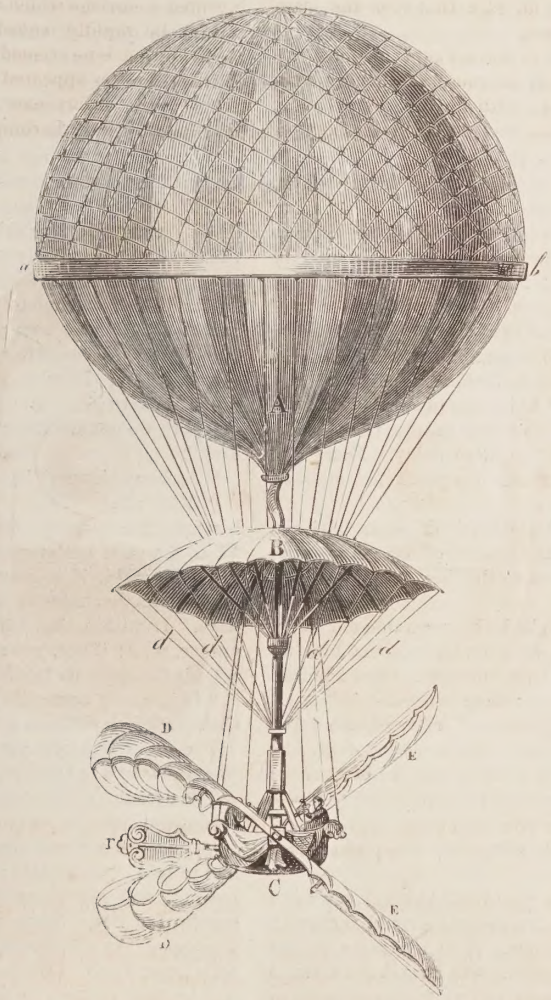


A DRAWING OF THE BOAT FOR ASCENDING INTO THE AIR, INVENTED 1709, BY LAURENT DE GUZMAO, CHAPLAIN TO THE KING OF PORTUGAL.*

* A, Sails to sustain the boat; B, Rudder; C, C, Bellows to supply any failure of wind; D, Wings to support the machine; E, E, Magnet, enclosed in two globes of metal, attracting the body of the boat lined with plates of iron; F, Iron wire, upon which are hung a number of pieces of amber to attract the matting of rye-straw which carpets the interior of the boat; G, Mariner's Compass; H, H, Pulleys to let fly the sails; I, Space for ten travellers and the pilot who directs the manœuvres.

air. In spite of the perspicuous and clear explanations of the inventor, and perhaps on account of their perfect simplicity, the academician understood nothing about them, and replied, "As I do not understand your ascending machine, I have not been able to make any use of all you have told me about it at different times." Probably he classed this invention in the category of delusions so common to that epoch.

Shortly afterwards the discovery became generally known by the experiments of the 5th of June, 1783, made in the presence of the deputies of the state of Vivarais. The idea, so simple in its grandeur, was too easy of application not to find many imitators, and Blanchard was one of the first. But the mechanist sought in his various ascents to make use of his



THE FLYING SHIP. THE FIRST EXPERIMENT WHICH BLANCHARD WAS TO HAVE MADE, MARCH 2, 1784, FROM THE CHAMPS DE MARS, ACCOMPANIED BY DOM PECH, A BENEDICTINE MONK.*

former mechanical contrivances; thus, on the 2nd of March, 1784, he prepared to depart from the Champs de Mars, in the balloon which he called his flying ship, to which he had attached six wings.

Blanchard and his companion Dom Pech, a Benedictine monk, were prevented from ascending in the balloon, such as it is represented in the engraving. A pupil of the Military School, named Dupont de Chambon, was obstinately bent upon setting out with the travellers; repulsed by them he forced his way, sword in hand, into the gondola, wounded Blanchard, tore the rigging, broke the oars or wings, and the aeronaut was reduced to the necessity of ascending alone some hours later, by the usual means, after having mended his balloon as well as he was able.

Blanchard might have learnt from the inventors the useessness of the oars which he endeavoured to employ in several subsequent ascents. The brothers Mongolfier had considered, among many other means of guidance, the use of oars, and had rejected them. Joseph wrote to Etienne towards the end of the year 1783:—"Pray, my good friend, reflect, calculate well; if you employ oars, you must either make them large or small: if they be large, they will be heavy; if they be small, you must make them move with the greater rapidity. Let us make the estimate on a globe of a hundred feet in diameter." After having made this calculation, he arrived at the conclusion that the power of thirty men, exerting themselves so that they could not keep on fifty minutes without resting, would not suffice to make the balloon go six miles an hour. "I do not see any efficient means of guidance," continues Joseph, "except in the knowledge of the different currents of air which it is necessary to study; they generally vary according to the elevation." This idea, common to both the brothers, often recurred to their minds.

* A, Aerostatic globe filled with inflammable air, and attached to the hoop, *a*, *b*; B, Parachute, the ribs of which are secured to the axis, or stick, by the strings *d*, *d*, *d*; it is not intended to sustain the machine in the air, excepting in case of an accident happening to the globe, when it serves to break the violense of the fall; C, Boat, carrying the travellers, suspended and fixed to the axis, or stick of the parachute; D, E, Oars moved alternately by the travellers; F, Rudder.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER XV.

How sweet and refreshingly, after the noontide heat of a summer day, does the sea-breeze blow in upon some long, low strand, where no tree spreads its shadow-flinging branches against the sunbeams!—with what a grateful coolness do the odour and moisture of the briny air fall upon the senses! Have you ever, readers mine, lay upon, or walked along the sea-beach just at that time of day when the sun is westering half-way between the zenith and the horizon—that time when scenery, whether of the earth or the ocean, looks so distinct and tint-marked? How beautiful are the purple and the brown of the hills! how sparkling and white the naked and scarred cliffs! how the long shadows of the dim headlands shoot out far into the water, and the tempered light of the sun comes aslant upon the sails of ships, and makes them shine white as the wings of the swan!

Just at this hour of the day which succeeded that on which the spy was captured, three persons loitered along the shore at Palestrina, a short space beyond the fortifications. Now pausing a moment to look upon the galleys of the Venetian republic, which lay upon the peaceful bosom of the Adriatic, just before the mouth of the Porto di Chioggia; now pacing slowly along the sand northward, and gazing from time to time towards the region of the horizon where the distant city of Saint Mark lay reposing amid her watery highways. But other thoughts than the freshness of the air or the beauty of the sun-tints occupied them. Their heads and their hearts were busy with the schemes of life. The anxious cares, the hopes, the fears, the turmoils, the jealousies, which ever trouble the peace of rulers, as the shadow troubles the sunshine.

"So please your highness," said one of the three, "my counsel is that there should be no more delay. Every day that this siege is protracted increases our perils and adds to the burdens of the state."

He who spoke was a dark and gloomy-looking man, with a black gown—the member of the Council of Ten whom the jealousy of the state had assigned to the doge as his nominal adviser but real controller.

"What you say, signore," replied the venerable old doge, "is but too true. Nevertheless, we must be cautious how we act in opposition to the views of both our general and admiral. The state reposes much confidence in those her well-tried sons."

"The state, so please your highness," retorted the other significantly, "does so indeed; but, like a wise parent, she reserves to herself to decide upon what is best for her honour and weal, while she expects her sons to respect her counsels and to obey her mandates."

Conturini looked at the dark visage of the speaker, and bowed in dignified silence.

"It seems to me, if I may be permitted to speak my mind freely, that your highness and the council should forthwith decide upon more active measures. The overtures of the Genoese have been rejected. Despair will now impel them to a final effort, for they may as well sell their lives dearly in battle as surrender them bootlessly. If we now turn this siege into an assault, we shall take the enemy by surprise, and terminate this tedious and dispiriting warfare,—if warfare, indeed, it can of late be called."

"And how say you, signore?" asked the doge, turning to the person on the other side.

"As your highness seeks my opinion," said the senator, after he had exchanged a glance with the member of the Neri, "I fear that the risk of a speedy assault is less than the peril of continuing this blockade. Scarce a day comes that some tumult or discontent does not arise amongst the foreign soldiery: how long our own may remain uninfected, who can tell? It is rumoured, too," he added, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that even our general has not been unassailed by temptation."

The old doge started, and his eye kindled with somewhat of its youthful fire.

"It is false, signore!—by my life and honour, it is false!"

"Nay, your highness will not understand me as saying it is true; yet the tale goes that large sums have been offered to him from Genoa."

"He would scorn the bribe and spurn the briber. The noble Zeno's life is the best refutation of the slander."

"And yet," said the dark-robed councillor, "may not some men think that his former life might warrant some suspicion—that the spendthrift and the gambler might not be above the allurements of money—or that the priest who had forgotten his vows to the church might possibly forget his allegiance to the state?

"There may be those who know so little of our Zeno's real nature as to think thus unworthily of him," said the doge with spirit; "but I will not believe that your excellency is one of them."

The eye of the councillor fell, and the shadow of his brow became darker, as he said coldly,

"I neither accuse nor defend; the province of those who take council for the state is to watch events, and be impartial."

"Your excellency has spoken wisely," replied the doge; "and I am much your debtor for the aid of your counsel. On the one hand, I entirely concur with you both, that the siege should be speedily terminated; but on the other, our general demands his own time to work out his own views. To force him to abandon his own plans, and to act upon ours, is a proceeding that is delicate and difficult—besides involving much responsibility. How do you advise? which of the two courses are we to take?"

"May we not steer our way *between* them?" said he of "the Ten."

"As how, signore?"

"Why thus. Zeno demands time; but he has pledged himself that a very short time will accomplish his object. Well, the state has granted this to him, perhaps already to the full. I would, if it meet your highness's approval, suggest that the further time to be accorded to him be limited to three days. If within that time the besieged unconditionally surrender, well; if not, your highness should direct the troops to assault Chioggia on the following day."

"It is wisely counselled, signore," replied the doge. "We shall forthwith intimate to the general our resolve to this intent."

The three lingered yet awhile along the strand, and then passed onward to the fort, and disappeared.

The decision of the doge was communicated to Zeno without loss of time.

"It is but a scant time," thought he, when the messenger had retired, "three days; and, yet, if my expectations deceive me not, and my plans do not fail, three days will see the standard of Saint Mark once more floating over the walls of Chioggia. At all events, we shall see what those three days will bring forth. Should my object be then unachieved, it will be time enough to decide whether the veteran soldier is to be controlled by the crafty civilian. Meantime, the hours are precious, and much is to be done. It should be near the hour when—" At this moment Alexis entered the room where Zeno was musing.

"Is all ready?" asked the general.

"Yes, signore."

"My cloak, good youth—now let us forth." And so saying, Zeno stepped out into the open air as the last glimmer of twilight had faded into the night.

The general and his attendant proceeded through the camp fortifications, visiting the troops in their respective quarters. This did not excite any surprise, inasmuch as it was the habit of Zeno to take the rounds of the army at various hours of the day and the night, in order to come upon the soldiers unawares. Nevertheless, Alexis did not fail to take special notice of everything as they proceeded. At length, as they reached the quarters of the English archers, the voice of one chanting

pleasantly fell upon the ear, and the massive frame of Hodge o' the Hill was soon discovered stretched on his back at full length by the fire, singing with closed eyes, while some of his comrades were cooking their evening meal.

"How now, goodfellow," said Zeno, touching his foot lightly; "thou art a very nightingale, and takest to singing before it is well dark."

Hodge was on his feet in an instant.

"If it please your excellency, I was but rehearsing for my comrades one of our Island ballads. We Inglishers love to think of our old homes, and carry the memory of the forests with us wherever we stray."

"Aye, and pleasant memories they are, I'll be sworn," said Zeno. "I'll warrant me, too, that the form of some sylvan maiden flits across thy mind to make the memory all the sweeter."

Hodge smiled, and then he sighed, but he made no reply to the insinuation of the general.

"Well, well, where is thy gallant captain? I would fain see him."

"He is not far off, signore—shall I summon him to your presence?"

"No, I would seek him, if you will show the way."

The archer stepped forward, and the general and his attendant followed him. They soon found Sir William Cheke, and, at a signal from the latter, Hodge retired and left them together.

Long and earnestly did Zeno and the English knight hold converse as they paced to and fro in the dark night, while the eyes of Alexis kept keen watch that no one should approach upon their conference unperceived. At length Zeno prepared to depart, and as he did so he took the hand of the knight in his own, and said, "Sir William Cheke, I have now disclosed to you without reserve how I am situated, and what are my plans. On your full and faithful assistance I rely unhesitatingly.

"I will not fail your excellency, on my honour," said the Englishman.

"I know well you will not, if there be faith in knightly honour or truth in English pledge. So, then, to your care I commit the preparations I have mentioned. You have those on whom you can rely to watch the movement. Meantime I shall arrange for the night. You will be with me at the place appointed half an hour before midnight. Till then farewell."

Zeno then left the quarters of the English archers, and with Alexis proceeded on his way, but ere he reached his own apartments he visited yet one other of his tried friends, the Count Polani.

At the appointed hour four men were assembled in the apartment of the general, to which we have so often, in the course of this story, introduced our readers. From their anxious and thoughtful demeanour it was manifest that some critical event was not far distant: they were all in complete armour; two lamps stood lighted upon the long table that ran down the centre of the room, and seats were placed at either side, as if in expectation of other visitors being added to their number.

"Count Polani," said Zeno, "have you instructed this youth? You answer for his faith?"

"Aye, noble Zeno, Giulio is my son; let that be the pledge of his truth."

"A better I wish not to have, my tried, old friend," said the general. "And now, signori, to business, for the time of action is near at hand. Is the camp still all quiet?"

"There were none stirring save the sentinels on watch, as I came hither," said Sir William Cheke.

"Aye," said Zeno, with a bitter smile, "the stillness of the mine ere the train is fired; woe to him that shall put the match to the fuse. Well, it shall be my care to crush with my mailed heel the train and quench it. Better so, than to extinguish it in blood; even that, too, may be requisite."

As he spoke, the fine and manly features of Zeno flushed with the spirit of wild energy that reminded those who looked at him of the strange stories which were told of his reckless youth. In a moment, however, the excitement seemed to pass away; he rose from his seat, and going to a cabinet unlocked it and took out a roll.

"Here," said he, spreading it before his colleagues,—"here is the list of the names of all the captains who command the mercenaries now in the service of the republic. Opposite to each name I have placed my own comments. I know well, from long experience, how far condottieri are to be trusted. Your pardon, Sir William, I speak of the class, and not of those whose honour is above all suspicion—'*Chevaliers sans peur et sans reproche*'—such as thyself. I know how often the soldier of fortune differs but little from the licensed brigand; how readily he will transfer his allegiance; how lightly he holds the obligations of society, esteeming plunder his lawful right. Still, I know well, that though mercenary, they are not mean; though easy in their fidelity, they are not treacherous; and that the most of them are too honourable to join with assassins and cut-throats. I would now avail myself of your experience. Look down this list, and tell me whom we may or may not trust, when a fair appeal is made to their honour."

Polani and the English knight examined the paper carefully, and made such comments as their own knowledge or general reputation enabled them. Giulio was too inexperienced and too short a time in the camp to be competent to form a judgment, and so he modestly abstained from taking any part in the scrutiny. When it was finished, Zeno observed,

"Our estimate agrees to a marvel, signori. Well, then, I shall summon these to attend me in council forthwith. I have purposely abstained from giving a longer notice, lest my plans should be suspected. What ho! Alexis!"

The Greek appeared, and Zeno quickly wrote down the names of those captains whom they had selected, and giving it to the youth, said,

"You will with all speed notify to these that I require their presence here at midnight upon matters of urgency. And take good note of how thou findest each of them employed."

The young Greek went out upon his mission, and the general and his friends occupied themselves during the short time that was still to elapse before midnight in discourse upon the subject which was to be brought before the council.

Now it happened that our old acquaintance, Hodge o' the Hill, just a little before the time that Alexis left Zeno's apartment, slipt quietly forth from amongst his now sleeping comrades, till he came to where some half dozen archers lay, still in their ordinary attire, stretched before the guard-room fire. Silently motioning to these, they arose, took their pikes and swords, and, following Hodge, passed out noiselessly into the open air. In a few moments they had reached the quarters of the Italian lancers under Recanati, and concealed themselves beneath the projecting angle of one of the bastions. It was manifest that Recanati's band had not retired to rest; here and there dim lights twinkled forth into the gloom of night and again disappeared, as if quickly shaded from observation; the ring of mail and the clank of weapons were occasionally heard in the silence; and words were whispered and answers given as if the whole force was mustering. In a short time all these sounds ceased, and then the door was opened, through which, by the faint light from within, the watchers perceived two men pass stealthily out. They paused for a moment as if endeavouring to look through the gloom, and to catch any sound that might indicate the vicinity of other persons. Apparently they were satisfied, for one muttered to the other,

"Tutto va bene."

And then they proceeded rapidly to traverse the camp.

"Now," said Hodge, when he had suffered them to proceed till they were almost lost in the gloom; "now, comrades, we must follow the trail; be silent as the grave, and sure as death."

Preserving their distance, they dogged them almost breathlessly, till the lancers reached the quarters of the German mercenaries. Then Hodge and his party made a swift detour so as to meet the others face to face, as if apparently coming from the place to which the others were going.

"Buona notte, compari," said one of the two lancers; "whence are ye?"

"From Von Richter's band. Siamo Tedeschi."

"Good; lead us to him instantly; we have good news and stirring, brothers."

Hodge and his companions led them somewhat from the direction, and surrounding them without being suspected, they suddenly seized the two men, and muffling their heads, prevented a sound from escaping their lips. They next handcuffed each, and enjoining them to offer no resistance, led them quickly to the quarters of Sir William Cheke.

"So far all is well," said Hodge, as he led the two men into a small room. Then, removing the covering from their heads, "Good fellows, if you will promise to make no disturbance, I am even content to leave you to breathe freely; but if you are noisy, I shall be forced to gag you both. My orders are peremptory on this point. How say you?"

The lancers, finding they were in the power of the archers, gave a sullen assent to the terms proposed.

"Good," said Hodge; "I must now leave you, my masters. When you are wanted, I shall call for you."

So saying, he withdrew, bolting the strong door after him.

"Morris," he continued, addressing one of his companions, "thou wilt keep ward upon these fellows. I have good warrant for what I do, and shall justify it to our captain. Let the others follow me."

Hodge now proceeded amongst the rest of the band, whom he unceremoniously aroused from their slumbers.

"Up! my lads, up! It is the desire of our good captain that you arm in all haste, and hold yourselves in readiness in case he sends for you."

"How now, Hodge," cried one of his comrades grumblingly, as he rose up, and stretched out his arms with a yawn, "God 'a mercy, man, what's in the wind?"

"Marry, Robin," said the other laughing, "thou shalt find when thou art out of thy kennel and puttest thy nose to the ground; 'tis just the night for the scent to lie. But be nimble, sweet hearts, be nimble, and lie close till the time comes to start the game."

By this time the English archers were all up and busily accoutering themselves, which when Hodge saw, he turned to one of those who had been with him upon his recent errand, and said:

"Come, Hubert, thou shalt away with me; and so, comrades, farewell. Let one keep watch without, with his ears wide open. When he hears the forester's whistle, then let him who is next in command lead down our merry men all towards the general's quarters."

Ere the last words were well past his lips, Hodge o' the Hill and Hubert Leslie were rapidly treading their way towards the council chamber.

The hour of midnight was now come. In the chamber of the Venetian general were assembled those captains of the several companies of mercenaries whom he had caused to be summoned. One might readily discover, from the general surprise and anxiety that appeared on the countenances and in the demeanour of these, that they awaited the disclosure of some important intelligence, the nature of which they in vain endeavoured to speculate upon. Some had come in haste, and totally or partially without their armour, as if aroused from sleep; others appeared completely clothed in mail. After a moment's thoughtful silence, Zeno arose. Never did he appear more noble, more composed, more self-reliant, than at this moment; and as his eye passed in slow review over the countenances of those now around him, as if its gaze could penetrate into their secret souls and read their hidden thoughts, all felt that his was indeed the master-spirit of the whole camp. Then he spoke amidst profound silence.

If there be any faith to be placed in what the chronicler of his life has reported to us of this occasion—and we are inclined to think it most faithworthy, first, because that chronicler was Jacopo Zeno, the nephew of the great captain, and ought to have known the whole truth; and, secondly, because he was a right reverend bishop, and ought therefore to have spoken nought save the truth—if, as we say, there be any faith to be placed in the account that has come down to us of this memorable night, the speech of Zeno was one of singular address and power. By turns he touched on every topic that could arouse the fidelity, pique the honour, and excite the sympathies of knights and soldiers, and stimulated the minds of his auditory with the picture he drew of those perfidious conspirators who were plotting the ruin of them and the republic, ere he detailed to them what were the plots, or disclosed who were the plotters.

"Brothers," said he "I see that you are all in a state of anxious suspense, and would fain know why I have called you together thus suddenly in the dead of night. But I have done so because I well know your fidelity and love to me as your generalissimo, as you know mine for you as true and brave chieftains. Of these mutual sentiments we have each given proofs in abundance during this protracted war." Then he proceeded to adduce various instances in proof of what he stated; and as he recounted many a deed of daring, many a victorious encounter, many a peril and many a privation in which they had been engaged together, one might see the effect upon those who listened as the memory of these things came back upon their hearts, and made them warm with pride and affection towards their illustrious comrade—the great captain of his age, the great leader under whom they had fought and triumphed.

"But no more of this," he continued; "if you have suffered straits at times, so have I, and well you know, my friends, that I spared not my own patrimony to share it with you, brother soldiers."

A general murmur of assent attested the cordial acknowledgments of his auditory.

"Aye, brothers, I may well rejoice to be surrounded by hearts so brave and worthy; but I am grieved to think that there are amongst us, those," and his brow grew dark as he spoke, "who are as rash and dishonourable as they are ungrateful; not against me alone, who have ever sought to win them from their schemes and engage their love, nor yet alone against the republic to which they owe allegiance and respect, have they plotted, but even against you their companions in arms. Ah! you look in wonder; but it is so. This very moment, even while I am speaking, we are all in deadly peril—our safety, our lives are in jeopardy. Know you that this night would have been our last, had not heaven itself befriended us. And, as it is, I see that all which your valour and your toil has achieved will in an instant be rendered abortive, unless indeed your wonted fidelity and truth and honour ward off the calamity that is now impending. Aye, there are those in our army who have entered into a foul conspiracy against us all. We are betrayed by some of our own who have sold us like merchandise to the enemy, and a price has been put upon our heads, and they who should be the first to protect us are the first to hand us over to the Genoese to be butchered in the darkness of the night."

Zeno paused, for his emotion well-nigh mastered him. Astonishment, horror, and curiosity were visible on every brow. None, however, spoke, but awaited the further disclosures.

"You will ask, brothers," he resumed, "why I have waited thus till the last moment. Well, it is because until this very day I have not been able to procure evidence sufficiently complete and convincing to lay before you; but now I shall submit the proofs to your own eyes, you shall touch them with your hands," and he laid his own on a portfolio of papers that lay before him on the table. "But first I demand a pledge from you; I claim from you as well the aid of your arms as the advice of your judgments. Promise me that, when I shall expose the treason and exhibit the traitors, you will be true to me, to the republic, to yourselves. Promise me that the traitors shall be left to suffer the punishment which they deserve—let them pay the penalty of their crimes. So, while they shall afford an example to posterity of perfidy and baseness, you shall now consecrate your names to future ages as valiant soldiers and faithful allies."

MEDITERRANEAN STEAMBOATS.

The events which are occurring in the east of Europe are calculated to bring into increased notice the efforts made to provide the Mediterranean with efficient steam navigation. Hitherto, these efforts have not been crowned with as much success as we could wish. To say nothing of the very defective character of the boats and crews in the pay of the Turkish government, even the French and English steamers have been found wanting in many of those requisites which encourage travelling. Sufficient care has not always been taken to make them fit for competing with the splendid vessels which carry on the American trade. Much has been done, and is still doing, in the way of improvement.

One of the best steamers that ever entered the Mediterranean was the "Vassitei Tidjaret," built for the Sultan, or rather for his mother, the Sultan Validé, by Messrs. White of Cowes, and fitted up at Blackwall under the active superintendence of Mr. Edward Zohrab, the Turkish consul.

It was a graceful, beautiful vessel, with admirable engines by Messrs. Maudslay. Many persons regretted that she was not kept in this country by the government for a royal yacht. She was a very different affair from the old "Hilton Jolliffe," the first steamer ever seen by the Turks, who, along the coast as she steamed up, were as alarmed as the Hindoos on the Ganges. She was purchased by the Sultan, and for many years was the only steamer in the Ottoman Empire.

On the first voyage of the "Vassitei Tidjaret," she took in recruits at Smyrna for Constantinople. It was the first taint the beautiful vessel had. It took all hands and a dozen Maltese, with brooms, buckets, and holy-stone, and tons of water, to get rid of the dirt and vermin they left. The cleaning was, however, of little use, for she was soon in about the same state as an Irish swine-boat, or a Newcastle collier, says an English traveller, who was on board of her for some time.*

An Armenian proposed, directly he saw her, to make her a transport ship for horse-beans, as a yacht was useless to the Sultan, who could not leave "his womens."

The vessel was unlucky the first time she went out, knocked her flag-staff against the bowsprit of a frigate, or something of that sort, and her fate was sealed. No Turk would go aboard of her again. There was a *kismet* against her.

Several of the steamers employed by England, France, and the Austrian Lloyds are splendid boats, and there is some talk of putting some such vessels on the line as the "Argo," belonging to the General Screw Steam Navigation Company, a vessel which went round the world, 27,900 miles, in 112 days, and rode out a fearful storm without some of the passengers being disturbed from their peaceful slumbers.

MEDITERRANEAN STEAMBOATS.

The time is soon coming when vessels will run, without stopping, a distance of 6,000 miles at a speed of 20 miles per hour. Already, the West India Company's steamer "La Plata" has run 4,000 miles at 12 miles an hour, in a most tempestuous ocean.

We shall soon consider a journey to Constantinople, *via* Marseilles, as a mere trifling trip. Our commerce with that part of the world is already very important, and with settled peace will be still more so. It is with gratification, therefore, that we observe any addition to already existing steam facilities.

The vessels designed above are a recent addition to the service.

* Macfarlane: "Turkey and its Destiny," 1848.

A FEW WORDS FROM AUSTRALIA.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

McIvor Diggings, Victoria, July 1, 1853.

On my arrival in Australia, I found the ignorance of the British public extreme as to the actual state of affairs there. Consequently the whole body of passengers in the Kent, in which I came out, were in great consternation at the discovery which they made. The astounding price of everything; the astounding charges for conveying luggage from the ship to the town wharf, and again from the wharf to any quarter of the city, amounting to more than the freight all the way from London thither, 16,000 miles. The next to impossibility of procuring the meanest lodgings, at rates for which you might almost take a house in Belgrave-square; the charge of five shillings a week for permission to pitch a tent on the waste lands near the town; and the discount, at that time, of 20 per cent. taken on Bank of England notes. I immediately wrote to a leading morning paper stating this fact, and the letter had, as I learn, great effect. I have seen many gentlemen here who thanked me for so opportunely putting them on their guard, inducing them to bring out more money with them, and that in gold, by which they had avoided much difficulty and loss.

But there still needs a warning voice, and that a loud one, addressed to the thousands and tens of thousands who are still thronging towards this colony, in the certain belief of making a speedy fortune at the diggings. It appears from the newspapers, that the gold mania is still on the increase—has not yet even reached its height, and that it is only the limited number of ships procurable for the voyage which prevents a still greater number of enthusiastic adventurers from rushing to the shores of this Austral El Dorado. I do not suppose that any warning, any sober statement of real fact, will check this mania till it has run its course. Like the railway mania, it will drive on its victims till there has been such an amount of misery and disappointment, as shall drown and overpower even the clamorous voices of interested parties, and the thirst for the sudden acquisition of wealth. As I have come out here, however, partly to make myself personally acquainted with the whole gold and gold-digging question, and, having done that, to make the public acquainted with it, I should not feel that I was fulfilling my mission towards my fellow-countrymen if, even at this stage of my progress, I did not endeavour at least to set them right as to the prospects which this colony really holds out to emigrants.

I will begin, therefore, at once by stating that those florid and extravagant accounts which have been sent out from Victoria to all quarters of the world, of fortunes to be made, and that in a very brief time, by gold-digging, are empty, base, and fallacious. In Lord Denman's phrase, they are "a delusion, a mockery, and a snare." They are more—they are a gross delusion, a cruel mockery, a most fatal and inevitable snare!

I do not mean to say that there is not gold, and a great deal of gold, in Victoria. The quantities announced from time to time as having arrived in London, the ten tons at once landed from the Australian, and the large nuggets from Balaarat, are sufficient evidence of that. But what I mean to say is, that this gold is not found in such quantites, or with such ease, as was represented by the enraptured Victorians, and in the despatches of the governor before I left England—statements which, taken literally, would induce any one to believe that he had nothing to do but to come over to Mount Alexander or Bendigo, shovel up a heap of gold in a week or two, and return home. Such accounts, I presume, must still be circulated in England, or the mania of emigration could not run so astonishingly high as it appears to do. When I was down in Melbourne a few weeks ago, no less than six thousand persons arrived in one week in that port alone from England. The environs of the town were covered with tents, as with the camp of a hostile army; those being the only places in which the newly-arrived could find shelter. The town was crowded, nay, rather glutted with people. Single rooms were letting for £6 per week, and the price of everything was as fabulously high as ever. Bread, 3s. a quartern loaf; butter, 4s. a pound; flour, £3 10s. a bag; hay, £60 a ton; oats, £1 a bushel; boots, £4 a pair; firewood, £3 a cart-load; bricks for building, which, in 1843, were 8s. a thousand, £12 10s. a thousand; and so on. The inhabitants are at their wits' end to know where all the people thus arriving, at the rate of a thousand a day, were to be lodged, and the newspapers gave the most harrowing accounts of the miseries which these new *arrivés* were suffering, from being turned out on the wharves at evening amidst the darkness and the drenching rains of winter, and not knowing where to find a shelter for their heads. I refer you to those accounts in the papers themselves.

Now all these people come out flushed with the hope of certain and speedy fortune at the diggings, and are, of course, wofully disappointed. I have seen scores returning almost immediately to England, denouncing in no measured terms the imposition which had been practised upon them. I have seen and conversed with hundreds, and I rarely found the man who was not complaining of having been grievously deceived by the accounts sent to England of the country, of the climate, and of the enormously remunerative nature of the gold fields. In fact, there has been a great deal of what is vulgarly called *gammon* played off by interested parties, to draw a population to this colony. The climate has been represented as perfection, as something quite etherial; the land of "unrivalled fertility"—that is the favourite phrase—and the means of personal aggrandisement as boundless.

All this has been a false and foolish policy, because the country, the climate, and the capacity of the colony for enriching its inhabitants, properly and fairly stated, are sufficiently good to draw a large body of emigrants, and to make them prosperous. The evil is not in the country, but in the false colours in which unprincipled speculators and land-jobbers have arrayed it. The mischief has been, and is, not in people coming to this country, but in coming to it under the influence of exaggerated and false representations, and thence imbibing a disgust for what, under other circumstances, would have pleased and remunerated them. The climate certainly is not perfection, but taken in the whole circle of the year, is a very fine climate. The land is not all of unrivalled fertility—there are millions and millions of acres of perhaps as sorry land as the world can show—but still there is plenty of fine land, and that lying near the coast, while the rest is well adapted for huge herds of cattle and flocks of sheep to roam over at large, and to supply the colony with meat, and England with wool. What is wanted to prevent disappointment, and to insure satisfaction, comfort, and prosperity in the great body of emigrants, is simply that they should know really the truth of things—the truth divested of all false colouring, whether that of interested speculation, of *coleur-de-rose* enthusiasm, or of disgust generated by imposition. There are thousands who have come hither and failed, and who have gone back cursing the country and those whose florid descriptions had brought them to it, who, had they come with correct views of what they really might expect, would have had no cause to regret their visit to Victoria. I shall, therefore, in a few remarks on gold-digging, on the climate, and on the real prospects of advantage which the colony holds out to emigrants, endeavour to prevent, as far as in me lies, future false expectations and consecutive disappointment.

I repeat it, then, that gold-digging is not the road to fortune in this country. I have seen plenty of people who have enriched themselves, and some in a comparatively short time, in trade; in occupying squatting stations, that is, being sheep and cattle farmers; and in speculations in land, chiefly in town allotments; but I have never yet met with that man who has made a fortune by gold-digging. It is true, I have heard marvellous stories of such men, and still more marvellous ones of wonders doing on the diggings, but in every instance when I have searched these miracles to the bottom—and I have made it my business on all occasions to do so—they have resolved themselves into MOONSHINE. Such stories are often very wonderful on the diggings themselves; no wonder then that they are very marvellous by the time they reach Mel-

bourne, and most irresistibly splendid by the time they reach England. I have now been more than nine months in the colony, have travelled at least 700 miles to different diggings, furnished with letters from the governor himself, and others of the most influential men in the country, to the gold commissioners in the gold fields; living in intimacy with those gentlemen, and also going familiarly amongst the working diggers, so that I have had every means of testing the truth or falsehood of these marvellous stories; and the result has been that everything marvellous has vanished, and a stern reality has remained behind.

Let us take as a sample of the fortunes of gold-diggers, or rather of gentlemen coming hither to assume that character, the cabin passengers of the ship in which I sailed. These amounted to about twenty-four, and of these something more than half tried their fortunes at digging, or on the diggings. The rest, intimidated by the accounts which they heard in Melbourne of the hardships and the little profit attending digging, settled down in Melbourne, in situations or in business for themselves. All of these, or nearly all, have done well. One of the most confident men whom I have heard of as coming out, avowedly to try his fortune as a digger, was in this same ship. During the voyage he was amongst the most sanguine regarding the fortunes to be made of the whole company, and full of schemes for going a-head up the country, far beyond the ordinary diggings, and there finding hitherto unexplored treasures, and coming down again loaded with them. The information which he received in Melbourne at once cooled his enthusiasm, and he never ventured to the diggings except on an experimental trip or two in the private escort. Since then, he has been hanging about in Melbourne importuning the government for a post, and just now, that is, after nine months' waste of time, has been sent up to the diggings as an assistant gold commissioner—a sort of respectable banishment, but by no means a profitable one. The rest of those who at once cut all idea of the diggings have done well in trade.

And what have the digging moiety done? With the exception of ourselves, only two of them have done anything at all. One of these two made a short campaign at Balaarat pretty successfully, but was soon convinced that he could do much better with far less labour, and having good banking connexions in the colony, settled down as a gold-broker, and is making a large income. The other individual was the doctor of the ship, who succeeded at the diggings, not by digging, but by practising. The rest speedily abandoned the diggings in disgust, and some of them made the best of their way home. One gentleman, who was all enthusiasm on the voyage, and declared that he would go up to the diggings and would not come down again for two years, we met on his way back before we reached the gold-fields, most indignant at what he called the hoax that had been played off upon him, at the diggings, and by the climate. He had found the only men almost who could procure any gold, working under a blazing sun up to the middle in cold water—intensely cold water running from the mountains: they were, at once, streaming with perspiration and chilled in their lower extremities as with the chill of death. They were obliged to work day and night by turns, in parties of from fourteen to twenty, to keep the water down, while the black ooze at the bottom of their holes stunk as vilely as any sewer. He himself had suffered severely in his health, and was nearly blind with the opthalmia, occasioned by the intolerable swarms of flies, which are the curse of the country during the summer months. This gentleman lost no time in shipping himself back to England, where he would arrive at last £500 the worse for his expedition.

Others of our fellow-passengers were not far behind him on their way back, quite satisfied with the taste they had had of the gold-fields. Two others were not so fortunate; they died on the field, one of them a medical gentleman of very extensive knowledge, who had built so much on the golden fables which had drawn him out, that on seeing with his own eyes the miserable reality, his spirits gave way, and he died in a very short time from sheer dejection of spirits. One of my first visits at the Ovens diggings was to his grave in the bush. Such have been the fortunes of the cabin passengers of one ship. Of the intermediates I know little; but I have heard of none that have had much success; but of one, a healthy young man, who died from the bite of a centipede at the gold-fields, and of a widow lady, whose three children were all swept away by the country fever in a very few weeks.

Such, I say, have been the fortunes of the passengers of that one ship—such, I doubt not, would be pretty much that of most ships which arrive here. In fact, numbers on coming into port, and learning the real state of things, have never quitted their ships at all, but taken their passage back in the same vessels. But what is the fact? If these gentlemen of whom I have been speaking had come out truly informed as to the country and its capabilities, they might every one of them have done well. Instead of being the victims of the gold-digging delusion, they would have engaged in the trade of the place, and might have made fortunes. But they were possessed by a delusion, most culpably fostered by interested parties; and in their disgust they turned away from the colony, altogether incapable of seeing the truly golden opportunities at their feet in the shape of trade, or in trafficking in town allotments.

The sooner, therefore, that the gold-digging delusion is got rid of the better, and that certainly would not continue long if the people in England really knew what going to the diggings meant. It seems a very easy thing in England, with railroads and good macadamised highways, to go some eighty or a hundred miles, and just dig a few holes of four or five feet deep, as is generally represented, and pick up heaps of gold and great dazzling nuggets. But I will tell you a little of what it is to get up to the diggings in a country which has neither roads nor bridges, but plenty of bogs and rugged mountains to cross, and deep gullies and streams to get through. We ourselves have now been nine months in the colony, and it has taken up *five* months of that time in travelling, or rather *straggling*, to the diggings. We have had a cart with a couple of good horses to carry our tent and effects; we have had letters to the principal settlers on the different roads, and every possible advantage; yet, spite of all this, and of the determination to flinch from nothing, till we had accomplished our object, such has been the rate of our progress. Last summer we went to the Ovens diggings, which were represented to be 150 miles off. We found them 220. We found the roads, or rather tracks—for roads, as I have said, there are none—so frightful from deep bogs, steep and rocky hills, deep ravines, and unbridged streams and rivers, that after the most arduous exertions—loading and unloading, digging our cart out of bogs and dragging it by slow degrees over hills, seeing bullock drays smashed ever and anon in the road, and horses and bullocks lying dead, killed in the vain endeavour to get along—our own vehicle broke down midway, and we were, as it were, pinned to the ground, with no means of getting away, in a burning desert where the sun was, from day to day, at 120° in our tent, and compelled to drink stagnant water, till we were all, more or less, attacked with dysentery. For myself I was very near giving up the ghost there; and I doubt whether any of us would have got away alive, had we not found the house of a hospitable settler not far off, who at once came and removed us thither. We reached the diggings *in two months*, and found that there was nothing to be done there, so we made our way right a-head up the untracked bush towards the Snowy Mountains, where we dug for two months with as much success as most find. But we were soon tracked and followed—followed by thousands, for such is the vast number of people now in the diggings—I suppose not less than 200,000—that competition is as hot and severe as it is in any city in Europe. At every rumour of anything being found on any particular spot, there is a *rush*, as it is called, of hundreds and thousands; the ground for many acres' extent is literally torn to pieces under the feet and spades of the throng, and it is utterly impossible that any one man can appropriate to himself any great quantity of gold.

GROUPS IN MARBLE.

The two groups which we here present to our readers, cannot certainly merit consideration on account of the novelty of their subject. There are scores of stories, old and new, about the fidelity of the dog, and what brave deeds dogs have done to save a master's child from harm. With mallet and chisel M. Lechesne has told such a story. Here the sportive child, with his huge, shaggy companion, half guardian, half playfellow, is attacked by a serpent. The scaly monster is ready for the fearful dart, and the boy's peril is imminent—the dog, with a look of mingled rage and terror, regards the reptile as if uncertain what to do. But the next group tells the end of it. There the serpent lies dead; the dog has not only "scotched" but killed him outright; and the child hangs upon the neck of his good friend, whose kind, gentle, loving look affords a fine contrast to his former expression. The story is simply and clearly told, and both designs are worthy of high praise.

ATTACK AND ALARM.

As to the novelty of subject, painters and sculptors rarely invent. The creation of people and scenes is not their principal object. Commonly they are content to draw the subjects of their compositions from history, sacred or profane, legendary lore, or the imagination of the poet. They do not seek in this way to be original, but rather to present such scenes and such figures as may occasion the spectator at the first glance to say, "I know that subject;" it is their effort to seize upon what has already engaged the public mind, and to present it with new and unimagined beauties.

Everybody has heard of the fidelity of the dog. Deeply affecting is the story of Gelert. We remember how the Welsh prince followed the chase, and as the sun went down came home to his castle; how his heart was glad as he thought of his child, a bud of promise; but how he trembled and grew pale as Gelert, the hound, his boy's companion, bounded forth, while his lips and fangs ran blood; how Llewelyn sought his child, a fear at his heart that he dared not express, but sought in vain, and at last, in frantic rage, supposing the dog had devoured his little one, drew his sword and slew the creature as it fawned upon him; how the dying yell of the dog was echoed by an infant's cry, and concealed beneath a mangled heap he found his rosy boy unhurt, while underneath the couch a great wolf lay all torn and dead.

"Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear.
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir."

Something like this story, without its tragical ending, is that which these groups present. The devoted attachment of the dog to its owner is as true as it is interesting. His constant love is never chilled even by neglect; he cannot be estranged by ingratitude or harshness; he devotes his whole attention to his master, obeys his commands with docility and cheerfulness, tracks his steps, and watches his looks. Few companions are more pleasant than a canine favourite, and few indeed are the friends that are to be found more true and loyal. Who need be ashamed of speaking in the praise of the dog? Did not Alexander the Great erect a city in memory of one of these favourites? and Solon did not think it beneath him to record the fidelity of that dog who leapt upon the funeral pile of his master, and perished in the flames.

M. Lechesne has sculptured a high eulogium on the dog. The three actors in his drama he has designed with the utmost care, and finished with exquisite delicacy. In beautiful harmony are the positions of the child, the dog, and the serpent.

Our readers doubtless remember the plaster casts of these two subjects which were exhibited during 1851 in the Crystal Palace, and for which a prize medal was awarded to the artist. At that time they attracted a great deal of attention, and people began to inquire about their sculptor, a young French artist just rising into fame.

Both groups are admirably adapted for the entrance of a park, a garden, or noble mansion. They are the fitting emblems of faithful guardianship. But in the present state of public taste it does not follow that a work of art should occupy the position which is most appropriate for it. Sculptors and painters both feel this alike. We do not yet thoroughly nderstand the utility of beauty. Sculpture and painting are regarded rather as ornamental than essential. Yet the cultivation of taste, the encouragement of all that can possibly contribute to that desirable end, is one of the most importan works of the age. We have great, deep, serious lessons yet to learn in this particular, especially here in England; we are in danger of forgetting that philosophy which teaches us that the beautiful is the priest of the benevolent. When our Great Exhibition was open, it was said that in sculpture—that formative art in which England has, on the whole, least of all distinguished herself, in which she is even less independent and less technically proficient than the rest of modern Europe—the stand we took was low indeed. In this there was much truth: French and German works threw us into the shade. Why was this?—how did it occur?—how long is the same thing to last?

VICTORY AND GRATITUDE.

PEERS AND M.P.'S;
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

THE COMMONS—THE SPEAKER.

The office of Speaker has gradually come to be what it is. At first his powers and privileges were but vaguely defined. With the Revolution his importance commenced. Since that time, he has occupied his proper station at the head of English gentlemen. He now takes his place next to peers of Great Britain, both in and out of parliament. As a privy councillor, he has precedence at the council table. Though on common occasions he gives place to Irish peers, and those who by courtesy take rank before some peers of the realm, as sons of dukes and marquises; yet in all commissions by act of parliament he is named before them, and so ought to be on all solemn and national occasions. To secure his perfect independence, he ceased, in George the III.'s reign, to hold any office of profit under the crown. His salary is £6,000 a year, exclusive of a furnished residence. At the end of his official labours, he is generally rewarded by a peerage, and a pension of £4,000 for two lives. Dodd describes his duties as follows:—To read to the sovereign petitions or addresses from the commons, and to deliver in the royal presence, whether at the Palace or in the House of Lords, such speeches as are usually made on behalf of the commons; to manage, in the name of the house, where counsel, prisoners, or witnesses are at the bar; to reprimand persons who have incurred the displeasure of the house; to issue warrants of committal or release for breaches of privilege; to communicate in writing with any parties when s

instructed by the house; to exercise vigilance in reference to private bills, especially with a view to protect property in general, or the rights of individuals, from undue encroachment or injury; to express the thanks or approbation of the commons to distinguished personages; to control and regulate the subordinate officers of the house; to entertain the members at dinner, in due succession and at stated periods; to adjourn the house at four o'clock if forty members be not present; to appoint tellers on divisions. The Speaker must refrain from debating, unless in committee of the whole house. As chairman of the house, his duties are the same as those of any other president of a deliberative assembly. When Parliament is about to be prorogued, it is customary for the Speaker to address to the Sovereign, in the House of Lords, a speech recapitulating the proceedings of the session. It is hardly necessary to add, that during the time the Speaker is in the chair, he wears a gown and wig, and that the mace lies upon the table, but is immediately removed if the Speaker leaves the chair and the house goes into committee. When the Noes and Ayes are equal, we must also remember that the Speaker has the casting vote. We imagine few men are more glad to find the session over than the Speaker. It is true, at the latter end of a session the house is generally in committee, but still the Speaker is required to be on the spot, to resume ordinary business when the committee is over. Still, however, the amount of work does not generally do him much harm, as it is only this last session that it seems to have ever entered the imaginations of members of Parliament that the Speaker could be ill, and on that account unable to discharge his official duties. Generally the Speakers have been remarkable for good health. However, Sir H. Inglis evidently believes that a Speaker may be laid up as an ordinary man is, and thinks it but right and proper that for such a contingency the house should be prepared. It is rather singular that it should be left till now to settle such a point. There are instances in which extraordinary care has been taken of the Speaker's health. Sir Fletcher Norton having given great offence to ministers by his conduct in the session of 1780, Lord Germaine, pathetically lamenting the precarious state of Sir Fletcher's health, moved that Mr. Cornwall be chosen Speaker instead. Sir Fletcher assured the house that his health was quite recovered; his friends did the same. All was in vain, and the nominee of the ministers was appointed in his stead. But such cases are very rare, and now the house has wisely resolved, that in case of the Speaker's absence through illness, the chair should be taken by the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. As it may interest our readers to learn the form observed when the Speaker elect is introduced to Majesty upon the occasion of his election, we add it here. When the Speaker has been chosen, he appears before Majesty with the following address:—

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

The knights, citizens, and burgesses of your House of Commons, in obedience to your royal commands, have proceeded to the choice of a speaker. They have among them many worthy persons eminently qualified for so great a trust, yet, with too favourable an eye, have cast upon me, who am really conscious to myself of many infirmities rendering me much unfit for so great an employment. And although my endeavours of excusing myself before them have not been successful, yet they have been so indulgent as to permit me to continue my endeavours therein before your Majesty's most piercing and discerning judgment.

The veneration due to Majesty, which lodgeth in every loyal breast, makes it not an easy matter to speak before your Majesty at any time or in any capacity. But to speak before your Majesty in your exaltation, thus gloriously supported and attended, and that as Speaker of your House of Commons, requires greater abilities than I can pretend to own.

I am not also without fear that the public affairs, wherein your Majesty and your kingdom, at this juncture of time, are so highly concerned, may receive detriment through my weakness.

I, therefore, with a plain humble heart, prostrate at your royal feet, beseech that you will command them to recall what they have done, and to proceed to another election.

The Lord Chancellor, by direction of his or her Majesty, having assured the Speaker elect that "he is in every way qualified and fitted for the appointment," the latter personage then prays on behalf of the Commons:

1. That, for our better attendance on the public service, we and our servants may be free in our persons and estates from arrests and other disturbances.

2. That in our debates liberty and freedom of speech be allowed to us.

3. That, as occasions shall require, your Majesty, upon our humble suit, and at such times as your Majesty shall judge seasonable, will vouchsafe us access to your royal person.

4. That all our proceedings may receive a favourable construction.

To this second address, of course Majesty replies in an equally agreeable manner, and so the matter ends. This form has been in use since the time of Charles II.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGES.

Some sturdy Radical, as he reads the title of this chapter, may perhaps utter an exclamation of an unpleasant nature. My good sir, you are decidedly wrong in doing this. A member of parliament in the discharge of his duties must be protected, and that implies, he must possess privileges of some kind more or less. Again, it may be urged that, independently of that, he deserves them; for no man has to work harder than a conscientious M.P.

The privileges of the house are extensive, but at the same time they are indefinite and uncertain. Some have become obsolete; for instance, payment of members. From inquiries made by Sir Francis Palgrave, it appears that the sums demanded by knights of the shire were not always uniform. Sometimes one knight received 3s., and his colleague but 20d. The writ de expensis for Thomas de Luda and Johannes de Sonninghall, in February, 1324, includes a charge of fourteen marks for twenty-four days' attendance at the parliament, and two days coming and two days returning, at the rate of 3s. 4d. each per diem. There is a record of the sheriff of Somersetshire being attached to answer for having assessed the wages of one of the knights of the shire at 16d. a day only. The borough members do not appear to have been so well paid. The corporations were economical, and drove hard bargains. A curious agreement, made between John Strange, member for Dunwich, and his constituents, in 1463, is preserved, by which it appears that the honourable member consented to take for his wages no more "than a cade full of herrings and a half barrel of herrings, to be delivered on Christmas next coming." Surely with such a slender allowance the most economical borough reformer could not find any fault. In later times the members were better paid. The remnant of the Long Parliament raised the sum paid to members to £4 a week. The last man who took the benefit of this provision was Andrew Marvel, who surely earned his wages, if ever popular representative did. At the present time, members of parliament enjoy, as one of their privileges, freedom from legal arrest and seizures, under process from the courts of law and equity. This, however, does not extend to indictable offences or to actual contempts of the courts of justice, or to proceedings in bankruptcy. As formerly exerted, this privilege was a flagrant abuse. The protection enjoyed by the members was extended to their servants. It was also made a matter of barter, and exercised by needy friends and retainers. The Lords and Commons gave these protections *ad libitum*. When pressed for a loan in 1641, the Londoners replied, "That by reason of the privileges of the members of both houses, and the protections granted, especially by the Lords, a vast sum of money is detained from them; so that trade cannot be driven nor are they so able to lend money for the service of the commonwealth as they desired." When, in 1677, the Speaker issued his mandate to supersede and call in all paper protections, the messengers found no less than 800 in London and Middlesex alone! In one case, a member protected a gentleman as a menial servant, who was found to have an estate of £2,000 a year, a sum equivalent to three times that amount at the present time. To destroy this licence took some time: it was not till the time of George III. that the abuse was full rooted out.

Freedom of speech is another privilege—a privilege without which Parliament were a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. It was in Henry VIII.'s time that it was first named in the Speaker's petition to the throne. In the time of glorious Queen Bess this privilege was fought for with some difficulty, but often the house was too quiescent when this essential right was attacked. It is to the Eliots, and Wentworths, and Pyms, and Hampdens, we owe it that this privilege was not crushed almost at its birth. It was they who won free speech from despotic courts; and for this their names should be held in lasting honour. A time, however, soon came when freedom of speech was in danger from its friends. During the Long Parliament this privilege was attacked by men of all parties, and of opinions however extreme. An overbearing majority scandalously refused to tolerate any difference of opinion from their own. Fortunately, the Restoration placed upon the throne a spendthrift and a libertine, whose necessities compelled him to beg of the house, and to whom, therefore, the house felt its superiority, and again plain speaking was heard where it had been long banished. When the Revolution took place—when the bigot James threw away his kingdom for a mass—when the divine right of kings to govern wrong was torn to tatters and trampled under foot—freedom of speech grew and became strong. The haughty country gentlemen of England, however they might venerate an hereditary, had no reverence for a parliamentary king, and buffeted and abused at their own sweet will the hero to whom England owed her preservation from Rome and France. In the fierce party warfare which then began, and raged during the reign of Anne and her successor, whilst Speaker after Speaker was censured or sent to the Tower, the deed was done by the house itself, and it is clear that the act was aimed in general more at the speaker than the speech itself. A Tory majority sent Walpole to the Tower; Shippen was sent thither by the Whigs. In our times this paltry revenge is abandoned, and freedom of speech is the universal rule. The house is too wise now to make a man an offender for a word; though occasionally a member who feels himself aggrieved may move that the obnoxious words be taken down. Occasionally members offending ingeniously got out of a scrape. No man, perhaps, did this better than Sir W. Whitelocke, the member for the University of Oxford. Opposing some clause in the Bill of Settlement, he remarked, "Should the elector of Hanover succeed to the throne, which I hope he never will—" The conclusion of his sentence was drowned in shouts of, "To the bar! to the bar!" But he recovered his presence of mind in the clamour, and refused to apologise. "The queen," he added, "is younger than years than the elector, and I merely expressed a loyal hope that she might survive him." Of course, after such a loyal explanation, censure was disarmed.

The remaining privileges of the house may be briefly described. They have become shorn and diminished in these reforming days. Members no longer frank letters, as they did at one time, to an alarming extent; but they are exempt from serving the office of sheriff, from obeying subpœnas, and serving on juries. Every member can introduce one person to the strangers' gallery. Amongst the privileges of both houses are the power of committing individuals to prison; the power of publishing matters which, if not issuing from such high authority, might become the subject of proceedings in a court of law; the power of directing the Attorney-General to prosecute persons accused of offences against the law, or affecting the privilege of Parliament; and finally, a power resides in each house respectively of doing anything—not directly contravening an Act of Parliament—which may be necessary for the vindication or protection of itself in the exercise of its own constitutional functions. Such are the privileges enjoyed by our illustrious senate; privileges no more than right and proper, since that senate represents the people, the only source of political power.

PARLIAMENTARY FORMS.

Of these decidedly the most important is that which attends the opening of Parliament. This generally takes place in February, and if you have the good fortune to have the *entrée* to the House of Lords on that day, you had better take your seat by twelve. A superb scene is that which you will then behold. The peers are robed all gorgeous and grand, and besides them are present peeresses, glittering with jewels, more grand and gorgeous still. In the ambassadors' box are the representatives of the different courts of Europe, and not unfrequently princes from "further Ind." The sound of the trumpet and the booming of cannon announce the arrival of her Majesty, who, attended by her consort and the chief officers of her court, takes her seat amidst her congregated peers. All rise on her approach, but she invites them to be seated, and the Chancellor, in her name, orders the Usher of the Black Rod to summon the Commons (who generally rush in in a most confused and disorderly manner, like so many schoolboys) to hear the forthcoming oration. Headed by the Speaker, the Commons at length arrive, order is restored, and on his bended knee the Chancellor presents his royal mistress with a copy of the speech, which has come to be, in our time, proverbial for its feeble elegance and unmeaning perspicuity. Having concluded, the Queen gracefully bows to the house, and retires with the same ceremonies with which she entered. The return to Buckingham Palace is by three at the latest. The address to her Majesty, in both houses, is moved at five the same evening, and in times when party feeling runs high, is generally looked forward to with great interest, as on such occasions the opposition puts forward an amendment. In the Lords and Commons generally, however, the address is but an echo of the royal speech, in an equally common-place form. The old custom of examining the cellars of the House of Lords about ten hours before her Majesty's arrival, is still kept up. The custom had its origin in the famous Gunpowder Plot. The examination is made by the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Usher of the Black Rod, with a detachment of the yeomen of the guard—a precaution we should have thought almost unnecessary in our time.

As more business is done in the lower house, we now turn to that. When the Speaker has got through his prayers, if more than forty members are present the house proceeds to work. This is the time for presenting petitions, the subjects of which are hurriedly stated by the member who presents them, and then given to one of the clerks at the table, who very quietly shoves them into a bag provided for that purpose. If people imagine, when signing their names to a petition, that the house will read the signatures, they are very much mistaken. The petitions over, and the Little Peddington water-cart bills and other private business being disposed of, the time for boring ministers commences. A metropolitan member rises to ask the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests whether he is aware of the disgraceful state of the Clerkenwell pump, or some other equally important matter. This important matter being disposed of, the attention of the noble lord the Secretary of State at the head of the Home Department is called to the distressing case of John Smithers, who was locked up by the police, in a violent and unconstitutional manner, on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, he, John Smithers, at that time and all other times, being quite the reverse. The Home Secretary having promised that inquiry shall be made into the matter, an independent member rises to put a question to the noble lord at the head of her Majesty's government as to the state of our relations with Timbuctoo; to which the noble lord replies by stating that despatches on the subject have been received at the Foreign Office, but that at present he has not had time to read them; but that he believes negotiations of a most satisfactory kind are going on at this moment, and of this he is certain, that whatever may be the result of those negotiations, in no case will the honour and interest of Great Britain be lost sight of. Then follows a member of the opposition, who wishes to know the intentions of the government with regard to parliamentary reform, vote by ballot, the Maynooth grant, or some other subject on which it is scarcely possible for ministers to give an answer without either committing themselves too far, or exciting discontent among their adherents. These affairs being disposed of, legislation begins in earnest.

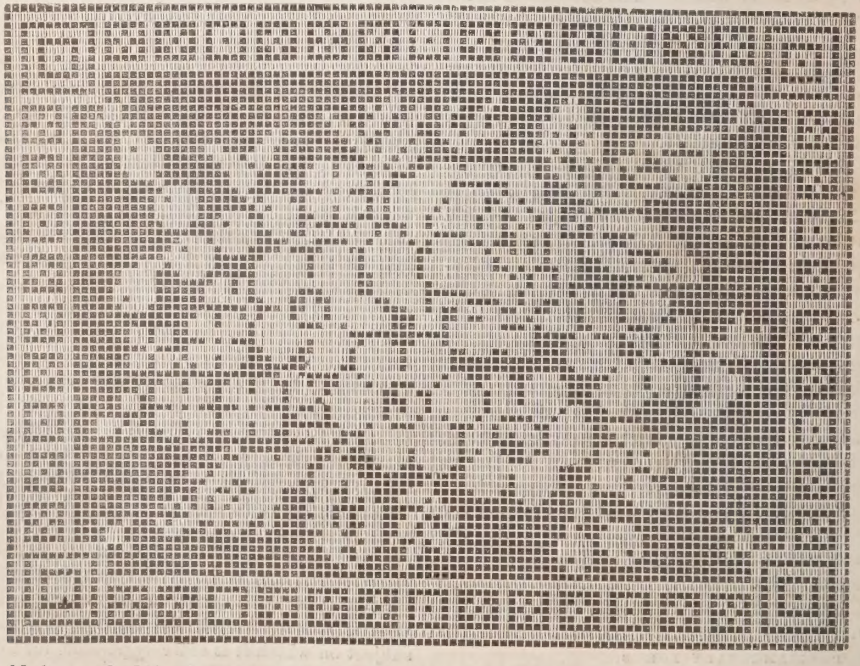
FLORAL ANTI-MACASSAR.—IN SQUARE NETTING AND DARNED.

MATERIALS.—Brook's Goat's Head Netting and Knitting Cotton, No. 36. Brooks' Embroidering Goat's Head Cotton, No. 40. Rather a fine Embroidering Needle. Steel Mesh, No. 12. Steel Netting Needle.

Work the same number of squares, as in the engraving, by commencing on one stitch, and increasing one at the end of every row till you get sufficient length of one side; and then decrease one at the end of every row by taking two loops into one. Then darn according to the engraving.

Make sufficient number of tassels to go round. Wind the cotton over a card three inches wide, cut one end, and draw through the loop of netting, and make four more tassels larger; over a card six inches wide for the corners. Six squares measure one inch.

ARABESQUE TOILET-COVER IN SQUARE CROCHET.



THIS pattern should be worked in Brooks' crochet cotton, exactly to the size of the top of the table, in rather thick cotton, to make it look massive, and to retain its form; the edging must be worked in blue beads in crochet to the pattern, and a number of beads given exactly to go round the table and to hang down, and finished with a tassel at each corner.

GROUP OF VASES—DEPARTMENT OF PRACTICAL ART, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, LONDON.

SEVRES PORCELAIN VASES.

Sèvres porcelain has, for nearly a century, maintained a world-wide celebrity. To possess specimens of this, or of Dresden China, has been frequently the highest ambition of wealthy, but tasteless, curiosity-hunters. It was the costliness and rarity of these works, rather than their beauty, which so frequently excited the hopes and fears of the fashionable attendants upon the auctioneer's hammer; and if we follow these specimens of the potter's skill to their destination, it is generally to find them grouped with the rude and uncouth deformities of the Celestial empire.

Royal manufactories of porcelain exist at Berlin, Dresden, and Sèvres; the latter was established in the reign of Louis XV., and, probably, owes its origin to the whim of some court favourite. Be that as it may, under the fostering and intelligent care of the French government, it became, either from necessity or policy, a scientific school for the improvement and perfecting of the ceramic art—in fact a model school for manufacturers in plastic materials.

The first attempt at establishing this manufacture was made in 1738 at the Chateau de Vincennes, and in 1755 it was removed to Sèvres. The establishment comprises a museum, and an *experimental* and a *model* school, the combined aim of which is to attain the highest excellence both of form and materials. The first object, that of excellence of form, is promoted by the museum, which contains not only an extensive collection of the best classic models, but also specimens of every known variety of pottery and porcelain of the past and present ages. Samples of the earths, clays, pigments, and other materials which enter into their composition and decoration, with specimens of vessels in every stage of manufacture, and others exhibiting the various accidents to which they are liable in *firing*, glazing, &c., are arranged with the best effect to facilitate study.

The object of the experimental department is to attain the greatest perfection of *material*, by suitable combinations of different clays and other substances, materials for glazing, &c. This is accomplished by the employment of the highest scientific skill. It is due to the credit of M. Brogniart, the eminent geologist, to state that the greatest perfection of this manufacture has been attained since the establishment came under his able superintendence.*

The result of all the experiments made in this great laboratory are available by other manufacturers, to whom every information is liberally imparted. But notwithstanding the same materials are used and similar processes followed, Sèvres porcelain is of finer quality than that of any other manufactory in France. Yet, although its products are sold at very high prices, and are constantly and extensively in demand, they do not repay the cost of supporting the establishment, which is partly maintained from the civil list.

The original manufacture of Sèvres porcelain was of a very delicate and friable nature, in fact a kind of glass, termed *porcelaine tendre*, differing vastly in composition and appearance from that now made, which is termed *porcelaine dure* or hard porcelain. These early productions were impressed with the false taste of the court of Louis XV., in which every feeling for art was distorted and perverted by affectation and a love of the singular rather than of the beautiful. Gaudy decoration, unmeaning and excessive ornament, disfigure these works, so that it becomes a matter of congratulation that they were composed in so tender and friable a manner as to be little likely to withstand the shocks of many years' exposure to accident. The *porcelaine dure* is, however, of a very different quality; here we find the greatest known perfection of material combined with the choicest and purest artistic forms. The most refined scientific ability, united with pure taste and skilful workmanship, contribute to the production of these elegant works, which may truly serve as models, not only to the manufacturers of France, but to those of our own and other countries. And there can be little doubt that much of the improvement observable of late years in our fictile manufactures, is due to the productions of the ateliers of Sèvres no less than to the genius of Wedgwood and Flaxman.

The productions in Sèvres ware are, as our engraving shows, ornamental rather than useful, hence they may properly be regarded as works of art. Vazes, tazzes, chalices, &c., display pure classic forms, rarely disturbed by reliefs (the overloading with which is the common fault of works of this class, executed in an inartistic spirit); but when they do occur they always possess merit, and not unfrequently exhibit a rare degree of excellence. The painting is the work of artists of high qualifications, nearly 100 of whom are constantly employed at the manufactory. The subjects are infinitely varied—landscapes, figures, flowers, together with ornamental forms, and are of the greatest excellence, which our engraving exhibits as far as is attainable. In all these respects the manufactures at Sèvres maintain a great superiority over those produced at another royal manufactory—that of Dresden, which appears to have never emancipated itself from the trammels that encompassed it at the time of its zenith of prosperity, the tinsel age of Louis XV. The characteristic features of the productions of Dresden are contorted forms and affected prettiness; while the ornamentation is overloaded and excessively elaborated in its imitations, or rather *copyings*, of natural forms and subjects. The colouring is generally gaudy, chiefly for want of proper harmony of contrast, as the objects imitated are, individually, carefully studied from nature.

But whatever be the faults chargeable upon some of the Dresden productions, it must be admitted that those of our own country are in many instances open to objection on the score of taste. With all our manufacturing ingenuity, our inventive skill, and our commercial enterprise, we are unquestionably behind our neighbours in elegance of design and tastefulness of decoration. Our manufacturers are content to borrow or steal designs from whatever quarter they can get them—a proceeding which is both discreditable and injurious to us as a nation. It is a most short-sighted policy to place ourselves so much at the mercy of foreigners. For though it is not likely that the unrestricted intercourse now established and daily extending among the nations of Europe will ever be interrupted for any great length of time, yet we should bear in mind, that this very facility of international communication may operate unfavourably upon the high position which England has occupied as the great workshop and mart of the world. If nothing but capital is needed to enable our rivals to turn their superior taste and skill to the best account, this will certainly not be long wanting, for capital will always flow into remunerative channels; and unless a decided improvement takes place in the artistic culture of our countrymen, we may soon find ourselves superseded.

Happily, both government and people are, we trust, at length becoming alive to the necessity of taking some steps to improve the taste of the people—especially that part of the population engaged in manufacture. In 1837,—a committee of the House of Commons having recommended the establishment of an institution in which "not theoretical instruction only, but the direct practical application of the arts to manufacture sought to be deemed an essential element,"—Schools of Design were started under the patronage of government, and there is now scarcely a manufacturing town of any importance without one. Another step in the same direction was the formation of the Department of Practical Art in February, 1852, which may be reckoned one of the most beneficial results of the Great Exhibition in the previous year. The beautiful vases represented in our engraving are among the objects there exhibited for the inspection of the public and the study of art pupils. They are, as the reader may perceive, well worthy to be regarded as models for the imitation of our young artists. Their elegance of form, tastefulness of decoration, and finish of execution, render them admirably adapted to elevate and purify the taste.

* The present chemist to the royal manufactory at Sèvres is M. Salvetat.

JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY.

Having already entered into a lengthened description of the Sintoo creed, or primitive religion of Japan, we now proceed to furnish the reader with some explanation of what the illustration which accompanied our remarks was intended to represent, that he may be able more easily to comprehend the artist's design. The first figure which attracts the reader's attention is that of the many-armed warrior, at the top of the picture. His name is *Maris'*, and tradition calls him powerful, persevering, brightly flaming. We recognise in him Aries, Mavors, or Mars, that mighty deity of the ancient Scythians and Thracians, that tutelary divinity who passed over with the Pelasgian hordes to Greece, and whose sons founded Rome, the city of the seven hills.

Thus do we find, at the extreme opposite ends of Asia, the same idol, whose birth-place was central India. That this idol did really first come from India, is proved by the first syllable of his name, which is seen upon his shield in the old work, *Devanagari*, and his appearance, costume, and arms, lead us to the same conclusion. The religious books of the Japanese have adopted him as the type of force and power. His qualities are still more plainly indicated by his companion and supporter, the wild boar, which is especially sacred to him, and is a type of strength and warlike courage.

To the left of *Maris'* we behold the holy *Foo*, who appears in the Japanese and Chinese sagas as a being who always forebodes good fortune and happiness. This bird-like being is very generally used in the decoration of all works of art, such as paintings, statues, or metal-work, and is especially adopted as an ornament for the household shrines that are to be found in the residences of the Japanese. The feathered creature to the right of *Maris'* is *Tengu*, the guardian of the heavens, herald of the gods, and protector of the kamis and their shrines, or *Mias*. This idol belongs to the Sintoo worship, where it is sometimes represented in human, and sometimes half-human shape, while at others it is pictured under the form of a perfect bird. It is placed at the principal entrance of the Sintoo temples, as a safeguard against evil spirits. It is also borne at the head of all the processions that set out from the temple before which it is placed.

In our engraving we have a representation of one of the many popular legends of Japan, namely, the fight of a hero with an eight-headed dragon. A painting of this subject, in very gaudy colours, is often to be seen in the Sintoo temples; and the priests of the temple which is erected to the hero of Yamato, near Atsula, still relate it to the faithful. According to their account, an eight-headed devastating monster used yearly to appear in Yamato, and was to be appeased only by the sacrifice of a virgin descended from a race of kings. At last, however, a mountain hero, *Yamato-take*, came across the fire-belching monster, and engaging in single combat, killed it. This hero was, as history informs us, *Amano-mura humo*, a son of the Mikado *Kei-koo-ten-woo*, and a youth of rare strength and uncommon courage. His heroic deeds are recounted in the Japanese annals, which still preserve the memory of his conflict with the savages, who threw fire at him, but whom he destroyed by fire. They also mention in high terms his flame-like sword, which is now preserved as one of the three jewels of the empire. The Japanese used really to believe in the existence of monsters similar to the eight-headed serpent destroyed by the hero, and think that they were servants of the goddess of the sun, who sends them upon the earth to punish men for their misdeeds.

The above fable cannot fail to bring to every one's mind the combat of Hercules with the Ternæan hydra; and when the Japanese account goes on to state that *Koo-kano-samuroo*, a friend of the hero, descended with the latter to the infernal regions, where the monster dwelt, and that he held a torch while the combat was going on, we are still more struck with its resemblance to the Greek tradition, in which Iolas seared the neck of the hydra as Hercules cut off the heads. The rock on which the hero is represented in the drawing as placing his foot, may easily have given rise to the fiction of the rock under which Hercules buried the hydra. Th swampy dwelling of the latter is easily recognisable in th sketch.

Like the fables of all the ancient gods and heroes, the allegorical personages float in a kind of indistinct manner ov Japan. All around them, however, are a number of typic forms relating to art, science, husbandry, and commerce, a which, as being sprung from facts and not fiction, appear in much clearer and stronger light.

The reader will doubtless be struck by the bird-like vess to the left. It is a representation of the *Tori-kame*, which h stood for ages, as large as life, before the Temple residence the Mikado, and is a proof of the proficiency that creative s had attained at a most remote period.

Opposite this vessel, and borne by a Sintoo priest, is one the five heavenly musical instruments, namely, the big drur According to the popular belief, the great goddess that ligh the heavens suddenly disappeared, and night lay upon t face of the celestial land. Having been affronted by man, s concealed herself in a cave, whence music alone could dra her forth and cause her to be reconciled to man. So high origin do the Japanese assign to Music.

The fan, made of the plastic wood of the *arborritæ*, a decorated with evergreen creepers, was in olden times co sidered an ornament for the prince's hand. At the present d we still see, at the court of the Mikado, the fan as simple a as plain as ever, in remembrance of the old manners a customs of the country; while, as the nation became mo civilised and advanced, its taste for magnificence in all oth objects save this one became more and more pronounce witness the costly stuffs of gold and silk of which the Japane are at present so fond.

The Japanese husbandman was acquainted with *Maize* lo before European nations were, and he has also cultivat *pumpkins* and *melons*, that have become acclimated in countries of the globe for countless centuries. These natu products may be taken to indicate the flourishing state horticulture and agriculture in Japan, but they may likew be taken as evidence of the intercourse which must, in t earliest times, have united nations that were separated fr each other by wide and surging seas.

The reader may, perhaps, at first be inclined to believe th in the *Bow* he simply beholds an ancient specimen of t national weapon. But the philologist will see in it more th the form of a mere weapon, and recognise the Chinese char ter signifying a bow, and taken from among those charact which belong to the infancy of the art of writing, which, a appears in its present more mature condition, is represented the little books opposite the bow.

Turning to another part of the picture, we behold Jap commanded by the remarkable volcanic mountain, Fusi, a lighted by the rising sun. Cheerful industry ploughs valleys and cultivates even its mountain sides. Secure a free from apprehension, commerce and activity go hand-hand and animate the shores and harbours with countl sails.

In the foreground we behold, in a sitting posture, Mikado *Teu-tse-teu-woo*, who reigned during the second hal the seventh century according to our reckoning. To t prince does Japan owe the rise of the arts and sciences. was the first to found public schools and erect temples honour of the Chinese philosopher Confucius. The Chin characters which, at an earlier period, had been introduced i Japan from Futara, a province of the neighbouring country Corai, were by his exertions spread through the entire emp This prince, too, who was himself a poet, endeavoured elevate his native language; and the services he rendered this particular still place him, even at the present day, at head of the hundred poets who wrote in the old Jamato l guage.

By the Mikado's side, and standing out from the group armed warriors, is the figure of his general, the Ziogoon. have selected, in preference to any others, the portrait of celebrated hero *Josimits'*, who lived in the twelfth century,

e sake of showing the peculiar style of accoutrements worn those days.

The portion of the drawing opposite the Ziogoon has refer- ce to the *people*, their *habits*, and *customs*. It represents a scene m the ceremonies observed on the occasion of the new ar, and shows a reigning prince, in the character of a father a family, inviting good fortune into his house, and hoping at ill-luck will not enter it. He goes, at midnight, in state parel, through his house, throwing about him, on all sides, asted beans, and crying, "Evil spirit, avaunt; treasures, me in!" The impersonification of the evil spirit is worthy remark, because it represents the devil as the people are ight to conceive him in the doctrines of Buddhism. It is th the greatest unwillingness that he obeys the exorcism mpelling him to depart and allow riches and treasures to cupy his place.

The small chapel which rises in the background on a pyra- dical pile of masonry, represents an ancient Sintoo sepulchre. e masonry consists of roughly-hewn blocks of basalt, and exactly similar to the well-known Cyclopian walls. The lls of Japanese temples and fortresses are always built in is manner. The pillared gateway leads to the sepulchre, as peculiar to the Sintoo faith. The pillars of such gateways e made of wood, stone, or bronze. They often rise to an mense height, and constitute a distinctly separate order in chitecture.

In the foreground of the picture are some very remarkable jects which we have not yet explained. The three-footed ssel will afford the antiquary copious matter for comparison. e ornament in the form of a crocodile on the cover, the toise heads at the bend of the legs, and, in a word, the ole form of the vessel will not be viewed by him with indif- ence, when he finds similar ones upon the continents of ia and America. In Japan this vessel is used as a censer the altar of the tutelary household god.

The *magatama*, or crooked jewel, as well as ornaments and money of the ancient Japanese, are lying near the Chinese coin *hanrioo*, which was cast in China in the reign of the Chinese emperor Zîn Schi Hoâng-ti (220 B.C.) and brought to Japan, at a very early period, by Chinese immigrants.

As an instrument for giving the key-note, we see the old Pandean pipes, and as the war-trumpet, the shell of the Tritons. Among the warlike weapons, we perceive the axe of the Roman forces. We have, also, a representation of the magnet, which, as early as the seventh century, is mentioned in the Japanese annals as being a *wheel that indicates the north*. This proves it to have been known to other nations before it was discovered by the Europeans.

Considering the veneration paid to the goddess of the Sun, *Maris'*, who was introduced into Japan at a much later period by the disciples of Buddha, and who is merely a god of an inferior order, occupies too elevated a position, if considered as the type or impersonification of the religion of the country. The picture, however, may be satisfactorily explained in the following manner.

Maris', the god of war, hovers over the empire of Japan, which owes its foundation to *Zin-mu-ten-woo*, the heavenly warrior, who united the various wild tribes into a nation, and was the ancestor of a dynasty that has lasted for more than two thousand years. *Maris'*, therefore, is with propriety represented as continually floating above Japan, warding off evil with his many arms. *Foo*, the blessing of heaven, looks mildly down upon the peaceful mountains beneath him, while *Tengu*, the heavenly watcher, waves over this land of gods (*Zin-kok'*) his sword against its foes. Bold and strong, *Yamato-take*, the conqueror of the many-headed monster, typifies the race of heroes who have at various times arisen from among a people which never bent beneath a foreign yoke, and which was never conquered since it was a nation.

THE VIVARIUM IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

IE organs of sight and hearing in the crustacea are small; eir eyes have but very little power of sight, while their organ hearing is at the external base of the antennæ, and is com- sed of a membrane like that of the tympanum, above which a kind of cell full of liquid, where ends a nerve. Not ich is known as to their sense of smelling and taste. Most e on animal matter, and very few imbibe any liquid matter. ieir blood is white, or rather of a lilac tinge. The heart is uated in the middle of the back, and has but one cavity. s contractions drive the blood to the arteries, which dis- bute it over the body. The veins are very incomplete. The ustacea being aquatic, their breathing is similar to that of her aquatic animals, though some breathe through their in.

All the crustacea are oviparous. The female, after laying r eggs, keeps them for some time hanging under her stomach, even among the numerous flaps of her tail, The young idergo scarcely any change after their adult age, except the crease of the number of their claws.

It would occupy too much time to describe all the genera of e class of crustacea. The Decapod Crustacea are the most merous class. The head and thorax of these crustacea are nfounded in a single mass, covered by a carapace. This rsal buckler projects beyond the forehead, descends on each le to the edge of the paws, and goes back to the abdomen. he sea and land-crab are of this race.

A very common crab is the *Cancer puber*, which is covered r a yellow head of down, and has black claws. The *Cancer rsor* of Linnæus, or running crab, which is found on the ores of the Mediterranean, runs with such velocity, that a rse at a gallop can scarcely catch it. During the day this imal lives in holes dug by himself in the sand, and comes t only at night. In the Indian Ocean there is discovered, in great numbers, a crab called by naturalists *Podophthalmus spinosus*, which has very long projecting eyes. The *Cancer ruricola*, which the French have christened the *Tourlourou*, or raw recruit, is blood-red, with yellow spots, which form the letter H very distinctly. This species is very common in the West Indies. The *Tourlourou*, instead of living in the water, dwells in damp woods. It breathes, however, in the same way as the water-crab, by the gills, which, however, require more oxygen than water can dissolve, and act in the air like lungs. Nature, to prevent their drying up, has placed at the bottom of the breathing cavity sometimes a sort of cell, which receives the water necessary to maintain humidity round the gills; sometimes a spongy membrane in the vault of this cavity.

These animals live chiefly on vegetables, and are nocturnal and crepuscular. They dwell in the hills, sometimes a long way from the sea; during the rainy season, they quit their land habitation, to go down to the water. They congregate in large troops, and start on their journey. The traveller who is delayed at night in South America on his road, will often fall in with this singular army crossing woods, fields, and rivers at a rapid rate; checked by no obstacles, and sweeping all before them in their ravages. These periodical journeys are taken in time to renew the water in their gill-supplying cells. Doctor Lamaout says: "Admiral Drake having landed, in 1605, some of his crew on a desert coast of South America, these famished crabs fell upon them, bit their legs, upset them, and devoured them." We fancy this must be a traveller's tale.

The sea spiders are a kind of crab with very long claws. The *Maia squinado*, or *Cancer maia*, is of this kind. It is four inches long and three broad. Its back is all covered by hairy pimples. This species is very common in the ocean and in

the Mediterranean. The ancients considered it sacred to Diana of Ephesus. They attributed to it great wisdom and a love of music. On many Greek medals are fac-similes of this crustaceous animal.

Craw-fish and lobsters have their tails at least as long as their bodies. They are naturally swimmers, scarcely ever come on shore, and seldom walk at the bottom of the water. They keep moving about, and the vigorous movements of their tails impel them forward with great rapidity. Lobsters are crustacea with cylindrical antennæ, very long and covered with prickly points; their paws are without claws, while on their forehead are two long bending horns. Such is the common lobster (*Astacus elephas*), of which we give illustration (fig. 1). This is often a foot and a half long, ar with its eggs, will weigh twelve or fourteen pounds. Its armo is thorny, and covered with a kind of down. The back is o greenish brown, and the tail is dotted by yellow spots. T race inhabits the coasts of the milder climates of Euro

FIG. 1.—THE COMMON LOBSTER AND THE HERMIT CRAB.

During the winter they remain in the depths of the sea. the spring they come out to the shore, and lay their numero and ruddy eggs in the holes of rocks.

The sea craw-fish (*Astacus marinus*) often reaches an immen size, even more than a foot and a half long. This crustace is found in the European seas, and on the coast of America.

The Palemons include the prawns and shrimps. The *Palæmon serratus*, or common prawn, represented in our drawing (p. 221), is from three to four inches long. It is of a pale-red colour, and is a favourite article of food with large portions of the inhabitants of Europe. A little parasitical crustacean is often found upon them, the *Bopyrus crangorum*, which by certain fishermen is taken to be the young sole.

The hermit crab (*Cancer bernhardus* or *Pagurus*, fig. 1) has a large abdomen, which projects backwards in a very peculiar way. The hind quarters of the animal are thus exposed to continual assault. But what nature has refused, the strange instinct of the animal provides. The hermit finds a univalve shell, in which it inserts itself by means of its hind claws; this parasitical protection it drags after it everywhere, and even sometimes gets into it altogether, its fore paws being alone visible. Every year, in the early months, when the

FIG. 2.—THE MEDICINAL LEECH (*Hirudo medicinalis*).

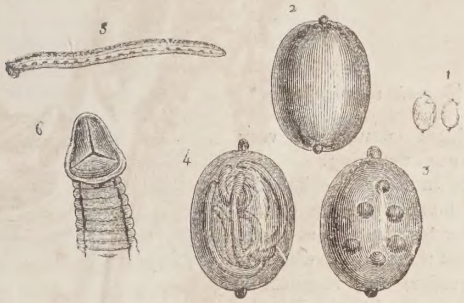


FIG. 3.—LEECHES IN VARIOUS STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT.

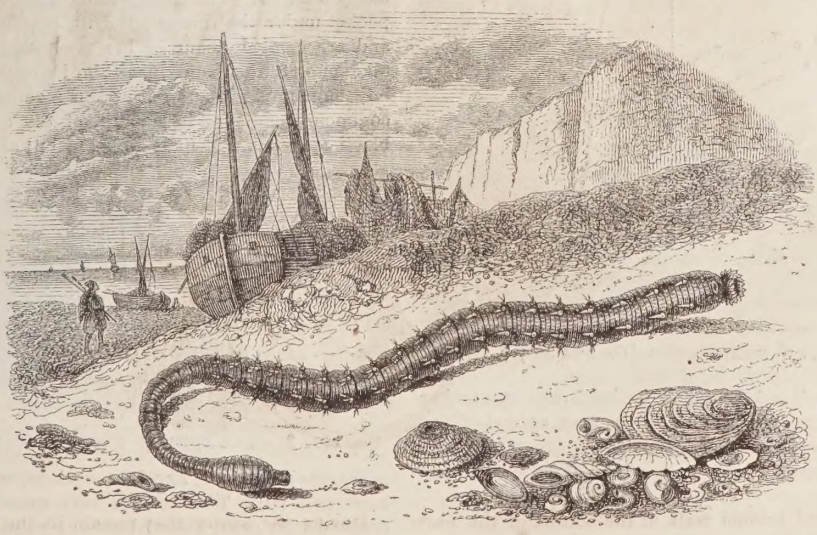


FIG. 4.—THE FISHERMAN'S SAND-WORM (*Lumbricus marinus*).

animal changes its skin, it goes about looking for a fresh shell —a shell more proportioned to its new growth. The crab may be seen lodging-hunting with all the care and precision of a particular old maid. It pokes its nose and then its tail into every spiral shell it meets, until it finds precisely the fit it wants. As soon as the brute finds one which thoroughly suits it, the old house is cast away, and the new one popped into with the utmost agility. The shell sticks so fast, that you can only get the crab out by using fire. Many different names have been given to this animal—the soldier, Diogenes,

FIG. 5.—THE VERMICULAR SERPULA (*Serpula vermicularis*).*

the hermit—all of which are significant enough. A very correct representation of it is given in our engraving.

The *Birgi* are great crustacea of the Indies, somewhat like the *Pagurus*. The most remarkable of the species is the *Cancer latro*, or robber crab. This animal leaves the sea at night and climbs up the cocoa-nut tree to steal the fruit, of which it is very fond. Some of our young readers may recollect a humorous scene in illustration of this, in the "Swiss Family Robinson." This animal, by its peculiar habits, brings to the knowledge of the naturalist a singular anomaly in amphibious

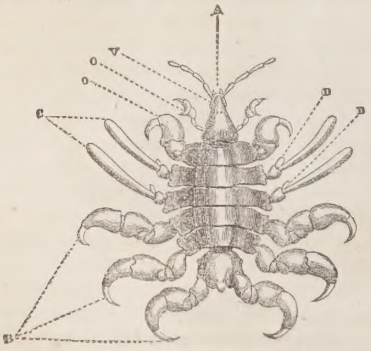


FIG. 6.—THE WHALE-LOUSE (*Oniscus ceti*).†

life. The robber crab is followed in its land trips by another animal, breathing through the gills. A rare animal of the *Bercha* species, the *Perca scandens*, also quits its natural element as if in search of the crab, which it follows to the trees where it is feeding. The *Perca* is peculiarly constituted to retain a certain quantity of water to moisten the gills, which, by the closing of their extremities, are preserved from the air.

There are many other minor crustacea. One of these is the *Oniscus ceti* (fig. 6), found on the body of the whale, and on the mackerel. The *Oniscus asellus*, or common woodlouse (fig. 9),

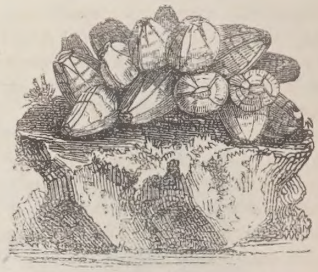


FIG. 7.—THE FURROWED SEA-ACORN (*Lepas balanus*).

and its varieties, are well known in our houses and gardens. It is a small animal, with eight rings of shell. Its gills are under the front scales over the tail. They roll up into a round ball when touched, which makes them an object of wonder to children. These animals frequent retired and dark places, and are found often under stones. They feed upon corrupt animal and vegetable matter, and rarely come forth, except in

FIG. 8.—THE FURROWED SEA-ACORN (*Lepas balanus*), FULL GROWN AND OUT OF ITS SHELL.

damp weather. The female collects her eggs in a membranous pocket under the thorax; the little ones come to life there, and are carried about by her everywhere she goes. If you take one of them and turn it on its back, the little ones may be seen running in and out of the membranous pocket. The common woodlouse is smooth, of the colour of ashes, with black spots, and a little yellow; but some are found in the

FIG. 9.—THE COMMON WOODLOUSE (*Oniscus asellus*).

country which have, like it, ten rings, without counting the head and tail. The front is very smooth, of a brown hue, specked with gray, but without any yellow spots. The armadillo woodlouse is broad, smooth, and shining. It is black, with a little white about the edges of the rings. Of the first ten rings which compose its body, without counting the head and tail, the first seven are wide, and the three others are narrow.

* 2, The animal in its tube; 3, The animal out of its tube; 4 and 5, Extremity of a gill.

† A, The mouth; V, The eyes; o o, The first pairs of feet, the anterior of which is fixed below and behind the head; B, the third, fourth, and fifth pairs of claws; C, Appendages of the second and third segments, having at their base the orifice of the respiratory organs, D D.

Passing from these to the cirrhipedes, we find them to be a link between the crustacea and the mollusca. They all belong to the sea, swim freely when young, and then fix themselves for ever on some submarine body. They adhere by the back. Their form is elongated, their bodies are bent, and contained in a shell of several parts. They have no eyes, their mouth is like that of the crustacea; the lower part of their body is composed of two ranges of grisly lobes, with two horned appendages with numerous projections. These, about four and twenty in number, the animal keeps constantly in motion, and thus draws within her little vortex the animalcules on which it feeds. They have their heart in the dorsal part of their backs, and breathe through gills.

The *Lepas anatifera* is enclosed in a kind of gauzy cover, suspended on a fleshy tube. This tube serves for them to fasten on to rocks and bottoms of ships, where they are known as barnacles. There was a time when birds were said to grow out of them. The sea-acorns are a small species of the cirrhipede group. They are enclosed in a short shell (figs. 7 and 8).

The class of worms are divided into annelida, rotators, and intestinal worms. The worms of the order of annelida have red or highly-coloured blood. This analogy with the superior order of animals made some naturalists place them at the head of articulated animals; but in every other point of their organisation they are compared to insects and crustacea. Their body is long, soft, and divided into a great many rings. Some have little spots, which have been suspected to be eyes. The mouth is at the extreme end, while they breathe, some in the ordinary way, some by gills.

The wandering annelida have the organs of respiration fixed upon the lower part of the body, or throughout the whole length. They have little silky knobs, which serve as feet. They swim and walk, and live generally under stones, among shells or fixed in the sand. A kind of mucous secretion spread over the body collects a tubular sheath round them, in which they dwell; but they can leave it at will. They are of the sea, and very numerous. Some only can be quoted. The *Lumbricus marinus*, or fisherman's sand-worm (fig. 4), is about ten or twelve inches long, and has no gills, save in the middle of the body; its head is not defined, and presents neither antennæ, nor eyes, nor jaws: fishermen use it as bait. When taken up in the fingers, they exude a liquid which stains the skin. They are found two or three feet deep in the sand, and their retreat is marked by the pile of sand ejected from the hole they make.

The tube-dwelling annelida have no distinct head, no jaws, no eyes, no antennæ; but towards the tail are numerous appendages doing the office of all these members. They inhabit a tube. Such are the serpulæ, which live in calcareous tubes, upside down, with a tufted extremity, as will be seen from the cut (fig. 5). They have been called sea-brushes. The particular specimen given is the *Serpula vermicularis* of Linnæus, found in the European seas. There is one little known member of this division, the *Dentalium elephantinum*, which lives in a regular tube, slightly arched, and open at both ends.

The common earth-worms (*Lumbricus terrestris*) are, as every one knows, red. They feed on animal and vegetable matter. They are the only ones which do not live in water. They breathe through their pores, and multiply by the division of their bodies into one or more parts.

The division of sucking annelida have no silky down on the skin. They have at each end a dilatable and catching cavity, which acts like a cupping-glass. The animal fastens on to anything firmly by this means. The mouth is at the bottom of the anterior suction organ, and is armed with jaws, while there are spots around, which may be eyes. All feed on other animals, which they suck or swallow. Some fasten on to fish and frogs; some devour mollusca and the larvæ of insects; some fasten on to animals, and even to men when in the water. Some are known to enter the mouths of horses when drinking, and creep under their tongues, or into their throats. Such are the leeches, which have an oval organ of suction, ten eyes, and jaws armed with teeth. When a leech wishes to get through the skin of the animal to which it is fixed, its fangs are fastened upon the skin, the tubercules which support the jaws stiffen, contract, and the dental appendages cut the skin. Three little wounds are made, like the letter Y, whence the blood issues drop by drop, and passes into the animal's vast stomach. Every one is aware of the use made of these, and to many our design will be more familiar than agreeable. Of late years the use of leeches has become so general, that these animals form an important branch of commerce. The ponds of Spain and France have been entirely cleared, and they are now brought from Hungary and Turkey.

The medicinal leech (*Hirudo medicinalis*, fig. 2) is from four to five inches long, with ninety-eight equal rings. The opening of the mouth is found longitudinally under the upper lip, while the belly is olive-coloured and spotted with black. The mode of reproduction in leeches was very little known until recently. They are oviparous. The eggs, to the number of eight or fifteen, are surrounded by a membranous capsule, which is covered by a regular cocoon; this cocoon is formed of a semi-transparent tissue. The young leeches creep out of a small orifice at the proper time (fig. 3).*

The rotatory worms have only been known since the discovery of the microscope. As long as this instrument only magnified them a hundred-fold, no distinct organ could be seen in their interior, and they were quoted as examples of a kind of animated jelly, feeding by absorption. But modern naturalists have, by means of powerful instruments, discovered that their organisation is only apparently simple. One of this division, the *Furcularia rediviva*, has been made celebrated by the experiments of Spallanzani. It lives in fresh and salt water, and is found in gutter-pipes of houses. Its life is suspended by loss of humidity; but when it has been apparently dead for weeks, it suffices to damp it with one drop of water to give it life and motion.

The last division consists of those worms which are capable of existence only in the interior of other animals, which lodge in the liver, the eyes, and the digestive canal. They are oviparous and viviparous. The tape, or solitary worm, is well known. There are many individuals of this species. All animals are subject to them. They cause sickness, thinness, devouring appetite, suffering, and even death. The *Tænia vulgaris* has reached three hundred feet in length. Boërhaave freed a Russian nobleman of one as large as that. They are, like the *Tænia solium*, very difficult of extirpation. Some are found in the brains of sheep, others in the liver of animals and man.

The mollusca and the zoophytes form the last divisions of zoology. The mollusca include oysters, snails, &c. They are without spinal marrow and any interior skeleton. Their nervous system is composed of several medullar masses, disposed at different points, and of which the principal, which may be called the brain, is situated across the œsophagus. They are extremely varied in form, soft, and with the muscles adhering to the skin. In most instances they have shells. In nearly every case, the beautiful and varied shells which are so much admired are only coloured on the outside.

Of the zoophytes little more can be said. Below them are other aquatic creations, which were thought to be produced spontaneously in water where animal and vegetable matter had been infused. Their mode of multiplication is even yet disputed. It is, however, now pretty generally allowed that they propagate by the division of their bodies into parts. They are in some instances so small as scarcely to be conceived. Imagine an animal one-2,000th part of a line in diameter, digesting his food in a stomach the coats of which are one-6,000,000th of a line in thickness! Still we have not arrived at the most infinitesimal product of creation. Leuwenhoeck and Malesieu have studied animalcules, of which 10,000,000 united would not reach the size of a grain of sand; and others 27,000,000 of times as small as a mite, which is invisible to the naked eye.

* *Note to fig.* 3.—1, Capsules recently laid; 2, A capsule developed; 3, A developed capsule, showing the eggs; 4, A capsule containing the young leeches about to be hatched; 5, A leech lately hatched; 6, Mouth of the full-grown leech, showing the three triangular jaws.

WOOD SCENERY.

Woods and forests are distributed over the earth with more or less abundance. The great variety and the diversified foliage of trees present a beautiful picture to the eye, while the wood which they furnish contributes greatly to the necessities and comforts of mankind. It is to forest trees especially that we are indebted for great part of our houses and ships, for fuel, and for various implements, furniture and utensils.

WOOD SCENERY.

In those countries where bituminous substances suitable for fuel are scarce, and can only be obtained at a considerable expense, the most extensive forests grow; and though man reaps the benefit, he has but little share in their cultivation. Trees grow and multiply spontaneously. The woodcutter comes at the fall of the year and thins the plantations, filling vehicle after vehicle with trunks or loppings; but new shoots are thrown out the next spring, the spaces are again filled up, the loss is more than repaired, and a sufficient quantity is always found to supply the wants of man. This distribution of woods and forests is a remarkable proof of Divine wisdom and goodness.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XVI.

ACCUSATION AND ARREST OF ROBERTO DI RECANATI.

All this, and much more which we have omitted, did Zeno address to the captains around him. While they burned with anxiety for the disclosure of the plot and the persons engaged in it, the novelty and solemn nature of the appeal made each hesitate to speak before his neighbour. But this suspense did not continue long. Sir William Cheke stood up, and glancing

round the company, read in their eyes that they would willingly have him as their spokesman.

"Noble general," said he, addressing Zeno, "I know well those around me; companions in arms have we been in many a battle-field and bivouac, and I dare venture to express their feelings as well as my own. Am I not right, my brothers?"

There was an unanimous expression of concurrence amongst the captains, and Sir William proceeded—

"Signore, we heard your first words to-night with great pleasure; for it made us both proud and glad to find you bearing such generous testimony to our conduct as soldiers, and to learn what trust you and the most serene republic repose in us. In all our names, I thank you. Be well assured we shall never forget what we owe to you, whom we have found to be not only a general, but a father. But you quickly dispelled our pleasure; for truly we are grieved and horrified to think that there are in the camp those who dare to meditate such crimes. Shame! eternal shame and infamy be upon them! they are a disgrace to our order, and a stain to the brightness and honour of the military profession!"

A simultaneous cry of "Vergogna! Vergogna! Infamita ai traditori!" showed how thoroughly all present shared in the indignation of the honest English knight.

"But whatever be the danger that impends us all," continued Cheke, "we know well that you can cope with it. We know how you watch over the common safety; we know your vigilance, your astuteness, your genius. Nor shall we, noble Zeno, disappoint your estimate of us. Here we are, assembling promptly at your command—cheerfully we place ourselves in your hands—use us at your pleasure; not as mere paid troops, but as friends bound to you by many a kindness. We beseech you then, messer, trust us fully: tell us, at once, the names of those traitors, that we may slay them with our daggers. Brothers," said he, turning once again to his companions, "swear that you will stand by our general; that you will pursue the traitors to the death, let them be the highest in rank or the noblest in blood."

"We will! we will!" was the response of every voice.

A smile of stern exultation passed over the face of Zeno. He was now thoroughly assured, as he looked from one to another of those whom he had assembled, that there was not a false heart amongst them, and with the support of that number, he felt that he might brave and bid defiance to all who were disaffected.

"My friends, you ask to know who is the traitor; you shall see him ere long. I marvel he is not here by this time, for I have ordered him to be summoned."

Such indeed was the case; for no sooner had Zeno concluded his address, and found that he might depend upon the fidelity of so large a portion of the mercenaries, than he had privately despatched Alexis to request the instant attendance of Recanati.

The young Greek found the condottiere, who had manifestly not yet retired to rest, and was still partially armed. He received the message with an inward dissatisfaction, which, however, he took care not to exhibit, and contented himself with replying that he would attend. But, in truth, the summons of the general caused the wily captain no small anxiety, and he revolved the matter again and again in his mind without being able to see his way. Could it be that Zeno had by some means become apprised of the plans which he was so soon to carry into execution? The thought was startling, and the heart of the traitor sank within him as the terrible suspicion crossed his mind. If so, it would be madness to obey the summons, and throw himself, as it were, into the very jaws of a roaring lion. And yet what would a refusal avail him? Could he brave the rest of the troops, should they side with Zeno, with his own lancers? That was indeed a hopeless chance. But after a little his heart took courage. "No," thought he; "it is impossible that my schemes have transpired; they have been too well laid and secretly for that. The Genoese spy reached me safely: had he failed in effecting his return, I should have discovered it ere this; and so, after all, this summons is but a casual one, very inopportune, I admit, but I will despatch it as speedily as I may, and then——" And with such thoughts Recanati set forward to the general's quarters; but as he passed out he called his lieutenant aside, and hastily said, "Should I not return in half an hour, you will lead a company of lancers, fully armed, to the general's quarters: I shall have need of them there. It is as well," he thought to himself, "to provide against the worst; and now to meet this man, who will thrust himself ever in my way, till I am forced to remove him."

Meantime, Zeno and the captains still waited the arrival of him who was announced as the traitor. The silence which had lasted for some minutes was now becoming insupportable, and the leaders began to look anxiously around them and to whisper amongst themselves. Just at the moment when one of them was about to address the general, the noise of feet was heard outside, the door opened, and Recanati, attended by Alexis, entered the apartment. Despite of his habitual wariness and self-control, Recanati could not suppress an expression of astonishment as his eye hurriedly took in the scene before him; but in a moment he was calm and self-collected. He felt that the crisis of his destiny was now come, and he braced every energy of mind and body to meet, and, if possible, to control it. The captains exchanged hasty glances one with another, and awaited the issue in silence. Zeno was the first to speak.

"It is not the wont of Sir Roberto di Recanati," said he in a cold and pointed manner, "to be the last to attend when summoned by his general. Your presence is most necessary, and we have waited for you. Be seated."

Zeno motioned to a seat which had been reserved at the side of the table on the right hand, and close to where he sat himself. Recanati took the place, as he replied,

"If I am somewhat late, the shortness of the notice must plead my excuse. I did but put myself in order to attend."

"And yet, methinks, briefer time might have sufficed, Sir Roberto, seeing that my messenger found you still up and in armour. But to the business in hand. I have been advertising these brave and loyal men of a secret conspiracy which is carried on even within the camp, and they have demanded that I should expose to them both the treason and the treachery. I have promised to do so, and but awaited your presence for that purpose."

Whatever might have been the feelings of the condottiere at this ominous opening, he had the skill to conceal them.

"As I am here," said he, "I presume your excellency will proceed. You are, of course, prepared to submit convincing *proofs* to myself and my brothers in arms. Men act not, in such cases, upon mere suspicions."

The wily soldier laid a strong emphasis on the word *proofs*. Despite of his fears, he could not conceive that Zeno had any evidence to adduce against him, however strong suspicion might exist.

"*Proofs!*" retorted Zeno, with a stern voice and kindling eye. "Proofs shall this meeting undoubtedly have, and that soon. Bring hither the Genoese spy."

In a moment the man who had been captured by Sir William Cheke and his trusty Hodge was led into the room, bound and guarded.

"Fellow," said Zeno, "answer me and these honourable Signori truly, as you shall hope to save your life."

"So please your excellency, I will," answered the Genoese.

"Whence came you here?"

"From Chioggia, eccellenza."

"When, and for what purpose?"

"I left the town last night, bearing a secret despatch from those in authority there."

"Dost thou know its contents?"

"I do not: it was tied and sealed."

"What were thy instructions with regard to it?"

"To deliver it with all despatch and privacy to Sir Roberto di Recanati!"

"The eyes of all were turned with wondering inquiry on the accused. Recanati raised his head, and returned their glances with haughty composure. He had weighed and scrutinised

each answer of the Genoese; he felt sure he had never seen him; that he had received the packet safely from, as he believed, the real messenger, and his rapid mind came to the conviction that whoever this witness might be, actual proof against himself could not be adduced.

"It is false!" cried he, in a tone of indignation. "Brothers in arms, I denounce this as a base plot against the reputation of a condottiere, which touches the honour of every soldier of fortune. On the honour of a knight and the faith of a Christian, I swear that I never, till this night, beheld the man who now testifies. Where is this despatch? Let him produce it. Wilt thou dare to affirm, wretch, that thou hast ever seen me till this minute?"

"It is true that I never saw you before, signore. I cannot produce the document."

A smile stole over the face of the soldier, he began to breathe more freely.

"We shall clear up all this presently," said Zeno. "Let the English bowman stand forth."

Hodge at once stepped forward, and stood bolt upright beside the Genoese.

"Good fellow, dost know the man next thee?"

"Ay, so please you, signore: we made acquaintance over night. We found him like a wolf in our preserves, and so we snared him, as your excellency knows."

"Look at this packet. Hast seen it before?"

And Zeno took from the papers before him one which he held towards the archer.

"Assuredly, signore. It is the same which we found upon yonder fellow, when we were going to skin him," said the woodsman, his blue eye laughing at the recollection of the scene; "and which I disposed of as your excellency directed. The Signor Capitano," he continued, turning to Recanati, "will doubtless testify for me that I delivered it to him carefully."

"Brother soldiers," said Zeno, rising and opening the packet, "here in your presence do I stand up and accuse Roberto di Recanati, as a dishonoured knight and a base traitor. I charge him, upon the evidence of these men and the proofs in my hand, of having entered into a treasonable compact with the Genoese at Chioggia."

Recanati sprang to his feet, in a transport of uncontrollable rage. All his composure had deserted him. Hurriedly he placed his hand upon his sword-hilt, and as he half drew it from the scabbard, he exclaimed, in a loud voice of defiance and scorn,

"I fling back thy foul words in thy face, Carlo Zeno. Traitor and dishonoured thyself! Thou false priest, who hast broken thy vows; thou disgraced gambler, and desperate adventurer. Thou liest in thy throat, and I will prove thee a liar with my body. Brother soldiers, I demand at your hands the rights of a knight and a gentleman. There is my gage—I claim the ordeal of battle."

He flung his iron gauntlet heavily upon the table, and was about to spring from the place where he stood, when either arm was seized by two mailed hands, that seemed to grip him as in a vice, and he found himself in the power of two English archers, whose ponderous frames towered over him, and seemed ready at a moment to crush the slender form of the Italian. Silently yet irresistibly they pressed him downwards till he was again seated, pale with fury, but unable to stir. Zeno looked at him with a smile of quiet contempt.

"Signori," he continued, "we shall proceed with our proofs. When they are all laid before you, if you do not pronounce that I have made good my words, I pledge myself that Carlo Zeno, though generalissimo of the forces of the republic, will not refuse the gage that has been flung down to him."

Zeno then proceeded calmly to read the document.

It stipulated that the leaders of the Genoese were willing to secure to Roberto di Recanati a certain stipulated sum of money, to be paid to him upon the termination of the blockade, provided he would undertake to assist them in the following plot, the terms and feasibility of which, it appeared, had been previously fully discussed between them. Upon the night therein named—being the present one—as soon as it was ascertained that the Venetian troops had all retired to rest, and the camp was quiet, emissaries were to be sent by Recanati to the quarters of the other mercenaries who were found to be favourably inclined to aid in the movement, to prepare them for a rising. That signals by means of lights were then to be exchanged between the Genoese and Recanati, upon which a tumult was to be suddenly excited throughout the camp. That upon Zeno's issuing forth from his quarters, two assassins, who were to lie in wait for the purpose, were to rush upon and slay him. Then, amid the confusion and darkness, the Genoese were to sally forth from Chioggia, and making their way to the Venetian camp, were to fall upon the troops, dismayed and in disorder at the death of the general, and, joined by the conspirators at Palestrina, to effect a general slaughter. If this scheme succeeded, the Genoese felt confident that they would be able to effect a communication with the Genoese admiral in the morning, and thus escape the horrors to which they had been so long subjected. Chioggia was, in return, to be left to the conspirators to enter, and to possess themselves of such treasure as the Genoese should be unable to carry away with them.

This instrument was signed by certain parties on behalf of the Genoese, and also by Roberto di Recanati.

"And now, signori," said the general, when he had finished the reading of the document, "how say ye all? Have I proved the existence of the treason as I pledged myself to do? Have I shown you the traitor?"

A general burst of indignation was the instant reply to Zeno's question—

"You have, you have. Down with the traitor. We will stand by our general and the republic."

"The danger is imminent," cried one of the captains; "while we sit here, the enemy may be preparing to assail us; it behoves us at once to take measures for our own safety and that of the state."

"Content you, gentlemen, on that score," answered Zeno. "I have already taken such precautions as I deemed needful. In the first place, I have secured the emissaries who had gone forth an hour since to rouse the conspirators. No signal has been given in the camp, and the Genoese will scarcely venture to leave Chioggia till they see the light. Meantime, how are we to deal with this true knight and loyal ally?"

"He is a traitor and deserves a traitor's death," cried Sir William Cheke.

"He does—he does—away with him to prison," responded every voice.

"Be it so," said Zeno. "I will answer to the republic in this matter. Guards, lead the prisoner to the military dungeon."

But ere the two stout bowmen could execute the order, Recanati had started to his feet, and springing with the nimbleness of a tiger at Zeno, aimed a deadly blow at his head with his sword, shouting loudly, "Recanati, to the rescue!" Well was it for the general that his helmet was wrought by one of the skilfullest armourers of Milan. The blade cleft down upon it, striking fire as steel struck upon steel: the sword was shivered, and the helmet cleft open well-nigh down to the head of the wearer. Zeno staggered beneath the violence of the stroke, and many a hand was raised to fell the traitor to the earth. But the general quickly recovered, and interposed with all the weight of his authority.

"Nay, my good friends, nay; ye shall not stain your true blades with the foul blood of such a one as this. We shall reserve him for a more fitting punishment than death from the swords of true soldiers."

The guards had now succeeded in restraining Recanati, and were hurrying him away, when the noise of feet and the shout of many voices were heard without. Cheke instantly whispered to Alexis, who left the apartment, and all then arose and stood around the general.

"To the rescue—to the rescue, my brave lancers!" shouted Recanati, "your captain, Recanati, is seized—they are going to slaughter him!"

PENCIL-MAKING AT KESWICK.

SITUATED in a slightly undulating valley, with the lake of glorious Derwentwater in the immediate vicinity, backed by Skiddaw, who rears his hoary peaks to an elevation of more than three thousand feet, and traversed by the river Greta, endeared to every lover of the English language by its literary associations, is the pretty straggling town of Keswick. Were this spot "unknown to fame," from the irresistible attractions which its neighbourhood presents to all lovers of the sublime and beautiful, there would be an interest felt in the spot by at least some sections of the community, as having furnished them with the means of embodying their own conceptions of taste and fancy by the pencil of the artist. And it is to Keswick in this respect that we have now to invite the attention of our reader.

The pencil-works of Messrs. Banks, Son, and Co., which we have to visit, are seated on the banks of the Greta, the waters of which furnish the motive power for all the machinery of the establishment. The factory itself consists of a house of several stories, in the premises connected with which the cedar

FIG. 1.—CUTTING AND GROOVING PENCILS.

logs are stored, after their voyage from South America, for the service of the works; amounting in the course of a year to no less than from five thousand to six thousand cubic feet, and serving for the manufacture of some five or six millions of cedar pencils.

The first process in their formation is the cutting up of the logs into various sizes, according to the lengths and kinds of pencils to be made. On entering the workshop in which this is carried on, the senses are variously affected by the different objects that present themselves. The eye is confused by the machinery in action, and the bands and spindles by which motion is given to the several parts; the ear is filled with the hum and *skurr* of the saws; and the nose is irritated by the flood of fine wood-dust which fills the room, and which, though at first not unpleasant, before long occasions annoyance, and even nausea to one unaccustomed to it.

At the end of this room the methods may be witnessed by which the cutting up of the logs of cedar into proper lengths is effected by means of a circular saw, the pieces being afterwards reduced to thin planks by another instrument. A man then takes one of the thin planks, which has already been prepared, and is of the length of three or four pencils, and wide enough, perhaps, for a dozen, and, by means of a machine, of which we furnish an illustration (fig. 1), he cuts it into thin oblong strips; and, while this is being accomplished, he regulates with his feet the action of another circular saw, placed at right angles to the one first mentioned, which cuts in the wood the grooves for the insertion of the lead. As, however, the lead passes only along a portion of a pencil, the length and position of a groove has to be regulated accordingly. One-half of the pencil having thus been prepared, a smaller oblong piece is also cut, which may fit against the first and complete the whole.

The material employed in the formation of lead-pencils, and which is improperly called black-lead, is a compound of carbon and iron, and is found in various situations, such as among mountains, in beds of quartz, and in masses of calcareous earth, often looking like stones in a bed of gravel. It generally occurs in kidney-shaped pieces, varying in size from

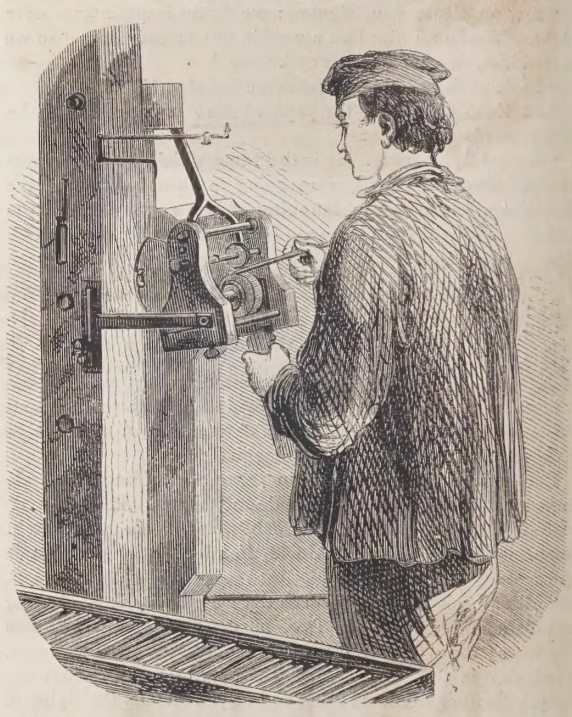


FIG. 2.—LETTERING PENCILS.

that of a pea upwards. The most celebrated black-lead mine, is that in Borrowdale, Cumberland, six miles from Keswick, which was accidentally discovered in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and proved to be of the purest carbon next to the diamond. When its commercial value was first ascertained, the proprietors found it very difficult to guard the mine from depredations; the practice of robbing it having become at length so common, that persons living in the neighbourhood were said to have made large fortunes by secreting and selling the mineral. About a century ago, a body of miners broke into the mine by main force, and held possession of it for so long a time as to succeed in abstracting from it an enormous quantity of lead, which they sold at so low a price, that the proprietor was induced to buy it up in order to restore the old rate of prices. Some years since the mine failed, and very little or anything has been obtained from it since, though there is Borrowdale lead still in existence. Messrs. Banks, Son, and Co., are part proprietors of the mine, their share at the last and final division of the produce being about five hundred pounds' weight of the lead. When lead was obtained

from the Borrowdale mine, it was sent to London for sale, and being bought by manufacturers at Keswick, it was sent back again, and thus the town maintained its reputation for the production of pencils.

When the lead is of sufficient size, the processes in its preparation are greatly simplified, since all smaller pieces have to be cut up, pounded down, and mixed together. With this

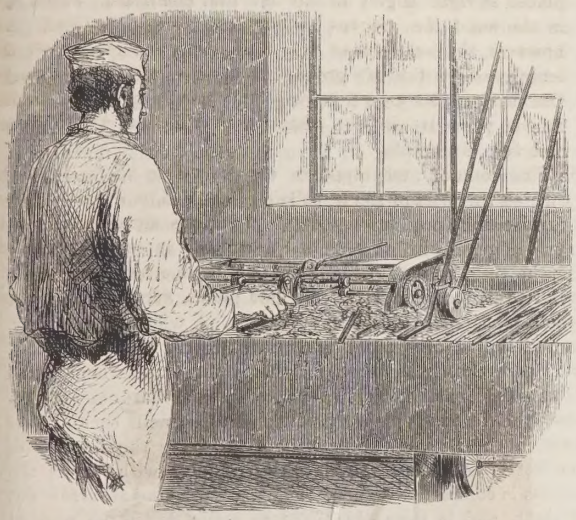


FIG. 3.—ROUNDING PENCILS.

a large quantity is mingled which is obtained from other countries, and as little of the larger sort remains, artists now find that pencils are very inferior in quality to what they once were, and that though they may be stamped with the words "Warranted pure Cumberland lead," they often have little or none of it in them.

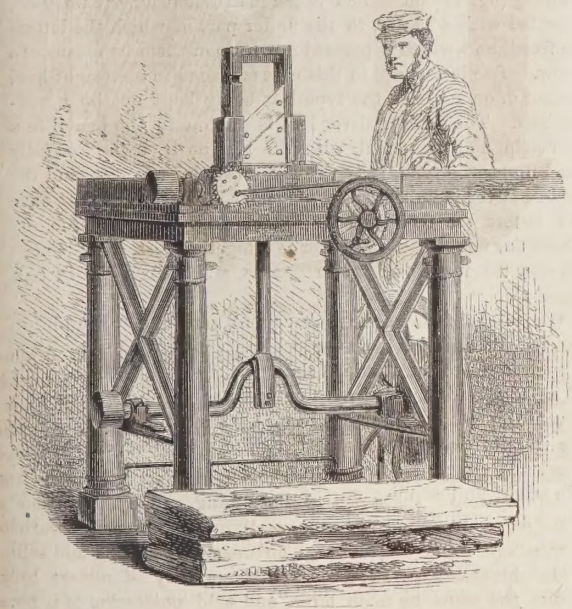


FIG. 5.—MACHINE FOR CUTTING THE ENDS OF PENCILS.

The inferior qualities of lead are intermingled with grit and particles of sand, which have to be removed. For this purpose the material is crushed between iron rollers, sifted, cleansed, ground, heated in close retorts, and compressed into oblong slabs; these operations being carried on in another part of the establishment. In the case of the pure Borrowdale lead, these processes are omitted, the only preliminary step that is required being to remove the foreign ingredients from the exterior.

The wood having been thus far prepared, it is given to a sorter, who selects from it those pieces which have knobs and irregular parts; these are put aside for fire-wood. On seeing the heaps of wood thus regarded as useless, we suggested that it might have been preserved for the formation of cedar

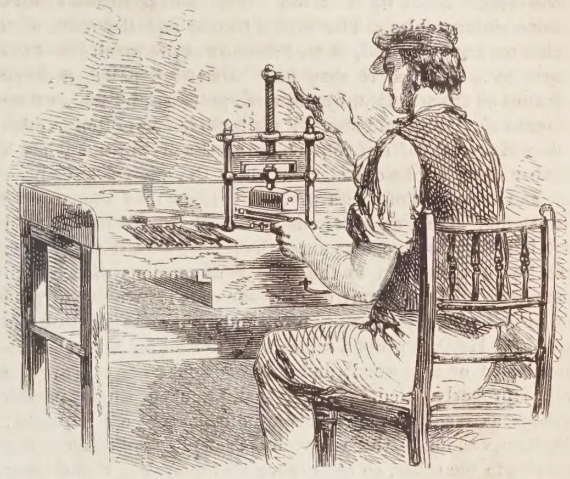


FIG. 4.—GILDING PENCILS.

matches; but according to present usage a great deal of good material is sold as firewood to the women of the neighbourhood. The cedars which have been prepared are now sent up stairs to be "set out," as it is called, and are then marked so as to guide the men in the insertion of the lead in the grooves as to where the pencil shall end.

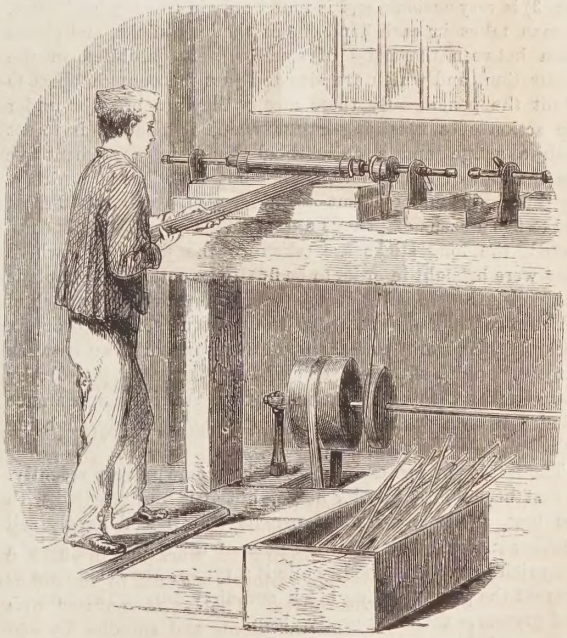


FIG. 6.—POLISHING PENCILS.

When the lumps of lead are taken from the cask, they are glued to a board, in order to secure them in a position in which they may be sawed into thin slices or scantlings, care being taken in this process to occasion as little waste as possible. Judgment has now to be exercised in the selection of leads of the right degrees of hardness, so that when they are made up it may not be found that a pencil is an H H at one end and a

B B at the other. For the hardest pencils the lead is prepared chemically, and for the softest an increased thickness of lead is inserted. The dust and scraps are preserved for the formation of inferior qualities of goods.

We next visit the benches at which the lead is fitted into the grooves in the strips of cedar. The men here at work present a peculiar appearance. They are dressed in dark blue smocks,—this being the general costume of the place,—with loose sleeves fitted tight at the wrist, and are sitting at very black shining tables. The men's hands, and the tools with which they are engaged, as well as most of the furniture of the apartment, look as if they had been fresh polished every morning by the servants, by the same processes by which they cleansed the grates and stoves; while their faces often exhibit tints and streaks of different colours. Each workman has a number of the sticks of cedar, in which the grooves have been cut, and a number of slices of lead just as they appear after the sawing. He then takes one of the slices, and having seen that it is not too broad to enter the groove—for if this be the case he rubs it down to the proper dimensions on a rough stone which lies in front of him—he dips it in a pot of glue which is kept hot just beside him, and then presses it into the grooves. He then gives a scratch to the lead on a level with the surface of the wood, and breaks it off, so as to leave the groove properly filled. In the making of a single pencil, perhaps as many as three or four slice lengths are required; but however many there may be, each slice is fitted exactly endwise to the other, so as to leave no intervals. Should any of the lead afterwards project above the groove in the cedar, it is scraped off with a knife; this is called *shutting*. The rods being thus filled, are conveyed to the fastener-up. This operation is carried on with surprising dexterity. The workman glues the cedar-covers or slips over the filled rods, and having got a certain number arranged alongside of each other, he fixes them tightly together, and lays them aside to dry.

The pencil now presents the appearance of an oblong cedar stick, very rough and long, and it is removed down stairs to be rounded. The machine by which this is accomplished (fig. 3) is very curious, and is found only in this establishment. A man takes in each hand one of the long sticks, and places them between the pairs of small wheels exhibited in the illustration, and which are situated just far enough apart to admit the pencil. By these means they are brought under the action of a revolving cutter, which is made so as to act with a gauge and a chisel blade, and in a moment we see the end of the pencil passing out rounded to a nicety. By this simple and efficient machine, a man will round from 600 to 800 dozens of pencils a day. This process being completed, the long sticks are taken to the floor from which they were brought in order to be finally smoothed with a plane and polished. To effect this, benches are provided, at each of which two boys are at work, who take up some five or six sticks in their hands, and then pull them up and down between a roller covered with leather and a leather board (fig. 6); by these means the pencils are made to present the appearance of nice smooth walking-sticks, some thousand dozen being polished a day by each boy.

The fashion of varnishing pencils has come up very recently. It first began with inferior kinds, but it is now adopted with the best, and many sorts of pencils will indeed hardly sell without it. It brings out the colour of the cedar, and gives a deep rich hue to the wood, while it serves at the same time to prevent the pencil getting black and dirty during the cutting, and preserves them uniformly clean.

The polishing being completed, the next step is to cut the rods into lengths. This is accomplished by the aid of a circular saw, which insinuates itself through an aperture in a table, and against which a boy presses a row of pencils, the proper length being determined by a gauge. This cross-cutting, however, is not sufficient to complete them with a proper degree of nicety, and to finish them they are handed to another workman. In front of him is a bench, from out of which projects a little bit of wood, on the top of which is a piece of iron having holes to fit different sizes of pencils, and then with a razor-blade fixed in a wooden handle, he cuts the top off so as to leave a perfectly smooth edge. The wood ends are finished on a more wholesale principle, by the aid of what may be called a guillotine, of which we furnish an illustration (fig. 5). This instrument is used only by Messrs. Banks and Son, and consists of four iron pillars supporting an iron table, at the top of which is a blade fixed diagonally; this being set in motion by a crank at the lower part of the machine, moves up and down. All that the boy who attends its operation has to do, is to put five or six pencils under the grooves made for them, and down comes the blade, so that the heads are nicely finished without further trouble. A hundred dozen may easily be cut by this guillotine in a day.

The last operation in the history of the manufacture of a pencil is the stamping on them the name of the maker, and the indication of their quality. Of the ingenious instrument by which this part of the work is accomplished, an illustration is furnished by our artist (fig. 2). The workman holds a dozen or two of pencils in his left hand, and then, taking them one by one, he puts an end of each on to a grooved wheel which is rapidly revolving, and by the movements of this wheel the pencil is carried onward. Above this wheel is another, around which are raised types forming the words "Banks, Son, and Co., Manufacturers, Keswick, Cumberland," and also the letters significant of their degree of hardness or softness, the latter being moveable. The pencil cannot pass between these two wheels without receiving the impress of the letters in the cedar; and the rapidity with which the process is completed is such, that it passes like an arrow out of sight, and is instantly heard to rattle down the wooden tube prepared for its reception on the other side into a box below. Some idea may be formed of the ease and expedition with which this is accomplished, from the fact, that from 120 to 200 pencils may be lettered in a minute. At the lower part of the machine is the box in which the pencils are kept which are about to undergo the process.

Many pencils are now finished, but some have gilt letters instead of the mere impress on the wood. When this is done, they are taken to a table close by—of which, also, we give a drawing (fig. 4)—on which is the instrument for the purpose, provided with a heater, to the under part of which the letters are fixed, and which is pressed down upon them by means of a screw. The letters are in this case arranged in a straight line, instead of on a wheel, the type-box being kept hot by a red-hot iron. The gold or silver leaf is put on to the pencil in a thin strip, and the pencil, with the leaf on it, being carefully fixed under the type, it is pressed down by a screw, and the gold or silver is imbedded in the cedar. The pencils that have gilt letters are usually coloured black, yellow, or blue, by which the fine tint of the cedar is altogether lost. The pencils are now taken and tied up in dozens, and afterwards in half grosses.

We might follow the subsequent career of a bundle of pencils, and find that it was not without interest. One, perhaps, is transferred to the studio of the artist, another to the boudoir of a lady, and a third may embody the rising genius of a youthful prodigy, who sketches horses with human heads to the infinite delight of his mother, who is assured, as she emphatically expresses it, that he will be "somebody some day." We might philosophise on the permanence which is given to fleeting thoughts of ideal beauty in their representation by the artist, who by its aid secures to himself and for others what would otherwise be but the evanescent conceptions of the hour. And we might conclude by moralising on the fact, that as it is by the wear and tear and destruction of the agent that its worth is developed, so it often is that men, in striving and labouring for society and the world, are themselves exhausted and consumed, and the elements of their physical constitution pass away, to mingle with, and to be absorbed into, the universe at large. But we leave these considerations to the meditation of our readers, as may suit their individual taste and feeling; our work being discharged in having, we hope, thrown some light on the history of the rise, progress, and decay of a cedar pencil.

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Amongst many anecdotes told of the "Duke," in the multitudinous biographies published after his death, there is one which we do not recollect having seen, and which is certainly far more worthy of notice than many of them. The sum and substance of it is, that he, on one occasion, towards the close of the Peninsular war, had an extraordinary narrow escape from being seized by the French, and carried off bodily to the camp of Marshal Soult. This would, certainly, have brought the campaign to a very ignoble end, and though it would not have saved Napoleon from downfall, would have prevented the battle of Toulouse, and thus saved the lives of many gallant men for the time. What might have been the ultimate effects of such a catastrophe upon the lives and liberties of the inhabitants of Europe, it is impossible now to say with any certainty, and useless to conjecture. But to our story:

We all know, that after the great and crowning victory of Vittoria, the British army marched straight to the frontiers of France, but—to do the French justice—not without finding every inch of the route vigorously contested. In January, 1814, the boundary was crossed, and the invaders encamped close to Bayonne, and threatened the town. The main body of the army was posted in the village of Anglet, the outposts lay on the left bank of the Adour, while the French under Marshal Soult occupied the right. The Duke of Wellington fixed his head-quarters in a pretty cottage, crowning one of the wooded hills which overhang Anglet, and from which the view took in Bayonne, the Atlantic, and the great road from Spain. The cottage was called Salha, and was but a short distance from the bay of Blanc Pignon, in which the Adour widens out, as if to gain strength for its final plunge into the ocean. In the middle of this bay, for the protection of the port, there were moored at that time a small armed vessel, called "La Mouche," and several gun-boats, the whole under the command of a lieutenant of the French navy, named Bourgeois, who was burning with a desire to distinguish himself, as might be expected of a naval officer whom the English cruisers had kept from showing his nose out of the harbour for many years; for since the battle of Trafalgar the French were not favoured at sea, nor intended to have dominion over it. This individual was a native of the village of Anglet, and his relatives still lived there, and he was consequently daily put in possession of all the movements which took place in the English camp. A message was brought him, that on a certain day named, the Duke of Wellington was about to reconnoitre the enemy's position on the right bank of the Adour. His informants even went so far as to mention the precise time, the exact point of the river, and the number of officers who would accompany him. Upon hearing this, Bourgeois resolved to attempt a surprise. There were pine woods upon the sandy flats on the left of the Adour, completely cutting off the view of the river from the plain at Anglet, and admirably adapted for an ambuscade to be directed against any one who approached the river from the south. A small body of men concealed in the wood, might, in the opinion of Bourgeois, in case the Duke came without escort, carry him off without being perceived till it would be too late to think of rendering assistance.

However, he did not like to take upon himself the responsibility of such an act without consulting his superior officer, who was stationed at Bayonne. He therefore wrote to him, telling him the information he had received, and asking his permission to attempt a *coup-de-main*. He sent his letter by a sailor on the morning of the 22nd of January, with orders to wait for an answer. The Duke was expected to arrive at noon, so that no time was to be lost. During the absence of his messenger, Bourgeois selected twelve of the best men of his crew, armed them to the teeth, and placed them in the boat, ready to start at a moment's notice. He now began to be very fidgetty, and several times made reference to the "name of thunder," a "thousand devils," a "plague," and the "vestry-room of a church," or else "the church plate;"—which of them he contemplated, we cannot take upon us to say; and his dissatisfaction reached a climax, when his messenger returned, bringing word from his chief (every man in France has a chief), that his proposal would be taken into consideration. M. Bourgeois considered this rather cool, and not a little provoking, particularly as he had the mortification of witnessing six English officers, on the afternoon of the 22nd, ride slowly along the river, and make their observations at their leisure. The opportunity was lost, and M. Bourgeois took the affair so much to heart, that he had no sleep for the next two nights, and ate but little during the day, and he did not know whether to laugh or cry, when on the 22nd the "chief" wrote to him officially as follows:—

"Monsieur,

"I have communicated your letter to the governor [of Bayonne], and he has replied, that there is no occasion to make any expedition on the left bank of the Adour; but if the enemy should come within range of your guns, you are at liberty to fire upon him."

Considering how unlikely it was that the enemy would ever be such fools as to do anything of the kind, M. Bourgeois did not find much consolation for his disappointment in this permission.

However, he brightened up a little when, just after receiving this letter, a messenger arrived from Anglet with the intelligence that the Duke was about to pay another reconnoitering visit on that very day and in the same place. This time Bourgeois resolved to act upon his own responsibility, and sent word to the chief merely that he was gone to make some soundings in the harbour, and that he had armed his boat's crew for the purpose of guarding against accidents, considering the near vicinity of the enemy's outposts. He took with him twelve picked men, and rowed leisurely down the middle of the river as if he was merely following the current; but as soon as he got into the shelter of the trees, and was hidden from the view of the sentinels on the heights, he suddenly pushed towards the bank and landed. The party made their way through the pine wood, until they arrived at the foot of Blanc Pignon, where they posted themselves in a thicket on both sides of the road along which the Duke would have to pass.

Having stationed his men, Bourgeois went to the top of an eminence at the extremity of the downs, where he posted himself, with a look-out man, in a position whence he could see the English quarters, and the road which led from them, without being seen himself, at least by the enemy. It was not very long before he heard the bugle sounding in the British camp, and saw the troops turning out and falling into their ranks upon the level ground on the heights of Salha. They then passed in review before Wellington, and M. Bourgeois had full opportunity to contemplate their discipline, dexterity, and martial air. Just at this moment he chanced to glance towards the town of Bayonne, and was surprised to see four men on the tower of the cathedral watching either him or the English intently—he knew not which. This rather alarmed him, but his spirits rose on seeing the Duke and six officers on horseback, as soon as the review was over, take a direct road towards the wood. In a few minutes they were within five hundred yards of the ambuscade. Bourgeois took up a stone and flung it amongst his men as a warning to be ready, and waited the result in dread suspense, his hand upon his sword, ready for a rush. At that moment a signal was given from the cathedral tower, and a cavalier darted out from the French advance guard at full gallop, and took his post at the entrance to the wood. This movement aroused the attention of the English; they stopped and deliberated together as to what course they should take. The lookers-out on the cathedral disappeared. M. Bourgeois hastened to the entrance of the wood and assembled his men; but Wellington had already turned his horse's head, and was far on his way to Salha. The chagrin of poor Bourgeois at this frustration of his magnanimous project may be easily imagined.

THE FORTRESS OF LUCCA.

THE ancient kingdom of Granada is one of the most mountainous and picturesque regions in all Spain. Green, beautiful valleys, lofty hills denuded of verdure, whose summits seem to reach the clouds, a sky intensely blue, castles built in Moorish days on craggy heights like eagles'-nests—all combine to make this country the most magnificent and attractive in the whole extent of Spanish territory. In some parts the rocks present the appearance of an immense amphitheatre, in others that of a gigantic staircase—mountains piled on mountains, with a winding road amid their threatening defiles, a road which here and there dwindles away into a narrow mule track, edged by a deep abyss, which one needs to pass under the guidance of a skilful muleteer. The fortress of Lucca is situated in the very heart of the mountain district, five miles distant from the old town of Castro. It occupies a high and conspicuous position. Glorious memories are awakened by a glimpse of its dismantled walls—stories of fierce war and tender love—of gallant deeds of arms which put to shame all modern Spanish heroism. There is a strange old legend connected with the castle, which the muleteer is well-nigh certain to relate as soon as he obtains a listener—how once upon a time, when the Moors were in possession of the castle, and the banner of the crescent waved from its summit, Queen Isabella resolved to take the place by storm; how the Arab commander, well knowing the impregnability of his position, laughed in derision as he saw the Christians afar off; how the troops of Isabella became dispirited as they strove in vain to reach the eyrie-citadel; but how, when their ardour was fading away, the holy Virgin herself appeared and led them on; how a road, unknown before, stretched itself out at their approaching footsteps, and made the way clear and accessible to the very gates of the castle; how the Arab leader, when he saw the miracle, mounted his horse and fled, but alas! for him, fell over a precipice, and man and beast were dashed to pieces. In confirmation of the story the muleteer points out the miraculous road, a strange circuitous path that looks like a ribbon carelessly thrown down; draws attention to the strange marks, which may be taken for the impression of a horse's hoofs, on the side of a deep gulf; and leads the traveller to the ruined tower itself, that strange old remnant of the past.

FORTRESS OF LUCCA.

The inhabitants of the mountain district are a hardy peasantry, bold and alert; great lovers of the national dances and national music. The men of the mountains, all over the world, have ever been the most enterprising and the most daring. The spirit of ancient chivalry, the love of country, the fearlessness of danger, which marked the men in the old time, still lingers, in some measure, in its mountain home. The dwellers in these wild districts are said to be the most superstitious in the country; and if ever one locality was more calculated than another to produce such feelings, these mountain passes are the very spots. Old legends belong to every moss-covered ruin, to every height, to every valley; there is not a crumbling tower or a cross by the wayside but has its strange unearthly story.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GERMAN LITERATURE AND ART.

TAKING a comparative glance at the leading families of the human species, it is interesting to notice the many different aspects under which some dominant quality, peculiar to each race, is shadowed forth. In its language and literature, its

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.—ILLUSTRATION OF A POEM BY UHLAND.

rchitecture and fine arts, in the daily routine of peaceful life nd the exceptional condition of war, the careful observer ill find the characteristics of a race displayed.

Who can be more individualised by his peculiarities than the Celt? Seek him where we will—whether in the Basque provinces of Spain, or amidst the bogs of Ireland; whether in the Scotch highlands, or the mountain tracts of Wales—in temperament he is the same, and this temperament is reflected in every phase of his existence. His mental organisation, delicately attuned, is responsive to every external impression. His impulses are generous, his soul is poetic; but the balance of his mental faculties is unstable. He originates ideas with-

out combining them. His mental creations want body, weight, and form. Like spirits, they are invoked; like spirits, they flit away.

Then what a speaking commentary on the Celtic temperament—what an epitome of its fervour, its poesy, its instability, are the small remaining fragments of that people's literature. Fragments we say, for surely one is not called on to acknowledge a few Welsh ballads, and the apocryphal version of Ossian, as the full literary representative of Celtic genius. Not that we undervalue the poems of Ossian, by the way, or deem them altogether spurious. That the materials of these poems existed orally, traditionally, we entertain no doubt.

Scarcely less expressive of the Celt's temperament than his literature is the phase under which we view him in war. Choleric of disposition, quick to take offence, the Celt has from all time been prone to appeal to the sword's arbitrament. None more daring in the field than he—none more personally brave—more dashing and impetuous; yet for want of a prolonged concentration of energy to one object—a want so characteristic of his race—he has never yet excelled in the larger strategy of war. He is a creature of raids, forays, and skirmishes—brilliant onslaughts and fierce attacks. But he is no general—he cannot *handle* large bodies of men. The battle-field is no chess-board for him; he must rush to the fray.

We might easily extend the number of our instances, and demonstrate the outshining of Celtic genius under many other phases, though still essentially the same; time and space, however, admonish us to pass on and scrutinise another dominant race, which more particularly concerns us now; that race the Celt's antipodes—we mean the *Teutonic*, of course. And here one preliminary word; it is this: we beg to eschew all that delicate ethnological investigation which affects to settle relationship between Teuton and Goth. By Teutonic we mean the German race, and by the German race we mean all those who speak the German tongue. The demarcation suffices; nay, it is even more correct than it seems. None but a mind of true Teutonic mould can think with fluency in the German language.

Who can doubt the expressiveness of that language and its literature? Nay, who can misinterpret the expression of the German alphabet itself? Why, it is the very epitome of the Gothic style of architecture, and both are the representatives of the German mind—massive, yet detailed; fanciful, yet rigid—ponderous, sombre, and deeply toned. What more simple than the first idea of a Gothic architectural structure? What more elaborately made out than the ornamentation of its details? Starting with the one simple idea of an arch, the builder at length overlays his structure with the most florid accessories. So wayward, so fanciful, so ramified are these, that the mind of an observer is for a time lost in following them through their maze. Yet when the labyrinth has been threaded—when the fret-work has been seen in its minutiæ—all is found to bear the impress of proportion and form defined. Fanciful and wayward though the architect has been, he has never once lost sight of the leading Teutonic idea—of uniting the ideal to the material, fixing it, rendering it visible and tangible, by endowing it with form. Even a German ghost is more bodily than any other ghost; half endowed with substance and proportions. Once caught, the spectre comes from the German's hands half a thing of earth.

There is a charm about German literature and painting which, if we mistake not, is explicable on the principles announced as constituting the peculiarity of the Teutonic mind—that is to say, is attributable to a contrast between the simplicity of a first idea and the elaborate form-wrought accessories wherewith it is subsequently invested. This we believe to be a peculiarity of the Teutonic genius—a peculiarity manifested under thousands of phases, and not least of all in the literature of Germany. So essentially Teutonic, so Germanesque is this literary exponent of a principle, that it admits of no good translation. An integral portion of that language, it can be wedded to no other; and as some tender plants assume rank growths and ungainly mien when taken from their native soil and planted elsewhere—so it is with many exquisite scions of German poetry and prose. Integral parts of their own language, they flourish in no other. They may not die, but their elegance departs. Thousands of little tales and poems, which breathe the most exquisite sentiment in German, become, when rendered in a foreign tongue, only little better than a sort of nursery literature of the higher class. The wood-cut (p. 257) to which our remarks apply illustrates, and was suggested by, a stanza of this kind.

The mother, fondly caressing her little child, is asked by the latter where her brother has gone. The mother tells the little child her brother has died. But the little child knows not of death. "The angels have taken him away," continues the mother, "because he was always so good to me, and never gave me trouble." The little child then says, "Pray teach me how I may *not* be good, and how I may torment you, lest the angels also take me." This is the sentiment—this the inspiring theme of some exquisite stanzas by Johann Ludwig Uhland, a celebrated living poet of Germany, and whose beautiful lyrics are not half so well known as they deserve to be. Uhland may be characterised as a German Beranger, purified from all that levity of things sacred which too often sullies the French bard's effusions. Every thought, every aspiration of Uhland, is suggestive of that better existence to which the minds of rational beings should be directed. No poet has realised a more exalted conception of the nobleness of his mission than Uhland. Few authors of poetry worth reading have written so sparingly; nor is this to be wondered at, seeing the peculiar circumstances under which he has been placed—the troublous mould in which his destinies have been cast.

Born in 1787, at Tübingen, the son of the university secretary, Uhland early manifested his love for literary pursuits, although he trained himself for the law. Blessed with a competent fortune, our author would have devoted himself entirely to literature and the muses. But fate willed it otherwise. The great French Revolution broke forth, and involved Wurtemburg in its ramifications. The organic laws and constitution of this little country were totally remodelled at the will of Napoleon. Uhland did not behold these changes quietly or complacently. They aroused his spirit, and inspired some of his happiest effusions. Nevertheless, the poems of Uhland are well esteemed in France: not so much in consequence of their poetic merit, it may be (for our Gallic friends are often unjust to the Teutonic muse), as from the circumstance of their author having lived several years in Paris, where he devoted himself with the zeal of a true enthusiast to the study of mediæval literature, in which department the libraries of Paris are peculiarly rich.

Much of Uhland's poetry could never be adequately rendered into English. The task has been essayed by an Englishman whom we forbear to name, and the result is not felicitous. Yet we do not censure the translator: he had to deal with a poet who availed himself to the fullest extent of the power existing in the German language of endowing common subjects with a poetic garb. What shall we say, for example, of the poet who was so recklessly daring, that he wrote some stanzas—beautiful stanzas, too, on—what does the reader think?—*Pork soup!* Yet so it is.

We congratulate the French artist, whose painting we illustrate, on having so thoroughly caught the inspiration of Teutonic art. The figures are well composed—their modelling is round—the expression of the mother and child tells the sentiment of the poem. The leaves in the back ground, too, are thoroughly Germanesque. Not a leaf is left undefined out of deference to that quality of Teutonic genius which insists on extreme regard to form. Nor need we marvel that the genius of a people who invest spirits with bodies half mortal, causing them to marry, and to be given in marriage, to become almost like ourselves, will insist on making fig leaves more distinct of outline than nature herself makes them under the conditions of position and distance, as represented in our wood-cut. The painting is thoroughly Germanesque an expression of ours, which we intend as a compliment to the French artist.

AIR BALLOONS.

The accompanying engraving is a specimen of the numerous caricatures which were brought forth by the invention of air balloons, like so many insects fluttering in a sunbeam.

The satirical drawing of the *Volomanist* was most probably aimed at Faujas de Saint-Fond, a young geologist, the friend and *protégé* of Buffon, whose gigantic theories, his observations on the formation of the earth, and his researches respecting extinct volcanoes, he supported. When an official report, signed by the deputies of the state of Vivarais, together with various private letters, arrived to inform the Parisians and the members of the Academy, for the most part men who did not easily imbibe new ideas, that two young manufacturers had launched into the air, at Annonay, a globe of considerable size, which sustained itself and sailed through space, there was a general burst of enthusiasm before envious feelings had had time to display themselves. M. Faujas was among the most ardent admirers of the new discovery, and in order that the experiment might be repeated at Paris, instituted a national subscription, to which the people entered their names at the Café du Caveau, now the Rotonde.

Etienne Mongolfier gave an account of his ascent at Annonay, which was expressed with a moderation seldom met with in that age of exaggeration and hyperbole. The scrupulous exactness of the details which it contained enabled M. Charles, professor of experimental philosophy, and the Messrs. Robert, skilful machine-makers, to satisfy, in the space of a month, the expectations of the subscribers, and to dispense with the presence of the inventors whilst making use of their discovery. However, one of the Messrs. Mongolfier arrived in Paris in time to see that he had enabled his fellow-townspeople to make the experiment without his help.

The words in which he describes his ascent, and the means which he employed to effect it, are very striking, from their extreme simplicity and clearness. He says :—

"The aerostatic machine (p. 261)* with which the experiment was made before the gentlemen of the state of Vivarais, on Thursday, 5th June, 1783, was made of linen, lined with paper, sewn to a network of twine. Its form was nearly spherical, and its circumference measured 110 feet; a wooden frame, 16 feet square, held it fast at the bottom. Its capacity was about 22,000 cubic feet, so that it displaced, supposing the weight of air to be an 800th part of that of water, a mass of air weighing 1,980lbs.

"The weight of the gas was half that of air, for it weighed 990lbs., and the machine, with the frame, weighed 500lbs. Therefore, it was still 490lbs. lighter than common air, which has been proved by the experiment. The different pieces of the machine were fastened together by means of simple buttons and button-holes. Two men were sufficient to set it off, and to fill it with the gas; but eight persons were required for the purpose of holding it down, who did not release their hold until the signal was given. It rose with great velocity, its motion becoming less rapid towards the end of the ascent, to about the height of 6,300 feet. A breeze, scarcely perceptible upon the surface of the earth, carried it a distance of 76,000 feet from the place from which it had started. It remained ten minutes in the air; the loss of gas through the button and the holes made by the needle, and other imperfections in the machine, causing it to descend sooner than it would otherwise have done. The wind, at the time of the experiment, was in the south, and it rained. The machine descended so lightly, that it broke neither the stem nor the props of the vine upon which it alighted."

This account is quoted in the work of M. Faujas, upon the experiment of the Champs de Mars, where a globe, twelve feet in diameter, made of taffeta coated with india-rubber, was inflated and launched into the air, on the 27th of August, 1783, by means of the constant labour of many workmen for the space of four days, and by employing 1,000lbs. of steel filings, and 498lbs. of sulphuric acid. M. Charles, and the Messrs. Robert, who worked under the direction of the above experimental philosopher, filled their balloon with hydrogen gas, the use of which the brothers Mongolfier had abandoned since their first experiment, because they found the expense of it too great.

Admission to the Champs de Mars, where the public were diverting themselves with his discovery, was refused to Etienne Mongolfier; he gave his name, and being repulsed, quietly retired. Faujas considered himself personally insulted by this conduct towards one of the inventors, whose genius he so much admired, and in honour of whom he had set the subscription on foot; displeased, moreover, with the Roberts, who had filled the balloon in such a manner as to cause it to explode, he complained loudly, and a virulent paper warfare was soon declared between the subscribers—M. Faujas at the head—and the philosophers and machine-makers employed by them. The caricature of the *Volomanist* was doubtless connected with this contest. Grimm, who relates in detail the literary and scientific events of the time, mentions this conflict more than once in his correspondence.

"We have had the honour of giving you an account," writes he, "of the pretensions of M. Charles, the experimental philosopher, to the discovery of M. Mongolfier. Whilst the latter was occupied in perfecting his machine, ascending to the height of more than 300 feet in the air, M. Charles sought out pamphleteers, and, in his circumstances, could only find the Chevalier de Rivarol. This writer interested himself less in maintaining the pretensions of his client than in seeking to lessen, as much as possible, the fame of M. Mongolfier, and to bring into ridicule M. Faujas de Saint-Fond, who was zealously engaged in forwarding the principles and repeating the experiments of the Messrs. Mongolfier, by raising a subscription, and having a medal struck in their honour."

Now the question was, who should derive profit or glory from the discovery made by the two quiet, retiring philosophers. What then took place recalls the allegory of the East, where a young prince, by dint of labour, perseverance, courage, and intelligence, succeeds in reaching the precious nut which grows on the highest branch of the tree of science. He opens it: all sorts of wonders burst from it; but those who, not daring or not being able to climb, have stopped at the foot of the tree, dart in crowds upon this booty, possess themselves of it, and the two empty shells of the mysterious and fruitful nut are all that remain in the hands of the true and courageous victor.

From that time innumerable pamphlets announced experiments which had only been projected. Tradesmen enriched themselves by selling little balloons, made of gold-beaters' skin, or varnished taffeta. Some printed their hypotheses, and pretended means of guidance; others, like Blanchard, had engravings executed of balloons, which were not always even constructed.

Thus the balloon of Dr. Jonathan, with the explanations which accompany it, probably only existed upon paper. The cannon represented in front of the gondola was never discharged, either to announce the arrival or the departure of an aeronaut, and never accelerated the course of a balloon, for none was ever made fit to cleave the air. The only trace which we find of the experiment of Dr. Jonathan is the notice of the ascent of a simple fire-balloon on the 24th of December, 1783, which quickly disappeared.

The aerostatic fish*, represented in our engraving (p. 261),

* The first experiment of the aerostatic machine, with the means of directing it at will, by Dr. Jonathan, took place at the village of Dessessebrugue, in France, whence this machine ascended, December 22nd, 1783, at nine o'clock in the morning. It descended at the place whence it had risen, after having traversed ten miles. This machine was constructed of very fine brass wire, covered with a sheet of cotton, coated with cement. The rudder was of the same material, and the sail of common canvas.

* The aerostatic fish was set off at Plazentia, a town of Spain, surrounded by mountains. It was guided by Don Joseph Patinha as far as the town of Coria, on the banks of the river Aragon, at twelve miles' distance from Plazentia, March 10th, 1784.

appears to be a burlesque on the balloon, in the shape of a fish, which ascended on the 19th of September, 1784, in Spain, guided, it is said, by Don Joseph Patinha, and which was impelled by a favourable breeze.

Indeed, it would be difficult to conceive any form for balloons which the first inventors had not taken into consideration. That of a fish, among others, was foremost in the minds of the two elder brothers, who were the most highly endowed of a family generally remarkable for intelligence. We will quote, on this subject, some passages from a letter of the canon Mongolfier, the old president of the college of

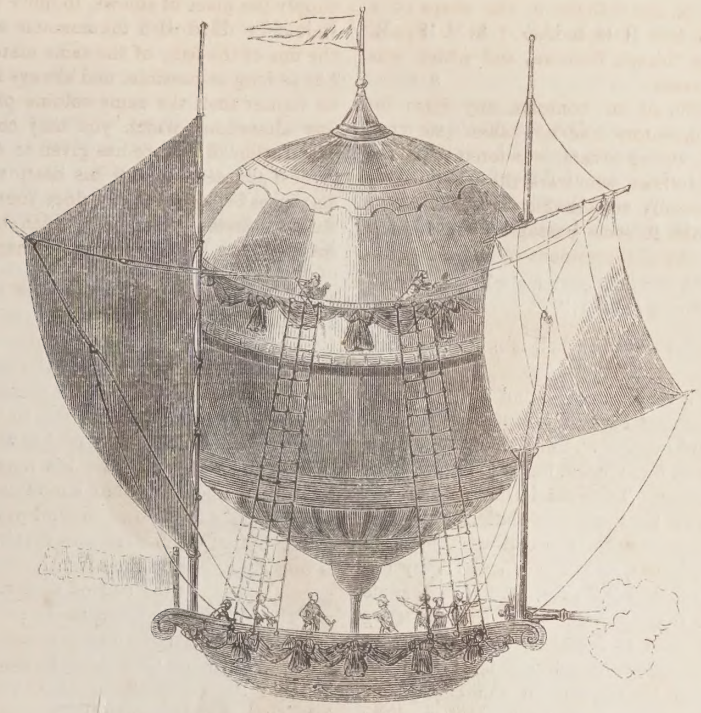
THE VOLOMANIST.—A CARICATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Autun, dated Annonay, 1st of December, 1783, and addressed to his brother, Etienne :—

"You know that Joseph is having a large machine, from eighty to a hundred feet in diameter, made at Lyons. I joked him about it the other day in a letter which I wrote; nevertheless, this idea runs in my head, and though I am not much of a philosopher, I think I may be allowed to consider myself at least equal to Joseph, since he has written me that I have given him a new idea. Now, having sung my own praises, *revenons à nos moutons.*

"It is not exactly the form of a sheep which I should give to your machine, nor should I, like your pamphleteer, advocate that of the horse, Pegasus; but it is that of a fish, with a tail, broad, but not thick, covered with whalebone or cane to supply the place of sinews, to move this immense helm, which should be filled with inflammable air. The wings, or rather the fins of the fish, of the same material, should be of taffeta, but as long as possible, and always filled with gas, in order to be lighter than the same volume of atmospheric air—in fact, any alterations which you may consider advisable. But as the Author of Nature has given to each individual that which is best adapted to fulfil his destiny, follow the models which he places before you; and since your object is to sail through a fluid, imitate the animal which traverses a fluid with the greatest ease. You will say, perhaps, 'Why not imitate the bird?' But it is specifically heavier than the air. Your machine, being lighter, bears more resemblance to the fish, which is lighter, or at least as light as the same volume of water. The bird's excess of weight is counteracted by the great extent of its wings, compared with the size of its body, and the multiplicity and vigour of its movements. The fins of the fish would be much more economical, much easier to put in motion, and would suffice for your experiment.

"However, as we must give justice to whom it is due, the first idea was Jean Pierre's; the arguments are mine. You will tell me, perhaps, that neither the one nor the other is common sense; as I know the difficulty of a lawsuit, I will submit to the sentence, though I could dispute it, considering that to judge is not to prove," etc.



AEROSTATIC MACHINE.

AEROSTATIC FISH.

BELLS AND BELL-FOUNDING.

HISTORY OF BELLS.

It may be as well to state at once, that for much of what follows we are indebted to an amusing and well-written little book, by the Rev. Alfred Gatty, vicar of Ecclesfield, entitled, "The Bell, its Origin, History, and Uses." The author of this work has, with much patient ingenuity, traced the history of

> ——— "The crazy old church clock
> And the bewildering chimes;"

and shown in what numerous ways the bell is mixed up with our social life.

The music of bells is of a very venerable and old-fashioned character, and from the earliest ages of the world has been used in various religious and other ceremonials. It is a matter of doubt when bells were first introduced, but it is unquestionable that they are very ancient. Their origin must be sought for in the records of Egypt, the mother of nations. Recent discoveries have made it apparent that the bell was known to the inhabitants of Assyria, Etruria, and China; and Thompson, in his "Etymons of English Words," says, under the article "Bells," that, long before they were known in Europe, they were in use in Hindoo temples to frighten away evil spirits. Be this as it may, we have certain record that bells—that is, small hand and ornamental bells—were in use among the Israelites. In the writings of Moses, we have mention of the "bells of gold" with which the dress of the high priest was adorned—"a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe round about;" that when Aaron disappeared from the sight of the worshippers within the veil of the temple, the ringing of the bells upon his robe might be an intimation to them that he was still living in the Divine presence. Again, in Zechariah xiv. 20, there is mention of bells as forming part of the harness or decoration of horses; and it is suggested by Mr. Gatty, that even Tubal Cain, the sixth in descent from Adam, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," might have scooped the sounding metal into some species of bells.

These small bells were, it appears, attached to the garments of Hebrew women, virgins, and boys, as well as to the pontifical robes. It seems, indeed, that small toy-like bells have been used in the service of religion from the earliest times; and prefixed to an old MS. edition of the Psalms of David, believed to be of the fourteenth century, is an illuminated representation of the "sweet singer of Israel," sitting before a small wooden frame, playing upon a row of bells with little hammers. This representation must, however, be considered rather as an illustration of the illuminator's own time, than as any authority for believing that hand-bells such as those represented were ever in use among the Hebrews.

The Greeks and Romans probably derived their knowledge of bells from the Egyptians, the first colonisers of Europe. The royal costumes of the shahs of Persia were also decorated with golden bells; and there is reason to believe, that in the decoration of mules and horses, as well as on the garments of the nobility of various nations, small bells were used long before the Christian era.

But not only in religious ceremonies was the bell anciently employed. Æschylus and Euripides inform us that the Greek warriors had small bells concealed within the hollows of their shields; and that when the captains went their rounds at the camp at night, each soldier was required to ring his bell, in order to show that he was awake and watchful at his post.

Bells were both Bacchic and mystic, as may be seen by reference to the ancient marbles in the British Museum; and it was from their use in the celebration of the mysteries that Plutarch endeavoured to show that the Jews worshipped Bacchus. In the triumphal entries of conquerors bells have also played important parts. They were hung as emblems and ornaments on the car of the warrior—as on that which conveyed the body of Alexander from Babylon to Egypt, as described by Diodorus Siculus; they were in use in the islands of the Archipelago to announce the opening of the markets, even as now; they were employed, as we learn from Plutarch, to detect and prevent the escape of the unhappy Xanthians. When the city of Xanthus was besieged, some of the inhabitants tried to escape by swimming and diving through the river, but nets with small bells attached were spread across the stream under the water, and by the ringing of the bells each capture was announced.

In later times we find that the garments of the chief men and civil officers among the Germans were decorated with bells. They came, too, in time, to be regarded as the messengers of sorrow as well as of joy and triumph. The criminal had a bell suspended from his neck as he was led away to execution, and its sound announced his speedy death as he walked sadly in his own funeral procession.

The period when large bells first began to be used in churches is uncertain, but by the seventh century they were in pretty general use. At the end of that century, the venerable Bede mentions their existence in English churches. Their introduction has been variously assigned to Paulinus, bishop of Nola, a town of Campania, in Italy, in the year of our Lord, 400; to Pope Sabinianus (A.D. 604), to whom the honour of introducing bells into churches is given; and to various other persons.

Bells have been known under the various names of *Tintinnabulum*, a little bell so called from its tinkling sound; *Petasus*, a larger sized bell, so named from its resemblance in shape to a broad-brimmed hat—by this latter instrument it was that the Greeks opened their fish-market, and the Romans invited the public to the bath; the *Codon*, from the Greek term, signifying the open mouth of a trumpet; *Nola*, a bell of similar size to the last, and named after the town of its inventor; *Squila*, a little bell used by the Italians; *Dodonæi lebetes*, the cauldrons of Dodona; and *Campana*, the true turret bell, so called from the town of its birth—whence Campanolo, a bell-tower. It is probable that all, except the last, were made of forged metal, and were struck on the outside by a wooden or iron hammer, and that they all, more or less, resembled flat dish-like disks. Indeed, the very word Bell is said to come from the Latin *pelvis*, a basin or foot-bath; and if this be so, the configuration of ancient bells is at once determined.

In the history of the church of the middle ages the bell had much to do. First, it was christened with all ceremony; then it was employed in the various services of the day, convoking congregations, excommunicating the disobedient and the infidel, and, finally, being tolled at the moment when the spirit passed from out the earthly body. The ceremony of Christian baptism was certainly one of the most curious observances connected with the bell's history. The fused metal was blessed by the priests; and then when the bell was turned out perfect from the mould, it was regularly passed through the ceremonies of baptism. Its sponsors were persons of rank, and the most considerable priest, or even a bishop or archbishop, officiated—with all the accompaniments of naming, anointing, sprinkling, robing, &c.

Excommunication by "bell, book, and candle," was long practised. The bell was rung to summon the congregation to this ceremony; the priest read the service from a balcony; and when the anathema was pronounced, the candles were put out, as an emblem of an extinction of hope in the sinner's soul.

The Complin bell it was which summoned the people to the last religious service of the day. The Sanctus bell was formerly hung in a small turret outside the church, as may still be seen in some of our old churches; it is now merely a small hand-bell, which is rung during the service of the mass, to call the attention of the congregation to its more solemn

parts. The Passing bell was so named because it used to be tolled as the spirit passed out of the body.

"Prayers ascend
To heaven in troops at a good man's passing bell,"

says Donne, in allusion to the fact, that at the sound of the passing bell, all who heard it were enjoined to pray for the soul of the dying. From this custom is derived that of tolling the church bell at a funeral.

Everybody has heard of the *Couvre feu*, or Curfew Bell, which was introduced into this country from France by William the Conqueror. At eight o'clock in the evening it rang out its evening peal, and at the last stroke of the hammer on the metal, all lights and fires were ordered to be put out. We will now enter

THE FOUNDRY,

And describe the modern process of bell-casting. For illustration we will take the establishment of Messrs. Mears, Whitechapel, the oldest, largest, and best known of the kind in London or England. Before we describe the process of casting a bell, it will be as well to inform the reader that bell-metal consists of an amalgam of copper and tin in the proportion of about three parts of copper to one of tin. Mention has been made of the old custom of adding a few gold or silver coins to the metal when in a state of fusion, but it is quite a popular error to suppose that the metal of old bells is of greater value from such a circumstance. The actual value of bell-metal, when formed into bells, is about £6 a cwt., including the cost of production; and when old bells are received in exchange, it is usual for the founder to allow about £4 per cwt. for the metal inclusive of the silver it may or may not contain.

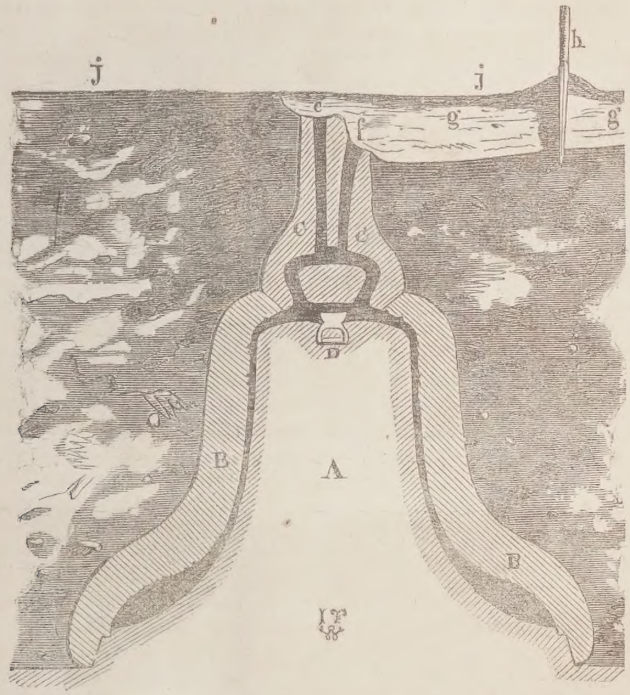
There are, of course, various trade secrets as to the exact proportions of the different metals necessary to constitute a first-rate amalgam.

There is no great mystery in the bell-founder's art; but extreme care is necessary, in order to produce a good-toned bell, that all the preliminary operations should be conducted with the greatest exactness. With the aid of our artist, then, we will endeavour to explain the *modus operandi* observed in founding or casting a bell.

Passing through various yards, in which are stored quantities of old timber, old bell-metal, and a multitude of odds and ends, in the shape of old cannons and great masses of old copper, destined one day for the furnace, we arrive at the

MOULDING-ROOM.

Here a sight presents itself which is at once peculiar and striking. All along the floor are ranged the moulds of future bells. In describing the casting of a bell, it will be necessary to observe, that it is nothing more than a layer of metal which has been run into the space between the mould and its outer covering, and allowed to cool. A glance at the accompanying diagram will explain this very readily. Here we have a section of a bell as it lies in the pit during the process of casting. If the reader keep this diagram in his mind's eye, he will have no difficulty in comprehending all that we may have to say on the subject. The various parts of a bell may be described as the body or barrel; the clapper or striker, hanging in the inside; and the ear or cannon on its top or crown, by which it is hung in its chosen position in the tower. The following description, therefore, applies to all bells, large and small, the various modifications in the shape, &c., not interfering with the principle on which it is manufactured.



SECTION OF A LARGE BELL, WITH THE MOULD AND COPE, AS IT LIES IN THE PIT.*

The first principle to be observed is the construction of the shape or form of the future bell, so as to insure that due harmony in all its parts which shall give to it the proper degree of tone and vibration. Various theories have obtained in different countries, and among the several founders of our own country, as to the best proportions for bells; but the following scale has been proposed, and generally followed as coming nearest to perfection: "Taking the thickness of the sound-bow or brim—that is, the part where the clapper strikes—a bell should measure: in diameter at the mouth, fifteen

* A is the inner mould or core; B is the outer mould or cope; C is the crown or head, which is made independently of the other moulds, and is fitted on accurately just before the pouring in of the fused metal represented by *e*, which is running from the furnace in a glowing mass, *g g*; *f* is the hole left for the escape of the air between the two moulds; *h* shows the method employed in stopping off the supply of fused metal, so that the stream may be directed into a new channel; *j j* shows the earth surrounding the bell and mould; D is the metal ring to which the clapper is afterwards to be hung, and which is affixed when the casting of the bell is completed, the configuration of which is shown by the black line between the inner and outer moulds.

FIG. 1.—THE FOUNDRY.

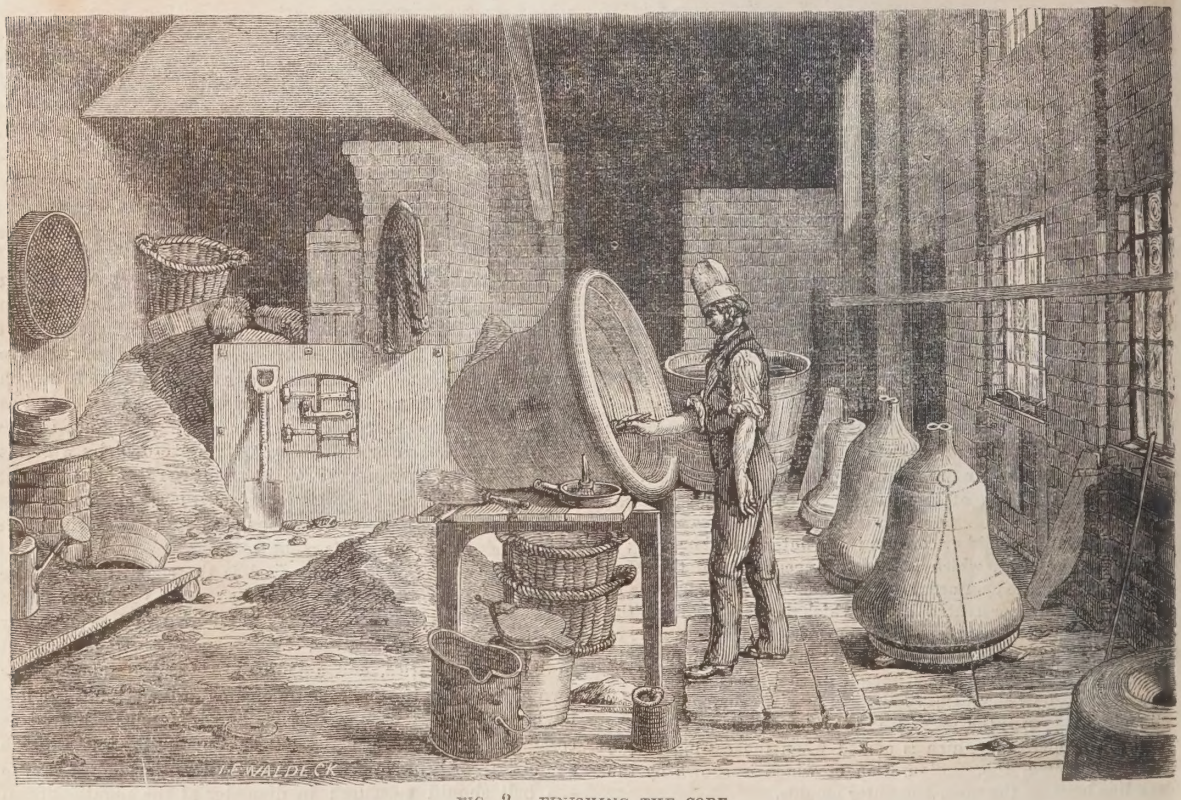


FIG. 2.—FINISHING THE COPE.

FIG 3.—FINISHING THE CORE—THE CROOK.

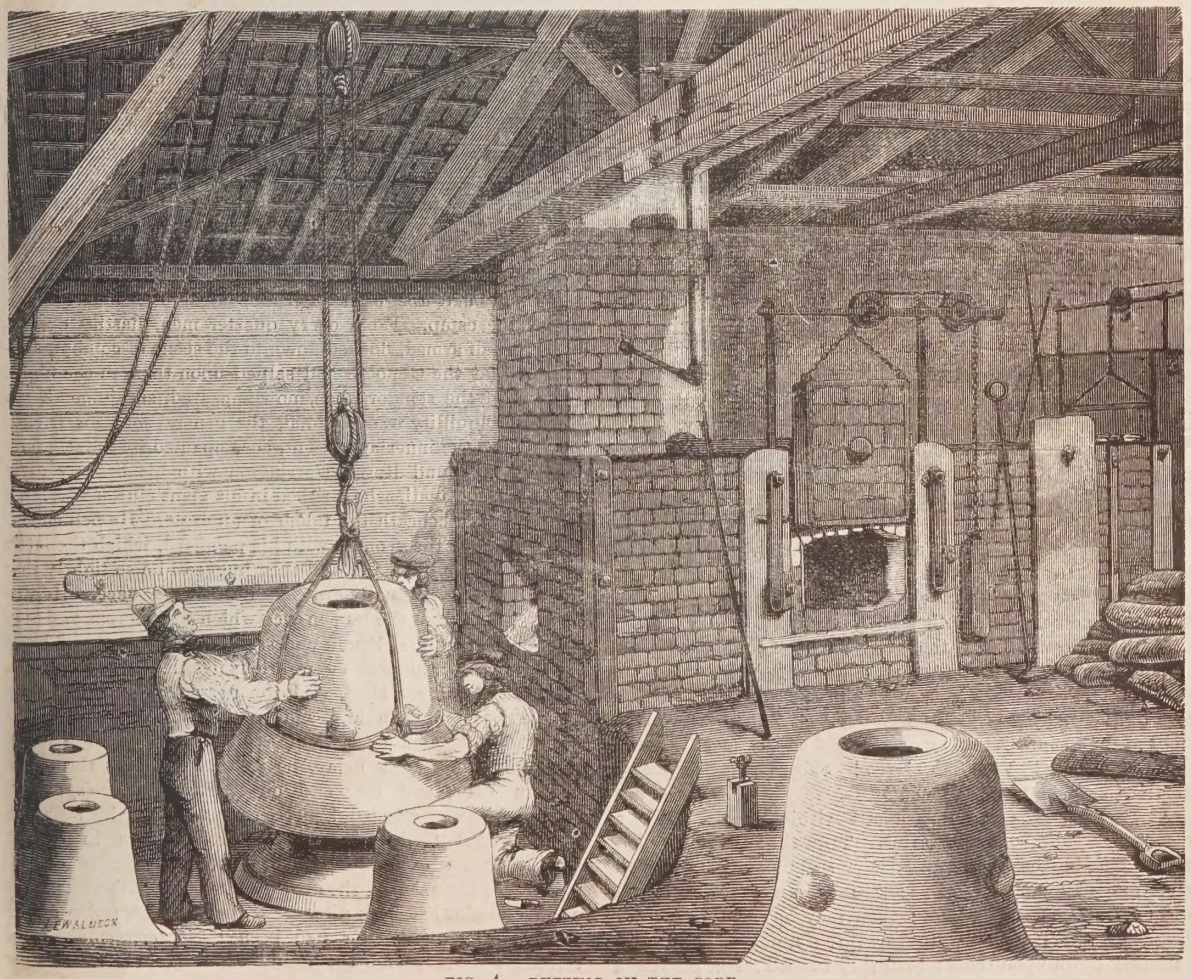


FIG. 4.—PUTTING ON THE COPE.

brims; in height to the shoulder, twelve brims; and in width at the shoulders, seven and a-half brims, or half the width at the mouth." These proportions, however, are very variable, and depend greatly on the taste, experience, and skill of the founder, an approximation merely being arrived at in these figures.

The size and proportions, then, of the future bell being ascertained, the making of the mould is proceeded with. The *outer* form of the mould—by which the *inner* shape of the bell is determined—is made by means of a *crook* which is made to revolve on the clay, &c., of which the mould is composed. This *crook* is a kind of double compass formed of wood, one leg of which is cut or curved to the shape of the inner sides of the intended bell. A glance at the engraving (fig. 3) will render this plain to the reader. This crook or compass is made to move on a pivot affixed to a beam above, and its lower end driven into the ground. In the case of very large bells, the mould is perfected in the pit in which they are to be cast. The crook is driven by the hand of the moulder; and the mould being composed of plastic clay, &c., the form of the inner side of the bell is defined by a few revolutions of this simple machine. Thus is formed the *core*, or inner mould. The *cope*, or outer mould, is formed in much the same way, except that its inner surface is smoothed to form the outer side of the bell.

The *core* is first roughly built up of brickwork with a hollow in the centre. It is then plastered over with soft clay, &c., and moulded as described by the action of the crook; and is afterwards dried by means of a fire in the hollow mentioned. When baked sufficiently hard it is covered all over with a composition of tan and grease. On this composition the outer leg of the crook is made again to rotate, and the exact shape of the bell is thus determined. When the whole has been sufficiently dried by the action of the fire in the *core*, the crown or head—which contains the parts necessary to hold the clapper by which the bell is to be rung—are then fitted on, and the model of the inside of the bell may then be said to be complete. Any device or inscription necessary is then moulded and fixed upon it. Upon this mould the *cope*, or outer mould, is formed. Having been made of destructible materials, the *fac-simile* of the bell is easily destroyed, and the space between the *core* and the *cope* is, of course, the exact shape of the future bell. The inner and outer moulds being examined, retouched, and otherwise finished off, the cope is fitted over the core (as represented in figure 4) like an extinguisher over a candle, with a vacuum left between them to receive the fused metal. One indispensable precaution is necessary, however, in making the mould, that is, to leave a hole for the escape of the air when the metal is poured in, the failure of which would cause the destruction of the bell in the process of casting. This hole is left in the cap of the mould.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XVI., PART II.

"Tie your baldric over his mouth and gag him, Hodge," said Cheke—and the archer in a moment executed the command. And now the outer door was assailed with thundering strokes of lances and axes—the sentinel, after an ineffectual resistance, retreated into the inner apartment. Zeno and his little band stood cool and collected, awaiting with drawn swords the entrance of Recanati's lancers—for they indeed it was who had, upon the expiration of the appointed time, rushed down to the general's quarters, which they reached just at the moment when their captain had called upon them to rescue him. More and more furious came the thundering blows on the door, mingled with the cries and imprecations of the assailants. At length the massive oak gave way, and with a loud crash was burst inwards. A rush of feet succeeded, and the small outer apartment was rapidly filling with the excited soldiery.

"Now, brave knights and worthy companions, stand together," said Sir William Cheke, springing to the front. "Form with me, and stand firm. Let us fight for God and the republic."

With a cheer the captains answered his call, and the small but brave band stood calmly awaiting the charge of the lancers. The first that entered was cleft down by the strong arm of Cheke. Another and another succeeded to the place of the fallen man, and shared the same fate. Then two rushed forward and forced an entrance, and the fight became more deadly. Others pressed from behind, and the room was speedily filling, the contest becoming fearful in the flickering light of the room. At this moment loud shouts rent the air.

"Piantaleone! Viva San Marco! Saint George for merry England! Zeno to the rescue!"

At these sounds the combatants within paused as by a common impulse, and took breath. Then the rush of a multitude, tramping heavily, came nearer and nearer. There was a clashing of weapons without: those who were furthest from the door swayed to and fro; then they turned to meet the English archers and the troops of the republic that came furiously down upon them; then they rushed forth, pell-mell, into the dark night, leaving those within unsupported. At this moment Zeno and his band charged them with fresh ardour, and drove them backwards, slaying them as they retreated through the door and the outer apartment. Then they drove them into the open air after their companions, where they were met in the rear by the archers, and hewed down unsparingly. At length the lancers of Recanati broke into confusion and fled, leaving a considerable number dead and dying, and Zeno and his faithful allies remained alone in the darkness, after a fearful struggle with those who were the paid soldiers of the republic. Meantime, the tumult of the fight, and the cries of the combatants, had aroused the whole camp. From every quarter men, hastily dressed and but half armed, flocked down to the scene of combat, supposing that the Genoese had sallied upon them in the night. Several of the senators, too, now appeared, and joined Zeno. When tranquillity was restored, the general and his friends returned to the inner apartment, accompanied by the senators. There they found Roger Harrington with his brawny arms encircling Recanati, who writhed in his giant clutch as a lamb would quiver beneath the talons of an eagle. He had endeavoured to stab the yeoman with his poignard, which the latter wrenched from his hand, and then hugged him so tightly that his victim was gradually growing livid in the face. He was now released from the human vice which had so remorselessly tightened upon him, bound and seated. A court-martial was hastily formed, the proofs were briefly detailed to the senators, his person was searched, and the document given him by Hodge was found on him, and it was decided that Recanati should be handed over to the civil power of the state. Without a moment's delay, he was hurried out through a postern door, and conveyed on board the doge's galley. When this was effected, Zeno, accompanied by the senators, again issued forth amongst the troops, who in crowds awaited some explanation of the strange events of the night. In the name of the state he proclaimed the fact, that a horrible plot had been discovered for the destruction of the troops; that the traitor had been tried, condemned, and already removed, and the safety of the republic was now secured. By degrees the soldiers retired, breaking up in

groups, and discussing the exciting intelligence; and peace and silence once more reigned throughout the camp at Palestrina.

While these events were taking place, the Genoese at Chioggia in vain awaited the signal-light. At length the sound of the tumult and the cries of the men in the distance were borne to their ears through the night. Conjecturing that the concerted rising of the conspirators had begun, and that by some casualty the signal had either not been made or had escaped observation, the whole of the besieged threw open the gates and sallied from the town in arms. But on a nearer approach they soon discovered the true posture of affairs, and after pausing to listen, they were convinced, by the triumphant cries of "Viva la Venetzia! Viva Zeno!" that the plot had failed. They turned and fled back in dismay, and shut themselves up once more within the walls. That night a council of war was hastily summoned. The deliberation was short, for little choice was left to the besieged. To resist further insured a lingering death by starvation; to surrender left some chance of life. Accordingly, it was determined to submit to the cruel necessity; and at the first light upon the following morning envoys were dispatched to Palestrina with unconditional offers of surrender. These were of course accepted, and upon the 24th of June, Carlo Zeno had the satisfaction of finding his own policy triumphantly justified by the event. The gates of Chioggia were thrown open to the troops in the service of Venice; the town was given up to unrestrained plunder; and the besieged, consisting of Genoese and Paduans, were led as prisoners on board the Venetian galleys; while the Genoese fleet, under the command of their admiral, Muraffo, weighed anchor, and sailed away to Fossone.

Meantime Recanati had been sent to Venice the day after his arrest. He was immediately brought before that terrible and secret tribunal from which even the innocent did not always escape—the guilty had but little to hope. At first the stubborn condottiere refused to answer any interrogatories put to him by his judges, maintaining a haughty and dogged silence. Then he was "put to the question," and the tortures of the rack broke down his resolution. He confessed all, was formally adjudged guilty of treason against the state of Venice, and was condemned to death. His judges determined that his punishment should be as exemplary as his offence was aggravated. He was crucified between the porphyry columns in the Piazza di San Marco.

The war of the Chioggia was now virtually at an end. The mercenary troops in the pay of Venice were no longer needed by the state, and having received their full pay and helped themselves to such treasures as they were able, began to seek for employment and adventure elsewhere. The last of these bands to leave Palestrina was that of Sir William Cheke; and on the morning of his departure Zeno and he stood in the quarters of the latter, and conversed long and confidentially together. The intercourse of many months had exhibited to each the character of the other, and had inspired mutual esteem and admiration, and it was not without a lively sorrow that these two valiant soldiers were now about to separate.

"Be it so, my dear friend," said Zeno, continuing something that he had been saying in a low but earnest voice; "be it then as you wish. I shall urge you no more on that point. But forget not that while Carlo Zeno lives thou hast ever a true and loving brother; and the state of Venice esteems thy services highly. May she ever remember them gratefully."

And Zeno sighed, for he knew but too well how that fickle republic had often requited the services of her bravest and her best.

"But whither now, Sir William," he continued cheerily, as he watched the English archers busily employed making preparations for their march; "whither mean you to lead these merry fellows of yours?"

"In good faith," said Cheke, with a careless laugh, "I scarce know as yet. But there will be no lack of work for stout soldiers, and I can choose where I shall pitch my tent. At the present, I am minded to join Alberic, the lord of Barbiano. He is the most accomplished soldier of the age."

"His fame as a general has spread over all Europe," said Zeno, "and thou wilt find many a brave knight amongst the 'company of St. George!'"

"Aye, 'tis a school that has reared the best generals of Italy. Then, there is my own countryman, Sir John Harlestone, a valiant captain who now holds Cherbourg for our young King Richard against Charles of France. There will I meet with some of my old comrades in arms, Sir John Auboure and Sir Otho de Granston. Besides, I think my merry archers would wish once more to fight beside their own countrymen."

"Well, well; good Sir William, thou canst not fail to gain honour wherever thou goest. But who is that yonder who sings so cheerily as he ties up his bow in its sheath? Unless my eyes deceive me, it is my trusty Hodge."

"It is no other, signore, he hath ever the quickest hand and the blythest voice in the company."

"I would see him, Sir William. We have some accounts to settle. Call him hither."

Hodge was soon standing drawn up to his full height before Zeno, and with a military salute awaited his pleasure.

"Good fellow, I owe thee somewhat, and would fain pay thee at once."

Hodge looked inquiringly, and then said, "I have had my full pay, general, and managed to pick up somewhat for myself to boot when we searched Chioggia."

"Honest and faithful ever!" said the general, musingly—"honest and faithful, like all his race,"—then a sudden thought struck him, and he addressed Hodge again,—

"What say you, Hodge, to a change of masters—supposing that Sir William here consents—wilt thou enter into my service?"

Hodge looked from one to the other, and then replied—

"Noble general, I shall never serve under any other captain than Sir William Cheke. When I leave him I shall make my way back to England."

"What, you have not yet forgotten home—Is't so, Hodge?"

"Forgotten! forgotten my home—merry England and her forests and her greenwoods—and my father's cottage by the pleasant Trent—and—and—" The poor fellow stopped short, a tear was glistening in his blue eye, and something like a sigh half escaped from his bosom.

"And what, Hodge?" asked Zeno, then finishing the sentence for him at hazard—"and some fair maiden that thou wottest of, who dwells not far from that same cottage. Eh, good fellow, have I guessed truly?"

"In faith, signore," said Hodge, who had quickly recovered his lightheartedness, "your excellency is not far astray; there is such a one in the valley of the Trent—or there *was*, when last I trod the greenwood by the river's bank, and we plighted our troth for ever. And so, noble sir, I long to return and see if Marian be still true and living, and I count the months and days till I shall have saved enough in the wars to return to Nottingham, and have wherewithal to keep a wife in smocks and the pot boiling."

"Then thou shalt long no more, my worthy fellow. Here, this purse is thine; take it, man; I tell thee thou hast earned every golden florin in it. I brought it hither for thee expressly to-day. Thou'lt find it enough for all thy simple wants when thou reachest thy English forest."

The archer took the heavy purse, frankly and gratefully.

"I thank you, signore; it is enough, and more than enough. It will often furnish me with a jug of brown ale to drink to your health in."

"Aye," added Zeno, slyly, who knew England well, "and it may be, now and then, a steak of juicy venison, if fat bucks be as plenty in England as they were in my time."

Hodge smiled, and then making his military salute, was about to retire, but Zeno reached out his hand cordially to him.

"Nay, we part not, comrade, without one friendly grasp; the hand of an English soldier may clasp that of the noblest in Europe."

IDIOTS AND IMBECILES.

These terms are not synonymous, although it is often difficult to distinguish between the Idiot and Imbecile, and both require similar treatment. The congenital idiot usually possesses a retreating forehead, whilst the imbecile may have a well-formed head. In the former there may be a deficiency of brain; in the latter, there is weakness of brain. To develop the one and strengthen the other are the objects aimed at in their tuition. Too frequently classed with the lunatic, as though *deficiency* or *weakness* of brain were the same as *perversion* of brain, the idiot's special condition has been much overlooked.

Various have been the opinions formed, in different ages, of this afflicted portion of our fellow-creatures, and equally diverse their modes of treatment. By Hindoos, they have been regarded as objects of superstitious veneration; by some Europeans, as human beings without souls. It is even related of Luther that, when asked by a father what should be done with his idiot boy, he replied, that the child might be drowned, as he possessed no soul. Striking instances are related by Dr. Howe, of America, of ignorant treatment practised by poor parents whose children were idiots. By some, tan poultices were applied to soften the brain; by others, tar was put on to harden the brain, considering softness or hardness to be the cause of idiocy. In our own country, the poor idiot has been the frequent butt of ridicule and scorn. Proud human nature despises inferiority in a fellow-creature; hence, the taunts and jeers so familiar to the crippled, the blind, the idiotic, and imbecile. Happily, however, for the latter, various establishments have been opened within the last twenty years for their especial benefit. Foreign countries led the way in this benevolent enterprise; but England, as usual, has outstripped them all in the magnitude of its operations and the amount of public interest that has been excited.

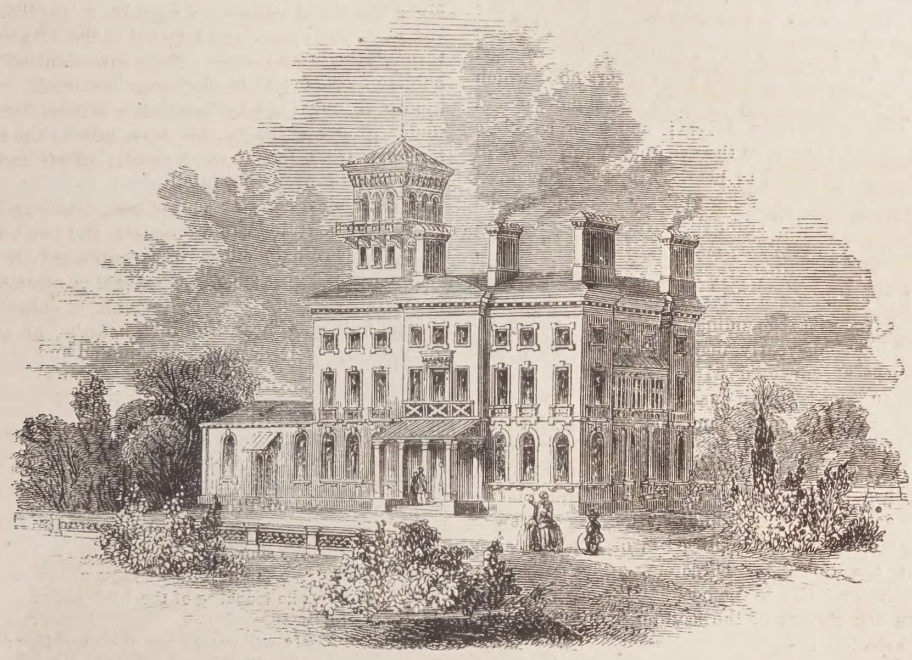
At the Bicêtre in Paris, a scientific gentleman was among the first to give particular attention to the training and education of idiots and imbeciles. Much skill and perseverance, for some time, marked his efforts, and striking improvement was manifested in his pupils. He wrote a valuable work upon the subject, and, after a visit of inspection, Dr. Conolly's important testimony was borne to the success of the operations. At the Abendberg in Switzerland, an establishment was opened for the cure of Cretins, about the year 1840, by a benevolent physician named Dr. Guggenbûhl. Cretinism is a species of idiocy, and mainly caused by the unhealthy dampness of the Swiss valleys; the goitre, or swollen neck, is very common in such cases, and removal to the lofty mountain tends much to promote recovery. None are admitted above the age of seven years, and the judicious treatment, combined with kind instruction, has been productive of most beneficial results. There are about twenty-five cases now in the establishment. In Berlin, Wirtemberg, and Bavaria, efforts have been made on behalf of cretins and idiots.

Directly after the subject had been taken up in England, it received some attention in America, and two very interesting reports, in successive years, were published by Dr. Howe, of Boston. Being appointed by the local government as a commissioner, with two other individuals, to collect facts relative to idiots in the State of Massachusetts, he obtained some highly interesting information with regard to the causes of idiocy, as well as the prevalence of the malady. At the conclusion of the inquiry, which extended to between five and six hundred cases, a portion of the building devoted to the instruction of the blind was set apart as a school for idiots, under the supervision of Dr. Howe. The expenses were borne by the government, but the number of pupils for the first three years was limited to ten or twelve. At New York, a somewhat similar course has been adopted, and a school was commenced about two years since. The report for 1853 is highly encouraging, and a new building is proposed, whereby the number of pupils may be increased from thirty-five to one hundred or one hundred and fifty.

PARK HOUSE, HIGHGATE.—ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS.

In England, various independent efforts have been put forth at Bath, Brighton, and Lancaster. But the institution which claims attention beyond all others, is the Asylum for Idiots, to which the accompanying engravings refer. This is a national charity which is open for cases from all parts of the kingdom. The gratuitous admissions are regulated by the votes of subscribers at half-yearly elections, and the successful candidates

are admitted, free of all charge, for five years' training and instruction. Cases are also admitted at the rate of twenty-five guineas per annum, when the friends are unable, from limited means, to meet the higher grades of payment. It is the largest institution in the world, as far as at present known,



ESSEX HALL, COLCHESTER.—ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS.

for the education of idiots and imbeciles, and the efforts sustained by Christian benevolence have proved far more effective than those dependent upon state support. Ushered into existence by a few individuals, in the time of monetary panic,

EARLSWOOD, NEAR REIGATE.—NEW ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS.

this asylum has made a rapid progress, almost unparalleled in the annals of Christian philanthropy. One of the present honorary secretaries, Dr. Andrew Reed (to whose untiring exertions and remarkable tact its success is mainly owing), visited some of the establishments on the Continent which have been referred to, and upon his return, in the autumn of the year 1847, decisive steps were taken. The institutory meeting was held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, October 27th, 1847, under the auspices of Sir George Carroll, Lord Mayor of London, who took the chair upon that occasion, and has since presided at several elections. Including 100 guineas sent by the late Sir Charles Forbes, the subscription list only amounted to about £350. An election of ten pupils took place in January, 1848, and six more were elected in the following April. A large building at Highgate, called Park House, of which an engraving is given on the opposite page, was opened for the reception of pupils, April 27th, 1848. In less than two years this became full, and a very liberal offer, made by S. M. Peto, Esq., M.P., with reference to Essex Hall, Colchester (of

which an illustration is also supplied (p. 269), was gladly accepted by the committee. Again has the accommodation proved inadequate, and the temporary occupation of a third house, situated near to Essex Hall, has been obtained. There are about two hundred and fifty pupils in the asylum, and nearly two hundred applicants for admission. Meanwhile some special efforts have been made with reference to a new building which is intended to accommodate four hundred pupils, and to be a model asylum for the training and education of idiots and imbeciles. We present our readers with a sketch of the proposed building (p. 269). Highly interesting was the ceremony which took place on the 16th of June last, when the first stone was laid by his Royal Highness Prince Albert; and after a public dinner, at the London Tavern, in the evening, the proceeds of that auspicious day amounted to nearly £10,000. Favoured with the immediate patronage of her Majesty the Queen, who has purchased a life-presentation for the Prince of Wales, and sanctioned by leading physicians, such as Sir James Clark, Sir John Forbes, Dr. Conolly, Dr. Sutherland, and others, this institution has called forth a large amount of Christian sympathy and received a corresponding share of public support. Notwithstanding the half-yearly increase of numbers, and the unusual expenses connected with this peculiar family, the committee have thus far been enabled to keep the annual expenditure within the income, and more than half the amount required for the new building has been already contributed. The Rev. Edwin Sidney, M.A., rector of Cornard Parva, Suffolk, has proved a very valuable friend to the charity by many acts of kindness, and by attending no fewer than ten public meetings in different parts of England, as a deputation from the Board of Directors. The following interesting statement relative to the occupations of the pupils is extracted from the Report of the asylum, which was read at the last April election :—

"Ninety-eight pupils are daily engaged in reading and spelling.

Eighty-six in writing.

Twenty-five in drawing.

Twenty in gardening.

Twenty-eight in sewing, knitting, &c.

Sixteen boys in willow-plaiting.

Five boys in each class are respectively—basket-makers, shoemakers, and tailors.

Six are occupied as carpenters.

Sixteen are engaged in domestic work.

Twenty take lessons in dancing.

Seventy have object-lessons.

Eighteen write from dictation, and learn geography and arithmetic.

A hundred and one are drilled and take gymnastic exercises.

Thirty-nine have speaking lessons.

A hundred and forty-nine attend domestic worship.

A hundred and four attend public worship.

The greater part of the family are practised in singing, and some are taught on the harmonicon."

The numbers have been considerably increased since April. Mat-making has been introduced with considerable success at Essex Hall, and the following particulars, lately published, will be read with interest,—

"Forty-two boys were dumb, and forty-eight had very imperfect speech on admission; twenty-four have so much improved as to be able to articulate plainly. Ten girls were dumb when admitted, and sixteen had imperfect speech: eight have greatly improved in this respect."

Stimulated by the excellent example thus set, a few local institutions, on similar principles, are contemplated in distant parts of the country; particular attention has been given to idiots and imbeciles in several union-houses and county lunatic asylums, and their general susceptibility of improvement has been clearly established. By parliamentary returns, made up to the 1st of January, 1847, it appeared that there were 7,636 pauper idiots in England and Wales. Although idiocy seems to prevail chiefly in the lower orders of society, yet, being found to a considerable extent amongst all classes, it is probable that there are not fewer than 50,000 idiots and imbeciles in Great Britain and Ireland.

The causes of idiocy and imbecility are various. The treatment requires to be specially adapted to the particular cases, and to be marked by much tact and kindness, combined with firmness, patience, and perseverance. Drilling, gymnastics, and other exercises in the open air, such as gardening, &c., are particularly important, from their tendency to strengthen the muscular system and improve the circulation of blood through the brain; while the military movements also train to habits of order and obedience. The religious affections and kindly feelings are remarkably susceptible of development under proper culture. Love of music is a general characteristic; taste for dress is often prevalent, and the senses predominate over the intellectual faculties. By judicious treatment, most can be rescued from their natural helplessness; many may be trained to mechanical pursuits, rendered useful in the subordinate offices of civilised life, instructed in the rudiments of knowledge, and prepared at last for a glorious immortality.

The following beautiful lines on "The Teaching of the Idiot-born," well deserve to be quoted and taken to heart.

THE IDIOT-BORN.

"Out! thou silly moon-struck elf;
Back! poor fool, and hide thyself!"
This is what the wise ones say,
Should the Idiot cross their way:
But if we would closely mark,
We should see him not all dark;
We should find we must not scorn
The teaching of the Idiot-born!

He will screen the newt and frog;
He will cheer the famish'd dog;
He will seek to share his bread
With the orphan, parish fed;
He will offer up his seat
To the wearied stranger's feet.
Selfish tyrants, do not scorn
The teaching of the Idiot-born!

Use him *fairly*, he will prove
How the simple breast can love;
He will spring with infant glee
To the form he likes to see;
Gentle speech or kindness done
Truly binds the witless one.
Heartless traitor, do not scorn
The teaching of the Idiot-born!

Art thou great as man can be?
The same Hand moulded him and thee:
Hast thou talent?—taunt and jeer
Must not fall upon his ear:
Spurn him not; the blemished part
Had better be the *head* than *heart*.
Thou wilt be the fool to scorn
The teaching of the Idiot-born!"

In conclusion, it may be desirable to refer to the buildings delineated in the accompanying engravings. Park House, Highgate (the premises first occupied), was formerly a nobleman's residence. It is fitted up with a large green-house, and surrounded with spacious garden-grounds. The situation is elevated, and the scenery picturesque in the directions of Finchley, Barnet, and Hornsey. It contains about seventy-five pupils, for whom baths, gymnastic apparatus, and other advantages have been provided. The establishment has been honoured with a visit from his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and was twice visited by the late Duke of Cambridge.

Essex Hall, Colchester, is situated close to the Eastern Counties Railway station, and was erected, at great cost, as a large railway hotel. It is in the Italian style; the rooms are lofty and numerous, so that the whole premises accommodate about 170 individuals. There are baths and gymnastic

appliances, workshops have been provided, and the extensive grounds afford ample scope for healthful exercises. It is intended that Essex Hall shall be specially appropriated to the eastern counties.

Earlswood Estate is delightfully situated at Red Hill, near Reigate, Surrey, and closely borders upon the grounds of the Philanthropic Society. It comprises about one hundred acres of farming land, and was obtained on very advantageous terms. The farm is worked under the honorary supervision of Mr. Clarke, known as an agricultural judge, and the implements have been gratuitously supplied by the large agricultural implement makers. The building is to be in the composite style, between English and Italian, and great pains have been taken in maturing the plans, that classification, comfort, and scope for useful employment, may be duly provided for its peculiar inmates. In about eighteen months the erection will be completed, and the opening is to take place with much ceremony.

THE MAN OF THE ROCK.

As I was descending the Saône, in 1836, upon a light steamboat, I was charmed, at the entrance to Lyons, with the beauty of the view presented by the right bank of the river, where the country gently glides into the suburbs and is lost amid the structures of the town. Meadows, woods, rocks, the limpid stream, mingled with elegant terraces, graceful pavilions, noble buildings, hanging bridges, a fine quay, and all the bustle of a port which shared the commerce and the population of the north and of the south. One point of the picture, particularly, attracted my attention by its singularity. Upon the platform of a perpendicular rock, which projected over the quay towards the river, I caught a glimpse of a certain irregular mass which appeared to be the remains of some rude wooden statue. It consisted of a coat of mail, supported upon two legs adorned with red boots. The boat carried me onwards, I moved towards the stern, but could no longer distinguish the fantastic figure. The sailor at the helm, noticing my disappointment, said with a smile, "It is the Man of the Rock;" and to my look of inquiry, he added, "Yes, the good German." I was about to ask a further explanation, when, perceiving that his attention was directed to the difficulty of steering the vessel among the small craft which thronged the port, I subdued my curiosity, promising myself the pleasure of a visit to the coat of mail the same evening, and, if possible, to learn its history. But the monuments of Lyons, its church of Saint Jean, its valuable museum, the junction of the Rhône and the Saône, occupied all the hours of my day, and the next morning before day-break, I went by torch-light on board the Rhône boat, which was to carry me to Avignon; I thrilled with the thought of Italy, and had entirely forgotten the Man of the Rock or the good German.

Thirteen years afterwards, in the autumn of 1849, I was travelling in a contrary direction, on my return to Paris, and on leaving Lyons I perceived on my left the same rock; but in place of the coat of mail, a fine stone statue now stood upon it. The boat had not yet started, so I had time to observe that this statue represented a man of middle age, without coat of mail or boots, but in the costume of the sixteenth century, holding in one hand a manuscript to his breast, and in the other a purse. This time I addressed my inquiries to a young gentleman who appeared to be a native of Lyons, and a student. He kindly listened to my question, and replied: "This statue was inaugurated last September, and has taken the place of a number of grotesque wooden figures, which for several generations the inhabitants of this quarter (Bourgneuf) have been accustomed to place upon the rock. The poor people, having neither stone nor bronze wherewith to construct their idol, cut down a tree from the neighbouring wood, and rudely fashioned it into the figure of a man with coat of mail, a lance, and a helmet. When the worms and the water had destroyed this strange statue, it was replaced by a similar one, and the day on which the good man took his place upon the rock was a fête day for all Bourgneuf. The last of these solemnities took place June 24th, 1820. Ten or fifteen years afterwards the figure was horribly mutilated, our archæologists and our poets were indignant, and a sort of conspiracy was formed to compel the municipality of Lyons to replace that caricature of wood by a stone statue. They succeeded, and the people of Bourgneuf may now rest; they need no longer tax themselves, or to go to the wood for a tree, as they have done for some years. If they wish to do honour to the 'Man of the Rock,' they may do it without expense. Perhaps their fêtes may be wanting in the simple joyousness which characterised them in former years, but taste must not be offended, art must not be desecrated. Away with our fêtes, if it must be so, away with the simplicity and barbarism of the ancient times!"

At these words, foreseeing a digression, I took the liberty of interrupting him. "Thanks," said I: "as a question of art, your view of the subject is quite satisfactory; but, pray, to the memory of what great man have these statues of wood and of stone been erected?"

"Learned men smile," replied my polite informant, "when they hear of the 'Man of the Rock.' They say that the people of Bourgneuf were accustomed to erect an idol of wood in honour of a certain governor of the castle of Pierre Scise. In course of time, although the governor was forgotten, the custom was preserved, and the honour transferred to a German, Jean Kleberger, an inhabitant of Lyons, from 1533, until his death in 1546. He founded the Hospital of Charity. During a period of scarcity he distributed considerable sums to the poor of the city; and every year he gave dowries to seven poor girls. A recent publication will give you a further account of this benevolent man: you may find it in the boat's library."

I thanked the young gentleman; and as we had just arrived at a landing-place, he jumped into a little boat, and left me. While breakfasting, a few minutes afterwards, I turned over a volume of the "Revue du Lyonnais," where I found the following account of the Man of the Rock:—

"Jean Kleberger was born at Nuremberg in 1486. His father, himself a merchant, placed him with the wealthy house of Imhof, which possessed a mercantile establishment at Lyons. It appears that Jean Kleberger afterwards entered the army, and distinguished himself at the battle of Pavia, February 24, 1525. There are in existence two medals, one in the museum of Nuremberg, and the other in that of Vienna, which seem to have been struck to commemorate his deeds of renown, as they bear inscriptions and coats of arms. However, as we know that it was not unusual in the sixteenth century, among persons of wealth and distinction, for such medals to be executed by private commission, and at private expense, as we now have our busts and our medallions, it would be desirable, before assuming the warlike renown of Jean Kleberger, to have more positive testimony of it. But be that as it may, it is very evident that he was a celebrated man in his own country. His portrait, painted in oil, upon wood, by Albert Durer, may still be seen in the imperial gallery at Vienna. Kleberger went to Lyons in 1527, but returned to Nuremberg, and the following year married Felicitas Pirkheimer, daughter of Wilibald Pirkheimer, of the house of Imhof, a friend of Albert Durer, and councillor of Charles V., as he had also been of Maximilian. It is possible that the death of his wife, May 29, 1530, determined him to settle in Lyons, where he arrived in 1532. In 1535, he married Pelonne de Bonzin, afterwards known as the 'beautiful German.' By this union he had one son, David Kleberger, born 1538. Jean Kleberger was elected alderman December 1,

1545, and died September 6, 1546, at the age of sixty-one years.

"He presented, at different times, to the Hospital of Charity, of which he was the founder, the sum of 8,045 livres, equal to about 70,000 francs (£2,800).

"He was no less charitable to the poor of Geneva than to those of Lyons. The public registers of Geneva contain the following notice:—

"'June 7th, 1527.—Jean Cleburgue, a wealthy German, residing at Lyons, applied to the Council respecting the purchase of a house which had belonged to Cartelier, to which they consented.'

"'March 22nd, 1540.—Jean Cleburgue, having greatly benefited the hospital, a grant was made to him of 300 loads of stones, from the temple of Notre-dame de Grace, to finish his wall of Saint Gervais.'

"'April 22nd, 1544.—Jean Cleburgue, of Lyons, gave fifty crowns to the hospital, on which occasion they presented him with a dozen pies.'

"At his death he bequeathed 400 crowns to the hospital of Geneva. In 1543, he presented to the city the gardens of Saint Gervais, near the lake, and those gardens took from him the name Cleburgue, which in time became Bergues, upon the site of which now stand some of the finest hotels of Europe.

"His arms are still to be seen over the door of the house in which he resided at Lyons, now No. 93, in the Rue des Forges. He had also a castle, at a little distance from Lyons, in the Terre de Champ, where was the tower of the 'Beautiful German.'

"There is an ancient poem, entitled 'La Mandrinade,' dedicated to 'the Man of the Rock, a valiant captain and sentinel, day and night, for many ages, upon the rock of Lyons, in the quarter of Bourgneuf.'

"From all these testimonies," says the Revue du Lyonnais, "it is impossible to doubt, that it was to the memory of Jean Kleberger that our ancestors erected upon the picturesque rock, which served as a pedestal, the simple statue of wood, which was renewed from time to time, and always by the working class, whose pious gratitude thus perpetuated the tradition of the benevolence which he exercised among the inhabitants of Bourgneuf."

JOHN KLEBERGER.—STATUE IN STONE, INAUGURATED AT LYONS, SEP. 19, 1849.

BEYROUT.

Beyrout, called by some travellers Beyrouth, Bairout, or Bayruth, is a city of Turkey in Asia, in Syria, in the pachalic of Acre, within twenty-five leagues of that place, and distant twenty leagues from Damascus. Beyrout is the ancient Berytus, the beginning of which history has almost lost in the night of time. So long ago was this old city built, that its origin is enveloped in fable, and the mythologists declare Saturn to have been its founder, and to be the first who made it a place of habitation. Strabo, Pliny, Ptolemy, and others of the ancient writers, record the wonders of Berytus.

The name is supposed to be derived, by some, from the Phœnician idol Baal-Berith, a temple in whose honour was erected on this spot. Others, on the contrary, suppose the word to have originated in the salubrity of the locality, owing to the abundant supply of water which is there to be found. In the Phœnician language it signifies a well.

The old town was destroyed by Diodotus Tryphon, but after the conquest of Syria by the Romans it was rebuilt near the site of the ancient city.

Historians who eschew the mythological origin tell us that Berytus was a colony of Sidon (the modern Saida), and the fatherland of that celebrated historian of Phœnicia, Sanchoniathon, who lived, according to some writers, among which Porphyry is numbered, in the days of Semiramis, and, according to others, in the times of Gideon, the judge of Israel, twelve hundred and forty-five years before the commencement of the Christian era. In Berytus, it is said, the invention of glass was first made, a fact which gives additional interest to the spot. The Emperor Augustus in later days made it a Roman colony, and called it Julia Felix—the name Julia in honour of his daughter, and the epithet *Felix* (happy) to express his admiration of the fertility of the neighbourhood, the incomparable climate, and the magnificence of the situation. Medals were afterwards struck in honour of the Roman emperors bearing the legend, "Colonia Felix Berytus." Herod the Great held at Berytus a solemn court of judicature, at which he condemned to death his two sons, Alexander and Aristobulus, on a charge of treason. At Berytus, also, Agrippa, the grandson of Herod the Great, built a theatre, an amphitheatre, and baths, and instituted a variety of games, which made the place notorious. When Jerusalem had fallen before the Roman soldiers, Titus celebrated, at Berytus, the birthday of his father, Vespasian. But the place was famous for other things besides its stately theatre, or the grand revels which were held there: it was famous for the study of the law. Alexander Severus had founded a celebrated school there. Justinian called it the "nurse of the law," and would permit no other professors to expound Roman justice but such as had been educated at Rome, Constantinople, or Berytus. Berytus was one of the fairest cities of Phœnicia, celebrated all over the East for its civil government, and counted as a very school and pattern for other cities. There happened at

BEYROUT, AND THE MOUNTAINS OF LEBANON.

Berytus, in the year of grace 556, a terrible earthquake; in 1109, the city sustained a memorable siege against Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, who took the place from the Saracens; and in 1187 was besieged again, this time by the redoubtable Saladin, sultan of Egypt and Syria. Three-quarters of an hour's ride from Beyrout may still be seen the stately pines, from some of which the Saracens constructed their besieging apparatus, and which proved too strong and powerful for Christian chivalry. Until the time of Saladin, the good knights of Christendom had successfully defied the crescent; but his military skill and daring overcame them at Beyrout, and Moslems rejoiced in the streets of the city. In 1197, the crusaders and the Mahommedans fought a hard fight between Tyre and Sidon, and victory was declared on the side of the cross. When the people of Beyrout heard that the Christians were marching down upon the city, and that Makel Adel and his troops had been defeated, they fled from their homes, and the conquerors found the city well supplied with provisions, arms, and other military stores, and not one follower of the Prophet to dispute the spoil! Thus changing hands between the Turks and Christians, Beyrout was the scene of many a defeat and many a victory in crusading times. It is the scene of the fabled encounter between St. George and the dragon, and the glorious triumph of the saint over the beast. The last struggle came; the glory of the crusaders was over; and the Christian lords of Beyrout had to submit to their destiny.

> "The knights are dust,
> Their swords are rust,
> Their souls are with the saints we trust."

Christian rule in Beyrout ended in the year 1291; after that period the city was under the domination of the Emirs. One of the most celebrated of these was the Emir Fakhr-Eddin, who made it the capital of his dominions and his own favourite residence. This prince undertook a journey to Italy, and continued for nine years at the court of the Medici at Florence, studying the fine arts, particularly architecture. When he returned to his own country, he built a splendid palace at Beyrout, the remains of which are still to be seen; but alas! his cultivated taste brought swift destruction on him. The sultan, jealous of his power and renown, commissioned another petty prince to dispossess the Emir of his dominions, and to bring him prisoner to Stamboul. It was a hard struggle for the unfortunate Emir to obtain even the privilege of being allowed to live; and when, a short time afterwards, his grandchildren raised a revolt, even this favour was taken away, and the poor Emir lost his head, which was exposed to the public gaze, and left to rot and blacken in the sun, with this inscription under it, "The head of the rebel, Fakhr-Eddin." The dominions once belonging to the unfortunate Emir were now made over to another lord, of a noble Arabian family, dwelling at Mecca, in which family the authority has continued to be invested to the present time; and the family tree taking deep root in Beyrout, numbers no less than two hundred and fifty Emirs.

In 1783, Djezzar Pacha, the same who, a few years later, defended with great tact and success Saint Jean d'Acre against the French army, returned to Beyrout, and made that place a Turkish garrison. When Ibrahim Pacha, at the end of 1831, invaded Syria, Emir Beschir did not attempt to resist him. Beyrout, Jaffa, Acre, Tripoli, were abandoned; but the Arabs relate a curious incident which occurred as Ibrahim was about to enter Beyrout. At a short distance from the gate, as the Pacha was traversing a cross-road, an enormous serpent uncoiled itself directly in his path, and as his horse approached, prepared for the fatal dart. The attendants shrieked and retreated in alarm, the horse reared frightfully, the only man unconcerned was the Pacha, who, drawing his sabre from its sheath, struck at the reptile, and, with one well-aimed blow, cut off its head! Then, without a word, he continued his route and rode into the streets of the old city.

Beyrout possesses, from its commercial character, an air of greater bustle and activity than any other town in Syria. The situation, on the borders of the sea and in close proximity to Lebanon, renders it exceedingly beautiful. Near the gate there is a small eminence from which a commanding prospect may be obtained; a panorama of unequalled grandeur presents itself to the eye. There, in all their magnificence, rise the hills of Lebanon; to the east there is a low, long promontory, on the end of which are situated the Lazaretto buildings, near which vessels ride at anchor in the roads; and all round the town are richly wooded environs, dotted with villas and the rural residences of merchants. A Genoese wall surrounds the town itself, but this is of no great strength; the harbour is commanded by an old fortress, which is in a ruinous condition. There is a small pier for loading boats. The roads are so exposed that, when it comes on to blow, ships generally make for the mouth of Naler-el-Kelb, or the Dog River, where they are more securely sheltered. There are still remaining some curious old fragments of the ancient city; a half-circular ruin, supposed to be the amphitheatre of Agrippa, part of an aqueduct, and traces of the Roman baths, are the principal.

The population of Beyrout is composed of Maronites, Greek Catholics, and Arab Mussulmen, numbering in all about 10,000 souls. There are several British and Continental mercantile houses. Near the bay is the residence of the British Consul, and not far distant is the house of the American Consul. The Mahommedans have lost much of their fanaticism, and are more disposed to be tolerant than they were in days gone by—perhaps it may be that Christians have likewise grown more tolerant; but, however this may be, men of all faiths are allowed to worship without danger in the city of Beyrout. There are representatives of the Greek church, and the Maronite church, a Protestant congregation, a Jewish assembly, and a host of Druses and Mussulmen. The Christians have four churches, and the Mahommedans three beautiful mosques, with minarets, courts, and fountains. In the very centre of the city is the Grand Mosque, and, hard by, an ancient church dedicated to St. John, and ornamented with a Gothic colonnade. The French have a small chapel and convent of Capuchins, in the garden of which six Englishmen lie buried. They died of wounds received in the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, in 1799; so, to the English traveller, this Capuchin garden becomes a place of pilgrimage.

Several American missionaries have taken up their residence in the environs of Beyrout, and by their unpretending labours are accomplishing great good, distributing, by means of schools and a printing-press of their own, a great deal of religious and general information. Every Sunday, divine service is conducted in the Presbyterian form at the American Consulate.

The usual characteristics of eastern cities are to be found in Beyrout, such as narrow streets rendered almost impassable by camels, asses, mules, and crowds of busy and idle people—the same sort of shops, and stores, and way of doing business; but the whole neighbourhood is remarkable for its beauty and fertility. The entire country is richly wooded, the mountains being covered with vines and olives in terraces, and watered by small canals or streamlets. Dehr el Kamer, where the Emir dwells, occupies the side of a hill, and the palace is a very splendid building.

The Druses, who form a large majority not only of the population of Beyrout but of the surrounding country, are a wild, ungovernable race of people. They are equally opposed to Turk and Christian; they stand alone in the world. There is a strange mystery hanging over their domestic life, internal government, and especially over their faith. From some of their books it appears that they worship Flakem Bamri, the fifth of the Fatimite Caliphs. One peculiar portion of the people is set apart for the ministration of religious rites, as the tribe of Levi is distinguished among the Jews. They are initiated into the mysteries of the faith; but respecting these mysteries the great mass of the people remain in entire ignorance. The Druses are a race quite distinct from the other Arabian tribes; some, indeed, suppose them to be the descendants of those armies of vast European hordes which formed the Great Christian Crusade.

RATISBON.

Ratisbon (in German, *Regensburg*), in the kingdom of Bavaria, is situated at the confluence of the Regen and the Danube, in the midst of a very picturesque and fertile country. It is now the chief town of the circle of the Regen. It is one of the most ancient cities of the Upper Danube. Under the Romans it bore the name of *Reginum*, or *Castra Regina;* the emperor Tiberius stationed his fourth legion there, whence it took the name of *Tiberia Quadrata;* in the Latin of the middle ages it was called by a sort of surname, *Ratisbona* (good raft or vessel?). We shall not stop to devote much attention to the tradition which carries back its foundation to the arrival of a certain Bavaro from Armenia, who established a colony here, and whose descendants were conquered by Norix, son of Hercules. These are fables with which credible history has little or nothing to do. The inhabitants were converted to Christianity about the year A.D. 185; but the first bishop was established there in the eighth century by St. Boniface. In later times, Ratisbon became a free city *(Freistadt)*, and made great advances. The conflagration which took place there in 1046, and almost entirely consumed it, only checked its commercial activity for a brief season. In fact, this city was, during the middle ages, one of the most important commercial towns in Germany. It corresponded with Venice, which sent it commodities from the East, and received furs in exchange. It is even said to have had commercial transactions with Kiew in Russia. Thus it was the rival of the neighbouring industrial city, Nuremberg. The crusaders, in order to reach Asia, had recourse to the boatmen of Ratisbon, who maintained a high reputation for several centuries, till the discovery of a new route to the East Indies, and of a continent in the west, previously unknown, gave commerce a new direction.

Ratisbon never recovered from the blow then inflicted upon its prosperity, though the diet of the empire has long held its sittings within its walls and given it a sort of *éclat*. It is still a busy city, without doubt, but is no longer the flourishing Ratisbon of former days. The present population is 25,000. The town, surrounded by the remains of ancient fortifications and a wide and deep ditch, has irregular, narrow, dark, and ill-paved streets. The houses with which they are lined give evidence of a remote antiquity. From time to time you perceive near the dwellings of the citizens massive Gothic towers, the last vestiges of a period in which the citizens of Ratisbon withdrew behind thick walls to defend themselves against enemies as well as their fellow-citizens. Among these monuments of a barbarous civilisation may be discerned the Golden Tower (*der Goldene Thurm*) and the Goliah, a kind of fortress, on the front of which is represented the combat of David and the giant Goliah. But the principal edifice in Ratisbon is the cathedral of St. Peter, one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of German architecture.

After the disastrous conflagration to which we have already alluded, a new church was built, the first stone of which was laid by the bishop Leo Thundorfer, patrician of Ratisbon. In the seventeenth century, the works were not yet finished, and even now two towers remain incomplete. In a chronicle of Nuremberg, dated 1493, these towers of the cathedral are represented as surmounted by a crane, like that of Cologne at the present time.

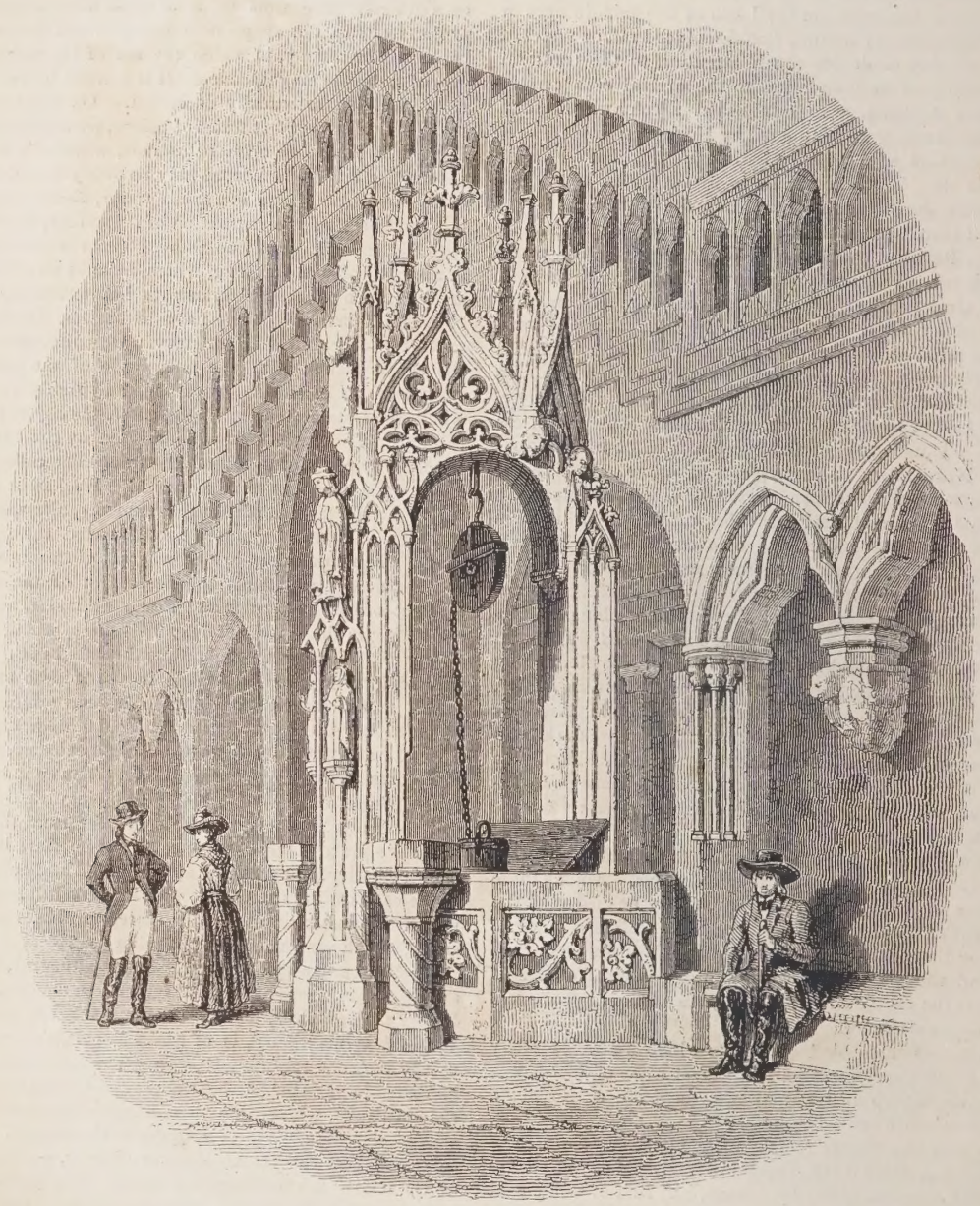
The present cathedral, which, as we have observed, is the chief object of interest in Ratisbon, is as remarkable for the good taste of its internal ornamentation as for the imposing majesty of its exterior. Altogether it is considered one of the finest Gothic churches of which Germany can boast, whence the reader may infer that it possesses no ordinary attractions as a specimen of mediæval architecture. It was commenced in the year 1275, and it continued building down to the early part of the sixteenth century, or about two centuries and a quarter. But it is still in an unfinished state. The original architect was Andrew Egl. Having been so long in course of erection, it is not surprising that it exhibits a want of perfect harmony in the style of its construction. Hence, in the west front we recognise the decorated style of the fifteenth century, while part of the east reminds one of the early English style. The towers of the west front are not completed, but even in its present state this part of the building commands great attention. It exhibits noble proportions, and ornaments are lavished upon it without overburdening it. The large entrance door, represented in our illustration (p. 277), is built on a different plan from those of most other cathedrals. It projects out in the shape of a triangle, and forms a sort of baldaquin or canopy, in which the art of the sculptor is displayed in all its magnificence. It is flanked by two accessory doors, not less artistically decorated. On the two sides of the building is a perfect forest of pillars, pyramids, and turrets, above which runs an open balustrade, whence a magnificent view of the city and environs may be obtained. On the north of the cathedral there is a small tower, *Eselsthurm*, so called because, during the construction of the edifice, the asses laden with the materials went up there. There is some peculiarity in the plan of the building, which is built after the model of an ancient basilica, the transepts not extending in length beyond the breadth of the nave and aisles. There are transepts, however, in the upper story. On entering the building, the eye is struck with the magnitude of the pointed arch supported on each side by pillars, and richly adorned with windows of stained glass, which soften the light as it streams through. These windows were painted by the first artists of Munich, by order of Louis of Bavaria. The cathedral of St. Peter owes much to that monarch. He had it completely restored and stripped of all the ornaments, altars, statues, and tombs, which were out of taste and marred the general harmony. The chief altar, which was all glittering with silver, did not accord well with the decoration of the church, on account of its modern form; hence he had it adorned with a covering in the Gothic style. This altar, which is of beautifully chased silver throughout, and at the back of which is a well-sculptured crucifix, stands in the middle of the choir, which is a hundred feet long. The nave measures three hundred feet in length, and a hundred and twenty in height. The altars in the aisles have not been neglected, but exhibit sculptures of exquisite workmanship. Thus a most beautiful statue of the Virgin—a work of art distinguished by singular merit—stands in the north aisle not far from the west end. It is thought to have been executed some time in the fourteenth century. One of the most original and curious objects in the cathedral is the Gothic well in the south transept, from which the water necessary for sacred purposes is obtained, and of which we furnish an engraving (p. 276).

Several tombs may be observed in the cathedral at Ratisbon; among others, those of Count Herberstein and Prince Charles Dalberg. This last, which is very near the statue of the Virgin just mentioned, is of white marble, and was designed by the eminent sculptor, Canova. The monument to Count Herberstein has a marble bas-relief representing Christ feeding the multitude, which, though wanting in freedom and ease, is a very elaborate piece of minute workmanship. Formerly that of Albert the Great, *Albertus Magnus*,—a famous doctor of the thirteenth century, too much of a philosopher not to be accused of sorcery—was also to be seen there. It was pretended that he had the gift of omnipresence, and that at the same moment in which he was instructing his pupils in theology from his chair, now preserved in the chapel of the Dominican convent, he was seen sitting in his study at Donaustauf, a small town situated about twelve miles from Ratisbon. Hence his tomb has been removed to the Dominican chapel. Another sorcerer (according to the superstition of the common people), the celebrated astronomer, John Kepler, lies buried at Ratisbon, where he died on the 15th of November, 1630. A monument, adorned with his bust and a magnificent bas-relief, executed by Dannecker, is erected to his memory in the public promenade which bears the simple title of The Walk. The traditional story of Kepler's having

died of hunger is not strictly correct: he sank under the vexation and opposition which harassed him during the latter part of his life.

Near the cathedral is the cloister which forms part of it, and in which there is a crowd of monuments, sarcophagi, busts, and statues, belonging to the Roman and middle ages. A door in this cloister leads to what is called the old cathedral (*der alte Dom*), in which stands a pagan altar, in stone, which was probably used for the delivery of oracles.

stables, a riding-school, a Gothic chapel with a figure of Christ, by Dannecker, and a family vault in the Byzantine style. Not far hence may be discerned, mouldering with age, the walls of the Hotel de Ville, which was the seat of the Diet of the German empire from the year 1663 to the commencement of the present century. The representatives of the different states assembled for deliberation in a large hall, where the imperial chair is still preserved. The vaults of this building are curious to traverse; they were formerly prisons and places



GOTHIC WELL IN RATISBON CATHEDRAL.

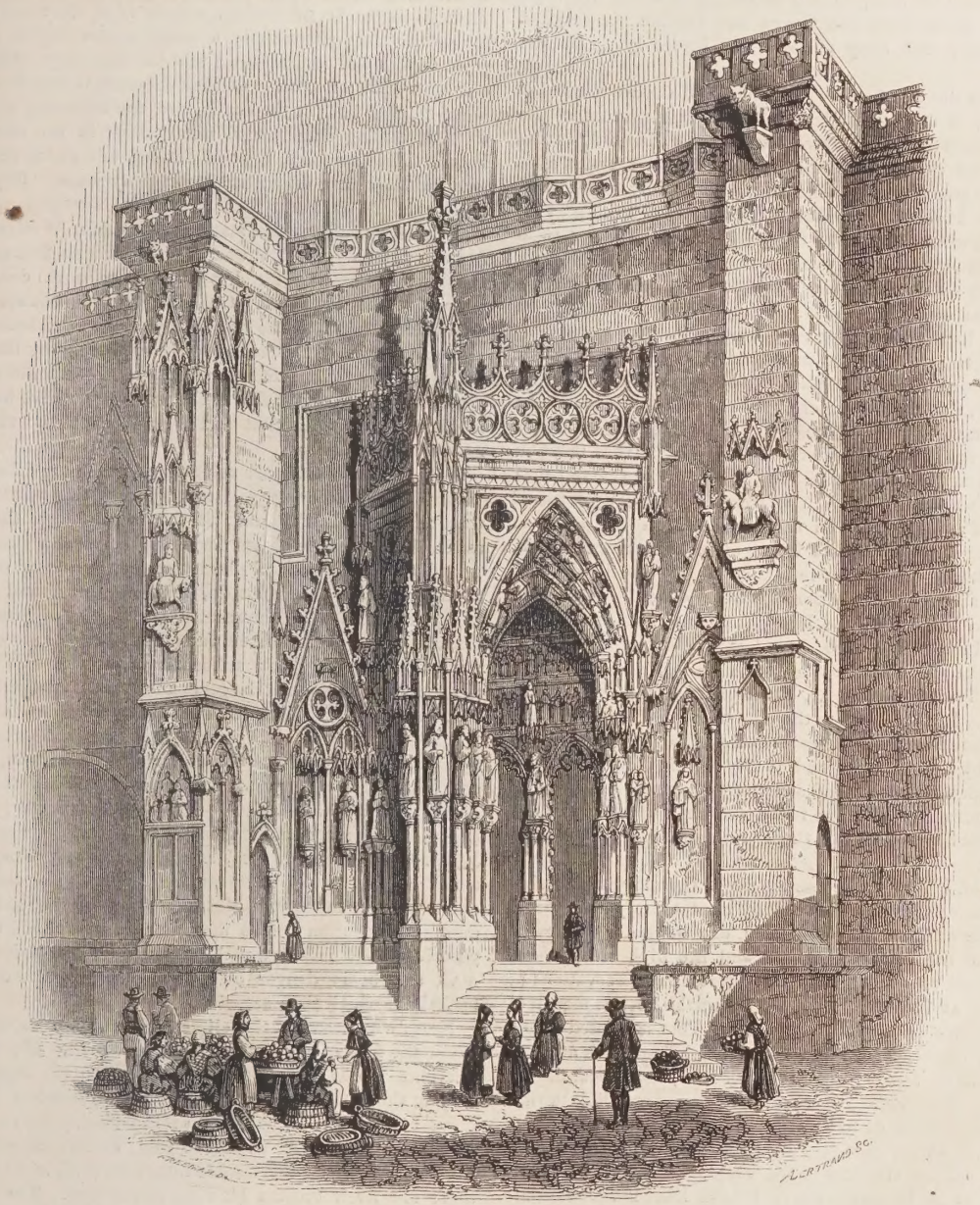
St. Peter's is not the only building at Ratisbon which is worth visiting. The old parish church of St. Ulrich, the Benedictine convent of St. James, the church of St. Emmeran, and the palace of the princes of Tour and Taxis on the site of an ancient abbey, are all objects deserving of attention. The princely family last mentioned has for a long time held the postage of the whole of Germany on lease, which has contributed largely to its wealth. The palace is adorned with great luxury; above the entrance door Schwanthaler has sculptured some magisterial figures; inside there are some excellent

of torture; the instruments of torture employed by the barbarous legislation of the middle ages hang all along the walls. A projecting house, opposite the Hotel de Ville, attracts attention on account of two paintings on the walls, representing the struggle of a warrior of Ratisbon with the giant Krako, in the reign of Henry the Birdcatcher. The defeat of the monster gave birth to a simple song, the family of the victor, Dollinger, was ennobled, and the spot on which the combat occurred received the name of the Heathen Place (*Heideplatz*).

The stone bridge over the Danube, built in the twelfth

century, was a marvel of the age in which it was constructed; but its arches are not wide enough for the boats that now navigate the river, and the consequence is, that accidents not unfrequently occur. But this ought not to excite any astonishment; for his Satanic majesty, we are told, has passed by there. The architect of the bridge, who had invoked his aid by promising him the soul of the first crosser, played him a well-known scurvy trick. He made a dog cross the bridge, and the evil one, in his rage, cut off the poor creature's head. Hence the figure of a dog without a head, which is to be seen on the balustrade.

Another circumstance which gives an interest to Ratisbon is the fact that near it was fought the celebrated battle of Eckmühl, in which the French conquered the Austrian forces.



DOORWAY OF RATISBON CATHEDRAL.

A FEW WORDS FROM AUSTRALIA.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

McIvor Diggings, Victoria, July 1, 1853.

This winter we have travelled up to the *new* diggings. Great was their fame when we were in Melbourne. Wonderful were the accounts of large nuggets, and large fortunes being found. We have arrived, and again find it all moonshine. A rush of diggers from Bendigo, of upwards of a thousand per day, was the consequence of these grand rumours; three miles of ground have been turned up to find next to nothing. The Bendigo men have hastened back again, and troops of others are from day to day following them. This is the constant experience; such are the diggings. But to give some idea of what *getting* to these diggings is, it is only necessary to state, that this distance of seventy-five miles has cost us *six weeks* to accomplish! or about two miles a day on the average, bringing up a load of little more than a ton. The roads we found still more frightful than those to the Ovens. They are such, that the iron axle of our cart has been broken *four* times, and has cost us £13 in repairing it. Nor have we been singular in this respect. All along the road has been

the spectacle of carts and bullock-drays, bogged or broken down by the way-side. These bullock-drays are drawn by twelve, sixteen, and twenty bullocks each, yet they are constantly sticking fast or breaking down, and occasion delays of a week and a fortnight at a time. The whole road was again strewn with dead horses and oxen. In fact, no one who has not seen it can conceive anything of the enormous labour and waste of animal life and property in getting up to the diggings. In coming down from the Ovens last autumn, we counted between thirty and forty bullocks and horses lying by the way.

Then as to the weather, we are told by all the accounts that I have seen, of the paradoxical nature of this climate, of the winter without ice and snow. My brother Richard, in his account of the colony,* by far the most faithful account of it that I have ever seen, was vehemently accused by the colonial papers with having stated that there was such a thing as ice there in the winter, and he so far qualified his statement as to say that there was none on pools or creeks (brooks). Now on this journey I have seen more snow than I have seen in England for the last three years. One day, near Kilmore, it snowed as heavily as I ever remember it to have snowed in England, from eight o'clock in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon. It was then three inches deep, and the settlers said, that in the gullies of the neighbouring mountains it was in many places three feet deep. The snow lay so heavily on the trees, which are all evergreens, that it broke them down like carrots. As for ice, we have had severe frosts for a week together, the ice in the morning being upwards of a quarter of an inch thick on the pools and the still places of the creeks. In our buckets it was often half an inch thick, in our washhand-basin the ice was frequently a solid mass of more than an inch thick from one night's frost. It is true that the sun in this latitude has so much power that the frost has never, in our experience, lasted through the day; on the contrary, the days are warm and fine, often for a week together. To-day, as I write, the thermometer stands at 70° in our tent. Indeed, we like the winter season much the best. Though there is often very severe cold at night, *that* we can keep out by a good tent, and plenty of blankets and rugs. And though we have a rapid alternation frequently of roaring winds, fogs, and drenching rains, yet we are at this season free from the fierce heats and the myriads of tormenting insects of summer.

As to heat, I have not yet seen a single thermometrical table of this country which has not been most grossly inaccurate. Refer to the work of Mr. Westgarth, one of the most careful statitians of the colony, and you find the highest degree of summer heat, as quoted from the government observations at Melbourne, at 73·48, in January, about the hottest month of the year, corresponding with our July. That is quoted as the hottest day of the year, the observation being taken at 2·30, P.M. While in June, the mid-winter here, the lowest degree was 46·96. The intermediate months range, according to that table, at about from 55 to 68 degrees.

Now from this you would conclude that Port Philip was one of the mildest climates in the world. It could not even be so hot as in England, where I have known the thermometer stand at 110° in summer; and *it could never possibly freeze*, for the thermometer, according to this table, never descends to 42°. Nay, Mr. Westgarth, speaking of the hot winds which visit this country in summer, actually shrivelling up the corn into tinder, says, "At Melbourne they commonly last for two or three days at a time, with a temperature of from 80° to 90° in the shade, ascending sometimes, though rarely, as high as 100°. In the Sydney district they blow with greater severity, and are more apt to injure or destroy the crop."—p. 37. Mr. Westgarth again gives a table of the government observations taken at Adelaide, which states the highest degree of heat occurring on a summer day, at noon, as 106½°; the lowest, in June, as 47½°. So that nobody in Adelaide, if the government can be relied on, need suffer any excess of heat in summer, nor fear such a thing as frost in winter. But here, as at home, the weather is neither regulated by act of government, nor act of parliament, but by the act of God; and people are therefore much surprised, in this country, to find themselves in summer broiling under a sun shedding a heat of 139° and more in the sun, and freezing them in winter at about 26° or 28°. Last summer, amongst the hills in the Ovens district, not far from the Snowy Mountains—therefore notoriously a much cooler region than the plains and lower country—we had the heat very commonly in our tent 120° at noon. On one occasion it stood at 139° in the sun, and 120° in the shade, and the following night sank to 40°; having thus varied nearly 100° in the twenty-four hours. This summer, the inhabitants tell us, is the coolest summer they have experienced for many years. If you refer to the works of Count Strzelecke and Montgomery Martin, they give you the same statements as Mr. Westgarth, and drawn, probably, from the same sources. As I have said, in winter the thermometer has frequently sunk considerably below the freezing point. On Wednesday last it stood at 31° at sunrise. Perhaps the inaccuracy of the government observations may, in a great measure, be explained by their being taken in close-built rooms, and not, as they should be, in the open air. They ought also in the morning to have been taken at sunrise; between that and eight o'clock the rise of the mercury is wonderful.

Now these accounts are as unwise as they are false. If the writers in this colony would not try to give us "better bread than can be made of wheat," if they would leave the country as God and nature have made it, those who come hither would find it a good and pleasant country, instead of feeling, as they almost to a man do, imposed upon, and therefore indignant and full of denunciation. The drawbacks and the climate ought to be stated fully and fairly, as well as the attractions, *e.g.*, the hot, suffocating dust-winds of summer; the countless swarms of insects and reptiles, mosquitoes, flies, ants—many of them an inch long and stinging as badly as wasps—by millions; scorpions, centipedes, poisonous spiders, and venomous serpents. The latter of these vermin, however, are of small consideration in comparison with the "Little Black Devil of Australia"—the small black fly, which is legion. This most pestilent insect is as numerous as it was in Egypt during the plagues there. It gives you no rest for about five months of the year, and is, in truth, the greatest curse of the country. Mosquitoes, however bad, do not deserve a mention beside them. You are obliged to envelop your head and face in a veil, or you would be driven almost mad, and be in danger of being blinded by the envenomed opthalmia which they occasion.

Those who describe the climate should tell us, too, of the rains, the frosts, the violent winds of winter; and then poor wretches would not attempt to walk up to the diggings with only a single blanket or rug to wrap themselves in on the ground at night, and to walk as in noonday for two or three days at a time. Still, as I have said, we like the winter best. The air is then, at considerable intervals, mild and temperate, there are fresh breezes blowing about you. The feeling is more that of the climate of England. You have plenty of good water running in the creeks, and are exempt from the intolerable plague of flies, and the broiling oppression of perfectly tropical heat.

Let me now say something of the modes of getting up to the diggings. These are chiefly three. The first is to engage a bullock-dray for a whole party, to carry up your tent and effects. Bullock-drays are the most certain, and in many cases the only vehicles that can make their way through the bogs and deep miry roads. With twelve or sixteen bullocks they seem to stick at nothing, but go on steadily but surely through places that are impassable to horses. Yet even these are not proof against the difficulties of the journey. They are seen, ever and anon, sticking fast up to the axles; their wheels and poles, though massy, smashed to atoms; their ponderous iron axles snapped like glass; and their cattle with the

* "Impressions of Australia Felix," by Richard Howitt.—Bohn: London.

CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DE L'EPINE, DEPARTMENT OF MARNE, FRANCE.

NOTRE DAME DE L'EPINE, CHALONS, FRANCE.

The beautiful edifice which bears the title of *Our Lady of the Thorn*, is situated at about five miles distance from Chalons-sur-Marne, and its strange old architecture forms a strikingly picturesque object in the scene, more like some luxuriant tropical plant than a mass of stone. The legend connected with its origin is quickly told. In 1419 there stood upon that very spot a little chapel, surrounded by trees, and dedicated to St. John the Baptist. One night, as the story goes, when the shepherds were returning with their flocks from the neighbouring pastures, a bright light shone upon them; the sheep were terrified, and shrank away, but the lambs made straight for the holy place. It was the Feast of the Assumption. The shepherds, in surprise, followed the lambs, and lo, in the centre of the bright glory, they beheld an image of the Virgin holding the infant Jesus in her arms. As the night went on, the light grew brighter, and for miles and miles away was noticed with amazement.

So the priests of Meletto and the Bishop of Chalons, as soon as they heard of the occurrence, hastened to the spot, and among the thorn bushes outside the chapel of the Baptist, they discovered a small stone image of the Virgin; this they conducted with great pomp into the sacred building; and from that time the chapel became a place of great resort; there the richest offerings were presented, and at length Charles VI., of France, granted his royal letters patent for the erection of a church—a building, say the chroniclers, in every way befitting the miraculous appearance it was designed to commemorate.

At that period, a great part of France was under English rule. It was not then an idle boast when British sovereigns quartered with their arms the lily of St. Louis. The period was not far removed from the days of Joan of Arc. An English architect, whose name was Patrick, was employed to erect the new church, and under his direction the work proceeded with great rapidity. The façade, the nave, and the chief tower were soon completed, but the fortune of war gave that part of the country into the hands of the French, and the English being compelled to retreat, the architect took flight, and, alas! for the beautiful structure, carried off with him the funds intended for its completion.

Antoine Guichard proceeded, after some delay, with the work, and under his direction the church was rendered still more beautiful than any one had anticipated. They had resigned the work into Guichard's hands, rather than employed him to carry out the design of his predecessor; but the new architect modified the old plans, and by those modifications considerably improved them. In 1529 the church was finished. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the people; the altar was crowded with costly gifts, the people of Verdun and Chalons gave a splendid window of stained glass—a window, by the way, which the fortune of war completely shattered a short time afterwards.

In the Revolution of 1789, five of the bells were melted down and converted into money, and one of the stately towers deprived of its spire, and turned to new account by being made the station of the telegraph. In 1825 it sustained some accidental damage, but this was speedily repaired.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER XVII.

All the world knows, that during the summer months of the year, an Italian city presents at the hour of noon an appearance of repose and desertion that, but for the bright sunshine and the open doors of shops, might make one almost fancy that it was night. The *jalousies* of all the windows are closed; no bright eye looks from the casements; no light foot trips from the threshold; no fair form glides along the strada or piazza; nobody—except, indeed, those insignificant bodies that society always most properly considers as nobodies — we mean mechanics and labourers, or such like folk—is to be seen abroad; and even they look drowsy and dreamy, as if they would be much better employed in doing nothing, like their betters. And what are their betters doing at this hour? Why they are sleeping—aye, sleeping, while the sun's rays are at the hottest, and the day is in its meridian glory. Strange as this sight may appear to a denizen of our more northern latitudes, when first he enters a town of southern Italy, yet he very soon learns not only to cease to wonder at it, but often to shut his eyes upon it altogether—that is, he too finds it a very pleasant thing to go to sleep just like his neighbours. And, indeed, it must be admitted that the southerns earn the right to this short repose by the habit of rising in the morning with the sun—under the delusion, it may be, that the night is then over—and being astir hours before the fashionables of Britain have awakened from their first sleep, and turned themselves upon the other side for their second slumber. If this be the custom in Italy, in our own days, so was it five hundred years ago, and especially in the fair city of Venice, than which—notwithstanding that she reclines, as it were, floating on the waters—a hotter spot cannot be found on a summer noontide between the Alps and the Apennines.

And so it was that, on the first day of July, in the year of grace 1380, the city of Saint Mark lay in the repose of its mid-day slumber. And yet to any eye that was waking and exercising its function of vision, it must have been manifest that during the morning an unwonted amount of bustle and preparation for some approaching event had prevailed. Workmen might be seen occupied in erecting scaffolding in the principal piazzas and thoroughfares of the city, upon which benches were placed for spectators. Flags and draperies of cloth and silk, of the most brilliant hues and costliest texture, hung out of balconies; the canals were thronged with barges and gondolas, decked with streamers and ribbons and boughs of laurel, while the gondoliers lay sleeping upon the benches. Altogether, the scene was one that presented strikingly to the mind the contrast between excitement and repose—between life and death. You felt as if the Angel of Sleep had suddenly waved his dusky, leaden wings over the city in the midst of her activity, and lulled her into temporary forgetfulness. Amongst the fair lids upon which the balms of the angel had descended, was a very pretty pair which we have already attempted to describe. Their mistress was just at this hour tranquilly reposing in one of the apartments of the Palazzo Polani, whither she and her good old nurse had come from the Villa Morosini, at the summons of her guardian, who had notified his desire that she should be in readiness in the city, with the other daughters and dames of Venice, to receive the triumphant armament upon its return, and grace by their presence the festivities which had been ordered by the state. What the dreams of the young girl were, as she lay in partial *deshabille* upon the couch in that darkened room, where the cool exhalations from a large vase of perfumed water tempered the noontide heat, we shall not take upon us to say: certes, they seemed to be pleasurable, for a smile played upon the slightly parted lips, and a flush spread faintly over the cheek, and now and then a name was breathed in murmuring indistinctness upon the silent air of the chamber. Well, we shall not try to discover whose was that name. Let her sleep on. Life is not so full of unalloyed happiness, that one should be awakened from sleep too soon!

The repose of Bianca was, however, invaded somewhat earlier than was necessary by good Giudetta, who hurried up to her young lady's couch with unusual animation.

"Up, dearest signora, up," cried the old woman; "this is no day to lie a-dreaming. Here has been my young lord's serving man Tomaso an hour since. He has come all the way from Chioggia this morning, and brings such news."

The maiden arose from her midday rest, and as she disposed herself for the toilette the old woman continued her narration.

"By my faith, dear child, the wars have not done much to improve that same saucy valet, as he calls himself. Heaven knows he was forward enough when he came from his travels; but now he swaggers and ruffles about just as if he was ready to cut any one's throat that would look askaunt at him. The Virgin grant that the camp has not done as much for the young count Giulio."

Bianca smiled.

"We must hope, Giudetta, that the head of the master may not be so easily turned as that of the man; but thy news, good nurse."

"Oh, aye, signora; what a head I have to be sure. Well, Tomaso says, that his serene highness the doge, with all the captains and great warriors, were to leave Chioggia at day-break, and go in their galleys as far as Malamocco. It seems that a vessel has been sent thither by the state to receive him and his suite, and in this they are all to proceed in great pomp as far as San Chimento. And then, my dearest lady, the grandest part of the day is to commence, for the state has ordered the Bucentoro to be refitted and turned out in great splendour; and it is to be rowed down to San Chimento; and they say that half Venice are preparing to go forth to meet his highness, and to conduct him back again to the city with all sorts of triumphs and rejoicings, and I know not what. Santissima Madre! but it will be a great day in Venice, I trow."

A great day for Venice, assuredly was this first of July. How changed were her fortunes since, just six months before, her nobles and citizens had last assembled in her piazza, going forth to do battle for their very existence then, now returning victorious, the Gonfalon of St. Mark still flying proudly, holding the unvanquished supremacy of the sea. All was bustle, excitement, and preparation throughout the city, the work proceeded vigorously through the day, and ere four o'clock everything was completed for the triumphal entry of the doge and the Venetian troops. And now the crowds grew denser in the great square and the piazzetta, every calee seemed to send forth a stream of life into the great thoroughfares; every house poured out its inhabitants, and the throng was so great that Sanuto assures us one could scarcely pass through the piazza. The windows and balconies of all the palazzi and buildings which grace the grand canal or the squares of Saint Marco, were filled with fair and richly attired women, and were hung with gorgeous draperies of cloth of every hue and texture, the effect of which was brilliant and picturesque in the extreme. At length, any one who looked along the sea of heads might perceive a simultaneous movement to and fro, while every countenance was intently turned in the direction of the water; then was heard a suppressed yet excited murmur of voices as, at last, the flotilla of the republic hove in sight. Strains of martial music came borne along the quiet air, and the sunshine fell upon the pennons and streamers of the galleys, and glinted off the gilded sides of the state vessel and the bright armour and weapons of the troops. And now they move on slowly and majestically through the water, making for the stairs at the foot of the red columns. First came the world-famed galley of the state, "il nobilissimo e gran vascello Bucentoro," as it was magniloquently designated; and a very grand and noble galley it was indeed, if elaborate workmanship and costly decoration, rather than utility, constitute grandeur. A British traveller, who saw it in the days of its glory, in the commencement of the seventeenth century, declares that "it is a thing of maruailous worth, the richest gallie of all the world; for it cost one hundred thousand crownes, which is thirty thousand pounds sterling. A work so exceeding glorious, that I never heard or read of the like in any place of the world, these only excepted, viz. that of Cleopatra, which she so exceeding sumptuously adorned with cables of silke and other passing beautiful ornaments; and those that the Emperor Caligula built with timber of ceder and poupes and sternes of iuorie; and, lastly," he adds, we suspect with more loyalty than truth, "that most incomparable and peereless ship of our Gracious Prince, called the Prince Royall, which was launched at Wollige, about Michaelmas last, which indeed doth by many degrees surpass this Bucentoro of Venice, and any ship else, I believe, in Christendome." The size of the Bucentaur was, however, not such as will be very imposing to us of an age when Leviathan steam-vessels cross from the New to the Old World in a week; truth obliges us to disclose the fact that its length was but one hundred feet, and its breadth twenty-one; it was driven through the water by forty-two oars, each worked by four men, who sat in the lower deck; above this was the upper deck, covered all over by an arched awning of crimson velvet; the quarter deck was slightly elevated, and near the stern was placed a gilded throne for the doge, while along the length of the vessel ran four rows of benches for the senators and other great personages, who usually accompanied his highness. But how shall we describe the ornaments which crowded this lumbering aquatic-royal-coach with the most lavish prodigality? Near to the doge was a colossal statue of Justice, covered all over with gold, and holding the scales in one hand and the sword in the other. Along the sides were twenty more gilt statues, some of emperors and generals, others allegorical. Then there were marine deities, winged lions, medallions, cornucopias, fruits, flowers, all elaborately carved and richly gilded. The prow was fashioned into a mighty winged lion, which proudly divided the subject waters, while from the mast-head floated the same monster wrought upon the gonfalon of the state. Dear reader, smile not as you read at all this old-world pageantry: if you live in an utilitarian age be thankful; but do not forget that, with all our enlightenment, we have not yet got rid of the puerilities of lord mayors, glass-coaches, and the mummeries of hideous bear-skin hats and civic robes.

On the day of which we write, however, there was no sense of disparagement to qualify the admiration with which a thousand wondering eyes beheld the imperial galley urging her course slowly onward. There sat the noble-hearted old doge, Andrea Contarini, in his golden chair of state, the horned bonnet on his brow, and his venerable white beard flowing down upon his gold-embroidered vesture. At his side were the Bishop di Castello, and the Calonaci di San Marco and le Croci; beyond these were such members of the Council of Ten as had accompanied him to the siege of Chioggia; then came the principal officers of the state, and the senators who had gone to meet the armament as far as San Chimento. On either side of the Bucentoro, and following in her wake, brigantines and skiffs of every shape and description were to be seen; some with the prows shaped in the forms of sea-horses, and other marine monsters; others with the stern elongated into vast tails, but whether of fish or fowl, he would indeed be a bold zoologist who would take upon him to pronounce. But one huge galley engrossed special attention, and even divided the popular admiration with the Bucentaur herself. This vessel was nearly as wide across the beam as she was long from stem to stern, reminding one somewhat of an over-grown punt. The rotundity of its appearance was, however, relieved by two enormous dolphins, which were projected from the prow, and, being made of a shell-work of light wood covered with linen, floated high out of the water, showing their backs covered with golden scales, and being harnessed to the poop, they presented the appearance of drawing the galley through the water. From the deck of this craft rose a superstructure of a very novel character, to be seen floating on the water—nothing less than a lofty circular temple, of Grecian architecture, surrounded by four-and-twenty pillars which supported a hemispherical dome; a pennon floated from the summit, and within sat a number of persons, of both sexes arrayed in gay and fantastic dresses, and wearing masks.

And now the Bucentaur had reached the stairs at the foot of the piazzetta di San Marco. A flourish of martial music burst forth from the clarions; shouts of "Viva la Republic

Serenissima! viva San Marco!" rent the air; while scarfs and kerchiefs were waved from balconies and casements, and bonnets were raised aloft in joyous acclamation. Then the old doge rose from his chair of state, and with the Bishop of Castello on his right, and the principal of the "Neri" on his left, and preceded by the gonfalon, stepped from the Bucentoro, and once more placed his feet within the city of Saint Mark. It was a proud moment for the old warrior. He paused for an instant on the lower step, and raising his sword-hilt with both his hands, he bent down his head till his lips touched the cross formed by the guard; then looking up to heaven, he exclaimed, amidst the profound silence of the multitude,

"Bear witness, O blessed Saint Mark, and ye holy apostles of God, I have kept my vow, and now return in triumph to Venice!"

Then the silence into which the crowd had, as if by magic, been lulled, was broken by a simultaneous cheer, as if from every throat in the concourse,

"Viva il Contarini! Viva lo doge! Viva l'eccellentissimo senato!"

And now the crowd of spectators were pressed back on either side by a company of Venetian halberdiers, who, passing down the centre of the piazzetta, made a clear space for the procession of the various trades of the city, who formed in the prescribed order to meet the doge, and conduct him to the Church of Saint Mark. First came, marching two abreast, the worshipful company of the barber-surgeons, marshalled by their gonfaloniere, bearing the standard of the guild, upon which was displayed the winged lion of Saint Mark, with the motto, *Quid non speremus*—a boastful one truly; but in all ages the professors of the healing art have understood the value of confidence in themselves in order to inspire confidence in others. Next in order followed the guild of goldsmiths; their banner was, as might be expected, extremely rich; it was made of red and blue cloth of silk, embroidered profusely with gold and silver, having the motto wrought in thread of gold, *Nostros non aspernare labores*. Then came the tailors, with their banner of white silk wrought over with leaves of green velvet, with the legend, *Decorum et honestum*. After these was a beautiful flag of azure silk, representing the sky at midnight, studded profusely with stars of silver; the armorial bearings were a virgin holding the shield of Saint Mark in front of the temple of Janus, which was closed, as appeared by the motto, *Clauduntur belli portæ*, intimating that the fine arts flourish best in time of peace: this was the standard of the painters. And so each of the other companies followed in their prescribed order, the merchants bearing on their standard an image of the Virgin, with the legend, *Sub tuum præsidium confugimus*. Then the shoemakers, the glass-blowers, the mirror-makers, the farriers, the swordblade-makers, who bore on their banner a wheel, with the motto, *Ex bello pax*. Then followed the dyers, the silk-mercers, or *toscani*, as they were then called; the carpenters, smiths, masons, and stone-cutters; the bakers, whose flag displayed Ceres crowned with a wreath of corn-blades, and the legend, *Hilarius flavescet*. But as we do not aspire to the office of the herald, we shall omit the rest of the trades, which were, indeed, very numerous in a city where all the arts and manufactures flourished in an extraordinary degree. Let our readers suppose them all to have passed by him in their procession up the piazzetta, and attend to that portion of the pageant which next solicits his admiration. First come the eight standards which were presented to the state; they are of rich cloth of silk, embroidered with gold; two are of white, two of red, two of blue, and two of purple. Then come six trumpeters blowing the six state trumpets made of pure silver; after these followed the *scudieri*, or esquires of the doge, bearing his armour; then one carried the great torch called the *cero*, being made of white wax. Next in procession come the councillors of state, the senators of the Pregadi, arrayed in their gowns of crimson silk with long white sleeves, the two ducal chancellors, the secretaries of the various tribunals, the treasurer, the procurator of St. Mark's and the other officers of the state. Next in order come the *cusino*, or cushion, on the one side, and on the other the *sedia*, or ducal chair, borne on the shoulders of two men, and resembling in form the curule seats of the Romans. Last of all comes the doge himself, preceded by the captain-general, the illustrious Zeno, and the grand chancellor, who though always selected from amongst the citizens took rank above the nobles. Old Andrew Contarini, with his weight of eighty years, bore himself erect and proudly that day, beneath the great state *ombrella*, having on either side of him the Bishop of Castello and the chief of the Council of Three, while after came the sword-bearer with the *stocco*, or sword of state, the procession being closed with a company of ducal guards. In this order the *cortège* proceeded, amidst the acclamations of the people and the sound of martial music, along the piazzetta towards the church of St. Mark. When they had reached the area in front of the cathedral, the members of the various trades separated on either side, leaving a clear space in the middle, and thereupon the canons issued forth from the principal entrance, clothed in their vestments and bearing the cross, while they chanted the "*Te Deum Laudamus*." As soon as they met the doge they turned and conducted him, still chanting the hymn, up the nave of the church and so on to the high altar, where grand mass was performed, and thanksgiving offered up for the successful issue of the war. When the mass was over the procession formed again, and conducted the doge to the ducal palace. The evening was closed with a magnificent illumination. The principal buildings were lighted up brilliantly; the galleys were moored in the canals of the Giudecca and San Marco, and lamps of various-coloured glass were hung along the rigging and the masts, while the Bucentoro was one blaze of splendour, to the great delight of the worthy citizens who paced the southern banks of the city, and filled the air with *vivas* and rejoicings. Neither should we omit to make mention of the piazza and piazzetta of St. Mark. It was a sight of which they alone who have seen a Venetian carnival can form any just notion. Light streamed through every window of the princely palaces that lined these squares, which were traversed by hundreds in their gayest attire. The sounds of lutes, and the songs of minstrels resounded on every side, broken upon from time to time by plaudits and shouts of laughter. Upon the next day there were boat racing, and those fights, *dei bastoni* and *dei pugni*, in which the Venetians delighted, wherein two contending parties endeavoured to maintain one of the principal bridges over the canals, fighting, in the former case, with staffs; in the latter, with their hands alone. In the struggling, numbers of the combatants were sure to be tossed over the low battlements into the water, to the infinite delight of the populace, who crowded the banks at either side, or sat in gondolas in the canal ready to receive the involuntary divers and pick them up when they had got a sufficient ducking. The mountebanks, too, plied their vocation in the squares, amongst whom was pre-eminent our old acquaintance Bartolomeo Venturini, the prince of *Ciarlatani*, who gashed his flesh, played with snakes, ate fire, vomited smoke and flame from his mouth, ears, and nostrils, told fortunes, sold drugs, potions, elixirs, and charms, and befooled, bewildered, and picked the pockets of the cittadini and their wives to a surprising extent.

Such were the triumphant celebrations in Venice of the great victory achieved over the Genoese by the recapture of Chioggia. One looks back upon them with mingled feelings of wonder and sadness, for he remembers that all her great spirits are fled for ever; her doges no more rule the Adriatic, her navies no longer sweep the seas, her nobles are wanderers or beggars, her citizens serve the strangers who visit her, her palaces are the hired houses of the wealthy of other lands or locanda and hotels for the man of pleasure and the tourist. Naught remains but the fair body of the beautiful dead, whose soul is departed; there she lies corse-like in her lifeless loveliness, decked out and placid in the repose of death, with the same glorious skies above her, the same waters kissing her fair feet, the same sun gilding her church-domes and palace-roofs. A city of memories that are as immortal as they are saddening.

PALM TREES, AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

When the painter wishes to represent a tropical land, he depicts a landscape with palm trees, and the characteristic physiognomy of the picture is half accomplished. In truth, these graceful denizens of the forest are essentially tropical; only two species, tiny little shrub-like things, scarcely bigger than a lady's fan, being indigenous to any temperate clime. One is called the *chamærops humilis*, and is a native of Spain, Italy, and Greece. The other, *chamærops palmetta*, and is a native of North America. In Spain, the leaves of the former are employed as materials for the manufacture of sweeping-brooms.

With the solitary exception of this dwarf species, of all the species of palms which botanists are acquainted with, no less than 175 are trees—sometimes gigantic trees, and always graceful.

But it is not for the sake of their beauty alone that palms are worthy to be noticed. They are not mere elegant sultanas of the forest, spending a luxurious idle life—rearing their proud heads aloft, and waving their delicate plumes to the breeze; far from it—palm trees, though they are very beautiful, are still more useful; no vegetable genus yielding such a variety of products.

FIG. 1.—THE SAGO PALM (*Sagus Rumphii*).

Now, just let us take a glance at these products, and try to enumerate some of the chief amongst them; one may be well pardoned for skipping over some, so varied and so numerous are they.

Let us see then:—There is the cocoa-nut to begin with—this is the product of a palm. And here it is necessary for us to be precise, and to state that by the term cocoa-nut, we mean the large bullet-like thing with a thick shell, and a central cavity filled with a liquid which people are agreed to term *milk*,—not, however, that it resembles the animal fluid very much, even in appearance. This explanation is necessary, inasmuch as some people confound the palm cocoa-nut with that which, being ground in a mill, furnishes the cocoa of the shops—the two have not the slightest alliance, botanical or otherwise; neither does the cocoa-making cocoa-nut grow on a palm. The date, again, is the produce of a palm tree; and whilst on this topic, the reader's attention may be drawn to a somewhat curious fact. The hard stone which lies in the centre of a date, and which can scarcely be cut by hammer and chisel, so tough and hard is it—this date-stone is the part which corresponds with the edible portion of a cocoa-nut—and conversely, the shell of a cocoa-nut is the corresponding part to the edible and fleshy portion of the date. Cocoa-nuts and dates having suggested their respective trees, the sight of a composite candle reminds us of the oil-palm, that valuable tree which supplies the negroes with a substitute for butter, and helps to form our soap, candles, and lubricating fat for railway axles. Sago, again, is the produce of a palm; as is also the valuable astringent, *catechu*, so useful in medicine and the manufacture of leather. Various in their properties as are the bodies already mentioned, as being the produce of the palm tribe, they are only a few instances chosen almost at random, and give but a faint notion of the rich treasures derived from the tribe of palms.

We have hitherto considered each species as affording us only one single product; but this is hardly doing justice to our friends the palms. For instance, take the cocoa-nut palm. In the first place, it yields us its fruit, the nuts; but these are not a tenth of its products. Those graceful leaves,

FIG. 2.—THE GUINEA OIL-PALM (*Elæis Guineensis*).

which wave like an enormous plume of ostrich-feathers in the breeze, were once enveloped in a sheath, forming a sort of gigantic, unexpanded bud. In this state it resembles a cabbage in appearance; and if cut just at this period, it is delicious to eat after boiling, forming a very good substitute for the cabbage, to which, indeed, it is preferred by many. Then, again, the juice of the cocoa-nut palm, and indeed of many others, is valuable. If collected and allowed to ferment, it yields a very agreeable wine; but if evaporated whilst fresh, it yields sugar precisely similar to that of the cane. Although the juice of the cocoa-nut palm is saccharine, yet that of the date-palm is more saccharine still. A great many specimens of those finely-crystallised sugars now brought from the East Indies were never extracted from the cane, but were obtained from the juice of various species of palm trees, more especially the date-palm. Returning to the cocoa-palm (fig. 3), and scrutinising its productions more narrowly, we shall find that others yet remainto be adverted to. Who does not know that the external husk of the cocoa-nut yields, when properly manipulated, a valuable textile fibre? In regions where the

cocoa-palm grows, this property of the fibre of its husk has been known to the natives from time immemorial; but amongst ourselves the discovery of this property is altogether modern, and resulted, like many other good things, in accident, as follows.

The oil which cocoa-nuts yield, when expressed, was found, about the year 1840, to be a valuable material. At least the oil was in that year applied to the manufacture of candles, being mixed with palm-oil, and treated by a chemical process, concerning which we shall have a little to say hereafter. Well, the process of subjecting ground cocoa-nuts to pressure, in order to extract their oil, requires the use of bags of some coarse fabric. When first the manufactory was established in Ceylon, these fabrics were conveyed there from England; until at last W. Wilson discovered that the best fabric for the construction of pressure-bags was that obtained from the husk of the cocoa-nut itself. Then arose the introduction of cocoa-nut fibre to commerce for many other purposes. Beds are now stuffed with it, mats formed of it—ropes, cordage, hearth-rugs, brushes, and, in short, to so great a variety of different purposes is it applied, that we relinquish, in despair, the task of enumerating them.

Having thus given, by anticipation, a slight view of the great importance of the palm tribe; having mentioned a few of their products, and indicated the purposes to which they are applied—we will now go a little more minutely into the natural history and botany of palms, diverging occasionally for the purpose of taking a glance at the arts and sciences involved in the utilisation of their products. Palms, although usually very large trees, are very nearly allied, botanically speaking, to the lilies and bulrushes, which latter, in general terms, may be said to be their representatives in the temperate zone.

Palms belong to that great division of the vegetable kingdom which botanists term *endogenous*, inasmuch as their stems grow by the central deposition of woody fibre; the word

FIG. 3.—THE COCOA-NUT PALM (*Cocos Nucifera*).

endogenous signifying, growing internally or within. It is in tropical lands that the endogenous form of vegetable structure assumes its greatest development, not only constituting certain gigantic trees of which palms are one species, but presenting itself in the shape of bamboos, canes, and grasses, with which we, inhabitants of a temperate zone, can only become acquainted by description, or by the stunted pigmy-like off-shoots which sometimes vegetate (flourish one cannot say) in our palmariums and hot-houses.

All the large trees of temperate climes are of exogenous growth—that is to say, their stem increases in size by annual depositions of woody fibre externally, or next to the bark,

whence arises the denomination *exogenous*, which signifies, growing without or externally, just as *endogenous* signifies growing internally or within. The largest endogenous plants which temperate climes produce are the tall grasses, such as wheat, barley, oats, &c.

The determination whether a vegetable belongs to the endogenous or exogenous class is easily arrived at by several modes of investigation, the simplest of which, in cases where it can be applied, consists in the examination of a section of the vegetable trunk. If any of our native trees be cut across, and the plane of section polished, a prime indication of exogenous development will be seen. The trunk will be observed to consist of numerous concentric rings, each corresponding to the growth of one season, and therefore from an examination of them the age of the tree may be predicted. Moreover, the distinction between pith, wood, and bark will be complete; each of these several portions of the vegetable trunk being well marked.

On cutting across an endogenous trunk—the larger the better, hence the trunk of a palm tree is best, although the section of a rattan cane affords satisfactory indications—a great difference of structure between this and the structure of the exogenous vegetable will be manifest. In the first place, there is no longer recognisable any well-marked distinction between pith, wood, and bark; all three of which are confused and in a manner blended together. Secondly, the concentric rings, so evident in the other case, and so distinctive, are here altogether wanting. The vegetable tissue appears thrown confusedly together, an appearance which results from the peculiar manner in which the trunk is formed—namely, by the internal deposition of woody fibre,—hence the term *endogenous*.

Perhaps the section of the trunk cannot be obtained. In this case the determination may readily be made by an examination of a leaf. The leaf-veins of exogenous plants are reticulated, whereas those of endogenous plants are parallel. A third method of distinguishing endogenous from exogenous plants is afforded, at least in the majority of instances, by the seed, which in endogenous plants only consists of one lobe, or cotyledon, whereas the seeds of exogenous plants consist of two. Hence arise the botanical terms *monocotyledonous* and *dicotyledonous*, which are respectively employed to indicate endogenous and exogenous plants. This botanical digression (necessary, however, to the satisfactory comprehension of our subject) has led us away from the consideration of palms, but we will now resume their description.

We have already stated that palm-trees may be regarded as botanically allied to the lilies and bulrushes of temperate regions. Let not the non-botanical reader think the comparison strange; he will find, when he comes to be acquainted with the principles of botanical science, that the mere size of vegetables has little or nothing to do with their alliances. The nature of the organs of fructification is a far surer sign; guided by these and some other appearances, the botanist refers the various members of the vegetable world to their proper natural families. In this way it is found that rose-bushes and apple-trees are very nearly allied; as in like manner are nettles, elm, and fig-trees. It is not our object to explain fully the nature of such botanical alliances, these forming the proper subjects of a treatise on botany rather than an occasional article. We will, however, direct the reader's attention to one little peculiarity of inflorescence, that is to say, the nature and arrangement of flowers; from a consideration of which he will at once recognise a similarity or alliance in this respect between bulrushes and palms. The flowers of both consist of what botanists term a *spadix*, enveloped by a *spathe*.

A spadix consists of a long projection, that imaginative botanists liken to a sword, which, being denominated *spada* in Latin, this form of inflorescence is termed a *spadix*. Arranged upon this spadix, and growing out of it, are seen flowers and young fruit, and enveloping the spadix with its appendages is seen a leaf-like sheath; this latter is termed a spathe. A good example of a spadix enclosed in a spathe is furnished by the *Arum maculatum* of botanists, which is found in hedgerows. The common bulrush, with which our country readers must be familiar, supplies an instance of the spadix without a spathe.

Viewed with regard to their woody fibre, palm-trees exhibit great similarities to the stem of ferns. The likeness may be observed even on examining one of our own English ferns; but the resemblance is still greater when the section of one of the tropical tree-ferns is the subject of comparison. Like these tree-ferns, too, palm-trees must have been created very early in the history of the world. Evidence to this effect is furnished to us by the existing coal-fields of many regions. For the most part, these coal regions consist of fossilised ferns; but the remains of palm-trees are also found; this is our proof.

Palm trees are now found growing native in Europe Asia, Africa, America, and Australia; but with the exception of two dwarf species, the *chamærops humilis*, in Europe, and the *chamærops palmetta*, in North America, they are all denizens of tropical lands, and their region may be considered as bounded by the thirty-fifth degree of northern, and the fortieth of southern latitude. Nevertheless, one species at least, the date-palm, has been so far naturalised in certain localities of Southern Europe, especially Andalusia and Valencia, that it grows to maturity and produces fruit—though far inferior to the dates of Africa. The greatest authority on palm trees is Herr Von Martius, a German botanist, who, with a view of studying their characteristics, devoted three years to a travelling excursion in Brazil—a region more rich in palms than any on the face of the globe. This botanist considers that there are existing at this time upwards of a thousand species of palms. If the opinion be correct, future botanical explorers have a rich field of investigation yet untrodden, inasmuch as no more than 175 species have yet been individualised and described: of these, 119 belong to South America, 42 to India, and 14 to Africa. Cosmopolitan denizens of the vegetable world, as we have seen that palm trees are, different species affect different localities. Some love to wave on mountain crests, others delight to fringe the sea-coast, and others will only arrive at perfection on the banks of rivers and streams; moreover, with few exceptions, a few species refuse to flourish if taken from their own native land, and conveyed to another of seemingly identical climate. Amongst the few exceptions to this rule, the cocoa-nut palm and the date-palm deserve especial mention; provided the climate be hot enough, and that the sea be near enough, they flourish and bring forth fruit. It is a very curious fact, not satisfactorily accounted for, that the cocoa-nut palm will not flourish at any great distance from the sea: hence, islands are best adapted to their culture, and in Central Africa there are none. Botanists are inclined to refer this predilection for the sea-shore to the tendency which these trees have to take up salt; and the idea is partly confirmed by the known fact of their partiality, if the term may be allowed, for alkaline food. In Ceylon, which may be regarded as the head-quarters of cocoa-nut palms, the natives have a proverb, that the tree likes conversation. The houses of Cingalese villages are built amidst groves of cocoa-nut palms, under which condition the trees thrive best. This fact is usually attributed, and it would seem justly, to the fact, that the natives treat their conversation-loving friends to a frequent dressing of their own ashes. So great an amount of alkali do the ashes of these trees contain, that the Cingalese washerwomen rarely employ any soap; but steeping the ashes in water to extract the alkali, they employ the resulting fluid.

At the very commencement of our present remarks we stated a few of the purposes to which the various portions of cocoa-nut palm (fig. 3) might be rendered subservient. We mentioned that in addition to the nut employed as food, the external husk yielded material for ropes and cordage; we mentioned that sugar might be obtained from the juice. In addition to these products, the spirit, known as arrack, is distilled from this same juice when fermented; then the midrib or central vein of the leaf, when properly trimmed, is employed as an oar for rowing; the lower part of the stem yields a wood exceedingly hard, and susceptible of taking so high a polish,

that in this condition it might be almost mistaken for agate. In addition to these various applications, houses—good, strong, and substantial—are frequently constructed of the cocoa-palm trunks, and the roofs thatched with cocoa-palm leaves. These same leaves, when cut into strips of suitable length, serve as tablets for writing purposes. Their surface being covered with a flinty coat, the latter is susceptible of removal by the point of a metallic style; and in this way the Cingalese write, or rather engrave, on the leaf with remarkable facility, occasionally rendering the writing more legible by filling the graved indentation with a black pigment. It must here be remarked, however, that although the cocoa-nut leaf answers this purpose very well, there is another palm—the *Talipot*, which answers still better, inasmuch as the breadth capable of being written upon is wider than is the same part in the leaf of the cocoa-nut palm.

We have now, the reader will admit, given a tolerably long list of applications to which these Jack-of-all-trades of the forest are applied; but our list is not yet complete; and, indeed, to complete it would be difficult; therefore we shall rest content with stating, that the cocoa-nut palm not merely gives us a material out of which cordage can be made—and therefore, as a matter of course, cloth if we wish—but also actually furnishes cloth ready made to our hands. Each leaf grows out of a sort of sack, which, being stripped off, is so good a substitute for cloth, that it is employed in Ceylon as a strainer for the cocoa-nut juice, out of which sugar or arrack, according to circumstances, is destined to be extracted. Before finally taking leave of the cocoa-nut palm, it may be as well to state, that it grows to an elevation of from sixty to ninety feet—sometimes more—and its diameter is from one to two feet.

The juice, of which we have spoken, is extracted by puncturing the spathe, consequently it only admits of collection by climbing the tree. The Cingalese perform this feat in a very remarkable manner. They first surround the tree to be ascended with a hoop formed out of a length of one of the climbing plants with which the country abounds, and then the native inserts his legs between the hoop and the tree; and by a sort of wriggling motion, very similar to that by which a chimney-sweep ascends a chimney, he at length arrives at the top, fills his earthern jar with the juice, and comes down again. This is the plan followed, provided the tree stands alone; more usually, however, they grow in groups, and as the act of wriggling up the stem is not particularly agreeable, the dusky operator has recourse to the following ingenious contrivance. He commences work by ascending one tree, carrying with him a rope, by means of which he binds all the tree tops together; then, spider-like, he crawls across his meshes, collects his juice, lowers the pot by a cord, and recommences operations as before.

From the cocoa-nut palm, we now proceed to the sago palm (fig. 1), or more strictly speaking, sago palms, inasmuch as various species yield this nutritive material. Of these, however, the *Sagus farinifera* and the *Phœnix farinifera* are the chief. Sago is neither more nor less than a very delicate, agreeable-tasting starch, constituting the pith, to use a comprehensive term, or, more strictly speaking, the central portion of the stem. Nothing can be more easy than the process of sago extraction. The palm being cut down and split open, or divided into short transverse sections, and the central portion scooped out and washed, the sago is deposited. The only hard and woody portion of the stem of this species of palm is its outside; and of this the natives of Siam and the Malayan Archipelago, where it grows, make the bodies of their drums.

Although Africa is not very rich in species of palms, those which it does produce of this family are exceedingly valuable. Nowhere does the date-palm arrive at greater perfection than in the North of Africa; and the oil-palm of Guinea, concerning which we shall have to say more hereafter, is of the highest importance, as furnishing an excellent raw material applicable to the manufacture of candles, soap, and many other purposes. Appended (fig. 2), the reader will see a representation of this species. He is a very shaggy looking individual, certainly less beautiful than many others we could mention, but perhaps inferior to none in utility.

VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN.

The Valley of Lauterbrunnen is the favourite resort of summer tourists in Switzerland. Its length is about fifteen miles; its breadth seldom exceeds half a mile. It has been likened to a deep chasm formed in a mass of mountains, and straitened between the vertical walls of the cliff. There is scarcely any country in the world which contains so many cascades in so small a space as this valley. A recent writer says, "In the way of valley there is nothing like it; the crag, the torrent, the lonely châlet, the rock of the hunter, the eternal Alps, and all the delicious fillings up of turf and tree are here strewn about by a mighty hand." On the western side, the enormous chain of rocks is more lofty and craggy than on the opposite side, and from this abrupt declivity the streams rush down to swell the waters of the Lütschine. About a mile and a half up the valley is the Scheinige Platte, with its red and rounded summit, from which it is said the genius of the mountain once flung a chamois hunter.

A strange old story is this Lauterbrunnen legend, and a fitting locality is that which has been selected as the site of the event. Once upon a time a hunter, bold as a lion, and an ardent lover of the chase, pursued a doe heavy with young, from rock to rock, from crag to crag. At length the poor animal was completely exhausted, and on reaching the edge of a steep precipice her strength failed, and she sank down to die. The stag, when sorely pressed, when no hope of escape remains, when the bay of the hound draws near—weeps—so wept the doe; but the hunter's heart was steeled, and preparing his cross-bow, he took a deadly aim. Suddenly his hand shook, his limbs trembled, his eyes were fastened on the figure of an aged man, who, seated on the rock, stretched out his hand, which the chamois licked with affection. "Man of the valley," the stranger said, "to whom God has given all the riches of the plain, why dost thou pollute this mountain with thine unhallowed footsteps? I do not come down and take your chickens from the coop, your oxen from the stall; why then do you come up to me, to slay the chamois of the rock, the eagle of the clouds?" The man replied, though trembling and afraid, that he was poor, that he could not obtain food in the valley, and so had been driven to seek it on the mountain. At this the ghostly man, the apparition of the Lauterbrunnen, appeared to reflect, and after a little began to milk the doe, and the milk changed immediately into cheese. "Here," said he, "is something to satisfy your hunger. It will last for ever, provided you leave unmolested the chamois and the eagle." And so the man took the cheese and departed; and sure enough, the story goes, his cupboard from that day was always found well supplied with this dainty and miraculous cheese; it bulked out an endless feast, and the chamois gained confidence in man and came down into the valley. One day the old love of sport came strongly on the man, and as he watched the chamois play before his châlet, he lifted his cross-bow, took aim, and killed it. Like the albatross, shot by the ancient mariner, it proved a bitter curse to him. The cheese lasted no longer. The man hunted as heretofore up among the craggy tops and mountain heights, until at last came the end: a chamois, shot by him, fell over a precipice; he watched its terrible descent, striking now upon this outstretched branch, now on yon craggy point; but, lo, at the bottom there

were two eyes, fiery eyes, eyes of the old man of the mountain, from whose steady glance he could not conceal himself, could not draw back, but turning dizzy, trembling like a leaf, fell over and was seen no more. Such is the legend of the Scheinige Platte.

The village, which takes its name from the valley, is simple and unpretending, and consists of a church, a parsonage, an inn, and a few cottages. The Staubbach—"fall of dust"—is the grand feature of the district, and just before the traveller

THE VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN, AND THE CASCADE OF THE STAUBBACH.

enters the village, a fine view of this cascade may be obtained. The water falls nine hundred feet perpendicularly—

> And flings its lines of foaming light along
> And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
> The giant steed to be bestrode by Death,
> As told in the Apocalypse.

The Staubbach is remarkable not so much for the volume of its waters as for the height from which it falls. To be seen to the best advantage the cascade should be viewed when illuminated by the rays of the sun. Perhaps no object in Switzerland has excited so much observation, and so many contrary opinions. One calls it "a river rising in the air," another, "a wave impetuously rushing from the empyrean," another says, "it wants sublimity," and a fourth, a lady, condemns it as "a poor thing," which, she remarks, is high treason in the valley, but true nevertheless. Wordsworth calls it "a sky-born waterfall." Says he:—

> "Uttered by whom, or how inspired—designed
> For what strange service does this concert reach
> Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind,
> Mid fields familiarised to human speech?—
> No mermaids warble, to allay the wind;
> Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach—
> More thrilling melodies; witch answering witch,
> To chant a love-spell, never intertwined
> Notes shrill and wild with art more musical;
> Alas! that from the lips of abject want,
> Or idleness in tatters mendicant,
> The strain should flow—free fancy to enthral,
> And with regret and useless pity haunt
> This bold, this bright, this sky-born WATERFALL!"

The valley of Lauterbrunnen is remarkable for the luxuriance of its vegetation. M. Raemond examined very carefully the formation of the valley, and was led to consider it as an accidental crevice formed by some revolution of nature, by which the rivers were broken in their course, and left to pour their waters into the gulf that opened before them.

OMAR PASHA.

THE rise of statesmen and generals in England has not in all cases been creditable or satisfactory. Even in this country intrigue has been known to outstrip merit, and connexion every day proves more powerful than service. Yet our greatest civil functionaries, and pre-eminently, our first military officers, owe their advancement and their position to a long series of meritorious deeds, and to achievements, for the accomplishment of which the experience was necessary which ensues from a patient apprenticeship and a gradual elevation.

In the Ottoman Empire distinguished eminence seems rather given by fate than earned by desert. We do not mean, that without merit subjects of the sultan can vault into power; but we do mean, that it is by a leap or two, rather than by slow steps, that his chief officers commonly attain their eminence. Certainly, men who were yesterday in a very low, if not the lowest, station, may find themselves to-day at the head of an army, or councillors in the imperial divan. Sudden and extraordinary has been the rise of Omar Pasha. His proper name is Lattas. His family are immigrants in Croatia; consequently, by birth, Omar Pasha is an Austrian subject. His father held a military post in the Austrian service. He had an uncle, who was a Greek priest, of more than ordinary merit. A son of that priest is also an officer in the Austrian army. Omar Pasha himself is said to have been born in the year 1811 (another account gives 1801), at Plaski, in the district of Ogulin, in Austrian Croatia. Frequenting the

OMAR PASHA.

military normal high school in that city, he acquired the knowledge and mental discipline whence have flowed his power and distinction. Among acquirements of a much higher kind, he formed a beautiful hand, which proved of no small service in the commencement of his career. Afterwards he became a pupil in the mathematical school at Thurm, near Carlstadt. On completing his studies in that institution, he was incorporated in the Ogulin regiment in the capacity of cadet. Then he accepted a civil office, in which his caligraphy was his chief recommendation. Major Cajetan Kreezig, his employer, is said to have taken special pains to improve and guide the young man, who, however, seems to have neglected his duties, and in consequence found it convenient to relinquish his post. Hastening into Bosnia, he entered the service of a Turkish merchant. There his higher qualifications became known, and received recognition. Having renounced Christianity, and given his allegiance to the prophet of Mecca, Omar Pasha was made domestic tutor by his employer, whose children he accompanied to Constantinople. In that city he became writing-master in a military school. In that office, Lattas, now Omar Pasha, acquitted himself so well, that he was appointed by the now deceased sultan, Mahmud, writing-master to prince Abdul Medshid, at present the reigning sovereign. At the same time he was incorporated in the Turkish army as an officer. When, not long afterwards, his pupil came to supreme power, Omar was advanced to higher military posts. He proved very serviceable in the reform of the training system of the Turkish artillery, which has now so high a character. In consequence of his services in this and in other measures of improvement, Omar Pasha rose rapidly in the confidence and favour of the sultan, received the high appointment of Mushir, or Field-marshal, and was employed in several very difficult tasks, as the suppression of the rising of the Druses in the Lebanon.

In two recent events of great importance to Turkey, Omar Pasha has played the leading part: we allude to the pacification of Bosnia and to the Montenegrin war. It is well known that the sultan has for years past been endeavouring to reinvigorate his disjointed empire by the introduction of a system of civil reforms. The work has everywhere been one of great difficulty. It was so in Bosnia, where, instead of one head, there were a multitude of feudatories, small and great, each of whom exercised considerable power within his own district. Those vassals, descended from the old Bosnian nobility, established there in the time of the Hungarian domination, were Mohammedans, but in their relations with the Porte the diversity of races was not effaced under the power of a common religion. Yet those Bosnian feudatories, though of Sclavonic blood, as are the Christians who dwell near and among them, were far from making common cause with those interesting populations. Here the sentiment of a unity of race disappeared before the diversity of religion. Thus the great proprietors of Bosnia were at once suspected by the Turks, whose dominion they disliked, and hateful to the Christians, whom they pitilessly oppressed.

These beys, or local princes, had always resisted the introduction of the Tanzimat, or system of reform; and when, in 1849, the Porte attempted to impose it on that province, it encountered a well-concerted conspiracy. The prevalent representation on which it had been raised was, that the sultan aimed thereby to substitute for the local authorities his sovereign power, and, as a consequence, to exact heavy tribute from the feudal lords. The insurrection was at first feebly opposed. It soon became necessary to send into the province a complete army; the command naturally devolved on the first general of the Kalifat, Omar Pasha. He entered on the duty of suppressing the insurrection with zeal and prudence; but it was only after a long and costly expedition that, in 1851, he succeeded in gaining the mastery over those sanguinary agitations. The conduct which the commander-in-chief observed toward the Bosnian Christians in the settlement partook no little of the spirit of a Moslem conqueror; yet it is true, that from the reforms which he succeeded in enforcing they derived no mean advantages. Nevertheless, their condition remained sufficiently unsatisfactory to give some colour to those claims of Russia which have led to the Russian invasion of the sultan's dominions.

That invasion was the less hesitatingly made, from the result of the Montenegrin war, which seemed but too clearly to show the weakness of the Ottoman empire. Montenegro (Black Mountain) is a small province lying south of Bosnia, in the extreme west of the sultan's territories on the Adriatic, and in the immediate vicinity of the lands belonging to the Emperor of Austria. Of old, the Montenegrins were Ottoman subjects. But near the close of the last century they vindicated for themselves some sort of independence. This they were enabled to effect in consequence of the mountainous character of their country. The death of the vladika, or prince, Peter Petrowitsh Niegosh, led to the transformation of a theocracy into a purely civil government, in the hands of an hereditary monarch, Daniel Petrowitsh Niegosh, a creature of the emperor Nicholas, which seemed an open renunciation of the rights of the sultan, as undoubtedly it was a diminution of his power, if not an encroachment on his dominions. The revolution was joyously welcomed by the Montenegrin people. Omar Pasha, whose experience in the Bosnian war, had taught him the political and military importance of Montenegro, did all he could to impress upon his government the danger to which Turkey would be exposed, should these events become ratified, and lead to their natural consequences. While war from the sultan was debated in the Divan at Constantinople, the Montenegrins took the initiative, and commenced hostilities. Turkey was not slow to give a corresponding reply. Omar Pasha invaded Montenegro, and in spite of the bravery of its people, gained some advantages. Then Austria appeared on the stage. Retaining a grudge against the Porte for its liberal conduct in regard to Kossuth and the other Hungarian refugees, and being dissatisfied with measures taken by Omar Pasha in his military administration of Bosnia, and no little annoyed that in the Turkish army were many Polish exiles, Austria was but too glad of a pretext for interfering between the sultan and his dependants, and sent to Constantinople Count Leinigen (*Linange*, in French), to put forth complaints, and compel redress by supporting the Montenegrins. Meanwhile the Ottoman arms obtained but partial success. The natural strongholds of the land, defended by native valour, proved impregnable. Even the ability and prowess of Omar Pasha could do little more than maintain a doubtful position in the country. At length Austrian diplomacy prevailed, and the sultan drew out of the contest with a loss of territory, and a loss of credit. Omar Pasha had again proved himself a brave soldier and a great general, but he had failed to ward off from his sovereign a heavy blow.

With a zeal peculiar to renegades and recent converts, Omar Pasha has manifested active hostility against Christianity and Christians, and finds in that hostility a ground of confidence on the part of the Mohammedan Turks, who regard him as the hero of their cause.

A FEW WORDS FROM AUSTRALIA.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

McIvor Diggings, Victoria, July 1, 1353.

TRADE is as lucrative as labour, and numerous and enormous fortunes have been made since the discovery of the gold, and are still making in Melbourne and other parts of Victoria, by trade, and by watching the land market. Let, then, our countrymen at home consider the contents of my communication well, and they will be at no loss to see where the true advantage lies in this colony. Let them come as fast as they will, they cannot do wrong. There is labour enough, trade enough, room enough, and profit enough, for all. Let them only come divested of the empty delusion of making fortunes by gold-digging; the digging, planting, and selling of cabbages at a shilling a-piece is far preferable. Let them only come disabused of the idea that this country is a perfect paradise, and its climate that of the seventh heaven, and they will find a

good country and a fine climate. Let them expect swinging heat and a host of pestilent flies in summer; a good share of rain, snow, and ice, as well as warm sunshine, in winter; plenty of stinging ants and other insects in the bush; and knowing the drawbacks, they will in a while learn to think little of them. Let them remember that it is *unavoidably a country of thieves*, and they will be on their guard; that thousands are rushing hither with the sole object of making fortunes as rapidly as they can, and that consequently this colony is the very hot-bed of speculation and of exorbitant charges, and they will come properly prepared with money to meet the inevitable demands upon them. They will then not expect too much *conscience* or too little grasping in those with whom they will have to deal. Let them tread under their feet the *fable*, that this country is so free from diseases and disordered health, that doctors are unnecessary, and they will endure with more patience the attacks that they are pretty sure to pass through before they are acclimated. In Melbourne alone there are already about a hundred and fifty doctors, who seem well employed, and at the diggings especially the doctors flourish. Fever, dysentery, and influenza are the prevalent and fatal disorders. But perhaps the hard, monotonous diet in the bush and at the diggings—tea, mutton, and heavy damper—heavy damper, mutton, and tea—with the vile trash they sell for spirits, have more to do with these illnesses, in connexion with the exposures to rapidly alternative heat, cold, and wet, than simply the climate itself. But if people only weigh these things in the scale with the allurements held out to them by interested parties, who draw Arabian Nights' pictures of Australian felicity for them, they have little to fear and much to hope here.

It is true, that the continued influx of population will gradually reduce the price of labour, and divide and diminish the individual profits from trade; but, after all, there will be room enough and scope enough on this great island-continent. United Australia, such is its extent, the amount of its fertile as well as of its sterile land, its various advantages of sea-coast, of timber, of minerals, of climate for the growth of the products of the tropical or the more temperate latitudes, must assuredly become a mighty and magnificent empire. England is reproducing herself here on a larger scale; and the science, the industry, and the indomitable energies of her children will gradually diminish the drawbacks, while they increase the amenities, of the country and climate. When towns and villages are sprinkled over the country; when the land is opened up by cultivation, and water is carefully reservoired where it so extensively may; when ants, flies, scorpions, and centipedes are rooted out by the axe, the spade, and the plough, and are succeeded by cattle, corn-fields, and cocks and hens, this country will wear a far more smiling and inviting aspect. Instead of millions on millions of square miles of wild forest encumbered with dead timber, swarming with almost every species of insect, there will be the cheerful homestead, the finest fields, the bright verdure of vineyards and of gardens of European fruit-trees, and all the animating sights and sounds of civilised life. Those who come now are the pioneers of this pleasant futurity, and they must be content to do the work of pioneers, sure at the same time to be well rewarded for their toils.

I have thus written a brief statement, the result of my own experience, of what people ought and ought not to expect here. The details of our adventures up and down in these colonies, the scenes in the bush and at the diggings, which by-and-bye will appear, will, I think, form as curious, amusing, and I trust as important a narrative as has for a good while been produced.

Bendigo, July 25th, 1853.

Since I began these remarks, I have laid my hand upon the "Report of the Produce of the Gold Fields of Victoria, for 1852," published by Mr. Khull, the bullion-broker, of Melbourne, which being drawn chiefly from official sources, may be considered substantially correct. By this report, it appears that the total amount of gold, during last year, produced from the diggings of Victoria, was 4,175,247 ounces. Now this, divided by 200,000, the number of diggers estimated to be now engaged on the gold fields of this colony, gives less than £21, per man for the whole year, or much less than *half* an ounce per week per man! This is a far less amount than I had calculated on above (p. 280); and that 200,000 cannot be an over-estimate of the diggers, is shown by the same report which makes, from government returns, the number of persons arriving in the colony in 1852, no less than 104,883; being, in the words of the report, "an increase of 100 per cent. over the census of 1851." The amount, moreover, of arrivals this year has been far greater, as stated above.

But if we were to estimate the diggers at only half the number I have stated, or 100,000—an estimate far under the fact, for there are calculated to be 40,000 on this field of Bendigo—that will not give an ounce per man weekly. If, again, it be asserted that all who come out hither do not dig, I ask why? It is notorious that nine-tenths of those who come hither come expressly with the intention of digging, and thus of reaping a share of that amazing harvest of gold which interested parties, amongst whom ship-owners and ship-brokers are not the least, have led them to expect. If they do not, then, dig on their arrival, it must proceed from substantial reasons. Either they are disabused on their arrival in Melbourne, by plain facts, of the delusive ideas with which they set out, or they go up the country, do dig, and are cured of the gold-digging mania by their own sharp experience. In any case, there are the facts before you, and every one not determined to shut his eyes to the simple truth, can form his own conclusions.

This field of Bendigo covers an area of eight square miles. In one direction it extends about twenty miles in length, and the expanse of surface perforated and turned upside down is perfectly astonishing. I find many of the sinkings are from fifty to seventy feet deep—I have already been down such—and present all the aspect of a regular mining country. Whole hills are undermined, so that you may go all the way under them through the tunnels driven by the diggers. Yet even here, in the very metropolis of the diggings, and where the produce is confessedly more steady than anywhere else, I find the diggers complaining that they cannot, many of them, procure gold enough to purchase the necessary food and pay the monthly license. There is, therefore, a great and zealous agitation going on to compel government to reduce the monthly license from 30s. to 10s.; whether they will succeed remains to be seen. There is a general expectation that this coming month a large body of diggers will make a determined stand, refusing to take licenses.* Meantime, the number of fellows taking to the roads as bush-rangers is rapidly on the increase. We had two visits from them on the road from the M'Ivor, and it was only by a determined show of resistance that we got rid of them. But on the very same spot where they a second time made their appearance, they committed a daring robbery on three ladies the very next day, and I saw one of the scoundrels soon after brought into the government camp. Since then, twelve of them have attacked and robbed the private escort, four of the escort being severely wounded, and six of the bush-rangers being already taken; or, rather, six men are taken on suspicion of being part of them. Two of the wounded escort-guards are not expected to live. Out of eight persons, the number of the escort, two only escaped unhurt, and one of these, the officer, had fourteen shots fired at him. The rogues carried off 2,200 ounces of gold. The officer galloped off, having fired his last round of ammunition, to the government camp at M'Ivor, and in forty-five minutes after he announced the robbery there was a strong force of commissioners and troopers on the ground at fourteen miles' distance; but the scoundrels were off with their booty, leaving the poor men wounded on the ground. I hear from the commissioners here that three hundred diggers are scouring the country in pursuit of the bush-rangers, and vow that they will Lynch them if they catch them.

* This has been done successfully, the license system being now abandoned by government.—Ed.

BELLS AND BELL-FOUNDING.

We will suppose all the preliminaries successfully accomplished, and the various moulds ready to receive the melted metal; for, although we have described the working and preparing of only one set of moulds, there are generally some dozens of bells cast on the same day. We step into another large room, and here we witness the actua

FIG. 5.—DRAWING THE CRUCIBLE.

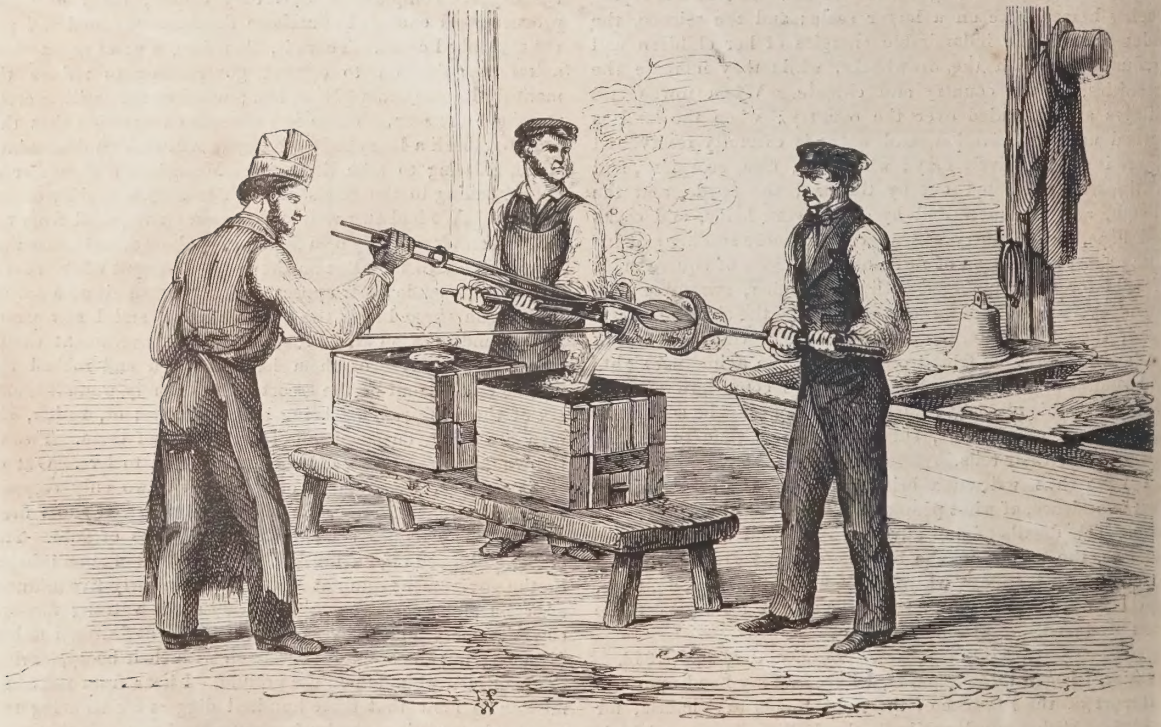


FIG. 6.—CASTING SMALL BELLS.

OPERATION OF BELL FOUNDING.

The various moulds having been brought into this part of

FIG. 7.—POURING THE METAL IN THE MOULD.

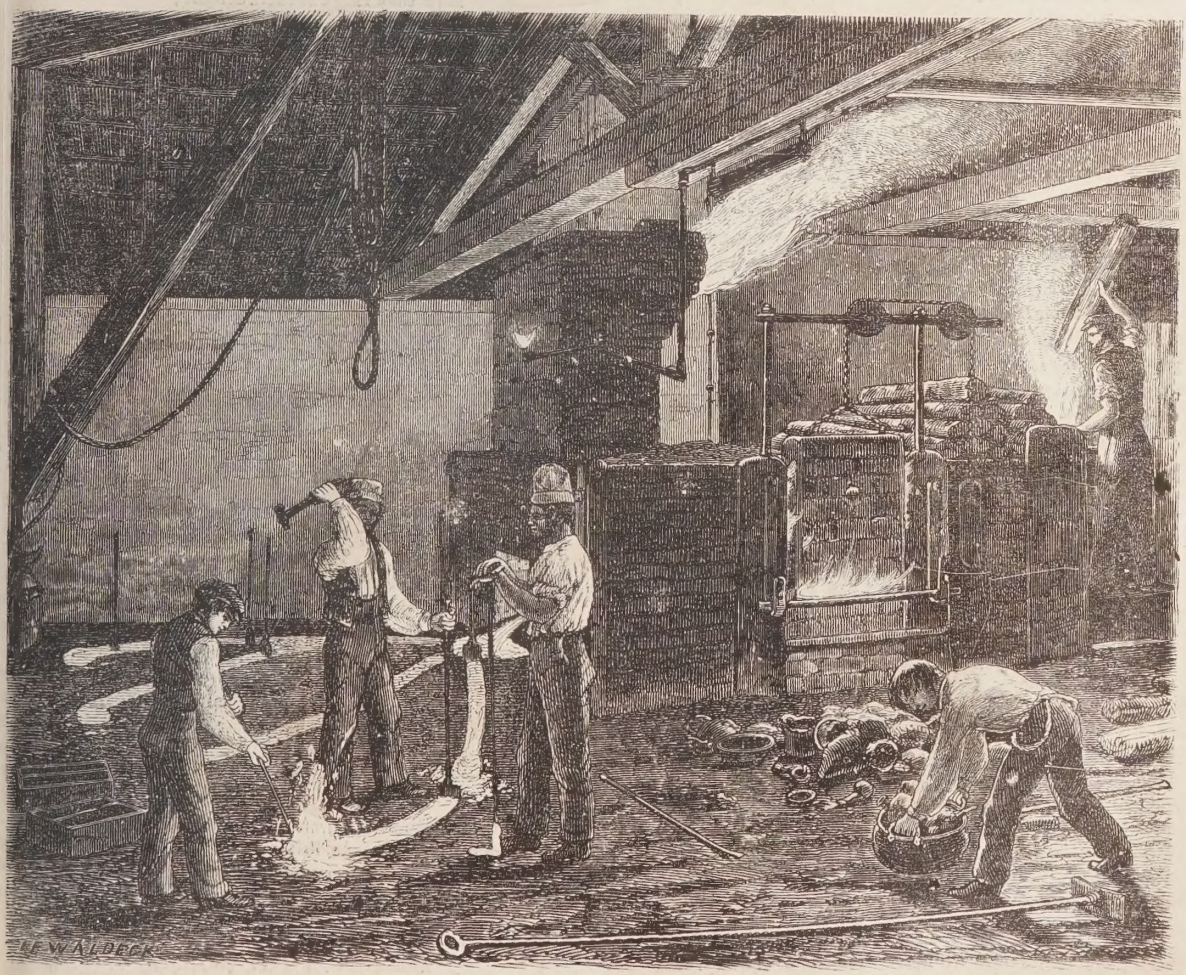


FIG. 8.—CASTING LARGE BELLS.

the factory, they are firmly embedded in the earth, and nothing of them is visible but the holes in their caps. On the occasion of the casting of a peal of large bells, the fused metal is carried at once from the furnace to the pit by means of a series of gutters, and when one bell is completed the fiery wave is stopped off and directed to the mouth of another mould. Our artist has very graphically described this scene (fig. 8). The bell-metal being tested and found to be of the right temperature, the furnace doors are opened, and out rushes the liquid fire, bubbling and boiling in a white heat too fierce to look upon. "Is the bell," says Schiller, in his famous Song of the Bell—

> "Is the bell in the ground well-bedded?
> Is the mould well set and steadied?
> Skill and diligence to pay,
> Will it issue fair to-day?
> Should the cast not hit,
> Should the coping split;
> Ah! perhaps while hopes elate us
> Now, e'en now, mishaps await us!"

Mishaps, however, seldom happen at Messrs. Mears' foundry, where everything is conducted on sound and scientific principles. As many as a dozen large and many small bells are cast at one melting, and as much as twenty tons of metal consumed. In the Montreal Foundry, so called from the fact that the great bell mentioned below was cast in it, a pit is especially prepared close to the furnace door to prevent the waste or cooling of the metal, on the occasion of any "great cast;" on ordinary occasions, however, the metal is melted in crucibles (as shown in figure 5), and being carried from place to place is poured into moulds just as the poet describes the process:—

> "In the furnace the dry branches crackle; the crucible shines as with gold
> As they carry the hot flaming metal in haste from the fire to the mould;
> Loud roar the bellows, and louder, the flames as they shrieking escape,
> And loud is the song of the workmen who watch o'er the fast-filling shape.
> To and fro in the red glaring chamber the proud master anxiously moves,
> And the quick and the skilful he praiseth, and the dull and the sluggard reproves;
> And the heart in his bosom expandeth as the thick bubbling metal upswells,
> For like to the birth of his children he watcheth the birth of the bells!"

In our day no song of the bell greets the final accomplishment of the successful day's work; but what is much better, the workmen are well paid, intelligent, and contented. Some of the persons in Messrs. Mears' employment have worked in the foundry for more than thirty years.

In the casting of small bells, such as hand and house tintinnabulums, precisely the same process as above described takes place, with only such modifications as their size renders necessary. An ordinary sized bell takes about twenty-four hours to cool; but a bell like that cast for the Montreal church would not be touchable to the hardest of fingers under about four days. When they are cool they are dug out of their pits, the moulds being destroyed in the process, when they are taken at once to

THE TUNING ROOM.

On the occasion of our visit there were in the tuning room a peal of eight bells, which had just then been cast for a church in Port Phillip, ready tuned, and only waiting to be shipped. Standing on their crowns, the tuner very dextrously struck out such a "change" as made us almost exclaim with the Frenchman—

> "Disturbers of the human race
> Whose chimes are always ringing,
> I wish the ropes were round your necks,
> And you about them swinging;"

but, then, it must be stated, that the sound of such a powerful peal as this is not often heard in a room less than twenty feet square.

The process of tuning a bell is a very simple one. Sometimes a peal of bells is cast in harmony, in which case it is called a maiden peal, and no tuning is required. Such peals we were assured are by no means common, and are nearly always imperfect. Separate bells do not require tuning. The action of the wheel and cutters of the machine employed in the process of tuning is very simple, and will be readily understood by any one acquainted with machinery. This instrument is driven by a small steam-engine, which also does a great deal of work in the different parts of the factory, in the way of lifting, carrying, &c. When the tone of the bell is too sharp, it is turned thinner; and if it be too flat, the diameter is lessened in proportion to its substance. But such is the general correctness of the scientific principles in use in this foundry, that very little tuning is requisite. If the quantity of metal in a bell is too small in proportion to its calibre, as is sometimes the case, the power and quality of its tone is altogether lost, and only a *panny*, harsh, iron-like sound is produced from it. In such a case it is invariably re-cast.

There is really very little to be said of the *manufacture* of bells. Much may, however, be written of their associations. Who has not listened, "delighted, yet sad," to the chimes as they float across the water at night? Who amongst us cannot sympathise with the American poet, when, in full harmonious swell, he breaks out into a strain like this?—

> "Hear the mellow wedding bells—
> Golden bells!
> What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
> Through the balmy air of night,
> How they ring out their delight;
> From the molten—golden notes
> All in tune.
> What a liquid ditty floats
> To the dove, that listens while she gloats
> On the moon!
> Oh! from out the sounding cells
> What a gush of euphony voluminously wells?
> How it swells,
> How it dwells
> On the future! How it tells
> Of the rapture that impels
> To the swinging and the ringing
> Of the bells, bells, bells,
> Of the bells, bells, bells, bells.
> Bells, bells, bells,
> To the rhyming and the chiming of the BELLS!"

Our *changes* are almost rung out, but we may yet indulge for a little space to notice the origin of

CHIMES, CARILLONS, AND PEAL-RINGING.

And here again we must acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Gatty's charming little volume. Ours has been called "the ringing island." In other countries, the music of bells is obtained by striking them from the outside, as in Russia, or by means of chimes regulated by pegged barrels moved by clockwork, as in France; or by means of carillon pedals played with keys like an organ, as in the Netherlands. All these methods of bell-playing have also been adopted occasionally in our own country, but notwithstanding that chimes have been often fitted to our cathedral bells, the old national plan of ringing by ropes and manual labour is at once the most popular and most musical. "Carillons," says Dr. Burney, "are played with some difficulty, as the keys require to be struck with considerable force before the bells will give forth their true full sound; and in consequence of the player possessing no power to stop the vibrations of each bell, the notes of one passage perpetually run into another and become so inarticulate and confused as to occasion a very disagreeable jargon,

> "Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

In fact, no plan of ringing bells can be considered so entirely appropriate to their peculiar kind of harmony as the old English plan of peal-ringing and musical changes.

The antiquity of the custom of bell-ringing, by means of a rope, is undoubted; for in this way the single bells in our old churches were rung; but the date of the introduction of peal-ringing—that system of ringing by peals or numbers, which, while it brings out the true tone of the bells in a succession of musical notes, is managed with mechanical precision—is unknown. The first peal of bells, of which we have any reliable account, is that peal of five bells which was presented to King's College, Cambridge, by Pope Calixt III., in 1456. From that period, the placing of several bells in the towers of churches became more common; but it was not till the middle of the sixteenth century that peal-ringing became reduced to an art. Parnell gives the following account of the probable invention of these changes:—"The earliest artist and promoter of change-ringing of whom we have any account, was Mr. Fabian Stedman, born in the town of Cambridge, 1631. He introduced various peals on five and six bells, and printed them on slips of paper—being by profession a printer. These being distributed about the country, were soon brought to London, but what progress the art has made in the metropolis at this time* does not appear. The society of College youths,† in the summer of 1657, on a visit to Cambridge, were presented by Mr. Stedman with his peculiar production on five bells, since called Stedman's principle, which was rung for the first time at St. Benet's, Cambridge; and afterwards at a church on College Hill, Doctor's Commons, London, where the society at that time usually practised, and from meeting at which place they obtained that name. It appears from this account that change-ringing must have been earlier than 1657; as, before those curious and cross-change peals were discovered, single changes were universally practised; *i.e.* only changing two bells at one time; whereas, the improved plan of double and treble changes, &c.,—namely, every bell to change at one time—appears to have taken place long before 1657, by Mr. Stedman having produced such a complex method of ringing as his principle. In 1668, he published a book entitled 'Campanalogia, or the Art of Ringing;' which, before 1680, had gone through three editions."

This work is still considered the standard authority on the subject; and, if we come to consider for a moment, we shall soon discover what an infinite variety of sounds may be produced by the judicious *changes* which may be rung upon an octave or diatonic peal of eight bells. If we take three bells merely we shall perceive by the following arrangement that six changes can be rung upon them:—

1	2	3
1	3	2
2	1	3
2	3	1
3	2	1
3	1	2

Four bells can in the same manner be shown to ring four times as many changes as three, viz. twenty-four; five bells, five times as many as four, viz. a hundred and twenty; six bells, six times as many as five, viz. seven hundred and twenty; seven bells, seven times as many as six, viz. five thousand and forty; and so on. And in this way it has been calculated that it would take ninety-one years to ring the changes upon twelve bells, at the rate of two strokes to a second; and to ring the full changes upon a peal of twenty-four bells, would occupy, at the above rate, the trifling period of a hundred and seventeen thousand billions of years!

Although peals of ten and twelve bells are often hung, those of five and eight are much more common. We have mentioned that the business of bell-founding has existed in the Mears' family for more than half a century: during this time they have cast—besides the great bell already mentioned, and a set of hour and quarter bells for the Queen at Osborne-house—no fewer than—

	CWTS.
10 Peals of 12 bells each, weighing in the aggregate	350
28 Peals of 10 bells each	900
175 Peals of 8 bells each	2500
260 Peals of 6 bells each	2750
80 Peals of 5 bells each	400

But, in addition to the above, there have been cast at this establishment, up to the present time, including bells of four hundred weight and upwards, with chimes added, no fewer than two hundred thousand single bells—an amount of work of this kind unprecedented, perhaps, by any other founders in the world. In the above enumeration, moreover, no account has been taken of the almost innumerable number of hemispherical and conical bells, clock-spring gongs, musical hand-bells, railway, postman's, dustman's, house, sheep, dinner, and latten bells, constantly in course of manufacture; carillons, and various other descriptions of harmonious combinations of this ancient and beautiful kind of music. Who that possesses, as Cowper has it, a

> "Soul in sympathy with sweet sounds,"

can listen unmoved to

> "—— The music of the village bells
> Falling at intervals upon the ear
> In cadence sweet,—now dying all away;
> Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
> Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on."

"Bell," goes the old German song, "thou soundest merrily when the bridal party to the church doth hie; thou soundest solemnly when, on Sabbath morn, the fields deserted lie; thou soundest merrily at evening, when bed-time draweth nigh; thou soundest mournfully, telling of the bitter parting that hath gone by! Say, how canst thou mourn or rejoice that art but metal dull? And yet all our sorrowings and all our rejoicings thou art made to express!" In the words of the motto affixed to many old bells, they "rejoice with the joyful, and grieve with the sorrowful;" or, in the original Latin,

> "*Gaudemus gaudentibus,*
> *Dolemus dolentibus.*"

An old monkish couplet, quoted by Henry Spelman in his glossary, makes the bell thus describe its uses:—

> "*Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum:*
> *Defuncto ploro, pestum fugo, festa decoro.*"
>
> "I praise the true God, call the people, convene the clergy;
> I mourn for the dead, drive away pestilence, and grace festivals."

We will conclude with some account of

A FEW CELEBRATED BELLS.

China has been celebrated for its bells; but the Chinese bells have all the old saucer form. In the sixteenth century four great bells were cast and erected at Nankin, the largest of which weighed, it is said, not less than 50,000lbs., and was twelve feet in diameter at its base. The weight of the bells brought down the tower in which they were hung. At Pekin there were seven bells of enormous dimensions. One of these is described by Magaillans as weighing no less than 120,000lbs.,

* Thomas Parnell was a poet and writer in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He was the associate of Addison, Steele, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, and contributed several amusing papers to the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, &c.

† This appears to be the most ancient society of ringers. They are said to have been established in the sixteenth century, and a book containing the memorials of that society in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, after escaping the ravages of the fire of London, has been unaccountably lost. It is not improbable, however, that several copies exist among the *waste* of the public libraries; and whenever that *waste* comes to be fully examined, we may naturally expect many prizes to turn up.

and has a height of 12½ feet, a diameter of 13½ feet, and a circumference of 42 feet. They are used for denoting the five watches of the night; but we learn from the author of "China, and the Chinese," that they are now out of repair.

Russia, among the countries of Europe, is the one most celebrated as possessing enormous bells; at Moscow, in particular, there are bells of most enormous size. The largest of them has been described by Dr. Clarke as a mountain of metal, and is termed by the Russians the "Tsar Kolokol," or King of Bells; and from the metal of which it is composed, it is said that thirty-six bells as large as the great one in St. Paul's could be cast. In the tower of St. Ivan's church, Moscow—says Mr. Gatty—there is a bell weighing 127,836 English pounds. The largest bell in Russia, however, is that described as the King of Bells. It is the largest in the world, and is said to weigh 443,772lbs. The height of this bell is 21 feet 4½ inches; its circumference, ten feet above the extremity of the lip, is 67 feet 4 inches; its diameter is 22 feet 5⅓ inches, and its greatest thickness 22 inches. It is said to have been given to the Russians by the Empress Anne, and its value in money, merely as old metal, is estimated at £66,565—an immense sum to lie uncirculated and waste, for the bell has never yet struck a note. This monstrous mass of metal was for nearly two centuries allowed be partially buried in the sand of the pit in which it was moulded—an object of wonder to the traveller and of deepest reverence to the natives, who visited it with pride at their festivals, and were extremely jealous of its being touched or measured by strangers.

The tones of the bells of Russia are said to be very fine. That one already spoken of as being hung in the tower of St. Ivan's church, is said to produce, when sounded, a tremulous effect which is felt all over the city.

The following are the reported weights of some of the most celebrated bells in the world:—

	TONS.	CWT.	QRS.	LBS.
The great bell at Moscow	198	2	1	0
The bell in the tower of St. Ivan's Church, Moscow	57	1	1	16
Another bell in the same church	17	16	0	0
Another, cast in 1819	80	0	0	0
The great bell at Pekin	53	11	1	20
One at Nankin	22	6	1	20
One at Olmutz	17	18	0	0
One at Vienna, dated 1711	17	14	0	0
One at Paris, placed in the cathedral in 1680, twenty-five feet in circumference	17	0	0	0
One at Erfurt, in Germany, and considered to be of the finest bell metal extant	13	15	0	0

FIG. 9.—THE TUNING ROOM AND TUNING MACHINE.

"Great Peter," at York Minster, which cost £2,000, and was erected in 1845	10	15	0	0
Great bell of St. Paul's, which originally weighed 3 tons 13 cwt. 3 qrs. 1 lb.	5	2	1	22
"Great Tom," at Oxford	7	11	3	4
"Great Tom," at Lincoln	5	8	0	0
"Dunstan," at Canterbury	3	10	0	0
The great bell at Montreal	13	10	0	0
Another at Montreal	7	6	0	0

The latter two large bells were cast by the Messrs. Mears, who also recast the Great Peter of York, the Great Tom of Lincoln, the Dunstan at Canterbury, and the peal of bells in the tower of the Royal Exchange. These last bells have lately been recast in consequence of the works of the clock, built by Mr. Dent, not being sufficiently powerful to move the chiming apparatus in a proper manner.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

HERE are some men's memories which become sweeter every ge. In their own times they were not done full justice to, ey were by many misunderstood, unjustly censured and aligned. But as time passes away they become better understood. The world sees their real worth. Men praise what before was blamed. Our fathers stoned the prophets, and we build their sepulchres.

Hampden is to some extent an illustration of this. He lived in stirring times—in times when men fought for freedom—when it was as dear to them as a cash-box is to us—in times, when it seemed as if liberty were to be for ever exiled from our land. The limit between the power of the people and the crown had not been fairly defined, and the sceptre had passed into the hands of a man who did not, or could not, see that the people had become sturdier and stronger than they were, and that it was in vain he attempted to use the

HAMPDEN MORTALLY WOUNDED ON CHALGROVE FIELD, JUNE 18, 1643.

arbitrary power which had been permitted to Elizabeth or her imperious sire. The consequence was a struggle—a civil war, followed by his untimely end. But the time was favourable for the development of heroic character. Especially was this the case on the part of the parliament. Some of these leaders bear the brightest names in English story. This is emphatically true of Hampden; yet, after all, we know but little of him.

Hampden was born in London in 1597. He came of an old and honoured family. Far back in the time of the Black Prince we have a rude tradition to the effect, that

> "Gruig, Wuig, and Ivanhoe
> In striking of a blow,
> Hampden did forego,
> And glad he could escape so."

He was educated by Richard Bouchier, master of the Free Grammar-school of Thame. He then became a commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford, and shortly after we find him at the Inner Temple, where, according to Clarendon, whose character of Hampden is to be taken with some suspicion, he did as many cavaliers had done before him, in leading a life "of great pleasure and license." If this is the case, we have plenty of evidence to show that Hampden was all the while a diligent student, and at no time could he have become so absorbed in dissipation as to be alienated from domestic scenes; for in 1619 we read of his marrying, at the church of Pyston, Oxfordshire, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Symem, Esq., lord of the manor of that estate. We have evidence to show that he was warmly attached to his wife, by whom he had a large family; still, that attachment by no means unfitted him for public life, as we find him returned to parliament, for the borough of Grampound, shortly after. Some enter on public life for selfish purposes; many of Hampden's contemporaries thought it no disgrace to trade. Even Hampden's mother would have had her son thus distinguish himself. In a letter of hers, published by Lord Nugent, she says, "If ever my sonn will see for his honor telle him now to come; for heare is multitudes of lords a making—Viscount Mandeville, Lo. Thresorer, Viscount Dunbar, which was Sr. Harry Constable; Viscount Falkland, which was Sr. Harry Carew; these two last of Scotland; of Ireland divers—the deputy a viscount, and one Mr. Fitz-William a baron of England, Mr. Villiers a viscount, and Sr. Will. Fielding a baron. I am ambitious of my son's honour, which I wish were now conferred upon him, that he might not come after so many new creations." Hampden could forego such poor and paltry honours. No king could have conferred on him a name greater than that he won for himself. To have been a lord would have been no addition to Hampden's real glory. Fortunately he resisted the voice of the charmer, and instead of having a coronet upon his brow, fame has placed there a wreath of evergreen. He stands like a star apart, the purest patriot of that stormy time; and yet great men lived then. Sir Edward Coke, the great oracle of English law; Selden, the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries; Pym, the bold and eloquent leader of the House of Commons, were his friends and fellow-workers; while Strafford was being hunted to his tragic fate. Oliver Cromwell was something more than a friend. He and Hampden were cousins. Had Hampden lived, Cromwell never could have prospered in his ambitious designs. The office of the Lord Protector would have been needless. At any rate, the republic would have had a better chance.

In the first parliament of Charles, Hampden was the originator of what was called Granville's committee—a committee appointed by the house to decide as to the right of the boroughs of Marlow, Wendover, and Amersham to return burgesses to parliament, and at the same time to inquire into the powers of the house to legislate on such matters. Hampden succeeded in establishing the rights of the boroughs, and the independence of the house. His next public act was equally creditable. Charles was needy and wanted money; the house kept him poor, for if he had been rich, he would have trampled the nation's liberties under foot; consequently, Charles had recourse to loans. One of the parties applied t was Hampden. His answer was, "That he would be conter to lend as well as others, but feared to draw upon himse that curse in Magna Charta, which should be read twic a-year, against those who impugn it." The answer was dis pleasing to the king, and the result was, that Hampden wa committed to the Gate-house for a time. Of course, this onl strengthened Hampden's attachment to the popular party and when Charles's third parliament met, he took a leadin part on all questions relating to privilege, religion, or th supplies—the question for which men then were ready to la down their lives on the scaffold, or at the stake—and took par in the preparation of the Bill of Rights. Darker and stormie times came. Sir John Glish was sent to the Tower, there t linger out the last few years of a noble life, and Hampde undertook the care of his compatriot's sons. At thi time we hear but little of him. He was taken up witl private duties, and with studies worthy of a statesman Danilas' "History of the Civil Wars of France" was con stantly in his hands. In the language of Sir Philip Warwick it was his *vade mecum*. Hampden had a larger vision tha most men. He saw clearer than others the inevitable struggl and the necessity of the appeal to arms. He would hav averted that struggle if he could, but failing to do so, his onl care was, as to how he should shape his course, so as t preserve the nation's liberties unhurt. The time now came fo him to put himself in action. In the autumn of 1635, demand was made upon Hampden for ship-money, he refuse to pay it. That refusal occasioned him considerable incon venience and immense expense. He had to put himself i collision with the crown, with unscrupulous lawyers, witl judges but too ready to convict. Hampden, however, was no to be daunted. He entered on the contest with a spirit tha no obstacle could overcome. He retained counsel of no ordinary ability, and he kept the case constantly before the public eye. The result was, that when the sentence in form was delivered in favour of ship-money, by the timid and time-serving judges, the sentence against it was emphatically de nounced by a great majority of the people of the realm from one end to the other. The commons voted the demand illegal and five of the judges were impeached. Hampden alone triumphed in this affair. The great historian of the othe party, the courtly Clarendon, was obliged to confess, that the judgment that was "given against him infinitely more advanced him than it did the service for which it was given. He was rather of reputation in his own county, than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom, before the business of ship-money; but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was, that durst at his own charge support the liberty and property of the kingdom, and rescue his country, as he thought, from being made a prey to the court."

Hampden, as member for his own county, Buckingham-shire, assumed a more energetic part. Charles had madly invaded the House of Commons, and demanded that five members, of whom Hampden was one, should be given up. Hampden now felt they could no longer trust the king. "His nature and carriage seemed," says Clarendon, "much fiercer and haughtier than before." He became a root-and-branch man; he drew his sword, and threw away the scabbard. Charles left his capital, never to return to it as a king. The parliament raised an army. The earl of Essex was appointed its commander. Hampden became a colonel, raised a regiment of infantry, and subscribed two thousand pounds for the expenses of the war. Every regiment had an appropriate motto. That for Hampden's green-coated Germans showed the determined spirit of the man. It was short, but plain:—"Vestigia nulla retrorsum." Alas! of that appeal to arms, Hampden witnessed but little. The Earl of Essex, the parliamentary general, allowed the first campaign to terminate without gaining any decisive advantage. Essex was not the man qualified to take the lead in perilous times. The idea was entertained at one time of putting Hampden in his place. Had that idea been carried out, Hampden might have been saved his

ntimely fate. And yet he could not have had a more glorious eath. He died a patriot—died a martyr for the truth of God nd the freedom of man.

In the month of June, 1643, Hampden set out with a party f volunteers in pursuit of Prince Rupert, who had attacked a ortion of the parliamentary army in the neighbourhood of Vycombe. We cannot describe the melancholy scene which llowed, and which is so effectively depicted in our engraving, ı more appropriate language than that employed by Macaulay, ıe brilliant historian, in one of those Critical and Biographical ssays which are the theme of universal admiration.

"Hampden had, on the preceding day, strongly represented) Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. ıs soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he ent off a horseman with a message to the general. The cava- ers, he said, could return only by Chiselhampton bridge, force ought to be instantly despatched in that direction for ıe purpose of intercepting them. In the mean time, he re- olved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, or the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex ould take measures for cutting off their retreat. A consi- erable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. Ie was not their commander. He did not even belong to their ranch of the service. But 'he was,' says Lord Clarendon, second to none but the general himself in the observance and pplication of all men.' On the field of Chalgrove he came up ith Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge, Iampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which roke the bone, and lodged in his body. The troops of the arliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing ıem for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made is retreat unmolested to Oxford.

"Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning n his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The man- ion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from hich in his youth he had carried home his bride Elizabeth, as in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that e looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and ıade an effort to go thither to die. But the enemy lay in ıat direction. He turned his horse towards Thame, where e arrived almost fainting with agony. He wrote from is bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, nd sent a last pressing message to the head-quarters, re- ommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his public duties were performed, he calmly prepared imself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the hurch of England, with whom he had lived in habits of ıtimacy, and by the chaplain of Buckinghamshire Green- oats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as a famous and xcellent divine."

Some few things he said have been preserved. We repeat hem here. "Though he could not away with the govern- nce of the Church by bishops, and did utterly abominate he scandalous life of some of its clergymen, he thought ts doctrines, in the greater part, primitive, and conform- ble to God's word as Holy Scripture revealed." As his ife grew shorter, his conversation became more devout. His last moments were spent in fervent prayer. "Oh Lord God of Hosts, great is thy mercy. Great and holy are thy dealings with us sinful men. Save me, oh Lord, if it be thy good will, from the jaws of death! Pardon my manifold transgressions, and, Lord, save my bleeding country. Con- found and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the king see his error, and turn the heart of his wicked councillors from the malice and wretchedness of their designs. Lord Jesus, receive my soul! Oh Lord, save my country! Oh Lord, be merciful to——" The sentence was never finished. The next moment Hampden was no more. Far and near men wept as they heard the melancholy news. Never was a great leader cut off more inopportunely. Clarendon tells us his death "occasioned as great a consternation to his friends as if their whole army had been defeated and cut off." They buried him by the side of his heir, where the bones of his loved ones lay. They gave him a soldier's funeral. With arms reversed and muffled drums the troops followed his body to the grave. As they went, they sang how God had been his dwelling- place in all generations. As they returned, they sang the forty-third Psalm.

Hampden died, but the cause to which he had devoted his life lived. He left behind men of the same true spirit and glorious aim. His name is a watchword still. When the men of England have to be invoked—when "the good old cause," as Sidney, who died for it on the scaffold, termed it, is in danger, they are told

> "Yours are HAMPDEN'S, Russell's glory—
> Sidney's matchless shade is yours,
> Martyrs in heroic story,
> Worth a thousand Agincourts."

We conclude with a summary of Hampden's character. Sir Philip Warwick testifies to his great knowledge both of scholarship and law. If we turn to the pages of Clarendon, and make allowances for the partisanship of the writer, we shall see Hampden was one of the noblest spirits of the age. He possessed great judgment, knowledge, and discretion. He was modest, cheerful, courteous, free from the least taint of overbearing and arrogance. He commonly spoke last, and what he said left nothing to be said further. He was not merely a man of thought, but of action as well. He shone as much in the field of battle as in the council-chamber. He was as full of courage in the midst of his foes as he was when surrounded by his friends. In everything we find him saga- cious, of consummate address, of noble bearing, of persuasive manner, everywhere versatile and finished—a gentleman, a scholar, a soldier, and a saint. Men felt the cause which en- listed Hampden on its side could be no unworthy one, that it must have truth and justice. "His affections," says Claren- don, "seemed to be so publicly guided, that no corrupt and private ends could bias them." . . . "He was," as the same writer observes, "possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity and the most absolute faculties to govern the people of any man I ever knew." All men looked to him as a beacon in those days of darkness and trouble. The eyes of all were fixed on him—we repeat Clarendon again—"as their patriæ pater," as "the pilot which must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it."

PALACES OF THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE.

WHEN a traveller arrives at Venice and has only two hours to pend there, the best plan for him to adopt is to devote the irst to the Grand Square of St. Mark and the Ducal Palace; nd the second, to the Grand Canal and its palaces. One ıundred and twenty minutes is but a short visit to the City of he Sea, but it is sufficient to crowd the mind with the mar- ellous and the poetical, and to give one something to think bout for a lifetime. To descend the sea-washed steps of a tately palace, to enter a sombre-looking gondola, to dart rough the single arch of the Rialto, to look upon the church the Santa Maria della Salute, to gaze right and left on the long array of noble edifices—every mansion fit for a king—to do all this, though it be but for an hour, awakens old memories that have long lain asleep, and imparts thoughts, and feelings, and associations which were never ours before. Floating down the Grand Canal, one cannot help noticing the endless variety of architecture on either side. Old Arab art contrasts with that of the Renaissance—Gothic windows, marble steps, pro- jecting figures, rows of colossal masks, chimneys of all shapes and sizes, balcony above balcony, cupolas without number—all mingled together in a thousand varied forms, presenting such a picture as Venice only can present.

The engravings which we give represent the old style of Venetian architecture—the Arabic or Saracenic. These palaces have excited the interest and curiosity of every European traveller. The palace Pisani was built at the beginning of the fifteenth century, close by the palace Barbarigo. Within it is preserved the picture, by Paul Veronese, representing "The Family of Darius at the feet of Alexander." The Ca' Dora is a specimen of Grecian and Arabian architecture. The name signifies not Golden House, as some authors assert, but House or Palace of Dora, from Dora, a jurisconsul of the twelfth century.

Now, there are two ways of regarding these palaces, and all the palaces and sights of Venice. They may be looked upon in a very practical light; and then the city is little better than a dead swamp, out of which towers, and domes, and houses have sprung; a city of raised quays, dirty boats, dirty crews, and dirty water of a yellow-brownish hue. And there is the thing seen elsewhere. You enter the Rialto, and expect meet Antonio and Shylock, to see the lordling spit on t Jewish gaberdine, to have re-enacted the old story of t pound of flesh; or, walking through the silent streets, floating over the silent canals, you look for Priuli's palace your mind is filled with thoughts of the gentle Desdemona and you look for the place where Othello addressed the sena Or the glory of Venice comes back — her merchant-princ once more to stir within her streets—the doge enters the ma nificent Bucentaur, covered with gold from prow to stern, a sails out into the Adriatic to wed the sea, to throw the mystic golden ring into the waters, and to say, "We marry thee, Sea, in token of that true and perpetual dominion which t republic has over thee!" Or some of its darker legen are awakened. Palaces of more than eastern splendour, a prisons of unutterable woe. Maskings and feasts of wondro hilarity, and deeds of darkness and terror enough to make t

THE PALACE PISANI, ON THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE.

romantic, poetical aspect—the one more universally adopted. Then Venice appears, like the palaces in old Arabian stories, to have been raised by an enchanter's wand. Everything is wonderful and brilliant, there is a charm over the silent city, every mansion is elegant and noble; and the heart is touched by every golden façade, by the variegated colours of the pavements, by the Asiatic carpets, the splendid costumes, the patrician luxury, the songs, the movement, the life of the city. As you walk the grand square of San Marco, a kind of awe comes over you; those long piazzas of gold and opal, so fantastically sculptured with grapes, and birds, and pomegranates, and lilies, and angel forms, cannot be looked upon without emotion; and the glittering pinnacles and the white arches, that rise up in a confusion of delight, exercise a magical influence over you. The cathedral itself, lifting its gigantic form, doves nestling among its marble foliage, is unlike anything boldest tremble; every dungeon has its story, every dee lagoon its buried secret. The Marani, or murder-hole of th Adriatic, is a forbidden spot to fishermen even to this day.

But in spite of all the poetry and romance which clothe th city, as with a poetic vesture, there are a certain class o tourists to whom it is all barren. They talk about its practica appliances, condemn its houses, quays, and bridges, sugges sanatory reforms, declare that the palace of an admiral, a sena tor, or a doge is not half so good as a respectable hotel; the express great indignation with poets, painters, and guides protest that the city is not what they expected; vote Beckfor and Byron mere writers for effect, who had no business to g meandering over Venice, sighing over its fallen glory, an picturing it as a very Eden, and making quiet people at hom envious of things which had no real existence. For this clas of travellers, a Swiss hostlery, an English inn, an America

arm-house has a more brilliant appearance, and is liked a great deal better; it is more in harmony with their thoughts nd feelings, more consonant to their predilections, being ecidedly more comfortable.

These old palaces belong to the past. They are not things o be swept and garnished, and made modern. In their olemnity and silence they are the monuments of the ancient lory of the city, of the art of those who reared their stately iles, of the grandeur of those who dwelt within their walls. ttempts have here and there been made to adapt the antique plendour of the mansions to the usages of modern opulence, nd huge has been the failure of the result. Patched, and ainted, and "done-up," the grandeur departs for ever, the pell is broken, the charm is gone. Suppose a hardy speculator f that genus, with which our age abounds, promise to restore new the Ca'Dora, the palaces of the Foscari, Contarini, Pisani, rimani, Manin, Sagredo, Vendramin, and others less illustrious; imagine all these monuments of the old time modified and altered, and re-arranged according to modern notions and the conventionalities of life in the nineteenth century—what would be the result?—a thing of shreds and patches, a hybrid, neither ancient nor modern, as incongruous and out of place as harlequin's hat on the head of Augustus.

Venice derives no interest from classic association. It has an antiquity of its own. Of all modern things it is the oldest —of ancient things the youngest born. He who boasted that the grass grew not where his horse had trod, chased into glory and renown the Venetian people. Driven before Alaric to take shelter in the small islands of the Venetian Gulf, they,

> "Like the water fowl,
> Built their nests among the ocean wave,"

and Venice became the richest and most magnificent city in Europe. How the city fell, it is unnecessary here to relate.

THE CA' DORA PALACE, ON THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE.

VARIOUS TRIBES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

We herewith take occasion to present the reader with a few pictorial representations of men;—men not celebrated as individuals for any peculiar virtue or startling vice, but whose claim to our editorial attention, and to the reader's best consideration, is founded on the truthful representation of the races to which they belong.

Need we stop to indicate the races or nations to which the six interesting individuals represented in our first illustration (p. 304) appertain? Perhaps it is scarcely necessary; yet, for fear of accidents, we will do so, beginning with the most important (looking) personage in the united happy family. There he is in the centre of our picture; standing proudly erect, as a celestial should, looking with great complacency on his own figure—but scorning to deign a glance at those around him. A very fitting exposition of the idea John Chinaman entertains of himself is given by our picture. He is a man one would object to buy at his own price; and his long flag-ornamented spear looks sufficiently formidable. Nevertheless, John Chinaman is no great soldier—nay, if the truth be told, he is somewhat of a coward; had he read our own "Hudibras" he could not have entertained notions more discreet about "running away, that he may fight another day." Placed in the centre of our group, amidst so many warlike neighbours, the brother of the moon must be ill at his ease. Immediately on the right (*his* right we mean, not the reader's) is his warlike neighbour, the Japanese, whom we might recognise anywhere by his open vest and petticoats, of which latter we may say more hereafter.

Nothing offends a Japanese so much as a comparison between him and the Chinese. "The only time," says Dr.

Ainslie, "I ever saw a Japanese forget his usual politeness was on an occasion of this kind. Inadvertently I happened to draw a comparison between him and a Chinese, when he knit his brows, looked sternly at me, and laid his hand upon his sword." Nor is this superiority assumed without justice. The Japanese have ever known how to protect their hearths and homes against all invaders. The last serious attempt on their liberties was made by the grandson of Genghis Khan, who, after a strenuous effort, was utterly defeated.

Squatting at the feet of the Japanese, we have the muck-running Malay. On the extreme left of the picture we have another spear-bearing gentleman, who is an Arab, and behind him a rather spruce-looking Oriental, in high cap and shawl-pattern dressing-gown. This latter individual is the greatest rogue of the party, and having stated thus much, we need scarcely say he is a Persian. Like the other individuals of our group, the Persian is not a certain individual Persian—he is any Persian you like, kind reader—but being the only Persian in our wood-cut, he is the greatest rogue there.

Of the Persians, we shall merely inform the reader that they are a mixed race; that their native country is known to them by the name of Iran; that they are cruel, treacherous, false, possessing a fine language, and tolerably poetical literature; but their historical records are so completely lost, that all knowledge of their former struggles with classic Greece has vanished. The earliest and most authentic account of the manners and customs of the Persians is to be found in Herodotus.*

We must now bid adieu to the native of Japan, and devote a few words to his pictorial—nay, almost his geographical neighbour, the Malay. It is rather a curious circumstance that naturalists are at a loss to account for, or classify, the Malay. If we are to believe in the historical records of that people, the Malays originally came from the district of Palembang, in the interior of Sumatra, and distributed themselves, about the end of the twelfth century, over various littoral regions of neighbouring lands. Connected with this history, it may be mentioned as not a little singular that the centre of Sumatra has a Malay population to this day, and is the only inland spot thus circumstanced. The Malays have always been bold, resolute mariners, and in all their wanderings have never penetrated far inland. They are an impetuous, daring race, prone to anger, sullen and implacable. Their revenge knows no bounds, their dissimulation is equal to their revenge. A Malay, once offended, is implacable. He may appear to forgive, but only awaits a favourable occasion. So soon as this occasion presents itself, he maddens his intellects by a dose of opium, and breaking loose, with creese or crooked dagger in hand, stabs all who oppose his progress—calling out all the time, "*amok, amok*," which means, "kill, kill." In every mental characteristic, the Malay is the very antipodes of the Hindoo. Until 1276, the Malays were pagans, or adopted some form of Hindoo idolatry; they then adopted the tenets of Islam, which is at present the universal faith.

We have little to say about the Chinese beyond what the reader knows of him already. China, indeed, has ceased for some time to be that *terra incognita* it was formerly represented. Various travellers have within the last ten years penetrated into the celestial regions, and made notes of what they saw. Amongst all these recent books of Chinese travels, that of Mr. Fortune, the horticulturist, is one of the most instructive and interesting. We have spoken of the cowardice of the Chinese, a quality which is amusingly illustrated by Mr. Fortune, who very amusingly relates how—though ill of fever at the time—he succeeded in beating off two Chinese pirate ships with a double-barrelled fowling-piece. The movement now going on in China will probably work a mighty change in the destiny of this populous empire.

Last of all comes the noble Arab, remarkable as being of the race whence sprung the soldier prophet Mohammed. The Arab is amongst the finest specimens of Caucasian man, a the wonderful success of the race under the first Caliphs unprecedented. To the Saracen Arabs of Spain we indebted for the introduction of algebra to Europe, for t method of measuring angles by sines instead of the chords arcs, for the introduction of sugar, and of a fine description pottery,* with numerous arts and sciences which would occu whole pages in the mere enumeration. We have neither tir nor space for this, but must take leave of our interesti group.

Amongst all the figures represented in our second woo cut (p. 305), that on the extreme left of the picture clain pre-eminence. Not only on account of actual changes no taking place, and the Eastern political movement, is t Turk interesting to us, but for many other reasons. Viewe without prejudice, he is a very noble fellow, mentally a corporeally. His physiognomy is scarcely inferior in beau to the Hellenic type, from which, however, it differs in ma essential respects. Nevertheless, according to many nat ralists, the Turk is not originally sprung from a Caucasia race; and even Cuvier, who concedes to him this privileg honour, ranges the Turks' forefathers amongst the very uglie of that race the Scythian and Tartar branch. Why, then, may be inquired, are the modern Turks so handsome as general rule? The only reason that can or need be assigne is the intermarriage of their ancestors with a race mo favoured by nature than their own. This cause having bee in operation for centuries, has no doubt mainly contributed the improvement of which we speak, and the result is, th the modern Ottoman now possesses more than half the ch racteristics of the Caucasian race. A still more strikin instance of the gradual change in the aspect of a race b intermarriage is recognisable in the isolated valley of Cash mere. The beauty of the inhabitants of this valley is als celebrated. The natives are now very fair, although originall of Hindoo stock. This fair complexion, and, in short, all th difference between a Hindoo of the valleys and a Cashmeria is attributable to intermarriage with Circassian girls.

The original seat of the Turkish race is the Altai moun tains, situated in the very centre of Asia. The race that people was servile, being amongst the most despise of the slaves of the Khan of the Geougen. Their appointe task was the extraction of metals from their ores and th manufacture of arms—a dangerous profession for slaves t be taught. At length a leader arose amongst the Turks his name was Bertezena. He led them against the neigh bouring tribes and to victory. Having signalised his prowes by feats of arms, Bertezena presumed to ask in marriag the daughter of the Khan, when the father contemptuousl rejected him. The Turkish leader thereupon forthwith allie himself with a princess of China, and having almost ex tirpated the tribes of the Khan of Geougen in battle, esta blished in its place the more powerful empire of the Turks From this time the conquests of the Turks were rapid an extensive. Pressing on westward, they at length were brough into collision with the Eastern empire of Byzantium, alread tottering to its fall. At length, in 1453, the Eastern empir fell, that of the Ottoman taking its place. The event, it wil be seen, happened exactly 400 years ago, and the Russian having been long accustomed to predict the downfall of Turk ish domination at the expiration of 400 years, a peculiar sig nificance was imparted to the year 1853.

The Turks, from being originally idolaters, espoused, at very early period of their career, the tenets of Islam, as th head of the orthodox or Sunnite division, of which they ar universally recognised. Persia, as most likely the reader i aware, belongs to the opposed or Shüite sect of Mohammedans and for this reason the feeling between Persian and Turk i none of the most friendly. Certain modern journalists affec to marvel at the circumstance that Persia should appear t have thought of taking the field against her co-religionist forgetting that, in proportion as the distinction betwee

* For a translation of this part of Herodotus, see the HISTORICAL EDUCATOR, Vol. I. No. 11., pp. 161—8.

* The "Majolica ware."

cts is more slight, so frequently, if not invariably, is the utual antagonism more intense. In addition to mere octrinal points of difference, the Turk and the Persian are essentially different in their whole moral constitution, that ry little community of feeling could be expected to exist tween them. Veracity is no less a characteristic of the smanli than falsehood of the Persian. The Turk's plighted ord is never broken—that of the Persian is seldom kept. he Turk is thoughtful, impassive, sedate: the Persian is isy and vivacious. To sum up all, the Turk is a thorough ntleman from toe to turban, and the Persian every inch of im a scamp.

Standing next to the Turk in our illustration is an individual ith cloak hanging on one shoulder and peculiar brimless hat. his individual is a Magyar or Hungarian. True to his prinples of faithful delineation, our artist has represented the lagyar with the peculiar nose, so characteristic of his race, at it has passed into the proverbial terms of *Hungarian nose*. he peculiarity consists in a sort of aquiline stumpiness not together agreeable, especially in the fair sex. The present lagyar or Hungarian race of men has sadly puzzled the hnologist. What region they came from, or who they were, person seems to know. Cuvier ranges them under the cythian or Tartar group of Caucasians, along with Turks, ins, and Parthians; but this is by no means certain. The lagyars themselves are fond of tracing their origin to the uns, and are so proud of Attila, their assumed progenitor, that e picture of that arch destroyer is to be seen in the house of most every Hungarian. Nevertheless, there seems to be no st reason for crediting this parentage. The Magyar language also involved in great mystery as to its origin and congeners, t no difference of sentiment exists as to its powers or pressiveness. Anterior to the year 1828, all Hungarian gal documents were drawn up in Latin, which also was the nguage of polite conversation amongst the better classes. ince that period the Magyar or Hungarian language has been troduced into courts of law, and has been cultivated by all asses as the literary exponent of the nation. This sudden evelopment of the native language, under the auspices f Kissfaldy and other Hungarian poets, was but one of any indications betokening reviving nationality. Hungary, though absorbed, so to speak, in the fabric of the vast ustrian empire, had still a government—a constitutional overnment of her own, the enactments of which were ever lashing with those of the imperial power. The results of this lashing between adverse interests we have already seen in the olitical commotions of 1848-9. Recently, Hungary has been ompletely absorbed (at least by decree) into the Austrian mpire.

In appearance, the Magyar is still half oriental; in temperment, he offers certain points of comparison with ourselves, eing a sort of impetuous, military Anglo-Saxon, fond of conitutional government, prone to litigation, and preferring the ough enjoyment of independence to any reliance on the avours of a government; in which latter respect he presents alient points of contrast to his neighbour the German, who, ith all his intellectual pre-eminence, is never happy except he lls some office under a government and enjoys a high-sounding ame. Reverting to the subject of the Magyar language, its ost striking phonetic quality is the preponderance of the tter K. This quality has been remarked by all strangers ho have heard it spoken, and has been rather amusingly ommented upon, as the reader will, perhaps, remember, by iss Pardoe, in her book, entitled "The City of the Magyar."

Brave Magyar, we must bid you now farewell, and direct our ttention to your interesting right-hand neighbour, that pretty reek girl. As we point to the natives of Georgia and Circassia for our beau ideal of corporeal beauty; so, when the xtreme of intellectual expression is to be portrayed, do we eign or figure to ourselves the classic models of Greece.

And who were and are those Greeks?—that people who urnished models for the immortal chisel of Phidias and Praxiteles? Whence came they? Were they the prototype of the Greeks of the present day? All these are interesting questions, which we, in few words, will strive to answer. The most ancient histories and traditions of classic Greece testify to the mixture of races, out of which the Greeks of antiquity were consolidated. Throughout the Grecian continent and archipelago structures are still to be seen, termed "Cyclopean," very different to the beautiful temples hereafter destined to spring up in that land of genius. The Cyclopean structures possess somewhat the characteristics of our own Druidical monuments, being composed of enormous stones rudely aggregated without mortar. By whom—by what race were these structures raised? That is a mystery; but whatever the race, it existed in Greece anterior to the Pelasgic, of which the Celtic and the Latin were also branches. We all know that the Romans traced their origin to the heroes of Troy; so, in like manner, do the Celts also; but more indirectly did the Greeks; for call them Trojans, Pelasgians, Thracians, Phrygians, or any other equivalent name, Greece was colonised, subsequently to the Cyclopean period, by a people which gradually became absorbed into two dominant families—the Achaic and Hellenic.

From whatever elements compounded, no race on the face of the earth ever presented such an union between physical and intellectual beauty as the classic Greeks, and much of this beauty still remains to the present day. The Greek countenance presents a beautiful contour of skull and face, dark flowing hair, white skin, slightly tinged with olive or brown; large eyes, straight nose, falling directly, with only a slight depression between the eyes. Nevertheless, though slight, there is a depression; and in this respect the Grecian differs from the Turkish countenance, which, instead of a depression between nose and forehead, is marked in that spot with a slight elevation. There is something strange in the contemplation of that persistency of form, features, and language, which characterises Greece and its inhabitants. Notwithstanding a certain deterioration of aspect, traceable to the effect of conquest and prolonged slavery, the modern Greeks are still very handsome, and the style of their beauty is as of old—a proposition rendered sufficiently evident by a comparison of living specimens with antique statues. As to the modern Greek language, now called the Romaic, it is not more different from classic Greek than modern English is different from the language of Chaucer. In deference to a certain modern tendency, the nature of which it would be be impossible to explain, all the multifarious inflexions of ancient Greek have vanished from the Romaic, and tenses are formed by the help of auxiliaries, instead of by varying terminations; nevertheless, the two languages must be pronounced the same; indeed, the modern literati of Greece affect to write in the classic language, which still being generally taught in the native schools, the process of regeneration proceeds. Such, then, is the persistency of the Greek language: where is the Latin gone? Made of sterner stuff, apparently, than the Greek, it is now everywhere a dead language.

Returning to our little Greek damsel, it is a subject of regret with us that the Hungarian on the one side, and the Tyrolese on the other, do not permit her to come further towards us. Were she more visible, her garb would be seen to be highly picturesque. Every rose, however, the proverb says, has a thorn; and if our little Greek were nearer, we might perhaps discover her to possess larger feet than accord with our notions of feminine beauty. If the truth must be told, Greek ladies have not, and never appear to have had, little feet; nor is a high forehead one of their characteristics. The quality, however, of high forehead in ladies was not approved of by classic nations, and we happen to be acquainted with some moderns who participate in the sentiment. In point of fact, a high forehead is thought to correspond with strong-mindedness, and some people are so perverse that they cannot like "strong-minded women."

Whatever may be our regrets at the retiring shyness of the fair Greek, we tender our best thanks to the Cossack gentleman with long lance for keeping himself in the background. Truly his race is no favourite of ours, neither in appearance nor in manners. Who has not heard of the Cossack? Who has not read of the harassing style of his military attacks—

ever hanging on the rear of a discomfited enemy, murdering the wounded, and relentlessly picking off stragglers? Who has not been taught to regard this irregular cavalry as an integral and very important portion of the Russian army? Yet the Cossacks have not always owned allegiance to that mighty power. Originally they sprang from the greatest enemies of Russia, the Tartars, and subsequently they di good duty against Russia under the Poles. The Cossacks a only a small tribe, scarcely numbering 500,000 in all; neve theless, every adult male being a soldier, their military forc is great, an army of 100,000 at least being ever at the disposa of Russia. The origin of the Cossacks as a consolidated bod

MALAY, JAPANESE, CHINESE, PERSIANS, ARAB.

is modern. They appear to have arisen out of some Tartar tribes, who intermarried with native Russians, gipsies, and Kalmucs; and the name Cossack seems to be derived from the

LAPLANDER, TYROLESE, COSSACK, GREEK GIRL, HUNGARIAN, TURK.

Tartar word *Kasack*, or *Kasak*, meaning "light horseman." For a long time the race was known by the appellation Tsherkassi or Circassians, and even now their chief town is called Tsherkask. Nevertheless, they have little enough of Circassian beauty; their form and countenance, and general aspect, being far more indicative of the Mongol. This people was not known by the appellation Cossack until about the year 1516, when, for the first time, they made themselves rather conspicuous in Polish affairs. Their first alliance with

Russia was self-sought, and did not take place until the year 1654, at which time their effective military force consisted of about 40,000 men. From this period they remained faithful to Russia until 1708, when, under their hetman, or leader, Bulavine, they went over in a body to the Swedish monarch, Charles XII. This independence of character was necessarily prejudicial to Russia. The existence of a powerful armed body, owning no immediate allegiance to the Muscovite rule, was discovered to be so fatal to the interests of the latter, as to necessitate the disorganisation of the Cossacks as a military body. Accordingly this was effected by Peter the Great, who, however, shortly remodelled them on a new basis. Not pleased with the consequences of this new measure, the Cossacks threw up their semi-allegiance to the Czar, and committed themselves to the protection of the Khan of Crimea Tartars. Difficult to please, the Cossacks soon became disgusted with their new masters, and sued pardon of Russia—a pardon which was granted them by the Empress Anne. Ever since the latter event, the Cossacks have remained faithful to Russia, with which empire they are now so incorporated by social and religious ties, that they may be considered Russians in all respects.

A far better specimen of humanity is the Cossack's pictorial neighbour, the Tyrolese, one of a small but noble-minded race. The Tyrol, as it is now called, forms part of the ancient Rhætia, and is not quite double the size of Yorkshire. It is a very mountainous country—considerably more mountainous than Switzerland, although its mountains are not generally so high. At least three-fourths of Switzerland is sufficiently level to admit of plough cultivation, but scarcely one-tenth of the Tyrol is similarly situated, every portion of the little territory being a succession of mountain peaks, except a few narrow belts scarcely half a mile wide, on the average, which form the river banks. Unlike the Swiss, who are staunch republicans, the Tyrolese entertain a fervent love of imperial rule. They became incorporated with the Austrian empire during the twelfth century, and ever since that period have been sincerely attached to the Hapsburg dynasty. In 1805, Tyrol was ceded to Bavaria—an arrangement which so little pleased the mountaineers, that four years later, on the breaking out of war with France, the inhabitants rose at the instigation of Andreas Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol, as he is sometimes called. Hofer's fate is too well known. Fruitless though this insurrection was, in its immediate consequences, politicians were taught that nothing but Austrian rule would ever satisfy the Tyrolese; accordingly, on the final adjustment of territory, in the year 1814, Tyrol was restored to the House of Hapsburg.

The little fellow standing on the extreme left of our woodcut, is a Laplander, whose stunted form, the effect of cold, has been faithfully represented by the artist. The denizen of an inhospitable climate, and far removed from the noisy turmoil of European politics, the Laplander engrosses but small attention. All that we can find time to say of him is, that although a denizen of Europe, he is not a Caucasian. The generality of naturalists consider him of the Mongolian stock.

XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

One January evening, 1794, in a pretty apartment of the Rue de Pô, at Turin, there met a party of eight young gentlemen to smoke, and drink, and talk as pleasantly as might be. They were soldiers. Some of them, though still young, had seen much service, and could discourse on marches and countermarches, and all the manœuvres of war, as well as the best. But something very different from martial glory brought them together that night; they had come to hear and to criticise a new composition by a young aspirant for fame—no other than the now justly-celebrated Xavier de Maistre.

Personally, Xavier de Maistre was unknown to most of them. They had heard of him as a young soldier of promising ability, fond of adventure, and bent on improvement; they had heard that he had made a balloon ascent, and with a provincial Mongolfier had taken a journey into the air. Recently he had made another journey, not so startling, nor so perilous, but one which promised to make him far better known than the first, namely, "A Journey Round my Room." He had written a book—this was the title—and by request the manuscript was to be read that night. Already the critics felt prepossessed in his favour. He was the brother of Joseph de Maistre, senator of Savoy, whose "Eloge de Victor Amedée" had gained him great popularity.

The Count d'Ailly, a brave but impetuous man, had been selected reader; and having chatted for some time on indifferent topics, he received the paper, unrolled it, glanced down the page with the eye of a connoisseur, and began.

Everybody knows the plan and subject of "A Journey Round my Room," that small *chef-d'œuvre* which has found no rival for sixty years. It is a series of impressions and philosophical reflections upon the body and the mind, the *self* and the *other self*, the soul and the beast. It was written during captivity, when the author's only companions were a valet and a dog. What bright touches of humour there are scattered throughout the work; how carefully he tells us that his room is in the forty-fifth degree of latitude; how he abjures those people who are so much masters of their movements and ideas as to say, "To-day I will make three visits, write four letters, and finish the work I have begun;" with what quaintness he depicts every part of his little domicile, the dog, and the valet Joannetti; how his reflections seem to leap up unbidden at the commonest incident—and how deep, and truthful, and clear they are; and how, all through, his double nature seems to haunt him—his body, the *beast*, of the "earth, earthy"—his soul wandering at will whithersoever it listeth, from the lowest pit of hell to the furthest fixed star beyond the milky way, to the confines of the universe, to the gates of chaos!

When the Count d'Ailly had achieved his task, and finished the reading of the manuscript, he was pleased to declare the author a man of talent, a man of first-rate order, and one who was destined for immortality.

Everybody praised the book except a young hussar, who had listened attentively all the time, but expressed no opinion on its merit. From words of civil praise, the company became enthusiastic in their admiration of the young *litterateur*; and, excited by the punch of which he had been drinking pretty freely, and the applause which his reading had obtained, the count began to draw a critical comparison between the compositions of the two brothers—a comparison which in no degree tended to the credit of the elder.

"Messieurs," said he, "it is clear enough to us all that the 'Eloge de Victor Amedée' is nothing more than a wild rhapsody when compared with this 'Journey Round my Room.' One abounds in words, gracefully piled, I grant you, but still little more than phrases; here you have thoughts, great thoughts, powerful thoughts—here the foliage is never cultivated at the expense of the fruit."

"Pardon me, sir," said the young hussar, "if I venture to differ; it seems to me that you overrate the ability of the writer. Xavier may have talent, but Joseph has something far beyond talent; he possesses genius of no common order."

The company became interested in the discussion; opposition adds to the entertainment of a critical disquisition. A combat of wit is far more agreeable than perfect unanimity.

"Sir," said the count, curling his long moustache on his finger, "you are greatly mistaken. I can detect a splendour in this rising orb which shall banish the pale light shed by the genius of the other."

The young hussar changed colour.

"The pen of Xavier," he remarked, "may amuse an idle hour, but that of Joseph is ever employed in imperishable

work. Posterity will crown him with favour when the 'Journey Round my Room' is entirely forgotten."

With this he began to recite some of the most eloquent passages from the "Eloge de Victor Amedée," with a power and beauty not easily described.

"You are remarkably critical, sir," said the count, ironically—the count was evidently piqued; opposition made him obstinate—"doubtless Joseph Xavier would be greatly obliged to you for your good opinion; no doubt he would fully concur in the sentiments which you have expressed; no doubt he is already—"

"What?" cried the young man, advancing three paces, and with a flush on his hitherto pale cheeks, that made them red as crimson.

"Peace! peace!" said the others, "the count meant nothing."

"I demand," cried the young man, "that he state distinctly what he did mean."

"As you will, as you will," returned the count; "I meant to say, and say it now distinctly, that Joseph's proud heart will be filled with envy at his brother's success?"

"It's false!" cried the other, "it's a base calumny!"

"Your words are violent, sir," said the count, and he laid his hand on his sword-hilt; "doubtless a gentleman so ready with warlike words will be as ready to support them in the warlike way."

"I understand you, count," returned the young hussar, "and am ready to support everything I utter. Joseph has too noble a heart to grudge at a brother's fame, if that brother even deserves it; and he that says otherwise lies!"

"Bravely spoken," said the count, as he rapped the lid of his comfit box; "now to business. Your name?"

"*Xavier de Maistre!*"

The count drew back in mute astonishment—the rest were filled with admiration.

"You see," said the count, "that the duel is now impossible—unnecessary—must not be—the matter is cleared up."

"Not so," returned the young man, "I cannot understand why a brother may not defend a brother's reputation as well as any one less tenderly connected."

"Of course," said the count, "the word calumny, the imputation on my character, is withdrawn, and we have but to pledge each other in a bumper, and be firm friends for ever."

"Stop, sir count, stop—I will never withdraw the word, unless you first withdraw that which called forth that word."

"Impossible!"

"Then the duel must proceed. I am not ashamed to assert my brother's honour, and I am not afraid to defend it with my blood!"

So they agreed that the duel should take place upon the following morning. Xavier went home, and wrote a loving letter to his brother, telling him the whole circumstance of the case, the provocation he had received, the quarrel that had ensued, and the duel which was to decide it at dawn next day.

He sent along with the letter his manuscript, begging his brother to read it and then commit it to the flames. As for himself, he expected to be slain—victory he did not look for; but how could he fall more nobly, so he wrote, than in defence of a man whom all France revered, and who was endeared to him by the still more loving ties of brotherhood? At early dawn he received a note from the count; it was couched in the following terms:—

"Monsieur,—You have prudent friends. The governor of Turin has had me arrested, and I am to be carried beyond the frontiers of Savoy. You must feel that this circumstance must not in honour be allowed to interfere with our meeting. I shall be ready, sir, to attend you at Cambray."

"Cambray," repeated the young man, mechanically—"and why not? should not a man go forty leagues, if necessary, to defend a brother's honour?"

He attached a postscript to his letter, saying that it was not at Turin, but at Cambray, that he should meet his antagonist, and then, having despatched the letter and manuscript, prepared to set out for the rendezvous.

But he was arrested—arrested in the full meaning of the term—disarmed in the name of the governor, and lodged as a prisoner in a chamber of the citadel.

Not many days after, Joseph de Maistre arrived at Cambray. There he learnt that no duel had occurred, that the count was boasting of the pusillanimity of the younger brother, and stil condemning the envy of the elder. Surprised and somewhat alarmed, Joseph wrote immediately to Turin, and—duels are contagious—professed his willingness to fight on Xavier's behalf. As for the book, that was already, not in the flames, but in the printer's hands—and when the news came that Xavier was in prison, Joseph hastened to him without a moment's delay.

Early one morning the garrison of the citadel were surprised by the sudden arrival of the senator of Savoy. The old walls echoed to the clatter of his horses, and half-a-dozen men were ready enough to answer all the questions the senator could ask. But they had no good news to tell. Xavier had escaped. Under cover of night he had stolen out of the citadel; they had sought for him in vain, and it appeared—they could not say for certain—but it seemed that he had taken the road to Cambray.

Allons! Joseph was on the road again. Never it seemed had horses travelled so fast before: away like the wind, over broad open country parts, down pleasant lanes, through village streets, over rustic bridges—fields and houses, towns and villages, left one after the other far behind—forward to Cambray.

At the hotel Joseph alighted. The servants were ready to render him assistance. What would monsieur please to take? Had monsieur heard the news, there was to be a duel? The Count d'Ailly and a young officer were about to fight. What was the young officer like? He was about monsieur's height, but younger, much younger; he was not unlike monsieur. The armourer had provided monsieur with a sword; he had none with him when he came. They would doubtless soon return—the wood was not far distant—a bed had been made ready for the wounded man. But there was a letter for monsieur and a book. A letter—so Joseph found—from the printer of his brother's book, and the book no other than "A Journey Round my Room."

So with this book held fast to his bosom, as if it were a precious relic, or some rare and valuable gem, the brother sought his brother. Several people accompanied him, and at length they came upon the very spot chosen for the encounter. The duel had not begun. And to make, as they say, a long story short, the duel never did begin. The matter was cleared up. The count saw well enough that he had misjudged both brothers, and the affair ended as such affairs have often ended before—in a breakfast.

As to the work, Joseph pronounced it a *chef-d'œuvre*—he declared his brother to be the Sterne of France—and said so many other things about the good qualities of the book and the talent and genius of Xavier, that the count confessed he had been greatly mistaken in one thing, namely the envy of the elder brother, but that he had been right all along about the merit of the book; had he not said it from the first?—had he not predicted the fame of the author?—and did it not seem something like fame, when in so short a space of time as had intervened since the night of the quarrel, the book had been printed, and ten thousand copies sold?

* * * * *

Tony Johannot, with inimitable skill, has depicted a scene from this "Journey Round my Room." It is that portion in which Joannetti contemplates the picture, and propounds that query touching the peculiarity of its expression:—

"'Here, Joannetti,' said I, 'hang up this portrait.'

"He had assisted me to clean it, and yet had no more idea of all that produced the chapter on the portrait than of what goes on in the moon. He had of his own accord handed me the damp sponge, and by that apparently trifling action had sent my soul flying over a hundred millions of leagues in one

second of time. Instead of replacing the picture, he retained it to wipe it in his turn. A certain inquiring look which overspread his features, and indicated that some difficulty—a doubt he wished to have resolved—occupied his mind, attracted my attention.

"'Come,' said I, 'what fault have you to find with the portrait?'

"'None at all, sir. But yet—'

"He placed the picture against one of the shelves of my escritoire, then retiring a few paces, he replied,

"'Would you have the kindness, sir, to explain to me why this portrait always looks straight at me, whatever part of the room I move to? In the morning when I make the bed the face is turned towards me, and if I go to the window, it keeps looking at me all the way."

"'In fact, Joannetti,' said I, 'if the room were full of people, this fair lady would look every way and at every one at the same time?'

"'Oh, yes, sir.'

"'She would smile upon all who came and went, as well as upon me.'

"Joannetti made no answer. I stretched myself in my easy chair, and letting my head fall on my breast, I resigned myself to very serious meditations. What a light breaks in on me! Poor lover! whilst you, far removed from your mistress, are a prey to vain regrets, your place with her, it may be, is already filled up; whilst your eyes are fixed upon her portrait, and you fondly imagine that you alone (at least in the picture) monopolise her glances, the perfidious image, faithless as the original, gazes on all who approach, and smiles on every one.

"Joannetti still remained in the same attitude, waiting the explanation he had requested. I raised my head from the folds of my travelling-dress, into which I had sunk it to meditate more at my ease whilst resigning myself to the sad reflections I had been making—'Do you not perceive, Joannetti,' said I, after a moment's silence, and turning my chair towards him—'do you not perceive that a picture, being a plane surface, the rays of light passing off from every point of that surface . . . ?'

"Joannetti, at this explanation, opened his eyes so wide that the whole pupil became visible; he half opened his mouth also;—these two actions indicate in the human face, according to the celebrated Le Brun, the highest degree of astonishment. Without a doubt it was my beast that had entered upon such a dissertation, for my soul knew well enough that Joannetti knew nothing of plane surfaces, and still less of rays of light; the monstrous dilation of his eyelids recalled me to myself. I suffered my head to sink down again within the collar of my travelling-dress, and there so ensconced myself that scarcely any part of it was left visible."

SCENE FROM THE "VOYAGE AUTOUR DE MA CHAMBRE."—FROM A DESIGN BY TONY JOHANNOT.

PALM TREES AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

THE DOOM PALM of Upper Egypt, an engraving of which is appended below, instead of shooting up in one stem like other palms, divides like a fork again and again, giving rise to the appearance which botanists term *dichotomous—i. e.*, the stem continually divides in a binary sense.

THE DOOM PALM OF UPPER EGYPT.

Having indicated, in a preceding article on "Palms and their Products," the general characteristics and the botany of this tribe, and briefly directed attention to the extraordinary number and variety of the products which they yield, we now purpose continuing our notice of these "princes of the tropical forest," as they have been justly called, by just sketching an outline—our space does not admit of more—of the chemical principles involved in the application of palm-oil to the purposes of the candle and soap manufacture. Well now as to soap—we fancy some reader exclaims—there may be something to say; but in respect to candles—with regard to which there surely cannot be anything new to be said—why waste our time by discussing so simple a topic? Candles—we still fancy the impatient reader to exclaim—what can be more simple, more self-evident, than the processes for manu-

facturing candles, which everybody knows are either dips or moulds?—the former being made by dipping a wick of cotton or other similar material into melted tallow, fat, spermaceti, or something of a similar kind; and moulds, by the more refined plan of casting the tallow, wax, and so forth, into metallic shapes. Impatient reader, if your knowledge of the candle-making art in its present development goes no further than this, you have yet something to learn, and may ponder over that which we shall now proceed to write with some advantage. Some twenty years ago, or at most thirty, the process of candle-making was that described above: that is to say, the manufacturer having first selected the material out of which the candle was destined to be made, enveloped a string of cotton or a length of rush with the material, and the process was complete. As regards form or structure, candles might be divided into dips and moulds; as regards composition, they might be divided into tallow, wax, and spermaceti. The ingenuity of man at that time could go no further; and if, by some dispensation of Providence, tallow, wax, and spermaceti had been annihilated, why the , as a matter of course, people must have done without candles. It so happened, however, that in the year 1811, or thereabout, a French philosopher, M. Chevreul, began to devote himself to the study of fatty or oily bodies. He continued these studies almost exclusively for more than twenty years, and ultimately he arrived at certain discoveries which altogether changed the aspect of the soap and candle manufacture. We will not at once state what these discoveries of M. Chevreul were, or what he did; we will pursue the other course of leading the reader to form some conclusions of his own from an observation of certain appearances.

To begin, then; it is not impossible that the reader may have observed, when looking at a flask or bottle full of olive oil, on a cold day, that the oil had then separated into two portions; one very much like spermaceti in appearance, the other thin and liquid. Now, had it been so desired, this solid portion might have been collected, separated from the liquid portion, and the spermaceti-like body, no matter what it is called, might, if it were found to be sufficiently hard, be made into candles. Had the inquirer proceeded in this manner he would have discovered that the spermaceti-looking substance did not possess sufficient hardness to form candles; but that its melting point was so low as to be incompatible with the conditions necessary to the existence of a candle.

However, although disappointed in this one instance, as to the practical result, a thinking mind would have arrived at a very important deduction, and a very pertinent question would have been raised—*i. e.*, whether oily bodies were really as simple as they appeared? Whether certain oils and fats, although soft and unctuous to the touch, might not, in reality, be made up of hard fats and thin oils; and, whether, in certain cases, the two might not be separable from each other? This notion, once begotten, many phenomena would tend to strengthen it: for example:—the beautiful substance spermaceti is obtained, as everybody knows, out of the head of the spermaceti whale; so, in like manner, is the bland liquid, sperm oil, the material so admirable as a lamp oil; but whilst the spermaceti whale is alive, these two bodies, namely, spermaceti and sperm oil, remain combined together just in the same manner as the solid and the liquid portions of olive oil. Many other examples exist, but we need not enumerate them; suffice it to say, that the genius of M. Chevreul, starting from these facts as a basis, turned them to some account. He made the important discovery, that all fixed oils—that is to say, all those oils which leave a permanent greasy mark on paper—are made up of several fatty bodies combined together; that some of these fatty bodies are thick, others thin; and, finally, that by certain chemical processes they admitted of mutual separation. This was a great step, but it was not the only step made by M. Chevreul. He next proved each of these separate fatty matters, of which any given oil or fat was made up, to be still further separable into two other parts: these might be a thick and a thin part, or two thin parts; the former class preponderating. This was the grand discovery. It follows, then, that by carrying out the discoveries of M. Chevreul, we might manufacture good hard candles out of olive oil. We have already seen that the thick part of this oil, which spontaneously separates during cold weather, is not, in its natural state, thick enough for candle-making purposes; but the amount of thinness which still lingers in it is not inherent—the thinness depends on the combination of a thin body with it; and this thin body being separated by chemical means, we, in the end, arrive, by the aid of chemistry, to a result—hard, pure, white, semi-crystalline, and very combustible, fitted in every respect for the purposes of the candle manufacture. We have cited what could be done with olive oil as an example only. As matters go, this material is too valuable for that application, and other kinds of oil and fat are too common and cheap.

It is time, now, to explain the chemical principles involved in the discoveries of M. Chevreul, and in what manner these principles are applied to the manufacture of candles from oily matters of naturally thin consistency. We shall impart to the reader a first notion of these principles by directing his attention to a collateral fact. We will assume everybody to be conversant with tartaric acid, the substance which constitutes the acid powder entering into an extemporaneous soda-water mixture. Let it be assumed, then, that a quantity of this tartaric acid is thrown into water, is dissolved by the water: the problem is to get it out. Various means are known of accomplishing this. That which will suit our case best consists in the addition of lime, which, if added in due proportion, combines with the whole of the tartaric acid and forms the tartrate of lime, which admits of separation from the liquid by subjecting the solution to proper treatment, which it is unnecessary, in this place, to describe. Suppose, however, the tartrate of lime obtained, and that the further problem is given of getting the tartaric acid from the lime—how can this result be effected? Simply, thus:—Oil of vitriol being added, in due proportion, it combines with lime and sets tartaric acid free.

Now the discovery of M. Chevreul, as regards oils and fats, was this:—he proved that the bodies in question, in the first place, were mixtures of many oils or fats; and, in the second place, he demonstrated that each of these consisted of an acid united with a base, just as tartrate of lime is the result of an acid combining with a base; the acid in the latter case being the tartaric, and the base lime. Now, the oily base is a limpid, thin, not very combustible, liquid, termed glycerine; and the oily acids are some of them thick and others thin, but all eminently combustible. These oily acids differ somewhat in their chemical constitution; but we shall be sufficiently near the truth if we consider all the hard ones as margaric or stearic acid, and all the soft ones as oleic acid. Such are the chemical principles involved; now for the application of these principles. Suppose the fatty body operated upon to be lard; everybody knows that this fatty material is much too soft to yield candles at once. But, applying our chemistry, let us now suppose that a portion of lard is melted with lime—what then should take place? Why, clearly, if what we have already said be true, the lime should combine with such fatty acids as the lard may contain (there happen to be two principal ones, margaric and oleic acid), and should set free the liquid base, glycerine. Well, this would advance the operation one step; a portion of the soft matter of the lard would have been got rid of. If now, proceeding with the application of chemical principles, we add oil of vitriol to the oleate and stearate of lime, it is evident that sulphate of lime (plaster of Paris) would result, and the two fatty acids would be set free. Now, one of these, oleic acid, as we have already announced, is a thin acid; we don't want *it* for candle-making, though it is well adapted for the manufacture of soap: we only want for our present purposes the thick or margaric acid. How, then, are we to separate the two? Nothing can be more simple: the mixture having been packed into linen bags, and exposed to pressure at a certain temperature, all the thin acid leaks away, and all the thick acid remains. The latter may be at once applied to the manufacture of candles. Such is a general

outline of one of the processes (for there is a second) by which those beautiful candles, termed composite, are now made. By conducting each step of the process with extreme care, it is possible to produce an article superior to the manufacture from either wax or spermaceti; however, in England prejudice runs strong in favour of the two latter; hence, the manufacturers of composite candles do not find it profitable to produce the most perfect candle which this manufacture is able to yield.

Thus we are no longer restricted to the employment of any one kind of fat, in the manufacture of candles. If we have a hard fat to deal with, why then so much less oleic acid, or liquid portion, has to be removed. If we have a naturally soft fat to deal with, why then the quantity of oleic acid removed is greater. What is done with the oleic acid? the reader will ask. Is it thrown away? Certainly not; it makes admirable soap, and for this purpose it is used, in England *now*, as well as elsewhere. Until the removal of an excise duty on soap, however, the valuable material could not be used for this purpose; but being shipped away to Germany, was there put into requisition by the soap-manufacturer: at present the necessity for this disposal of oleic acid no longer exists.

When first introduced, stearine candles gave the manufacturer great trouble, their material having a considerable tendency to crystallise. The presence in them of a minute amount of arsenic prevents such crystallisation; and, accordingly, this poisonous substance was added until popular feeling pronounced against its use. At present, the crystallising tendency is obviated by simply pouring the stearic acid into the moulds at a certain temperature. No doubt arsenic is an objectionable substance to be employed in this manner; but, nevertheless, the danger of using it was greatly exaggerated. A certain scientific lady arrived at a remarkable conclusion on the subject, which we may as well cite for the purpose of demonstrating the fallacy of a very pretty speculation. "I do not think," said this lady—"I do not think that the arsenical candles evolve any noxious amount of the mineral until they have burnt down rather low; but *then*," continued she, "the odour is very oppressive, because all the arsenic, by virtue of its great weight, sinks to the lower end of the candle in the process of casting." "Madam," interposed a gentleman well conversant with the candle-manufactory, who heard this explanation, "*but candles are cast upside down; therefore the arsenic, according to your view, should be in their tops!*"

One word more about the candle manufacture, and it is this:—although the process we have described for separating stearic from oleic acid is the general one followed, there is another exclusively employed at Messrs. Price's candle-factory. To describe this process now would be far too long an affair; we may perhaps do so on another occasion. *En passant*, however, we may remark, that although the steps of the process are different, the general results are the same.

Some very important social and political considerations arise from a study of the discovery of M. Chevreul. Vegetable oils seem destined in future to supersede tallow as furnishing the raw material for the soap and candle manufacture. Now palm trees are the greatest sources of vegetable oil, and the quantity which may be obtained from these denizens of the vegetable world is in a manner without limit. Africa is the region of these palm trees;—the western coast—slave-trading region of Africa. It follows, then, that as our palm oil trade increases, and native labour becomes valuable; so in that proportion will the slave trade diminish. It follows, moreover, that we cannot be, as we have been, mainly dependent on the supply of animal fat from foreign countries—chiefly Russia. Thus has science been true to her genius; the discoveries of a French philosopher in relation to fats, independently of adding to our comforts and luxuries, are increasing our national independence, developing our commercial resources, breaking down a foul traffic, and ameliorating the social and political relations of the whole world.

AN ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH ROUND THE WORLD.

The project of establishing a telegraphic communication all round the globe, is one upon which public attention on both sides of the Atlantic is fixed with growing interest. The remarkable progress of the present age, which has been brought about by the harmonious combination of science, industry, and capital, leaves little room for doubt as to the ultimate accomplishment of the project. It is only a question of time. Sooner or later, we may rest assured, the world will be girt round with an electric wire, by means of which all the principal cities and courts, as well as all the chief seats of commerce and homes of science, will be indissolubly united. The success of existing submarine telegraphs has convinced many that one may be laid down across the Atlantic, connecting Halifax in America with the most westerly promontory of Ireland.

But such an undertaking might meet with accidents which would do it great damage. For the line would be exposed to exactly the same mishaps as befel the wire running from Dover to Calais; and if it were broken in one or two places between the two coasts, what power or skill could join it again without bringing the whole to land? This is the real danger which appears to threaten the existence of a submarine telegraph round the world.

Another circumstance also requires to be taken into account in connexion with this subject. A wire laid down across the Atlantic could only serve for the conveyance of communications to and from two points at a distance of 3,000 miles apart. At no intermediate point could messages be received or despatched. Along the whole line no accessory advantages could be reaped. It would be like an extra line of railway from London to Edinburgh without any intermediate station.

There is, however, a course round the globe by which both the danger of interruption from one cause or another, and the useless expense attendant upon a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic, might be avoided. The government or people of the United States will soon extend the main line of their telegraph, *viâ* California, to Oregon. On the other hand, the telegraphic lines of Europe stretch towards the East nearly as far as the Uralian mountains. The necessity of a speedy communication with her Asiatic provinces will soon induce Russia to extend the line of telegraph in this direction. The whole of the territory between this point and California is in possession of Great Britain, Russia, and the United States. Why, then, should not a combination be entered into for the establishment of a line across Behring's Straits? Behring's Straits are reckoned to be not more than thirty or forty English miles in breadth, with two or three islands between, which might serve as intermediate stations, and would leave no greater width of water than that between Dover and Calais. The Russian government might easily keep up a watch upon the part of the line in its dominions; and the governments of Great Britain and the United States might do the same in their respective territories. Hence this route would always be free from such dangers as would constantly threaten a line connecting Halifax with the Irish coast.

Thus, a telegraph between San Francisco and St. Petersburgh would be a main line of communication round the world; for the extension of it from St. Petersburgh to London would be an easy matter, and it would, in time, extend its branches over the south of Europe and Asia. With the spread of civilisation one of these branches might at last reach even the inhospitable shores of China. Another route is proposed from Labrador or Davis' Straits to Iceland, thence to Greenland, and thence to the north of Scotland. This, though requiring a greater length of submarine wire, has the advantage of not rendering the concurrence of Russia necessary, and, therefore, not being liable to be interrupted by war. One or the other certainly seems practicable, and if established, a great system of international intercourse, carried on with the rapidity of thought itself, might ultimately pervade the whole earth, banishing discord, and bringing about that happy millennium of peace and prosperity for which humanity is ever sighing.

CASTLE FOLLIT.

CATALONIA is the most eastern province of the Spanish peninsula, divided from France by the Pyrenees. It has the title of a principality, and its chief wealth is derived from its manufactures and maritime trade. Castle Follit, a gloomy city of this district, distant about eighteen miles south-east of Campredon, acquired a fatal notoriety in 1822. In the war between the Carlists and the Constitutionalists—a war which desolated all Spain, and made the history of that period red with blood—the inhabitants of Castle Follit followed the example of the insurgents at Sen d'Urgel and Balaquer, and joined the Don Carlos party. Towards the end of the month of October following, the famous constitutional leader, Mina, became master of the city, and terrible was the vengeance which he inflicted. Town and castle were burnt to the ground. Mina himself, in the account which he has given of the event in the published bulletin, says: "The city is now nothing more than a desert. Houses and fortifications, all, have disappeared: it now speaks to other cities of the tragical end which is sure to follow so foolish an enterprise as that of lending the ear to the perfidious suggestions of those who would appeal to arms in support of the enemies of the public good. On one of the most conspicuous parts of the ruin is traced this inscription: 'HERE STOOD CASTLE FOLLIT; CITIES, LEARN BY THIS EXAMPLE THAT THERE IS NO FAVOUR FOR THE ENEMIES OF THE COUNTRY.'"

The ruins of the city are seen on an abrupt elevation,

THE ROCKS OF CASTLE FOLLIT.—FROM A DRAWING BY P. BLANCHARD.

which, to all appearance, is totally inaccessible, and is supported by basaltic columns resembling, in a very great degree, those of the grand cavern at Staffa. The whole of the surrounding country is volcanic, and geologists consider it to be the principle locality of these volcanic phenomena which have contributed to the formation of the chain of the Pyrenees.

Much controversy has taken place as to the origin of the words "Castle Follit." The general opinion appears to be that its name is derived from *Castellum Fultum*, fortified castle.

JOHN KEPLER.

John Kepler, the celebrated astronomer, whose labours heralded and partly contributed to the discoveries of our immortal Newton, was born at Weil, in the duchy of Wirtemberg, on the 27th of December, 1571. His father, Henry Kepler, was an officer in the pay of the Duke of Wirtemberg, and distinguished himself in the war in Flanders; his mother's maiden name was Catherine Guldenmann. Having imprudently become security for a person, who absconded, the warrior was compelled to part with all he had in order to discharge the obligations under which he had placed himself, and was fain to content himself with the humble position of a tavern-keeper at Elmendingen. This reverse rendered it necessary to remove young Kepler from school, and employ him at home. Such, however, was the extraordinary precocity of the youth, that when eleven years old he was admitted to the convent-school of Maulbronn, and educated there at the expense of the Duke of Wirtemberg. Here he pursued his studies with untiring assiduity, in spite of constitutional weakness and domestic troubles, and at the age of twenty took his master's degree, ranking second at the examination. Shortly afterwards, he was appointed astronomical lecturer at Grätz, in Styria, not so much in accordance with any wish of his own—for he had not yet, he tells us, devoted any great attention to the study of astronomy—as out of deference to the authoritative dictates of his tutors.

Theology had occupied most of his thoughts from the time of taking his degree, and some of his compositions on that science attracted a good deal of attention. Now, however, he began to study astronomy with even greater interest and more decided success. The prevalent notions on astronomy were far from satisfying his penetrating mind. With a view to their correction, he published his "Mysterium Cosmographicum," in 1596, which was his first work, and formed a worthy prelude to those which followed. In this he put forth a number of very ingenious conjectures with reference to the number, distances, and periods of the planetary orbs. Like our own great Adams at Cambridge—though not under the guidance of equally scientific principles—he presumed upon the existence of planets not yet known, and declared that the only reason why they had not been discovered, was the imperfection of the optical instruments employed in making observations. The boldness of his creative genius, as displayed in this work, struck Tycho Brahe with astonishment, and led him to invite Kepler to visit him—an invitation, however, which the latter did not then think proper to accept, because he was aware the illustrious mathematician held a doctrine directly opposed to his own.

About this time Kepler married a lady of noble family, Barbara Muller von Muhleckh, who was now a widow for the second time, though only twenty-four years of age. The union was a source of difficulty and embarrassment, which, with the religious dissensions in Styria, led to his removal to Hungary. Here, during an interval of three years, he published several minor works, including a treatise on the magnet. Tycho Brahe, who still watched his progress with deep interest, once more endeavoured to attract him near him. This eminent philosopher had been forced to leave Uranienbourg for the asylum which Rodolph the Second, Emperor of Bohemia, offered him in Bohemia, and promised to procure Kepler the post of mathematician to the court, if he would come and reside there. Kepler, having learnt that Tycho Brahe was making astronomical observations of great value at Benach, went to visit him in the year 1600, and was most kindly received; but a serious indisposition, which lasted seven or eight months, prevented him from entering upon the duties of his office, as imperial mathematician, till the following year. The object of his appointment was, that he might assist Tycho Brahe in the formation of new astronomical

PORTRAIT OF JOHN KEPLER.

tables, to be called the Rudolphine Tables, after the emperor, who promised to bear all the expense, and liberally reward him. Circumstances, however, prevented the fulfilment of this promise. Kepler's salary was not regularly paid, and besides this, the employment was not exactly to his taste. He was involved in pecuniary difficulties, and even driven to eke out a subsistence by casting people's nativities. His impetuous disposition brought him into frequent collision with Tycho Brahe, his great benefactor. He sighed for his liberty. "Rodolph II.," said he to his friend, "is more of an astrologer than an astronomer. To satisfy him, I am obliged to waste my time in making almanacks for him." This was the way in which he spoke of the calendar which he assisted Tycho Brahe in preparing, and which had the misfortune to be burnt by the nobles of Styria, in 1621, because Kepler had given precedence in it to the nobles of Austria. The prefaces to several works which he issued at this period bear evidence of the pecuniary embarrassment which he experienced. Besides having to contend with the irregularity of payment to which we have already alluded, he had a numerous family to support, and, on the death of Tycho Brahe, undertook the charge of his also. In his perplexity, he applied to the landgrave of Hesse, who kindly rendered him valuable pecuniary and other assistance. In a preface addressed to the emperor, in 1618, he acknowledges the receipt of 4,000 pieces of silver; and it is impossible to read his remarks without a painful impression.

Kepler's great work on "The Motion of Mars," which forms a sort of stepping-stone from Copernicus to Newton, was published in the year 1609. After confuting the prevalent notions upon gravity, he distinctly asserts that the attraction of the moon operates upon the earth, and amid a multitude of errors throws out here and there other happy guesses at truth. The three great principles which Kepler is immortalised for having discovered, and which are well known under the name of "Kepler's Laws," are, that the planets move in elliptical orbits, that they describe equal areas in equal times, and that the squares of their periodic times are proportional to their mean distances from the sun. He did not succeed in establishing the last till twelve years after the other two, and then more by lucky conjecture than sound philosophical deduction. The labour he underwent before he could arrive at the first was immense. Starting with the assumption that the planetary orbits were of an oval form, he was disappointed to find that his calculations failed to demonstrate it. "All my theory, therefore," cried he, "has vanished into smoke." He began his work again; the arithmetical operations in which he engaged filled more than twenty-six pages; he failed every time he renewed the attempt. His vexation at this disappointment nearly drove him mad. No less than sixty-nine times did he renew his efforts; but the seventieth time he obtained the desired result. His joy was now unbounded. He surrounded figures of ellipses with symbolical designs. Ordinary language was insufficient to express all he felt; his enthusiasm could only find full scope in mystical symbols. Another discovery of Kepler's was the proper method according to which the glasses of a telescope should be combined and arranged; but he made no practical application of his theory. To enumerate all his published works would exceed our limits and only weary the reader. It is sufficient to say they were very numerous, some voluminous, and all remarkable. Kepler was the precursor, and in some degree the father, of the seventeenth century—that age which was rendered illustrious by the names of Newton, Descartes, Pascal, and others, who brought about a great reformation in science and general knowledge.

Sir Henry Wotton, the English ambassador, made an attempt, in 1620, to persuade Kepler to visit England, and held out a prospect of relief from the pecuniary embarrassment in which he was then involved; but he could not succeed. After appealing for assistance to various governments, Kepler at length completed the Rudolphine Tables in 1627. He was on the point of publishing a translation of a work of Plutarch, when he was compelled to go to Ratisbon for the arrears of his salary. The fatigue of travelling, together with the annoyance he felt, brought on a fever, of which he died on November 5th, 1630, at the age of fifty-nine. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Peter's at Ratisbon.* A brief inscription, which does not now exist, was placed upon his tombstone; and in 1808 a monument was erected to his memory under the auspices of the prince primate, Charles Theodore of Halberg. It is a temple situated in the Botanical Garden, not many yards from the spot where his remains lie. His bust in marble occupies the middle of the building, and stands on a pedestal, the bas-reliefs of which represent the genius of Kepler drawing aside the veil which conceals Urania. The goddess holds a telescope in one hand, and in the other a roll, on which the eclipse of Mars is delineated.

PEERS AND M.P.'S;
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY FORMS.

LEGISLATION usually commences in the shape of a bill. To the first reading of a bill generally little opposition is made. The member who introduces it makes a long speech in its favour, and little discussion takes place. The real fight is when it is read a second time. There are many ways of throwing out a bill without the discourtesy of a positive rejection. The first of these means consists in giving a preference to "other orders;" the second is "moving the previous question." Another is moving "that the second reading take place this day six months." If the bill get over the second reading, it then goes into committee, when objectionable clauses are struck out and fresh ones added, till the original proposer of the bill can hardly recognise his offspring. The bill is then read a third time, and afterwards sent up to the Lords. Possibly the Lords object to some parts of it; a conference with the Commons is then desired, which accordingly takes place, the deputation of the Commons standing with uncovered heads, while the Lords, with hats on, retain their seats. The matter being amicably arranged, and a disagreeable collision avoided, the bill is passed through the Lords, where it usually creates a far more orderly and less passionate debate than it has done in the Commons. It then receives the royal assent, and becomes law—a fact announced by the words "Je le veux," if the Queen acts in person; or by the phrase, "La Reigne le voet," if, as most frequently happens, the royal assent be given by commission. The private bills, which take no small portion of the time of the house, are expensive luxuries. On an average, few cost less than £500 or £600, and frequently the clever parliamentary agents, to whom they are intrusted, manage to run up the expenses to as many thousands. Occasionally a bill is introduced in the form of a motion, at other times as a resolution, but generally the bill is the favourite form. Any bill which the Lords can originate may be introduced and laid on the table by any individual peer, without the previous permission of the house; but in the Commons, no bill can be brought in unless a motion for leave be previously agreed to. Mr. Dod tells us, during the progress of a bill the house *may* divide on the following questions:—1. Leave to bring it in. 2. When brought in, whether it shall be then read a first time, and if not, when? 3. On the first reading. 4. On the second reading. 5. That it be committed. 6. On the question that the Speaker do leave the chair, for the house to resolve itself into such committee. 7. That the report of the committee be received. 8. That the bill be recommitted. 9. That it be engrossed. 10. That it be read a third time. 11. That it do pass. 12. The title of the bill. These are quite exclusive of any divisions concerning the particular days to be appointed for proceeding with any stage of the measure, or of any proceedings in committee, or any amendments, or any clauses added to or expunged from

* For engravings and an account of St. Peter's cathedral, see pp. 275-7.

the measure in or out of the committee. Such being the case, no one can wonder that a bill is pretty often cut off in its career. The wonder is that any survive so trying a process. In committee the Speaker leaves the chair, and his place is taken by a member elected by the house for this purpose; but he does not sit in the Speaker's chair, but at the table, the seat of the Clerk of the House. For committees of supply, and ways and means, and bills introduced by ministers, there is a chairman, who receives a salary.

A member who wishes to resign, solicits of the crown the stewardship of her Majesty's Chiltern Hundreds, the stewardship of the Manor of Poynings, of East Hendred or Northstead, or the Escheatorship of Munster—sinecures which he holds till some other member accepts a similar appointment. As no office, having emolument attached, can be conferred by the crown on a member of the House of Commons without his thereby vacating his seat, and as it is only by obtaining office that a member can rid himself of the duties which any body of constituents may impose, even without his consent, the acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds merely means that a member has resigned his seat.

The orders of the house, besides those to which we have referred, call for no special remark, with one exception, and that is, with reference to amendments. This one seems very much misunderstood. At public meetings, people are always getting into confusion when amendments are put. We may as well, then, briefly state what the practice of the House of Commons is. When, says Mr. Dod, an amendment has been moved, it is usual to take the vote simply for the amendment, and then for the original motion. But in parliament the practice is, that the chairman or speaker should read to the house the original motion, next that he should read the amendment, and then say, "the motion which I am about to put is, that the words proposed to be left out in the amendment stand part of the question." Should the noes prevail, the amendment then becomes a substantive motion, upon which other amendments may be moved and considered in like manner as the first. Thus a number of successive amendments to the original motion may be disposed of, though no amendment can be moved upon an amendment, but all the amendments, as well as the motion itself, may be negatived. Any member is at liberty to interrupt another by rising to order—viz, calling attention to the fact that a breach of order was then being committed. When two or more members rise at once to address the House of Commons, the Speaker or chairman determines who shall have precedence. It is out of order to mention in debate any member by name, or to speak in direct terms of any proceedings of the other house, unless they have been formally made known by message, or recorded in the notices, with an order of the other house. Formerly, independent members had two days in the week for their motions, and government the rest. Last session they suffered a great hardship in this respect, Tuesday only being allowed them; but, as a compensation, the forms of the house allow members to bring forward a question on the motion that the Speaker do leave the chair, or that the house at its rising do adjourn till a certain day. This is often done, and leads to an animated debate. Members wear their hats, except when they rise to speak; and during the short interval between the strangers being turned out of the galleries previously to a division, and the division itself, they have the inestimable privilege of being allowed to speak, at the same time retaining their hats and their seats. Occasionally it is difficult to keep order, but this is rarely the case. When a man worth hearing gets up, he is listened to; and if a man be dull, and prosy, and roundabout, it is no great wonder that the house is inattentive, or that it gets very thin, especially if the time be anywhere between seven and nine or ten—that time sacred to dinner, a meal senators require as much, if not more than other men.

In concluding this section, we will give a little gossip we have collected from various sources. In the case of disorder the Speaker sometimes threatens to name names. "And what will be the consequence?" asked that squinting democrat, Jack Wilkes. "The Lord in heaven only knows!" was the somewhat profane reply. Chairmen and Speakers have at times availed themselves of the power they possessed for party purposes. Clarendon confesses that as chairman of the committee on the bill for turning the bishops out of the Lords, he managed so to muddle matters and confuse the house, that eventually the measure fell to the ground. That haughty Speaker, Sir Edward Seymour, was a sad sinner in this respect. Burnet tell us, when a question was to be put, before the court party were prepared to carry or reject it, as the case might be, he would purposely blunder and put the question wrong, till the court party had mustered in sufficient strength to attain their object. Even the tellers on a division have also played strange tricks. On one occasion, one of the tellers, says Burnet, was in a fit of the vapours, and a very fat lord coming up, his brother teller counted him as two. The absent-minded teller took no notice of the blunder, and thus the bill passed by a majority of one! We don't hear of such tricks now-a-days.

PARLIAMENTARY MORALS AND MANNERS.

We now come to lighter work; for our view of parliamentary morals and manners will be of a somewhat superficial kind. From any more serious inquiry we, in common with the reader, instinctively shrink.

The house at present consists of 654 members, being 467 for England, 53 for Scotland, 29 for Wales, and 105 for Ireland. Arranged according as they represent counties and divisions of counties, or boroughs, they stand thus:—

ENGLAND AND WALES.

159	members for counties or divisions of counties
337	members for boroughs
Total 496	members for England and Wales.

SCOTLAND.

30	members for counties or divisions of counties
23	members for boroughs
Total 53	members for Scotland.

IRELAND.

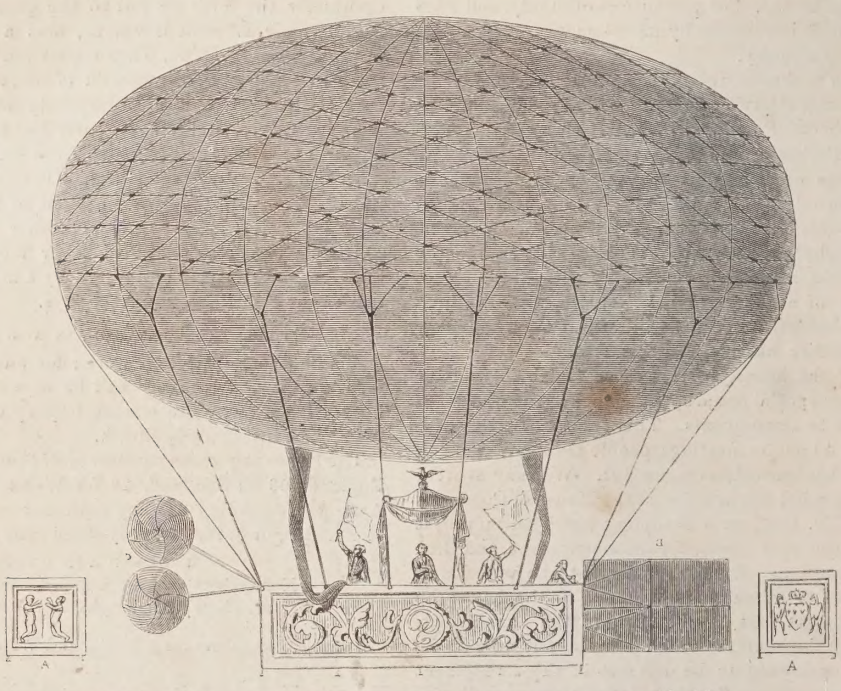
64	members for counties or divisions of counties
41	members for boroughs
Total 105	members for Ireland.

Sudbury and St. Albans have each been disfranchised, and thus the house has lost four members. It was long before the number was definitely settled. Two hundred citizens and seventy-four knights sat in one of Edward the First's parliaments. Under the Plantagenets the house consisted of three hundred members. In the time of Henry VII. the Principality was allowed to return twelve members. From that date to the accession of Charles I. the house had received an addition, by writs from the crown, of fifty-seven members. As calls upon the purse became more frequent, the number of representatives increased. When Coke presided as Speaker, they were four hundred and ninety-three. The Long Parliament consisted of five hundred and six. The convention which placed William of Orange on the throne consisted of but one hundred and sixty.

To get members to attend seems always to have been a matter of some difficulty. Mary and Elizabeth fined the absentees, and the result was, that under James the attendance became so great that fresh seats were required for their use. In 1640 it was declared to be a constant rule, "that Mr. Speaker is not to go to his chair till there be at least forty in the house." All writers speak of the readiness of M.P.'s to evade their duties. Prynne complained of them in his day as wasting their time "in taverns, play-houses, dining-houses, cock-pits, tennis-courts, bowling-alleys," &c. Writing a century later, Horace Walpole says, "The seventh was appointed for the naturalisation bill, but the house adjourned to attend at Drury-lane." A century later, this very last session, the house was counted out on the night of the day when a review had been held at Chobham. Occasionally members are brought together by a call of the house, but that is a step seldom taken.

BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

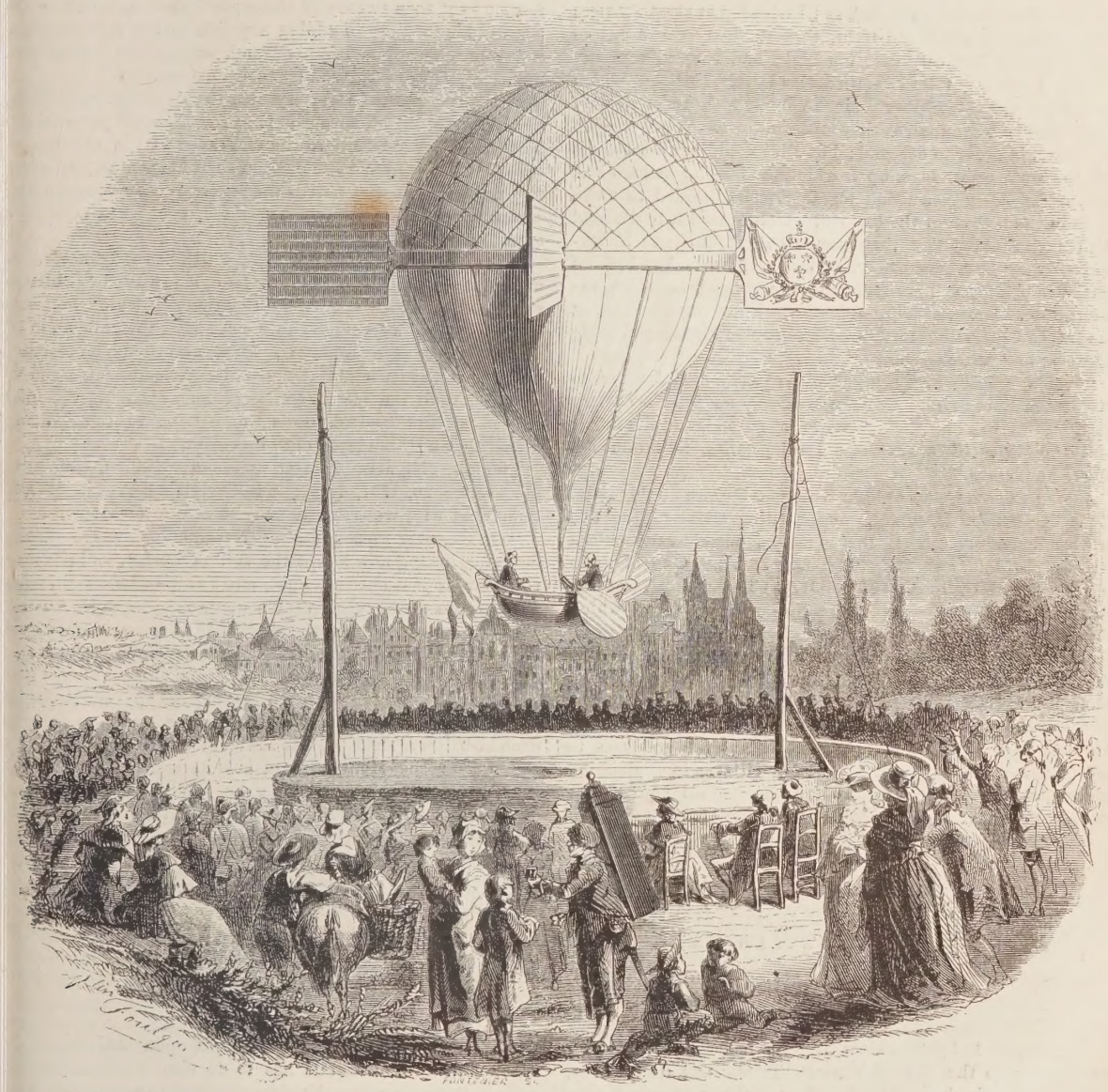
THE letters which Etienne Mongolfier received from his brothers, stating their views and giving him their encouragement, found him depressed, fatigued, harassed in every way, tormented at once by his rivals and his admirers. His wife vainly supplicated



ASCENT OF A BALLOON FROM THE PARK OF ST. CLOUD, JULY 15, 1784.

THE ABOVE BALLOON AT A GREATER ELEVATION.

him patiently to endure his celebrity. He desired and asked only one thing, which was to return to his native place, the scene of his cherished dreams, to hear once more the whispers of its poplars and the rippling of its waters; to resume those walks with his brother Joseph, in which their feet only traversed a narrow space, while their thoughts surveyed the world. But as commissioners had been appointed by the Academy to inspect his experiments and to confirm his discovery, honour did not permit him to withdraw; and his balloon having been shattered in its last ascent from Annonay, it was found necessary to construct another; but whilst the



ASCENT OF A BALLOON FROM DIJON, APRIL 25, 1784.*

workshops were freely opened, and assistance and help of every kind offered, to those who strove to excel the two brothers in the aerial route which they alone had disclosed, Etienne could only look for co-operation and support among his private friends. A rich manufacturer of painted paper, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the excellent M. Reveillon, threw open his vast warehouses to his dear friend Mongolfier, offered him his services, and, with unparalleled generosity, abandoned his beautiful gardens to the curiosity of the crowd, who broke down the railings and scaled the walls, in order to behold the wonderful machine.

The struggle which the inventor had to sustain against those who strove to outdo him, and to turn his glory to their profit, was truly melancholy. It required all the devotion of his friends, Reveillon, Argant, the Marquis d'Arlandes, and others; it required his personal activity, his extraordinary intellect, and the composure which he owed to an unchangeable gentleness of disposition, to prevent the priority which belonged to him from being snatched away. M. Charles and the Messrs. Robert could only repeat his experiments; they succeeded, however, in gaining the favour of powerful protectors, and, strange to say, the Duc de Chartres entrusted to them the management of the experiment, represented in the first of the annexed engravings (p. 316.)†

* This balloon, which went off at five o'clock in the evening, reached Magni-lez-Auxone at twenty-five minutes past six, having traversed a space of about two miles and a half through the atmosphere. Abbé Berteau and M. Morvaux went up in it.

† This ascent took place under the superintendence of Messrs. Robert, two brothers, who went up in the balloon with M. Colin. A A, the two ends of the gallery, representing Castor and Pollux and the arms of France; B, the Rudder; C, Oars or Wings.

Couplets full of acrimony, and cutting caricatures, accompanied the prince in his ascent; most of these were without foundation, for they accused the duke of cowardice, when, on the contrary, he had shown presence of mind in giving vent to the gas, and in splitting the balloon, which threatened to burst. In an unpublished letter from Beaumarchais, who was an eye-witness, to Etienne Mongolfier, who was then on his return home, we find the following account of this disastrous journey:—

"*Paris*, 18 *July*, 1784.

"You have doubtless heard what has taken place at St. Cloud. Marquis le Duc de Chartres, the two Roberts, and their brother-in-law, ascended, as Charles did at the Tuileries; but, fearing to touch the trees, they suddenly threw out so much ballast that they rose too high, and entered a cloud, which, I know not how, caused the interior balloon, which was filled with atmospheric air, to burst with an explosion. They then endeavoured, as they still continued to rise, to open the valve, in order to descend; but they could neither open it nor the lower appendage, upon which the interior balloon had collapsed. After consulting together, they decided to make holes in the bottom of the balloon, which caused it to descend with such rapidity that they incurred great danger. Nevertheless, they descended safely, no one being hurt. The balloon was mended for a more fortunate experiment, in which the interior bladder was dispensed with. Four days before, at the Luxembourg, the poor Abbé Miolan narrowly escaped being a martyr to your religion.

"Adieu, monsieur; I beg you to give some consideration to the best manner of directing the balloon; for it is necessary for it, as well as everything else, to be guided, and the father of the child at least owes it a leading-string to conduct it where he pleases, &c."

Among the numerous ascents which took place at this time, those of Guyton Morvaux alone, putting those of the two brother inventors out of the question, were made with a serious purpose, and arrived at any result. One of these is represented by our artist (p. 317). The members of the Academy of Dijon sought for a means of guidance which they never found; but the ascents of Guyton, and the exact accounts which he gave of them, tended somewhat to advance the art of aerostation. The following letter from Etienne Mongolfier bears testimony to this fact:—

"Sir,—I have read with the greatest pleasure the particulars of your experiments, which you have had the goodness to send me, and I have joined your fellow-citizens in applauding the zeal and intelligence which have directed all your operations. You have indeed felt all the possible advantages and all the actual inconveniences of the machine of which you have made use. I cannot but admire your ulterior views, and exhort you to establish their solidity, in the eyes of the incredulous, by the continuation of your experiments.

"The unforeseen danger which prevented you from realising your project of travelling from place to place, should not discourage you from trying again. Above all, I admire the candour with which you state the obstacles that thwarted your experiments, and the means by which you contrived to surmount them. Thus it is, that one should always write upon scientific subjects, sacrificing one's self-love to their advancement, and giving an account even of one's failures, in order that others may avoid them. A memoir such as yours is more useful than twenty of those poetical descriptions, whose authors take a glory in adding a polish to the marvellous, as if nature were not sufficiently grand, without the foreign ornaments which are furnished by their imaginations."

It seems needless to add anything to this simple, noble letter of Etienne Mongolfier, which is so free from all personal prejudice. We way return to the biography of this philosopher whose soul was even more exalted than his genius, and whose temperate writings, as well as the letters of his contemporaries which were written in an exaggerated, egotistical style, give some insight into his character.

Our second engraving (p. 316), which has reference to the ascent of Messrs. Robert and M. Colin, is intended to illustrate some French verses written at the time, in which horsemen are represented as racing at full speed after the balloon, in the vain attempt to overtake it, while everybody on earth is amazed at the daring of the adventurous aeronauts; and the inhabitants of the moon—philosophers as well as the unin formed multitude—look upon the balloon as some strang planet that has wandered out of its orbit.

The following account of an ascent of a balloon, which took place June 26, 1794, is given in Carlyle's "French Revolution," and will, we are sure, be read with interest:—

"Or see, over Fleurus in the Netherlands, where General Jourdan, having now swept the soil of liberty, and advanced thus far, is just about to fight, and sweep or be swept, hang there not in the heaven's vault some prodigy, seen by Austrian eyes and spy-glasses: in the similitude of an enormous wind bag, with netting and enormous saucer depending from it? *Jove's* balance; *your* poor Austrian scale having kicked itself aloft, out of sight? By heaven, answer the spy-glasses, it is Mongolfier, a balloon, and they are making signals! Austrian cannon-battery barks at this Mongolfier; harmless as dog at the moon: the Mongolfier makes its signals, detects what Austrian ambuscade there may be, and descends at its ease. What will not these devils incarnate contrive?"

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANY months had passed since the day when the doge returned in triumph to the city of Venice. Time, as he always does, had wrought his changes in the affairs of the state as well as of individuals. The republic had lost one of her best men and bravest soldiers, Vittorio Pisani, who died a few days after the surrender of Chioggia. Carlo Zeno had taken his place, going out to Zara in the galley that brought to Venice the remains of his friend and companion in arms. The war with the Genoese still lingered on with various success; tempest and famine wrought their work in the fleet; the senate, as usual, visited the consequences of their own imprudence, as well as of the storms and starvation, upon their general; and Zeno was thwarted, reprimanded, and threatened with imprisonment; but as yet the popular voice was too loud in his favour to render it safe to carry the threat into execution, and his own manly remonstrances, for a while, over-awed his rulers. Time, too, as we said, wrought his changes upon individuals, and those with whom our tale has to do were not exempt. Ah! who is there on whom he does not leave the impress of his cold hand as he passes? The child, as he grows to boyhood puts away childish things and childish thoughts; the boy, as he attains to manhood, exchanges smiles for sorrows, and puts care upon him even as he puts on years; grief and infirmity come to age; and to all come trial and mutation, and at last the grave.

It was once again the spring, that season which everywhere is fraught with the charms of renascent nature, but which is nowhere more fresh and lovely than in Italy. It was spring, one of the bright, merry days in March, when the wind drives the light clouds athwart the sun, making their shadows flit across the sunlight of streets and squares, and upon the gleaming waters, and the glittering domes and spires of palaces and

churches. It might be about four in the afternoon, when our old acquaintance, the Count Polani, found himself just entering the Corso degli Orifici, at Venice. He paused a moment, as if in doubt whether he should proceed, and took counsel with his own thoughts.

"Diavolo!" said he musingly, "who could have foreseen that things would have turned out so unfortunately? Well, well, something must be done, and at once too; as well to-day as to-morrow, and better, for the time is drawing near. So, in the name of the Virgin, I will go to the old fellow even now; perchance I may move his soul by the prospect of greater gain in the end. Andiamo."

The count drew his black cloak more closely around him, and passing along the shady side of the street—a practice which in all ages gentlemen in monetary difficulties instinctively adopt—he proceeded at a pace so slow, that any one who marked his movements might readily conjecture he was bound upon no agreeable errand. Whether any eyes were upon him we shall not say; but certain it is, that after consuming twice the necessary time in the operation, he did at length arrive at a certain point of the street at which he came to a complete stand-still. The bottega, or booth, at which the count stopped, did not in appearance differ from those which ranged along the street. Beneath a projecting shed of timber that sloped down from the first story stood a table, covered with a carpet or thick woollen cloth, which reached in front down to the pavement. On the table were placed several leathern money-bags of different sizes, a small casket or chest for letters of exchange and bills on foreign goldsmiths, a pair of scales, an account-book, and an inkstand; behind was a bench, upon which sat an elderly man, wrapped up carefully in a fur-trimmed gown, and covered with a bonnet of black felt. He was diligently occupied in the examination of his account-book, in which he was making some entries, when the Count Polani addressed him.

"Buon giorno, good Messer Molo; thou art deep in thy studies, methinks. Thou hast pleasant memorials there of thy friends, doubtless, so that thou shalt not readily forget them. Is it not so?"

The old banker looked up from his book. As he recognised the speaker, his small gray eyes became for a moment fixed intently upon the face of the count, as if he would read his heart, and discover the cause of this unexpected visit; then he replied with his usual placid look:

"A servirla, signore. I rejoice to see your lordship, and in such a pleasant mood too. It is true indeed, as you say, I have abundant memorials of my good friends here," and he touched the book with his finger; "but I know not they are always so pleasant as I could wish. Just now it is somewhat the contrary; I was counting how much the friendship of a certain member of the Pregadi, who did me the honour to take my bills of exchange, shall cost me when I strike my balance. However, the unwonted honour of a visit from your excellency may help to cheer me."

The old man looked again with his sharp eye at the count.

"By my faith, I know not, Ser Molo, how that may be. I have come to talk with thee, however, touching matters that affect us both. Can I crave a moment with thee in some better privacy than the street of the Corso degli Orifici affords."

"Assuredly, signore," said the banker. "Will your excellency excuse me for a moment?" he continued, rising from the bench and passing through a small door behind him into the ground story of the building. He re-appeared speedily, followed by the youth whom the count met at his first interview with the banker, and then said—"Will your lordship have the goodness to pass round the table? we shall be private in the apartment within."

The count complied, and Molo led him into a chamber in the lower part of the same house, the upper story of which the count had visited from the water-side on the night that he bought the goldsmith. Molo pointed with formal respect his guest to a chair, and seated himself in one opposite. The two sat for a time in silence; there was evidently a trial of skill between them, each endeavouring to throw the opening of the conference upon the other. The cooler temperament and superior skill of the banker triumphed, and the count at last broke silence.

"Thou dost remember, doubtless, Ser Molo, a certain loan which I had of thee somewhat near a twelvemonth since?"

"Perfectly, sir count; your excellency gave me your bond for the repayment with interest, to which there was added a certain defeasance."

"Precisely."

"Is your lordship disposed to discharge the debt now? The time is not yet expired, nevertheless; should your lordship so wish——"

"Diavolo! did you ever know a man pay beforehand?" said the count, interrupting the goldsmith, somewhat testily.

"As you ask the question, signore, I can't say that in my experience I have ever met such a case."

"And thou never shalt, believe me. But didst thou ever know a debtor not prepared to meet his obligation when the day arrived?"

"Ah! frequently—that is quite in my experience."

"Well, then, worthy Messer Molo, I am come to increase your knowledge in that way. In a word—I have no money."

"Your lordship surprises me; men believe that the spoils of the Chioggia——"

"I care not what men believe or say on that head; but little of the treasure reached my hands, and that little——" and the count waved his hand impatiently.

"Oh! I understand," said the goldsmith; "but, surely, your good friend Ben Aaroni would gladly——"

"The devil take the Jewish dog: where he has once fastened his teeth he will never let go his hold till he takes away the flesh with him. Why, I had to pay him to the last florin, not many days since, to redeem my palazzo, and now I am without a coin in my pouch."

"Ah, that is very sad; but it is fortunate that your excellency can meet your engagement to me without money."

"Pooh! pooh! thou meanest that silly jest which passed between us touching my ward."

"And which," added the goldsmith, "was fairly writ out in the obligation and duly signed and sealed by your lordship. Should you wish to see it?"

"Not I, faith. Thou wouldst of course never think of losing thy money, even if I were to take thee at thy offer; but set thy mind at rest. I shall never hold thee to so foolish a bargain."

"In the first place, signore, the money is not mine but my nephew Girolamo's, as I advertised you on the occasion of lending it. In the next place, he is aware of the arrangement, and will, therefore, require at my hands either his gold or the young lady."

The count sprang from his chair in a fury—

"So help my God and all his saints, thy nephew shall as soon get my ward in marriage as he shall the Adriatic; when he is doge he may look for her, not till then."

"Though a citizen of Venice," replied Molo, cooly, "I know not that Girolamo has any desire for so high a station; but he has the rights of a citizen, and will of course know how to enforce them."

"Rights! what speak you of rights? Dost not know that mere citizens, such as thou and thine, are not permitted to aspire to the noble daughters of Saint Mark without the license of the state? Thou wilt but make thyself and thy nephew a jest in the mouth of every patrician."

"Not when I can produce such a document as this with the seal of the grand council attached to it." And the goldsmith drew forth from a drawer a folded parchment.

"These presents testify," he continued as he opened the document, "if your lordship will please to peruse them, that for divers services rendered to the republic of Venice by Pietro and Jacopo Molo, citizens, it hath seemed good to the grand council of the state, upon the prayer of the said Pietro and Jacopo, to grant unto Girolamo Molo, the son of the aforenamed Jacopo, license and authority to intermarry with any

lady of noble degree, notwithstanding any ordinance to the contrary."

The banker proffered the parchment to Polani, but the latter waved it away with his hand. Molo then quietly folded it up and replaced it in the drawer. The operation gave the count time to recover from his astonishment and to cool down in temper. When they were both seated again he resumed the conversation.

"My good friend Molo, this is folly or madness. An union so ill-assorted, and between persons who are unacquainted with each other, could never be happy. Should I force the lady Bianca to give her hand, I cannot compel her heart to go with it. Will thy nephew take a bride on such conditions?"

"If he refuse to do so, then shall the lady be released and your lordship acquitted of your obligation."

"Meantime, to avoid such an alternative, whereby he may lose both money and bride, I have a proposal to make."

"If it so please your lordship to state it, I shall attend."

"My palazzo is, as I told thee, redeemed from the Jew. I will now pledge it to thee for the repayment of thy loan at such reasonable time as thou shalt name, provided thou wilt deliver me up the bond."

"What interest do you propose to give, should I be minded to let the money stand out, signore? The laws of Florence and of Venice allow us to take as high as twenty-five per cent."

The count groaned.

"Well, I shall not chaffer with thee on that point, if thou wilt give me a year for repayment."

"Count Polani, we Molos have ever made it our rule to lend our moneys at reasonable interest; therefore we never take more than that which thou hast already stipulated to pay."

"Ah! thou art a just man," interrupted the count, brightening up hopefully.

"I do humbly affirm that I am a just man, sir count—one who ever performs his own obligations and expects others to do the same. I have made my contract with your lordship, and shall abide by it. Were you to offer me cent. per cent. at the end of another year, I would refuse it. We shall wait, my nephew and I, on you at the palazzo, according to the condition of the obligation. You will doubtless be then and there prepared to fulfil either alternative of the condition."

The count arose once more, but his face was now deadly pale, and his lip quivered with suppressed emotion. At length he spoke slowly and almost calmly:

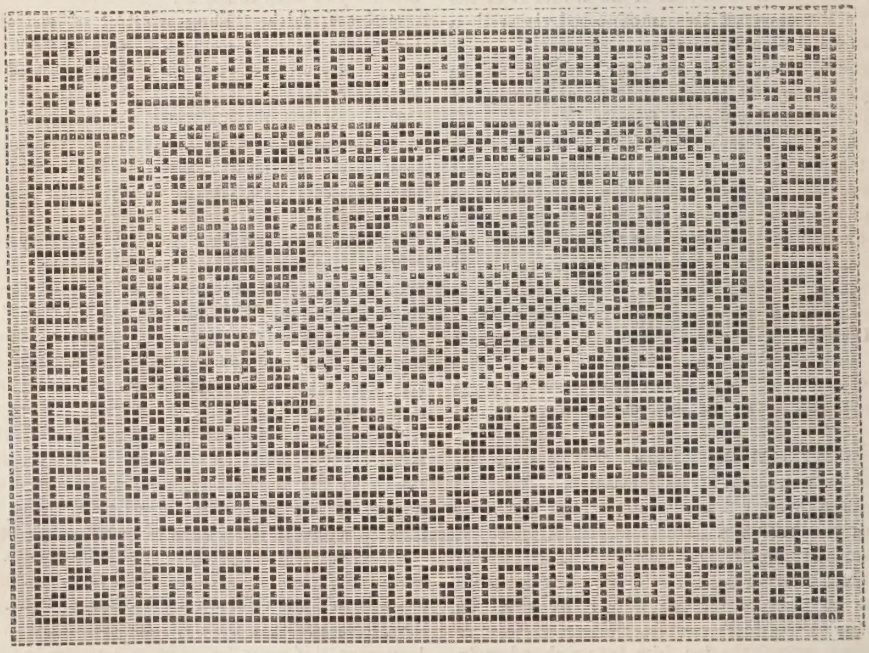
"Thy money thou shalt have upon that day, if by any human means I can procure it—if not, by the blessed Saint Theodore, I swear thy nephew shall not marry the maid without her free consent. Sooner would I see her a corpse at my feet. Now bide thy time, and do thy worst."

The count drew his cloak closely round his breast, and passed with a hurried step out of the room of the goldsmith.

"Ah, che sono collerichi questi nobili!" said old Molo when he found himself alone, "there is no getting them to listen to reason; as to expect them to talk rationally upon money matters, that's quite too much. Yet will I not, for all the threats of this proud noble, forego my cherished hopes for the aggrandisement of our house. Why should not the Moli climb as high as the Medici? If this count shall be able to repay the loan, well—if not, then I am justified in requiring him to fulfil his contract. My brother, Jacobo, is well pleased with the prospect of this alliance; and as to Girolamo, if he be not as blind as an owl at noon-day, and a fool into the bargain, he will account himself the luckiest youth in Italy; besides, he is too well-nurtured a lad to gainsay his father. I wish he were arrived, as the time is drawing nigh; by my advices he should be here before the week is out."

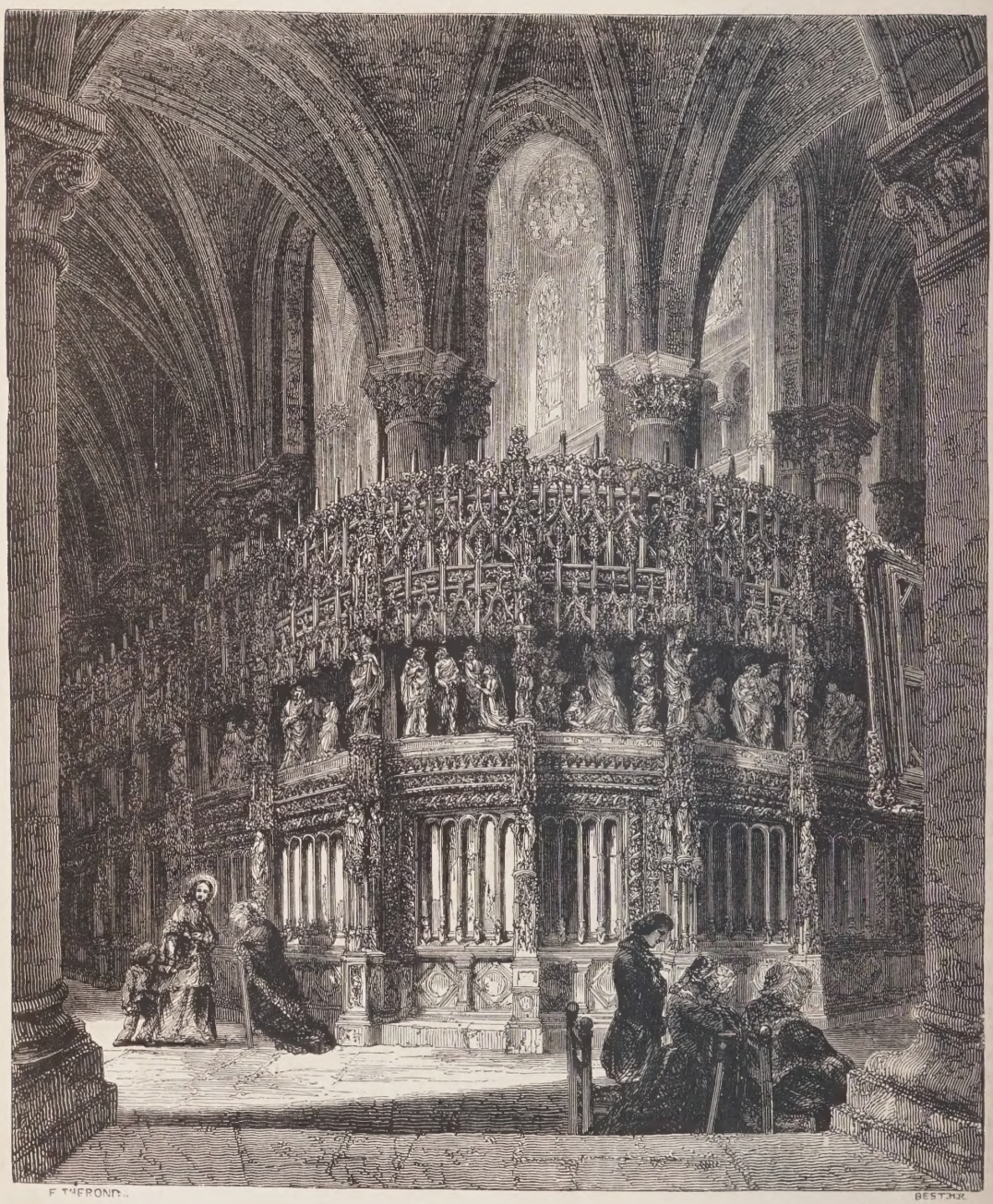
The pale face of his grandson at the door broke upon the old banker's meditations, and summoned him to attend to the duties of his calling outside. In another minute he was engrossed in the agreeable occupation of giving specie for a bill of one of his correspondents, a certain wealthy goldsmith of Madrid, and deducting a very satisfactory discount in the process of transmuting paper into gold.

TIDY IN SQUARE CROCHET.



MATERIALS.—Brooks' Exhibition Crochet Cotton, No. 14: Walker's Penelope Crochet-hook, No. 2½.

Make a chain of 289 stitches, which will form ninety-nine squares; with this cotton and hook it will measure twenty-five inches; the pattern must be worked from the engraving and may be increased in size by using a coarser cotton and thicker hook.



CLOISTER OF THE CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES.

THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES, IN FRANCE.

The cathedral of Chartres is, as is well known, one of the most magnificent in all Europe, and is rendered conspicuous, both far and near, by its two spires, which, though unequal in height, tower in graceful symmetry high above the hill on which the city of Chartres is built.

There is a great deal of perplexity with respect to the date assigned to the construction of the various parts of this cathedral, for it is evident that it was not all built at the same epoch. The crypt, which runs beneath the entire length of the aisles of the choir, appears, however, to be the only remaining portion of the edifice which was built by Bishop Fulbert, in 1029. Owing to the great reputation this good man had acquired both in France and in the rest of Europe, he was enabled to carry out his design in a manner hitherto unknown in his country. Canute, King of England, and Richard, Duke of Normandy, were among the princes who assisted him with their contributions. It is, therefore, much to be regretted that we have but so small a part of the primitive building left; for, as Cassiodorus says, *mores fabricæ loquuntur*. Something more was added to it by Thierri or Theoderic; but the northern part was afterwards erected in 1060, at the expense of Jean Cormier, a native of Chartres, and physician to the king. The cathedral, as it exists at present, was not dedicated till 1260, and the greater part of it may safely be said to have been erected in the thirteenth century. The western front was, however, finished in 1145, with the exception of the elegant spire, erected in 1514, by Louis XII. and Jean Texier, an architect of the Beauce; this spire is 304 feet high, and the workmanship of the upper part of it is most beautifully light and most elegantly executed. In the western façade, which is very simple in its style, there is a triple portal of painted arches, the centre one of which is supported and flanked by statues of royal saints. These figures, which are attenuated and enveloped in formal drapery, are very characteristic of the Byzantine style of sculpture of the twelfth century. Over the door, is the image of Christ, surrounded by the symbols of the four Evangelists, as spoken of in the vision of Ezekiel. Below, are the fourteen prophets in a row, and in the arches above are seen the twenty-four Elders, playing on musical instruments belonging to the middle ages. The sculptures of the portal on the right relate to the life of the Virgin Mary, while those on the left portal represent Christ, surrounded by angels, with the signs of the zodiac, and the agricultural labours of the twelve months.

Handsome as these portals are, the two entrances on the northern and southern sides are much finer; they consist of triple projecting Gothic porticoes resting on piers, or bundles of pillars, with side openings between them. The majestic statues which fill the sides and vaults are executed in a superior style of art, and date from a more recent period than those of the western façade.

The interior of the cathedral is very vast, being 422 feet in length, while its height from the ground to the apex of the roof is 112 feet. The style of the whole of the nave and choir is that of vigorous and early Gothic. In the centre of the former, there is a sort of labyrinth of intricate circles marked out in coloured stone on the pavement; its various windings form a length of 1,320 feet, and it was probably used, at one time, for the performance of penitential exercises; those doing penance being compelled to follow its every turn, and to stop to pray at certain stations. The cathedral is very rich in painted glass, and contains more than 130 windows completely filled with it, while there are but very few which are quite destitute of this kind of ornament. Most of these windows date from the thirteenth century, and some of the glass is half an inch thick. The three rose windows at the end of the nave and transepts are noted for their size, being thirty or forty feet in diameter, while their complicated tracery is truly astonishing, though, perhaps, somewhat clumsily executed.

But it yet remains for us to speak of the most remarkable part of this splendid cathedral. We mean the screen of the choir, which forms one of the wonders of French art, and which was begun in 1514, after the designs of Jean Texier. The choir itself has a double aisle, and a semicircular end; in the inside there are eight marble bas-reliefs, representing scriptural subjects, of rather indifferent design and execution; while behind the altar is a large marble piece of sculpture, in the taste of Louis XIII., and which is not at all in keeping with the character of the edifice. The outside of the screen is one entire mass of magnificent sculptures. The groups of figures which form its principal feature were executed for the most part by Michel Boudin, a clever sculptor of Orleans, about the year 1611; they were added to, about 1681, by Dieu and Legros, a sculptor of Chartres; and were completed, from 1700 to 1706, by less celebrated artists.

In his "History of the August and Venerable Church of Chartres," the good and veracious Sablon speaks in the following terms of this *chef-d'œuvre* of architecture and of sculpture:—"The screen of the choir is made up of very white and highly polished sculptured stone, of the most exquisite workmanship and is enriched with images, hieroglyphics, and other rare devices. On this screen are well-executed sculptures, representing the different scenes in the life of our Lady, and the mysteries of our redemption. Around the choir, are twenty-three niches, filled with figures which are nearly as large as life, and which have been executed by the most clever sculptors of past times; but those executed by Boudin far surpass all the others.

"In 1681, Monsieur Dieu placed in one of the thirteen niches which were yet to be completed, four figures of his own execution, and which represented the woman taken in adultery, our Saviour and two Jews, one of whom is looking attentively at what our Saviour is writing, while the other is running away; these figures are very natural and expressive of the subjects they represent. On this day, Saturday, June 5th, which is the eve of Pentecost, 1633, Monsieur Legros, another famous sculptor, has placed in the next niche four fine figures representing the miracle worked by our Saviour on the person of the man who had been blind from his birth; these figures are admirably executed, for it appears as if you really saw done the action which is represented there; the blind man is in a most natural position, and the image of Jesus Christ is executed in a manner well suited to represent the action he is performing; the two other figures are attentively looking on, and their suspense is plainly apparent in their countenances. There are at present but eleven niches, with their ornaments, to finish, and fill with figures representing our most sacred mysteries. The members of the chapter are too zealous in the cause of God, and too desirous to embellish their church, to leave this part of it incomplete, which, when finished, will be a wonder of Christianity, and will instruct the ignorant as much as the most evangelical preachers can."

The wish of the old historian was satisfied. The screen has long been completed, and it has luckily suffered hardly any injuries either from time or man. On it, there are forty-one groups of figures.

The pilasters which separate these groups one from another, as well as the walls which serve as their base, and which form the screen, are ornamented with arabesques, niches, Gothic canopies, sculptured columns, statues, and medallions. The whole is surmounted by a trellis of open pyramids and tracery, of such exquisite and delicate workmanship that it has been compared to goldsmiths' filigree-work, or point-lace in stone. The rare beauty of this piece of art would alone suffice to give celebrity to a cathedral which is also famous for so many other *chefs-d'œuvre*.

It was in the choir of this cathedral that Henry IV., of England, was crowned in 1594, Rheims, where coronations generally took place, being then in possession of the Leaguers.

PEERS AND M.P.'S;

OR,

LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY FORMS.

The oldest parliaments were the shortest. Edward III. summoned three or four in a year. Under William and the first Georges, the houses generally met in October or November, and were prorogued in April. Important debates usually lasted from one or two in the afternoon to six or seven in the evening. The following summary, taken from Mr. Townsend, of what parliament has done in the making of laws, proves that it proceeded with more than geometrical progression. The parliament of King William passed 343 public, and 466 private acts; of Queen Anne, 338 public, and 605 private; of George I., 377 public, and 381 private; of George II., 1,447 public, and 1,244 private; of George III., 9,980 public, and 5,257 private. An appalling array of figures for the nerves of the stoutest sitter. Members' hard work commenced with the American war, and Gibbon gives a glimpse of the fatigue. "I am on the Grenvillian Committee of Downton. We always sit from ten till three, after which I went into the house that day and sat till three in the morning." A reckoning has been made of the work done by a late House of Commons. It appears that in one session the house sat 122 nights, between 2nd February and 17th August; and about 2,000 hours were devoted to public duty. With strict propriety of speech may this amount of labour be termed immense. General Gascoyne, one of the members for Liverpool, in proof of hard service, stated that he had carried two hundred bills connected with that town alone. Another writer remarks: "In the seven sessions between 1822 and 1828 inclusive, 2,100 acts of parliament received the royal assent. The king sends these measures into the world in bevies of eighty and even a hundred at a time. The number of public petitions printed has averaged 1,400 in the session. There are piles upon piles of reports." Early sittings were the fashion at one time. The Long Parliament resolved, "That whosoever shall not be here at prayers every morning at eight o'clock, shall pay one shilling to the poor." As twelve was the dinner-hour, business was soon concluded. Under the Restoration the hours gradually lengthened. In his usual lively manner, Steele complained of this:—"At present," he writes, "the courts of justice are scarce opened in Westminster Hall when William Rufus used to go to dinner in it. All business is driven forward. The landmarks of our fathers, if I may so call them, are removed and planted further up into the day; insomuch that I am afraid our clergy will be obliged, if they expect full congregations, not to look any more upon ten o'clock in the morning as a canonical hour. In my memory, the dinner has crept by degrees from twelve o'clock to three, and where it will fix nobody knows." The division on the address in 1783 did not take place till half-past seven, a.m. In the same year, the motion for the Speaker leaving the chair, on Fox's Indian Bill, was put to the vote at half-past four in the morning. During the Westminster scrutiny, the house sometimes sat till six. This bad custom received a check at the passing of the Reform Bill, but it is promising once more to resume its wonted power. This last session has been a great sinner in this respect. The adjournment of the house on Saturday dates from the time of Sir R. Walpole, who generally set apart that day to the sports of the field.

Sir R. H. Inglis calculated the speaking members at four hundred. This calculation is pretty correct. Of the Irish, we may estimate all as speakers. Yet Hamilton made but one speech; and Hare, who was to have surpassed Fox, never spoke at all. "Isaac Hawkins Browne," said Dr. Johnson, "one of the first wits of this country, got into parliament and never opened his mouth." In spite of a resolution to the contrary, the historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" did the same. Yet some dull dogs have the capacity of prosing for hours.

In past times, one of the greatest of these was a man of the name of Hartley. It is recorded of this worthy, that Mr. Jenkinson left the house as he rose to speak, rode to Wimbledon, dined, rode back, and found the unconscionable talker still prosing on to an "audience fit though few." The provision that members should be of age was much broken through at one time. The property qualification was passed in the reign of Queen Anne; yet from that qualification the sons of peers, members for the universities, and Scottish members, are exempted.

The dress and deportment of members have both gradually improved. Swords are laid aside, and there is no longer any danger, as in Sir Philip Warwick's time, of the house being the scene of murder. Boots, at one time considered not quite the thing, are, however, now admitted with impunity. The first Mr. Pitt was always in full dress. Modern etiquette is less strict and annoying. Still, however, on the first day of the session, the four members for the City of London take their seats on the treasury bench in all the gorgeousness of scarlet robes and chains; and the mover and seconder of the address are still bound to appear in court dress or in uniform. The house no longer hisses, and since the house resolved, in 1693, that no tobacco be taken by any member in the gallery, nor at the table sitting at committees, members may complain of dust, but not of the fumes of meerschaum or cigar. Outside the house, in the lobbies, or the smoking room, members may smoke as they please—and not unfrequently, especially late in the evening, they may be met redolent not merely with the scent of tobacco, but with the fumes of substances still more potent and popular.

The house has not always behaved well to literary M.P.'s. It treated poor Steele very badly: it would not allow him to be heard. "He thinks he can speak because he can write," murmured one country squire to another. "We'll teach him better than that." The house is not guilty of such Bœotian rudeness now. It treats men of literature with deserved respect.

The old formality of dress at times created no small amusement. Wraxall, in his memoirs, tells us, "never was a more total change of costume beheld than the House of Commons presented to the eye when that assembly met after the Easter recess." The treasury bench, as well as the places behind it, had been for so many years occupied by Lord North and his friends, that it became difficult to recognise them again, dispersed over the opposition in great coats, frocks, and boots. Mr. Ellis appeared, for the first time in his life, in an undress. The ministers who succeeded excited still more astonishment, having thrown off their blue and buff uniforms, now in full dress, with swords, lace, and hair powder. Even some degree of ridicule attached to this extraordinary and sudden metamorphosis. Just at this time it happened that Lord Nugent's house, in Great George-street, having been broken into, a variety of articles was stolen; amongst others a pair of laced ruffles. He caused full particulars of the effects stolen to be advertised in some of the daily papers. Coming down to the House of Commons immediately after the recess, a gentleman, who sat next his lordship, accidentally asked him if he had made any discovery of the articles recently lost. "I can't say that I have," replied his lordship, "but I shrewdly suspect that I have seen some of my laced ruffles on the hands of the gentlemen who now occupy the treasury bench." This reply, the effect of which was infinitely increased by the presence of Fox and Burke in their court dresses, obtained general circulation and created no little laughter. If manners make the man, dress has something to do with his opinions. In our own time Young England and white waistcoats were synonymous. At one time, to be an M.P. was the sure sign of being the owner of a shocking bad hat. The working men in the house are generally plainly dressed, with the exception of Disraeli, who loves to shine in dress as well as in debate. Some gentlemen are said to attend the house in morning costume and then hastening to a dinner party or a soirée, dress in a cab as they go along. It is said, that on one occasion, a cab containing an M.P. thus engaged was upset before the metamorphosis was completely effected, and the

result was a distressing display, more easily imagined than described.

PARLIAMENTARY SCENES—THE LORDS.

Associations good and bad—tragic or the reverse—of shame or glory—cluster round the senate of our land. For instance, you enter the House of Lords. Everywhere around you are historic names. The only modern thing is yourself and the chamber in which you sit. The men who came over with William—who dictated Magna Charta to the pusillanimous and craven-hearted John—who fought with the Black Prince at Cressy, or with Henry at Agincourt—who shared with the English Bluebeard in the spoils of the Romish Church—are here in the persons of their sons. Others also are here, whose history has less in it of honour, and more of shame. You hear names that take you back to that dark period in our history when Charles II. wielded the English sceptre—when vice was no barrier to the palace—when England's princes stooped to pocket the pay of France, and when England was a scorn and a byword amongst the nations of the earth. The bastards of such kings—these are brought back to your memories as you see their coroneted children taking their place in an assembly that should be an assembly of what is greatest and best in our midst. But the shame has been done, and a race born in dishonour has a career of honour open to it as well as others. Yet the Upper House offers but few incentives to such a course. The business of the nation is done elsewhere. The responsible minister, from the time of Sir Robert Walpole, has sat in another house. With the exception of Shaftesbury, and St. John, and Chatham, no memories of power, and genius, and patriotism speak to us from these walls. Many an illustrious career has been buried in a peerage. Thus was it with Pulteney, with Walpole in the past; and thus is it with Brougham at the present time. Great orators come to the Upper House when their work has been done. They go there for repose, not for action. In the Lords, the barometer points to calm, not storm.

On going back to the infancy of parliament, we find much that seems to us incongruous and out of place now. Under the date of 1377, for instance, we read in the "Parliamentary History" as follows:—"Now that Edward III. being too old and infirm to meet his parliament, a commission was granted to Richard, Prince of Wales, to hold it in his stead. At the day of their meeting in the painted chamber, the young prince, then about ten years of age, sitting in the king's own seat, Dr. Houghton, Lord Chancellor and Bishop of St. David's, made a speech in the nature of a sermon, from the text, 'Ye suffer fools gladly, seeing that you yourselves are wise.' The reverend divine argued that God loved the king and the kingdom: the king, because *quos diligit castigat*, and because the Psalmist said, *Uxor tua sicut vitis abundans in lateribus;* thence he showed no Christian prince could be so happy. That God loved the realm, he proved from the recovery of so renowned a prince; the said recovery happening in the fifteenth year of his reign, the year of jubilee, the year of joy for his said recovery. Then arguing that, though the head be sound, if some particular member be diseased, the benefit that otherwise would result could not possibly accrue; so he inferred that the king being now the sound head, and willing to show grace and favour to his subjects, they ought to qualify themselves aright by approving their loyalty sound and uncorrupted. Having thus enforced the duty of freely giving, and quoting St. Paul for that purpose, the courtly divine addressed himself more particularly to the Lords. They, he was sure, should rest happy in the belief that the good king loved them dearly, since he had, upon their request, advanced the Lord Richard, there present, to be Prince of Wales. Then he proceeded to show what cause they had to cherish the said prince, by offering unto him, as the wise men did to Christ, all honour, by presenting him gold in token of riches and renown, and myrrh in token of his honourable sceptre, since even the pagans were used to strew abroad money at the approach of their princes. He insisted that 'the said prince should, without all rancour, be embraced with their hands and hearts, even as Simeon had embraced Christ, because their eyes had now seen that which their hearts had much longed for; that they ought to obey him as the vicar and legate of God, that they might see the true peace of Israel.'" Of course, the end of all this was a subsidy. Modern readers, however, will think it a roundabout way of getting one.

In the Lords' journals, under the date of June 4, 1610, we have an account of the singular creation of Henry, Prince of Wales, by his father, James I. We read:—"This day the chamber, commonly called Whitehall, or the Court of Request, was very richly hung from the upper end more than half down towards the lower end, where there was set up a strong bar of timber thwart the room. In the highest part of the room was placed for his Majesty a sumptuous cloth of estate, and of either side scaffolds for ambassadors of foreign countries. On each side against the walls were erected seats, one above another, for strangers and noble personages, with the Lord Mayor and his brethren in the midst. Upon forms and woolsacks did sit all the lords of the parliament, and the judges in their robes, and likewise the officers and attendants, as in the days of the sitting of parliament. Below the bar was placed the Speaker's chair, forms on the ground, and seats on each side one above another, fit and convenient to receive the whole House of Commons. His Majesty being come, the Prince, his highness, honourably attended by divers noblemen, the Knights of the Bath, Officers-at-arms, and his own servants, entered in at the nether end of the house, and was with great state and solemnity brought up to the foot-path before the king, where kneeling at the first, and then standing, his highness was with all reverence created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, and a patent thereof first read by the Lord Treasurer, principal secretary of his Majesty, and afterwards delivered to him; which done, and all ceremonies finished which thereunto appertain, the prince, his highness, in great state and magnificence, some little time after the king's majesty, departed the court at Whitehall." Alas for human pomp and prince! A few years, and that prince himself departed to another and more solemn court summoned by a terrible and irresistible power.

THE WARRIOR'S FAREWELL.

The incident depicted in the subjoined engraving is one of the most affecting that occur in life: Hence it is not surprising that Homer has availed himself of it. Every reader of his immortal Iliad, which tells "the wondrous tale of Troy divine"—whether in the original Greek or in the English version of Chapman, Pope, or Cowper—must have been struck with the singular beauty of that episode in the sixth book, which describes the parting of Hector from his wife Andromache and his little boy Astyanax, just before his fatal encounter with Achilles. He meets with them at the Scæan gate, and a most touching interview takes place; from Pope's version of which we are tempted to quote a few lines:—

"Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke:
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
'Too daring prince! Ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies;
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.'"

To this appeal Hector replies, by pleading the necessity of defending his country and his honour; then, after alluding, with a sigh, to the destined fall of Troy, he exclaims,—

"'And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore:
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!'
* * * * *
Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground."

Our own Shakspeare has handled this subject with equal felicity in the scene of the first part of Henry IV., between Percy Hotspur and his wife, on the eve of the battle of Shrewsbury. It is this scene that the painting of which we give an engraving more appropriately illustrates—at least, so far as the armour of the warrior is concerned.

THE WARRIOR'S FAREWELL.

THE KALMUCKS.

These people have not a shadow of their original independence; they belong to Russia, are ruled by Russian law, and governed by Russian superintendents. The authority of St. Petersburg is felt in their encampments, and this nomad people, these children of the wilderness, have learned submission to the Czar. Perhaps they have reverence for the Cossack bayonets, which, according to General Weljaminoff, would uphold the heavens if they dared to fall.

The territory of the Kalmucks is not great, and stretches out on the left bank of the Volga. It is bounded on the north and the east by this river, to the west by Egorlick, and to the south by Kouma. The principal occupation of the people is that of cattle, and Kalmuck horses, camels, bullocks, and sheep, are highly prized in the surrounding districts.

The nation is divided into three classes—nobles, peasants, and priests. The ecclesiastics belong to neither the higher nor the lower order, but are distinguished from both, while revered by all. Their religion is a species of Buddhism. They believe in one great governing principle—a supreme God, ruling over all things, who is too high and great and wonderful to be represented by any tangible object, and of whom, therefore, no image must be made, and in whose honour no

idol must be worshipped. The orders of secondary divinities are generally represented by the figures of females, and are supposed to have parcelled out the universe among themselves and each to rule over his allotted portion. The priests are divided into four classes: the Backhaus, or high priests; the Ghelungs, or ordinary priests; the Guetzuls, or deacons; and the Maudchis, or musicians; the grand Lama of Thibet is the head of their church. When a Kalmuck worships, he sings a species of sacred song, a low monotonous repetition, turning at the same time a kind of drum or cylinder, covered with sayings from their sacred books, and to which cylinder a long cord is attached; this praying and turning, much the same by the way as counting one's beads, is called by travellers *grinding prayers*, and the mechanical contrivance for ascertaining the number of supplications offered, a *prayer-mill*.

The *cuisine* of the Kalmuck is not over delicate, and not remarkable for its power of tempting a listless appetite; it chiefly consists of roasted horse-flesh, a preparation of thick milk, and tea; not such tea, however, as that to which we are accustomed, being a hasty mixture of salt, milk, chopped tea-leaves, and boiling water; the whole of a reddish-yellowy colour, and which commonly closes the repast. Their favourite beverage is brandy and warm milk.

The dwellings of the Kalmucks are the same at the present time as they were in the days of Herodotus. They are round in form, termed by the people *kabitkas*, and are surmounted with conical roofs, pierced at the centre for the escape of the smoke. Two camels suffice for the transport of a tent large enough for the accommodation of a whole family, with the whole of the furniture, arms, provisions, kitchen utensils, &c.

The manufacture of felt, gray and white, is the principal industrial occupation of the Kalmuck people.

"It is easy," says Pallas, "to distinguish by the traits of physiognomy the principal Asiatic nations, who rarely contract marriage except among their own people. There is none in which this distinction is so characterised as among the Mongols. If the colour is set aside, the Mongol has as little resemblance to other people as a negro has to an European. This peculiar conformation is distinguished particularly in the shape of the skull of the Kalmucks; but the Mongols and the Bouriœts have so great a resemblance to them both in their physiognomy, their manners, and moral economy, that whatever is related of one of these nations will apply as well to the others. The Kalmucks are generally of a moderate height. We find them rather small than large. They are well made, and seldom deformed. They entirely abandon their children to nature: hence they are all healthy, and have their bodies well proportioned. They are generally slender and delicate in their limbs and figure. I never saw a single man amongst them who was very fat."

The characteristic traits in all the countenances of the Kalmucks are, eyes of which the great angle, placed obliquely and downwards towards the nose, is but little open and fleshy; eyebrows black, scanty, and forming a low arch; a particular conformation of the nose, which is generally short, and flattened towards the forehead; the head and face very round. They have also the transparent cornea of the eye very brown; lips thick and fleshy; the chin short; the teeth very white—they preserve them fine and sound until old age. They have all enormous ears, rather detached from the head.

KALMUCKS AT PRAYER.

From the foregoing remarks, it might appear that all the Kalmucks were hideous and deformed. We see, on the contrary, among the men, as well as the women, many round and very pretty faces—faces that would find admirers in any part of Europe.

The number of Kalmuck families in Russia was estimated by Pallas at 8,229; but the nation is more widely dispersed over the globe than any other, even the Arabs not excepted.

FRENCH NOTIONS OF ENGLISH POLITENESS.

THERE is scarcely anything more amusing and instructive than to hear what foreigners have to say of us. Even their most outrageous blunders are well worth reading for the fun they afford, while many a useful lesson may be learnt from their just criticisms. A specimen of this sort has lately appeared in the shape of an article entitled "English Politeness," in a contemporary French publication; and as we think our readers may be glad to know its contents, we will favour them with as faithful a translation as we can.

Our title ("English Politeness"), says the writer, is not a mere epigram, but what it expresses really does exist. English politeness has even genuine and solid qualities, although it operates in a very limited circle, and its outward developments are by no means brilliant. To discover and appreciate it, one must study it closely, and by the domestic hearth, so to speak. Hence we find it is extolled by those who have been admitted into close intimacy with English life, while its very existence is positively denied by foreigners who have only distant and temporary connexions with the English, such as are formed during a journey or a passing visit to the streets and monuments of London.

The politeness of a Frenchman is universal. Everywhere and with everybody it is smiling, active, and eager. A Frenchman is polite even to people whom he does not know, and has never seen—whom he meets quite by accident, and, according to all appearance, will never meet again. He does not wait to be asked one of those small offices of kindness the mutual exchange of which gives such a charm to the relations of social life. He anticipates desires, offers his arm, and gives way to an old man, a woman, or a child. His first impulse is, to place himself at their disposal if he sees them in any difficulty, without stopping to consider what is their rank, fortune, or nation, and without heeding the inconvenience to which he may subject himself. It is a natural benevolence, an instinct, that urges him on. His innate disposition so orders it. He practises without effort, and almost without thinking of it—even in matters apparently the most trivial—the grand and noble maxim of Menander, as expressed by Terence: *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*, "I am a man, and consider nothing that concerns humanity without interest to me."

An Englishman, on the contrary—our remarks are, of course, subject to numerous exceptions in both countries—does not even appear to comprehend this incessant expansion of French politeness. Far from wishing to imitate it, he does not value it. To him it appears thoughtless, exaggerated, indiscreet. He looks upon it as a want of dignity and self-respect, to rush with sudden ardour into the service of everybody without waiting to be asked.

We remember having seen in a caricature, a gentleman eying, with a most impassive air, a poor fellow who is drowning, and excusing himself for not rushing to his assistance by the reflection—"I don't know him; he has never been *introduced* to me." This is rather too cruel a joke. An Englishman of the better sort will not hesitate to render valuable service in serious difficulties: he will expose his life—and sometimes, even his purse! But in ordinary circumstances, it is vain to expect him to go a single step out of his way, to give up an inch of his seat, to stand on one side, to hold out his hand, or to make the slightest sacrifice of his ease or convenience in behalf of strangers, though they be his own countrymen. "Every man for himself," is his maxim in everything that does not involve greater interests than those connected with common civility, complaisance, and agreeableness; and the custom of his country justifies him in not putting himself to the smallest inconvenience for anybody who has not been *introduced* to him.

"To be introduced" is consequently an affair of importance in England. It is a formality which gives a claim to regard, as well as to certain services. It is subject to certain rules, which persons who are polite, after the English fashion, are careful not to violate; and it must be admitted, that some of these rules are really reasonable.

For instance, one ought never to introduce a person to another unexpectedly, without being fully assured that the introduction will be agreeable to both parties. We are not so particular about this in France, for the simple reason that with us the ceremony of an introduction involves no obligations. We need hardly take off our hat to a person who has been introduced to us by name during a walk or at a large party, and with whom we have merely exchanged civilities on a single occasion. It is not so in England; but one who has been introduced to you in a regular way would be justified in feeling offended if you afterwards appeared to forget him, or if you denied him one of those small services which are accorded to people of one's acquaintance. But there must have been a regular introduction. A conversation with a stranger in a public place, or even in the house of a common friend, however lengthened, familiar, and cordial it may have been, is never equivalent to a proper introduction. A gentleman whom you should venture to accost simply because he chatted with you for an hour yesterday on board a steamer, or at a *restaurant*, would look at you with an air of blank astonishment and indifference, and turn his back upon you. He does not know who you are; "you have not been *introduced* to him."

It is very unusual, too, for an Englishman to speak to a stranger in a coffee-house, at the theatre, in the street, or even in a public vehicle. If you venture to make advances to him, he will in all probability display an offensive mistrust and suspicion.

In France we conduct ourselves in the like circumstances altogether differently. We sincerely believe the majority of our fellow-men to be worthy of our sympathy and esteem. We have confidence in them. It is painful to us to exhibit coldness or suspicion. Dishonesty, want of principle, motives of interest, ill-will, or treachery, never occur to our minds—or, at least, very rarely. Why should we suspect their existence? Why, out of an exaggerated respect for ourselves, or an offensive and unwarrantable distrust, deprive ourselves of that free and agreeable exchange of thoughts and feelings which excites reflection, extends our knowledge, multiplies our points of observation, and establishes a communication between minds which are already too much estranged from each other by insurmountable obstacles?

The foreigner who goes to England with a letter addressed to the head of a family by a person fairly entitled to write it, is sure of a reception as kind and as warm as he would have a right to expect from one of his nearest relations or best friends. He is treated as a welcome guest, and all his wishes are eagerly anticipated. He is waited upon the first thing in the morning to make arrangements for spending the day; he is conducted and accompanied to all the places he wishes to visit, without being allowed to bear any part of the expense; for he is never permitted to open his purse. In vain he entreats, in vain he declines these kind attentions; his entertainers think nothing of them; and it seems as if, during his stay with them, they had desisted from all business or other occupation of their own, in order to lay themselves out entirely for his service. To do him honour, they invite to their house all the persons of distinction with whom they are acquainted, and testify to him, by a thousand attentions, that he is really the hero of these entertainments. In this way the foreigner, whether he will or no, contracts obligations towards his English host which it will be scarcely possible for him ever to discharge. In Paris there is no one—unless he be quite at leisure—who can find time enough to accompany a foreigner for several days, and be his *cicerone* at all times, and in all the public promenades of that capital. We think we have done our duty to him when we have received him at table and accompanied him to the theatre, though we have not repaid him a hundredth part of his attentions to us. These hospitable customs of the English, which have withstood all the changes of civilisation, are really worthy of admiration; it is not a superficial politeness, unaccompanied by genuine feeling; and we must frankly admit, that in this respect our neighbours have decidedly the advantage of us.

THE TIGER AND THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

Contests between animals of different species are characterised at times by very great ferocity, as in general they originate in a desire, on one side at least, to effect the utter destruction of the other, with a view to procuring thus an article of food. When a fight takes place between a boa and a tiger, they are well matched, as they are about the two most ferocious animals in existence. If the lion, by his majesty and port, is entitled to be called the king of animals, the tiger is the type of the blood-thirsty and savage despot, the Nero and Caligula's of the earth!

The animal at one time was little known; but thanks to such institutions as the Zoological Society, it, as well as others less known in the animal creation, has become familiar, while its history has been diffused through many channels.

The habitation of the tiger is Asia. There, in the forests, and hills, and jungles yet unconquered by civilisation, it holds its court, and lords it over the lesser animals. It dwells, too, in the deserts which separate China from Siberia, in China, and says one writer, "it inhabits Mount Ararat, and the Hyrcania of old, famous for its wild beasts; but the greatest numbers, the largest, and the most cruel, are met with in India and its islands. In Sumatra, the natives are so infatuated that they seldom kill them, having a notion that they are animated by the souls of their ancestors. They are the scourge of the country; they lurk among the bushes on the sides of rivers, and almost depopulate many places. They are insidious, blood-thirsty, and malevolent, and seem to prefer preying on the human race." Marsden, in his valuable work on Sumatra, tells us, that the number of people slain by these rapacious beasts is incredible, and that some persons have been led to try a method of killing them. These traps are very ingeniously contrived. Sometimes they are in the nature of strong cages, with falling doors, into which the beast is enticed by a goat or dog, enclosed as a bait. Sometimes they manage so that a large beam is made to fall into a groove across the tiger's back; at other times it is noosed about the loins with strong ratans, or led to ascend a plank nearly balanced, which turning when it has passed the centre, lets the animal fall upon sharp stakes prepared below. It is our own dominions in India, however, that are the head-quarters of this pestilent animal—there he hides in the jungle, there it is that he comes darting forth upon the unwary traveller, with that wonderful and terrible bound, which is scarcely to be resisted, and deals that gripe which makes the buffalo quail, and even alarms with panic-terror the huge elephant itself. Its swiftness is remarkable. In Singapore, a man is killed by a tiger every day, on an average. Pliny, who in many things was most observing and correct, alludes to this quality, which has been denied. But modern travellers have proved the extreme correctness of Pliny's remark when he says, "animal tremendæ velocitatis,"—as they have all agreed to allow its great velocity or speed. It will outstrip the swiftest horse in the chase, and can only be captured by artifice, or by being surrounded.

There has been great question as to whether the tiger is or is not brave, and anecdotes are related on both sides of the question with great zest. The summing up of all evidence seems to convey an impression that, under many circumstances, the tiger is hardy in the extreme, while some creatures of the kind are timid and irresolute. That some of them have dogged courage, there can be no doubt. Father Tochard's description of a combat between a tiger and two elephants, at Siam, is tremendous. He says* that two elephants were introduced, with their heads and trunks defended by a shield. The tiger was let in upon them, tied, however, with cords, and thus held until the elephants had beat the breath out of him with their trunks. Then he was let loose. Up he flew, with his terrible bound, and a still more terrible roar, at the trunk of the animal which was nearest. The elephant was ready, met him on his tusks, and dashed him back. This could only check the tiger, because it disabled him, and the elephant continued his combat for some time with three fresh tigers.

It is the tigress that is brave indeed when her young are in danger. In India, a captain had two tiger cubs brought to him, which he put in a stable. They had been stolen in their mother's absence. When night came on, her furious cries were heard without, and so desperate were the efforts of the furious tigress to enter the house, that the alarmed inhabitants gave up the cubs in the utmost terror.

Ten rupees were once the reward for capturing a tiger in the territories of the East India Company, though, so terrible are its depredations, that no mercenary incentive seems wanting to tempt men to its chase and destruction. Animals are not its only prey: man is not safe, and children are but morsels in its devouring maw.

The Bengal tiger is easily distinguished from all other species by his transverse dark stripes. He is thinner and lighter than the lion; the upper part of the body is yellow, the under part white; the whole internal face of the ears, and a spot on the external surface round and over the eyes, the end of the muzzle, cheeks, throat, neck, chest, belly, and internal sides of the limbs, are white; and the tail is annulated with black on a whitish-yellow ground. The pupils of the eye are generally said to be round.

Tigers have been sometimes tamed to a wonderful degree, and in Madras people sometimes take round a tiger for exhibition, which is occasionally supplied with a sheep or other animal to display its strength upon. All its wild ferocity is thus shown, its leaping power, its savage way of eating; and yet to its keeper it is tame and gentle. Still, though in the museum of Paris and elsewhere we have known tigers as tame as dogs, they should never be wholly trusted. The smell and sight of blood will generally arouse all their worst and most terrible instincts.

The very young tiger is about the size of a kitten three months old, which it very much resembles. But it soon grows and becomes as dangerous as it is at first harmless and weak.

A tiger hunt is one of the most exciting scenes that can be imagined. Captain Mundy describes one with great effect. He says: "On clearing the wood, we entered an open space of marshy grass, not three feet high; a large herd of cattle were feeding there, and the herdsman was singing under a bush, when, just as the former began to move before us, up sprang the very tiger to whom our visit was intended, and cantered off across a bare plain. He took to the open country in a style that would have more become a fox than a tiger, who is expected by his pursuers to fight and not to run; and as he was flushed on the flank of the line, only one bullet was fired at him ere he cleared the thick grass. He was unhurt; and we pursued him at full speed. As soon as he felt himself wounded, the tiger crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes, and crouched. My mahout had just before, in the heat of the chase, dropped his ankor or goad, which I had refused to allow him to recover, and the elephant being notoriously savage, and further irritated by the goading he had undergone, became consequently unmanageable; he appeared to see the tiger as soon as myself, and I had only time to fire one shot, when he suddenly rushed with the greatest fury into the thicket, and falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his trunk to the ground." The sportsmen afterwards killed him.

The tiger, like the lion, belongs to the genus Felis, and is called *Felis tigris* in the clear monograph of the genus Felis by Temminck.

The *boa*, of which we have already spoken, is very large, but not so large as the ancients would have us believe. Aristotle speaks of African serpents as long as vessels, by which a

* Tochard, Reise vach Siam. 1747.

galley with three oars might have been overturned. Pliny talks of Indian serpents capable of swallowing deer. Ælian mentions dragons of eighty to a hundred cubits in length; and Suetonius declares that there was exhibited at Rome, under Augustus Cæsar, a living serpent of fifty cubits in length.

TIGER ATTACKED BY A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

They are, really, about thirty or forty feet long, and will, it is said, swallow dogs, deer, and even oxen. The boa belongs to the order *Ophidia*. The *Boa Constrictor* proper is said not to be found where the tiger is common; and recent travellers assert, the huge snake, known in India to attack such animals as the tiger, to be a python. They inhabit aquatic situations, placing themselves in ambuscade on the banks of rivers, where animals come to quench their thirst. Rolled upon themselves in spires, they form a disk of seven feet in diameter, in the centre of which the head is placed. They thus await their prey in a motionless position, only raising the head occasionally some feet above this sort of spiral, to observe if any animal approaches. As soon as they imagine it within reach, they shoot forth like a spring. They twirl round its neck for the purpose of strangling it, in which they generally succeed. They have been known to stop a man on horseback by a sudden dart from a tree, to which their tail remained fastened. The above engraving represents a very common occurrence.

REV. WILLIAM JAY.

"Simple, grave, sincere,
In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture."—*Cowper.*

To have reached the almost patriarchal age of eighty-five years; to have occupied for upwards of sixty of those years the responsible station of teacher of a large and intelligent Christian congregation, occasionally visiting other congregations, and everywhere popular, respected, and beloved; and, at length, to close a long career of usefulness by a calm and peaceful death, is a rare and distinguished honour. This honour, however, was conferred on the subject of this brief memoir.

REV. WILLIAM JAY.

William Jay was born of humble parents in the village of Tisbury, Wiltshire, on the 1st of May, 1769. During his boyhood, he assisted in supporting himself by manual labour. But having, when, we believe, about fifteen years old, attracted the attention of the Rev. Cornelius Winter, of Marlborough, a dissenting minister, who was much engaged in preparing young men for the pulpit, William was placed under the care and tuition of that gentleman, with a view to his preparation for the office of the Christian ministry. Such were his natural talents, and so rapid was the proficiency he made in his studies under the careful and affectionate training of his exemplary tutor, that before he had attained his sixteenth year, he began to exercise his talents as a preacher. A youth of ruddy complexion, with glossy raven locks overhanging his shoulders, and his shirt collar loosely fastened with a black ribbon, he stood before an audience for the first time, in the village o Ablington, Wiltshire; and, as he himself has stated in one of his publications, he delivered nearly one thousand sermons before he had reached his twenty-first year. He continued to preach at various places in Wiltshire, and for nearly twelve months at Lady Maxwell's chapel, at the Hot Wells, Clifton, with a view to his settlement over the congregation assembling in that place. During a portion of that period, he officiated at Argyle Chapel, Bath, for the Rev. Mr. Tuppen, who soon afterwards died. Mr. Jay then received a unanimous and pressing invitation to become the stated minister of that place, which invitation he accepted; and on the 30th of January, 1791, being then in his twenty-second year, he was ordained pastor of the church and congregation, according to the form usually observed by Protestant Dissenters.

Mr. Jay's pulpit labours soon became an object of consider-

able attraction. Mr. Dyer, his successor, says: "Strangers and visitors, Episcopalians as well as others, came to hear him. In time, men distinguished not only by station but by fame, as orators and statesmen, divines and poets, were occasionally seen among his auditors. Fox, and Burke, and Sheridan, and Wilberforce, as well as many others of less note, heard the word from his lips. The latter renowned philanthropist was greatly attached to him, heard him on every possible occasion, and corresponded with him on subjects of high importance. Hannah More was one of his regular hearers. Sheridan described him among friends as 'the most perfectly natural orator he ever heard.'"

For nearly half a century, Mr. Jay was accustomed to visit the metropolis annually, for a month or six weeks, confining his preaching chiefly to the congregation of the Rev. Rowland Hill, at Surrey Chapel. His popularity was established from his first appearance in that place, and it was maintained to the very last. And so generally was he regarded as a model of pulpit excellence, that ministers of all denominations eagerly embraced opportunities of hearing him, especially on week-days, when liberated from their own stated engagements.

In 1841, Mr. Jay completed the *fiftieth* year of his ministry at Argyle Chapel. This event was celebrated, first in the chapel, and afterwards at a public breakfast, at which upwards of eight hundred persons attended. A testimonial of respect was presented, consisting of a salver with an appropriate inscription, and a purse containing £650. Soon after this period, his natural energy began to abate; but, with the help of an assistant, he continued till August, 1852, to conduct a portion of the services with great regularity and energy. On the eighth day of that month, he preached his last sermon in Argyle Chapel. He then left home for Worthing with some members of his family, and while there he became seriously ill. He rallied sufficiently to return home, but never recovered. In October last, he informed his people of his intention to resign his office on the 30th of January, 1854, that being the anniversary of his ordination. His people had no alternative but to accept his resignation, which they accordingly acknowledged in a resolution couched in terms of deep respect. At the same time, an annuity of £200 was settled upon him. He passed nearly two months in severe and almost constant pain, but his mind remained collected and vigorous. On the evening of Tuesday, December 27, he sank tranquilly into the arms of death, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

Mr. Jay is described by those who knew him well, as "a man of catholic mind and heart. Clear in conception, vigorous in utterance, possessing a commanding and impressive elocution; and giving himself heart and soul to his work, especially to the pulpit." As a speaker, his voice was full, deep, and melodious, almost immediately arresting and fixing the attention of the hearer; and his power of modulation was such, that the pronunciation of a single sentence often impressed itself indelibly on the memory. His action and gesture were elegant and forcible.

Mr. Jay's published works are numerous, extending to twelve octavo volumes; consisting of sermons, biographies, a series of family devotions, and an essay on marriage. His volume of sermons, entitled "The Christian Contemplated," may be considered as his most finished performance; and as it did not appear till the year 1824, it contains the results of long study, extensive observation, and deep experience. In an introduction of great length, he criticises, sternly but judiciously, what he conceived to be the defects of much modern preaching, and justified his own style against the remarks of some carping critics. All his writings possess deep interest. His sermons, in addition to their sincere piety, are distinguished by strength of reasoning, depth of thought, familiarity of illustration, and simplicity of language often bordering upon quaintness. His biographical sketches are faithful records of those whose lives are portrayed, interspersed with pithy practical remarks and exhortations. A volume of lectures by him, on the character of some of the females named in Scripture, received the final corrections from his own hand but a few days before his death, and will shortly be published. He had been for some years preparing an autobiography entitled "Reminiscences of my own Life and Times," which he had brought down to a very recent period. The manuscript, it is said, is confided, for the purpose of publication, to the editorship of the Rev. J. A. James, of Birmingham. This work is expected to excite more than usual interest, not only because of the period over which it extends, but from the notices of distinguished individuals it must necessarily include, and from Mr. Jay's well-known talent of observation and illustration.

A FEW WORDS ON THE FUNGUS TRIBE.

CHAPTER I.

The fungus tribe is an important and most remarkable division of the vegetable kingdom, singular in structure, and many of the species exquisite in form and colouring, whilst others are calculated to be extremely valuable as articles of diet or of medicine. The range of growth of the species of this remarkable kind of vegetation is as surprising as the variety in size, form, and colour, which they exhibit. We wander in the dewy meadows in autumn, and we find the grass studded with mushrooms, some eight or ten inches in diameter, others but half developed and looking like little bunches of buttons on the ground; we see broad rings in the grass, of a deeper green and coarser herbage than other parts of the same field display, and we know them to be the "fairy-rings," which were formerly supposed to have been formed by the midnight gambols of the fairies, when, with nimble feet, they tripped in mystic dance beneath the moonbeams; those whom Prospero thus adjures:—

> "You demi-puppets, that
> By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
> Whereof the ewe not bites;—and you whose pastime
> Is to make midnight mushrooms."

These dark rings are now known to be caused by the growth of fungi, which, it is supposed, spread outwards from a centre, every year of their growth exhausting the soil of the circle which they have occupied, and throwing out fresh germs to one beyond, in which they grow the next year, and then again push beyond it, and occupy a wider stretch in each succeeding year. As we pursue our ramble, and penetrate into the wood, we look above us, and see huge fringes of fungus growth hanging out from the trunks of the trees, and on the decayed stumps around we perceive the most exquisitely tinted clothing of what, by the sea-side, we should conceive to be shells clustered in shelves one above the other, and all grouped in the most vigorous and beautiful forms; we touch them, and they are wood-like; we take a chisel and hammer, and such hard work is it to chip them off, that we find it easier to take bark and all than to sever these parasites from the trunk on which they have fixed themselves. These beautiful objects are the fungi. Some of them in form and pencilling much resemble the beautiful sea-weed, *Padina pavonia*, but their painting is different and consists of broad bands of black, delicately shading into gray or lavender, and alternating into a soft orange colour, the texture of the upper surface being velvet-like the wing of a moth, and the lower part of a cream white, full of minute pores which give it much the appearance of coralline formation.

We have had clusters of them brought us from the woods, so beautiful as to induce us to group them as nearly as possible as they would appear in their native habitat, and arrange the

for a basket for flowers; and when set off by a massive bunch of roses or dahlias, this structure formed an object as beautiful as it was curious, and lasted for very many months perfectly unchanged in form or colour. Besides these, and a thousand other varieties which infest trees, posts, &c., are a multitude of lovely little gems of all hues, which lie scattered about on the bare heath, or spring out of decayed leaves, bits of stick, wood, &c. Some are scarlet, others orange, snow-white, black, brown, purple, rose-coloured, or green—all glittering in the moisture beneath the bright autumnal sunbeams, and looking like so many jewels. Every object is more or less infested by this ubiquitous race; some spread themselves over our fruits; others attack our bread, cheese, pickles, or other manufactured articles of food. "When our beer becomes mothery," says Dr. Badham, "the mother of that mischief is a fungus; if pickles acquire a bad taste, if ketchup turns ropy, and putrefies, funguses have a finger in it all. Their reign stops not here, they even prey on each other. The close cavities of nuts occasionally afford concealment to some species; others, like leeches, stick to the bulbs of plants, and suck them dry; some (the architect and ship-builder's bane) pick timber to pieces as men pick oakum. The *Oxygena equina* has a particular fancy for the hoofs of horses and the horns of cattle, sticking to these alone. The belly of a tropical fly is liable in autumn to break out into vegetable tufts of fungous growth, and the caterpillar to carry about in his body a *clavarias* bigger than himself." We have ourselves seen several specimens of a curious Australian fungus, consisting of a sort of stem, about an inch and half high, with a bunch of berry-like appearance at its summit. This takes its root in the head of a species of huge caterpillar, which, having burrowed in the earth preparatory to changing to the pupa state, becomes the prey of the fungus; and so firm is its hold, that when the latter is pulled from the ground, the caterpillar on which it has fixed itself comes up with it.

Almost every earthly thing is liable to be infested with some species or other of this tribe; the human teeth produce them, and the wounded flesh of living men. But we must forbear, for we might fill a large volume, were we to attempt to describe all the strange and varied situations which fungi select for their own especial habitations and sustenance.

The structure of the fungus tribe is most peculiar, and differs *in toto* from that of any other. Their whole substance may be considered as a mass of reproductive matter. Link, a noted writer on this order of *cryptogamic* plants, defines the essence of a fungus to be "sporules disposed in a series in elongated tubular cells, the cells situated in some part of the external surface." The spores of fungi answer to the seeds in other plants; they consist of round, oval, oblong, or occasionally other shaped bodies, so minute as in most cases not to be distinguishable by the naked eye, but displaying, when viewed with a microscope, various colours, pink, purple, yellow, or white; they are sometimes naked, but more frequently closed up in little receptacles, those of regular form being called *thecæ*, and those of irregular form *sporanges*. When ripe the spores are either ejected from these little cases with a jerk, caused by the bursting of an elastic ring which encircles them, or else they return to the earth with the dissolving substance of the fungus in which they have existed. In the puff-ball (*Lycoperdon geastrum*, &c.) and in some other tribes, the spores are wholly internal, and in such prodigious numbers as quite to fill the cavity of the fungus, and to burst out from its centre, when pressed, like a dense smoke. Of such structure is the *Lycoperdon stellatum*, or Stellated Puff-ball, of which we give a cut (fig. 2); the spores issuing in a column from the chimney-like aperture when the bag below is pressed, so suddenly and so high in proportion to its size, as to be quite startling. It would be occupying too much space were we to attempt to give any detailed account of the mode of development of these spores, or of other parts of the structure of this wonderful tribe; we must, therefore, refer such of our readers as desire deeper information on these points, to more learned and elaborate writers on the subject, and restrict ourselves to the single object of supplying a few such facts connected with the appearance and habits of some of the genera, as may serve to interest the general reader.

"What geometry shall define their ever-varying shapes? Who but a Venetian painter do justice to their colours?" says Dr. Badham, in his very interesting work "On the Esculent Funguses of England;" and well may he challenge competition with this Protean family. "As to shapes," he adds, "some are simple threads, like the *Byssus*, and never get beyond this; some shoot out into branches like sea-weed; some puff themselves out into puff-balls; some thrust their heads into mitres; these assume the shape of a cup, and those of a wine-funnel; some, like *Agaricus mammosus*, have a teat; others, like *A. clypeolarius*, are umbonated at their centre; these are stilted upon a high leg, and those have not a leg to stand on; some are shell-shaped, some are bell-shaped, and some hang upon their stalks like a lawyer's wig. Some assume the form of a horse's hoof, others of a goat's beard; in the *Clathrus cancellatus*, you look into the fungus through a thick red trellis which surrounds it." Besides these marvellously varied kinds, there are others: one formed like a nest, another like an ear. "One," says Dr. Badham, "is so like a tongue in shape and general appearance, that in the days of enchanted trees you would not have cut it off to pickle or eat on any account, lest the knight to whom it belonged should afterwards come to claim it of you."

The *Clathrus cancellatus*, of which we before spoke, is a most remarkable fungus. Its lower member, as exhibited in the cut (fig. 1), is white, the upper lattice-like part a bright coral hue. It has only been found in two places in England, being an inhabitant of the south of Europe. Those two places are the Isle of Wight and Torquay; in this last-named place it has been found in two localities. Mrs. Griffiths says, in describing those first discovered: "It appeared in Mrs. Travers' garden at Torquay, in rich reddish earth, formerly a plantation. When Mrs. Travers gathered the fungus, it was in a ball, and before she could bring it into the house it had burst up to its height. The scarlet part had a most vivid colour till the darker part decomposed. I was so very much annoyed by the stench, that I could not take more pains with the drawing." Last autumn (1853) other specimens were found of this curious plant in another part of Torquay.

Another of our cuts (fig. 3) represents that most brilliantly beautiful species *Agaricus muscarius*. Few objects can be more splendid than a cluster of these richly-tinted fungi, when they have been allowed to attain any size without being preyed on by slugs or other enemies. The pileas, or cup, is of a vivid orange-red, though sometimes more inclining to a carmine hue, and over it are scattered angular warts of a snowy whiteness. It rises first from the earth in a conical form, then after a time the pure white veil which connects the edge of the cup with the *stipes*, or stem, gives way, and falls back, discovering the pale lemon-tinted gills which lie beneath it. The root is bulb-shaped, and the fungus, when extended fully, often five or six inches in diameter, standing on a velvet-like white stem of several inches in height. It is highly poisonous, and is used by the Russians to make an intoxicating potion, called "*moucho more*," which they use to produce a kind of delirium. The coal-mines of Dresden exhibit the interesting phenomenon of fungi which emit light like pale moon-beams; and Mr. Gardner states, that whilst passing along the streets of a Brazilian town, he "observed some boys amusing themselves with what appeared to be large fire-flies, but which proved, on inspection, to be a fungus belonging to the genus *Agaricus*, which gave out a bright phosphorent light of a pale green." He next day obtained considerable quantities, and found that a few of them in a dark room were sufficient to read by. Of a few of the varied *forms* of this singular tribe our cuts and descriptions may have given some little idea; but to supply the least notion of the exquisite and most vivid tinting, the soft pencilling and shading which these singular productions display, would baffle the most skilful painter. Their hues are as varied as they are lovely; in one tribe alone, the *Agarics*, we find crimson, flecked with white, violet, rich orange, scarlet, yellow of every tint, green,

pure white, brown of all shades, and a thousand other dyes; over the spreading caps of some of the species of this genus are scattered snow-white warts, some are marked with geometrical figures, and many kinds are covered with a glossy varnish which gives to them almost a metallic lustre. In texture they also greatly differ, some species being so leathery and firm, that they can be sewed together; the *Amadou* is of this character, and has been used by a medical practitioner in

be altogether unbearable, whilst others are described as smelling "like the bloom of May." One species smells of onions, another of cinnamon, a third of Tarragon, a fourth of apricots and ratafia. Besides these various olfactory effusions, fungi present us with as illusive and remarkable flavours. To use Dr. Badham's words, "they are sapid, sour, sweet, peppery, rich, acrid, nauseous, bitter, styptic;" a few, and these generally of a dangerous character, have little or no

FIG. 1.—CLATHRUS CANCELLATUS.

extensive sheets for spreading under sufferers from excoriation, it being softer and more elastic than chamois leather. The poor in Franconia, also, make themselves dresses of this fungus. Some funguses are hard as wood, others so brittle that the touch of a finger will break them; some are solid and firm, and others slimy and disagreeable to the touch.

They also present immense diversity in both odour and flavour, some species emitting so disagreeable a smell as to

taste; and there are others whose flavour is unlike that of any other substance in existence, and quite peculiar to themselves—that, for instance, of the mould on cheese, a taste well known to all, and much admired by some.

The expansive growth of fungi, and their varied habitats must next next call for a few remarks. Some of the facts supplied us by authors on the former would be considered as scarcely credible, did they rest on less worthy evidence than

that which attests them. Sowerby states, that he has placed specimens of the *Phallus caninus*, or "stinking morel," on his window over night, in the egg-shape, and found them, next day, fully grown; and another author speaks of his placing *Phallus impudicus* within a glass vessel, and its expanding so rapidly as to shiver the glass to pieces with an explosive detonation as loud as that of a pistol. Carpenter gives an account of a paving-stone, twenty-one inches square and weighing eighty-five pounds, being raised an inch and a half from its station by a cluster of toadstools springing up under it; and many other facts, which attest as well the explosive power as the rapid growth of funguses, are given by different authors, one having been known to attain the size of seven feet five inches in circumference, and the weight of thirty-four pounds in three weeks, and others the weight of twelve pounds in a few days. But none of these statements, remarkable as they are, are so wonderful as one which is made by Sir Joseph Banks of a circumstance which occurred under his own roof.

FIG. 2.—LYCOPERDON STELLATUM. THE STELLATED PUFF-BALL.

He states that a friend having sent him a cask of wine, which was too new and sweet for present use, it was locked up in a cellar to mature. At the end of three years, Sir Joseph, supposing that time had now done its work, proceeded to open his cellar and inspect its contents. Little did he think how *time* had been employed, and little did he conceive what would be the contents of that cellar. The door refused to open, and being invincible by gentle means, he had it fairly cut away; but he was no nearer effecting an entrance than before; the cellar was found to be literally full of fungous growth, which had borne the cask aloft to the ceiling, where it stuck, upheld by funguses, the produce of the wine which had all leaked out and formed this monstrous growth!

But although these monstrous and sudden growths call for our wonder and admiration of the power of Him who can thus produce such huge structures from spores which are invisible to the naked eye, and command that which is so minute to become, in a few hours, an organised structure of such magnitude and such complication of arrangement, we must not let our praise and adoration stop here; for in the minuter growths which we shall soon examine, we shall find as wondrous an exhibition of surpassing skill as in these larger products. The microscopic fungi—those which by fastening on his crops become the bane of the farmer, and are in God's hand a means whereby he can cut off our staple article of food, and "destroy the staff of bread," under the name of "the smut in wheat" (*Puccinia graminis*), or cause our bean or potato crops to

FIG. 3.—AGARICUS MUSCARIUS. THE FLY-BLOWN AGARIC (SMALL SPECIMEN).

perish—are among the most surprising of vegetable productions, and will hereafter engage our attention. We shall, in our next paper, point out the immense supply for the wants of man which might be found in the esculent fungi that our land so freely produces, both spontaneously, and also when cultivated—a supply of which our continental neighbours so fully avail themselves; whilst, in our own country, they are allowed to rot unnoticed in the place where they have sprung up.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER XIX.

Let us go back to two of the personages of our tale in whom we trust our readers are interested.

Giulio Polani had returned with the troops to Venice, and resumed his intercourse with Bianca without any restraint. In truth, there seemed to be no reason why the young people should feel any restraint. It was natural for them to suppose that the Count Polani would not be averse to their union, and he certainly did not seem to trouble himself about the matter. Alas! his thoughts were occupied too much about his pecuniary difficulties to permit him to be very keen-eyed as to how two young members of his family passed their time; and if he thought of Bianca, it was with the determination that, come what might, he would resist, if possible, the fulfilment of his foolish contract in relation to her.

Upon the day when the count paid the visit to Pietro Molo, Giulio and Bianca sat alone in a *salone* of the Palazzo Polani. The young man looked fondly upon the girl, but his look was full of joy—there was nothing to trouble its happiness, or dim the confiding hope that shone out from his eyes. The girl, with glowing cheek and down-turned eyes, was apparently contemplating, with very profound attention, a fresh rose-bud which she held in her hand, but from which she nevertheless from time to time plucked the young leaves. The case of the young couple was manifest. Even old Giudetta, dim-eyed as

she was, would at once have pronounced them to be lovers, who had told their love, and had nothing now to do but to tell it over again.

"Dearest Bianca," said Giulio, "when you have quite demolished that pretty rose—which hath done you no wrong that I know of, save that it too is fair—will you do me the favour to let me know whereon your thoughts are so busy for the last minute and a half?"

The girl looked up and smiled, but her smile had somewhat of sadness in it.

"I thought, dear Giulio, how very happy I am; and then came a something over my spirit that made me sad and fearful, lest such happiness was too great to be long-lived: one is sure to find a cloud crossing the heart when it is glad, as the shadow is always the darkest when the sun shines most brightly."

"Nay, nay, dear one, not so shall it be with us: ours shall be the sunshine of the long, long summer day; no cloud save those that will deck heaven in gold and purple—no shadows save those that bring freshness and repose."

"Ah! that it may be so, Giulio; and yet I have some reason to fear——"

"How?—where?—from whom? Tell me at once, Bianca. My father surely will not disapprove——"

"I have no cause to think he will; but—— Come, I will tell thee what has disturbed me. It was but yesterday that, as I sat in the balcony overlooking the canal, watching the gondolas pass by, one with a band of minstrels in it stopped beneath my window, when a girl began to sing to the music of a rebeck. After her song was ended, I gave her a guerdon, and she cried to me in a merry voice, 'Thanks, dear lady; mayst thou have a happy bridal and a speedy.' At this moment the man who played upon the rebeck looked up, and fixed his glittering black eyes upon me, and then he spoke in a deep, sad voice: 'Sorrow, and trial, and darkness! The bridegroom shall come, but Death shall enter at the door with him. He who comes to wed shall go forth without a bride. Sorrow, and trial, and darkness!' I sank backwards with a scream, and when I recovered my composure sufficiently to look down again, the gondola had disappeared. But the words of that man still ring in my ears, and his black, glittering eyes, and his high forehead with the deep scar across it, haunt me incessantly."

"A deep scar across the forehead, didst thou say Bianca?" asked Giulio, and his heart sank within him as he recognised in the description, the ciarlatano, Bartolomeo.

"Yes, dear Giulio, dost thou know such a one?"

"Nay, nay, I did but seek to know some mark whereby I might find the knave that affrighted thee. But dismiss this silly adventure from thy mind. Come, thou shalt sing for me ere I leave thee."

The girl looked up into his face with a smile of trusting love, and while a sigh fluttered upon her lips she took up her mandolin and said—

"Thou shalt hear the newest canzone in Venice, Giulio—They call it

LA BELLEZZA.

O'er a swift, bright streamlet blowing,
A rose stooped down, one day,
To catch, in the limpid waters flowing,
Her blushing image gay;
But the breeze of morn came freshly by,
And brushed the vain rose impetuously,
Rending each tender leaf away.

The leaves fell down the waves among,
And they bore them, rushing for ever along,
Far, far, to the hungry sea—
Thus rapidly, O Heaven, still flies,
Adown time's checkless river,
The loveliness that most we prize,
From our fond eyes for ever."

"Thanks, dear Bianca, a pretty song in sooth, and hath a good moral withal. Well, as Time's river speeds with us all, shall we not do well to float down the stream as smoothly as we can? And now, must I leave thee for a time. Addio, carissima, we shall meet soon again."

And, kissing the hand of his mistress, he departed.

Thus day succeeded day, and March was now drawing to it close; the count Polani sought in vain to extricate himself fro the difficulties that surrounded him. He applied in variou quarters for a loan on his estates, but he found, what many man has found since and before, that in proportion to one' necessities for money is the difficulty of obtaining it. A fe years since he would have met a hundred goldsmiths ready t lend; now there seemed suddenly to be a dearth in the coffer of every one of those sagacious citizens. Somehow they ha all discovered that the count was going down in the world, an they assisted him accordingly to—go down still further. A length, it was within one day of that upon which the bond t Molo would be payable, and the count with all his exertion was able to raise little more than half the amount: to appl again to the banker was, he well knew, useless, and would bu subject him to the humiliation of a refusal. One thing, there fore, seemed certain, that upon the morrow, when old Mol should demand his money, that demand could not be complie with; and then what were to be the consequences? Would th old usurer really seek the fulfilment of the other condition o the obligation?—or would he not rather proceed against th property and person of his debtor and get what he could? Th laws against debtors were very stringent, and Molo might hop in the long run to extract the last farthing; but, on the othe hand, had he not refused all compromise and arrangement, an doggedly announced his determination to abide by the contract and to enforce it too? and, above all, he had procured th license from the council for the marriage of his nephew. Al these things the unhappy count revolved in his mind as he sa by himself that morning in one of the apartments of his palace at length, he started up with the air of a man who has forme some desperate determination.

"I will go to Bianca," he muttered, "I will tell her all she shall know that it is in her power to save me; that I hav sold her, as needy men sell their jewels," he added bitterly "and then let her decide. After all she may, perhaps, thin the hand of a wealthy citizen should not be spurned by a poo noble's daughter. Come, we shall see."

A few moments brought him to the boudoir of the girl.

"A fair morning to you, dear child," said the count, wit an unwonted tenderness as he sat down beside her. "I hav come to intrude upon your solitude. In truth I begin to thin you pass but a lonely life of it here."

"Nay," replied the girl, "it is not so. I am not lonel with so many friends. Have I not yourself at times, and th signora Lucretzia and her daughter Caterina, and my dear ol Giudetto? and more, is not there my brother Giulio?" On who was versed in the ways of women might have detected slight embarrassment in the last words of the young lady but the Count Polani was not much skilled in such matters besides his thoughts were otherwise occupied, and so he di not perceive it.

"Ah, yes, no doubt, Bianca; that's all very well in it way. But thou art now of years to think of other companion ship. Dost know that I have had a suitor for thy hand? Aye and a wealthy one, too."

The maiden's heart beat fast, but she did not speak; coul Giulio, thought she, have disclosed all to his father? After moment's pause the count continued—

"Give me now, my dear child, for a little space, thy atten tion, while I state all to thee. Thou knowest how that i thy early years thou wast committed to my care by thy father my dear friend—how I have nurtured thee even as I hav my own child, and though my habits and sex precluded m attending personally to thee, yet I hope thou hast neve stood in need of aught that kindness could supply."

"You have indeed ever been very good, dear signore," replied Bianca, "and I have had much happiness."

"I rejoice to hear thee say so. Well, the time is now com when it imports thee to know that thy father, when consign ing thee to my guardianship, enjoined upon thee not only i his testament, but also in a writing addressed to thyself, tha thou shouldst be solely guided by me in the matter of th

marriage; that thou shouldst accept no suitor save at my hands, and that thou shouldst yield an entire obedience to my wishes therein, even as thou wouldst to him, if living. Here is the letter, Bianca; thou shalt read it by and by; meantime, let me proceed. Hast thou ever read, my pretty one," continued the count, with an affectation of gaiety that he did not feel, "that, by an ancient law of our republic, he that offered the most money was entitled to the hand of the fairest damsel, and a part of his wealth was assigned by the state as a portion for the maidens who had neither personal charms nor wealth to attract suitors. Well, that old law is abolished, but somewhat of its spirit survives, for the fathers of Venice are wont to think that they best consult the honour and dignity of their houses when they bestow their most beautiful daughters on the wealthiest suitors; and the daughters of Venice are ever obedient to the command of their parents, and recognise the wisdom of the state in making the will of the parent all but paramount."

The count paused a moment. He had, in his own opinion, made a capital opening, and he sought to discover the effect which his words had upon his auditor. In this, however, he was unsuccessful. Bianca listened unmoving, with her eyes turned downwards, and, save from the paleness of her cheek, one could not perceive any symptom of emotion.

"Well, as I said, my dear child, a wealthy suitor seeks thy hand—one whose riches can retrieve the splendour of your ancient, though now impoverished house, and place thee where by thy birth thou shouldst be; for thou knowest how wealth is worshipped in this our state of Venice, and how it can achieve all things. He is young, too, and report speaks well of him as fairly endowed in mind and person. To-morrow this youth—Girolamo Molo, the son of the great banker of Milano, and a citizen of Venice—will seek your hand with my full permission."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed the maiden, looking at the count with an expression of surprise and terror—"surely, dear signore, you cannot mean this! Besides, I am indeed contented to live amongst those whom I now know and love, and desire to form no new ties. Ah! in the name of heaven, let not this be. I beseech you, in the name of my dear parent who placed me in your hands, suffer me to remain as I am at present—were he alive, I should not sue to him in vain."

"What folly is this, Bianca? Here art thou a maiden, of years to become a matron; a hand and a fortune are offered thee which few would reject; and yet wouldst thou decline so fair a proposal, and that without having even seen him who makes it. This cannot be."

The poor girl arose, and casting herself at the feet of the count, burst into a passion of tears. Polani was amazed, and not a little moved by so unexpected an exhibition. Heretofore he had ever found the young girl gentle and submissive to all his requests, and scarce gave her credit for great depth or strength of feeling. He raised her gently, and seating her again beside him, sought to soothe her as best he was able.

"How is this, dear child? It may be that I have disclosed the matter to you somewhat too suddenly. Be comforted, Bianca. Thou hast nothing to fear from me. In the name of that father to whose memory thou hast appealed, I, in my turn, beseech you to hear me. Thou shalt know how deeply thy own honour and welfare, as well as Giulio's, whom thou dost love as a brother, are involved in this matter. I have solemnly pledged myself to the uncle of this youth, which as thy guardian I might lawfully do, that he should have thy hand in marriage; should I fail in my engagement, I am under the obligation to pay upon the instant a large sum of money as an equivalent. That sum I have not, nor can I by any human means procure it. The consequence of my default, I need not tell thee, will be to me imprisonment, confiscation, ruin—to Giulio, beggary, a blasted name, and expatriation."

"Oh! terrible, terrible!" cried the girl, shuddering. "Is there no other means of saving those I love than by sacrificing myself. Ah, dear signore, I will cheerfully give my own poor inheritance towards discharging this obligation. Take it, take it—only spare me the misery of—"

"My dear Bianca, I might not, even if I were willing, avail myself of thy generosity. Thou art not yet of an age to dispose of thy property, and the state would not suffer any one to plunder thee. And now that thou seest the whole matter, this much do I require of thee at least. Receive the visit of this youth to-morrow. Judge for thyself; remember the duty thou owest to me, as filling the place of thy father; forget not that in Venice the child resists not the will of the parent in such things; forget not how much is at stake; and then—yes, dear Bianca—then, I know well, thou wilt act as I would have thee. And now, dear child, I leave thee for the present; thou wilt receive the youth at the appointed time, and I confidently reckon on thy obedience."

It was long before the bewildered girl could compose her mind sufficiently to think with calmness upon this sudden trial. And, in truth, thought brought her but little comfort. The entire subjection to parental authority, in which women were educated in Venice, the mode in which marriages were arranged, as a matter of contract and convenience between the fathers without paying the slightest regard to the feelings of the children, made the conduct of the count appear less tyrannical in the eyes of Bianca than it would in those of a daughter of our own happy land; and the habitual deference which she had ever rendered to every command of the count, would, in all probability, have induced her to have yielded an unresisting obedience in this case, had not her affections been already engaged. But now she clung to her love with all the truth and fidelity of woman's nature—she could not resign it. She felt as though it would be easier to resign life itself. And Giulio, how would he endure the trial?—would he relinquish her without an effort? It was plain, as yet, he was in ignorance of this fatal contract—ah, could he have the means of preventing it?—and then the ruin which her refusal would involve him in: him whom she loved well enough to sacrifice everything for. The conflict between love and duty raged in the mind of the unhappy girl with a fierceness and violence all the greater, that it was unwonted, and her heart was well nigh rent in the struggle. Hours thus passed and found her still sitting in the chair where the count had left her, when the door was gently opened and Giulio Polani entered.

"Why, dearest Bianca, I thought thou must have been at thy orisons. Here have I been knocking, I know not how long, at thy chamber door, and having received no answer, I have been forced to act as my own usher. But, Santissima Madre! what is the matter with thee? Thou art ill, surely."

Ill, indeed, she was; ill in mind and ill in body also. Her eyes were swollen and red with weeping; she was pale and languid, and her head throbbed with a dull, heavy aching. The young man sprang to her side and seized her hand.

"Cielo! dearest, how is this?—thy pulse is weak and fluttering, thy hand is cold—speak, in God's name, and tell me, hath aught happened?"

"Much! much!" cried the girl, and bending her head forward, she sobbed hysterically upon the bosom of her lover.

We shall not pursue the scene further. Let such of our readers draw upon his or her experience, if such he or she have; if that happily be wanting, fancy must supply its place. At length, however, Giulio became acquainted with the full extent of the calamity that impended over both. To relinquish the object of his affection was not to be thought of—what young man like him ever did so in the face of difficulty and danger? When he had offered the best comfort in his power, and the girl was somewhat calm, he said:

"Dearest Bianca, I know that thou art true to our love. Wilt thou be faithful to the end, come what may?"

"To the death, dear Giulio," said the girl, with a solemn energy that seemed strange in one of her gentle nature.

"Then are we not without hope, even wert thou at the altar's foot. Meantime, something may yet be done to discharge my father's debt, even at the last moment. See this note, dearest; I came to make thee acquainted with its import, and now it seems as if heaven has sent this opportunity to me. Thou dost remember the young French seigneur, Jacques de

la Mole, whom I brought to see thee near twelve months since? Well, not half an hour ago, this paper was put into my hands by Tommaso, who had it from a gondolier at the door of the palazzo."

The young man then read the note:—

"Fate brings me once again to Venice, and I am reminded of thee, dear Giulio. Come to me this evening after sunset, I entreat thee by our old friendship. Thou wilt find me at the sign of the 'Croce d'Oro' at Mestre. I do not forget that I am thy debtor, and will repay thee with interest.

JACQUES."

"Now, dearest Bianca," continued Giulio, "I will go to my friend and disclose all to him. I know the amount of my father's debt to old Molo, and I doubt not that Jacques will readily place the sum at my service, as I am well aware that he is wealthy enough to do so without inconvenience. If I succeed—and I know his friendship and generosity too well to entertain a doubt—then shall the old usurer's debt be repaid in good time, and we shall be saved; but, if the worst happen, be well assured that thou shalt not, save with thy own consent, be the bride of another, while I have life and a free arm to save thee. Have a brave heart, then, dearest, while I go to meet my friend. I shall see thee again to-night, upon my return: for the present, addio! May the Virgin have thee in her keeping."

The sun had scarce sunk below the horizon, when the gondola of Giulio Polani, having traversed the lagune, reached Mestre, then, as now, one of the principal approaches to Venice from the north. Despite of the confident assurances with which he sought to support Bianca, his heart was full of trouble and doubt; and as he entered the *osteria* of the "Croce d'Oro," he felt somewhat as a gambler may be supposed to feel who has staked his all upon the turn of the dice which he is just about to cast. Passing through the grooms and servitors that crowded the court-yard, he was shown into a private apartment, and in a moment found himself in the arms of his friend.

"Pardieu, mon cher Jules," said Jacques, after they were seated; "I owe you some apology for my discourteous departure last year; but it was expedient for me to act as I did. Had I not left Venice, I might have been involved in serious difficulties—but of that no more at present. I hope at some future period to be more explicit. And now, cher enfant, tell me all about thyself and thine; and first of all, how is my fair enemy, for so I must call her, seeing that she caused me to lose my wager—thy *sister*; is it not so you call her?" And Jacques smiled significantly; "the signora Bianca I mean."

"Ah! caro mio," replied Giulio with a forced gaiety, "a truce with thy bantering. If thou hast lost thy wager, thou didst find out my secret."

"Aye, Giulio," replied the other, gravely, "and I hold the knowledge cheaply purchased. Ma foi! my own heart would have been lost to the fair one did I not quickly discover that I could not do homage to beauty without being false to friendship. And now, Giulio, having sacrificed so much to my friend, I am entitled to know how fares his love-suit."

"Dear Jacques, my best friend, I acknowledge thy claim. I have come to tell thee all; to consult thee; to tax thy friendship to the utmost."

Giulio then recounted the mutual love of himself and Bianca, how they had bound themselves irrevocably to be faithful to that love, how their happiness was now imperilled by the embarrassments of the count's affairs, and the singular compact which he had entered into with old Pietro Molo. To all this his auditor listened with profound attention, nor did he suffer an expression of any sentiment to escape his lips till Giulio came to an end. Even then he continued silent for some time, and then asked—

"What did you say was the name of the banker? Molo, was it not Molo?"

"Yes, Pietro Molo; every one in Venice knows him. I marvel that you have not heard his name."

"Strange!" pursued the other half musingly. "Is he connected in any way with Jacopo Molo, the great banker o Milan?"

"They are brothers."

"Ah, I see. And the young man is the son of Jacopo I presume. Do you know his name?"

"Girolamo."

"Girolamo! Girolamo Molo! I had some knowledge of youth of that name in Damascus. He was connected with th Milanese family, too, if I remember aright. Why it must b the same, Giulio."

"Very possible, my dear Jacques. Pray what sort of person may he be? Is he a formidable rival, think you?"

"Well, that's not an easy question to answer. And ye there be those who would think he might find favour in th eyes of a fair lady, even of Venice. But corragio, dear Giulio you have been beforehand with him, and secured the lady' affections. But that unlucky contract that your father ha entered into gives him a terrible advantage, supposing that th money shall not be forthcoming."

"Ah, diavolo! Yes, Jacques, there is the difficulty, an in that you must help me."

"As how, Giulio?"

"You have often told me you are wealthy beyond yo utmost wants. I know you are generous, and I believe yo are my friend. Lend me then, dear Jacques, this sum, an my father and myself shall ensure thee the repayment of it b the pledge of all we possess in the world. I know well ho far he would go to avert the degradation of giving the child a Morosini to a wealthy plebeian."

"Of course he would. I can fully sympathise with h feelings in that respect. Well then, to save him and the and above all the fair Bianca, from such a calamity, I shall d my utmost. How much do you want?"

"Five thousand ducats."

"A large sum, by my faith; and upon such short notic Well, suppose I am unable to arrange the matter for thee t to-morrow, what then?"

"What then?" repeated Giulio fiercely; "why that I wi tear her from his arms, even though he and I perish!"

"Ah, Dieu!" cried Jacques, with a shudder, "ça sera grand dommage. Well, sooner than endanger thy life or th of Girolamo, whose plebeian puddle is not worth one drop thy aristocratic blood, I will give thee the sum thou r quirest. Fortunately I have letters of exchange upon th very Molo, nearly to that amount. Thy father can supp what I fall short, so far as a thousand ducats or so. Is not so?"

"Oh, yes!" said Giulio eagerly.

"Ah, then the matter is settled; thou shalt have the bi just now. Meantime, thou shalt pledge me in the health the fair Bianca, and success to thy undertaking. Nay, na dear friend, no more thanks, pray;" and he restrained t protestations of gratitude which Giulio was pouring forth in delirium of joy.

The young man continued to converse for some time, b Jacques soon perceived that his companion was too mu engrossed by his own affairs to be able to sustain the part a boon companion. Accordingly, he arose, and taking fr his portmanteau, which lay on a chair in the room, a sm casket bound with straps of gold, he unlocked it, and dr forth several papers. From these he selected several bills, letters of exchange, and placing them in the hands of Giul said,—

"Here, caro mio, are bills to the amount of four tho sand ducats. Your old friend Molo will scarce refuse honour them. We shall meet again soon in Venice, wh thou canst give me the security thou proposest. And n thou art anxious to depart, so I will not detain thee. Buo notte."

The friends embraced cordially, and in a few moments mo Giulio was crossing the lagunes in his gondola to Venice; t twilight had faded into darkness before he left Mestre, a long ere he reached the city the gloom of night had sett down upon it.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART.

At a time when a newly awakened feeling for art, and need for true art-culture, has sprung up amongst us, nothing could have been devised, or come more opportunely, as a means of imparting a sound education of the eye and of refining the taste of the lover of art, than photography; and the more so, since it is deficient in the very pictorial element so much coveted, namely—colour.

THE BOY IN THE ARCH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. DELAMOTTE.

Limited as the powers of photography are, at present, to the representation of form by the agency of light and shade only, photographic pictures possess a *severity of truth* which

renders them invaluable as a means of accustoming the eye to accuracy of outline and fidelity of light and shade. Colour cheats the eye to a great degree in its perception of form; therefore we hope that the so-much coveted discovery of the means of producing images in their natural colours, may be delayed until the more important result of training the eye to the appreciation of correct form has been accomplished.

The necessity for this education of the eye, both on the part of the artist and the public, must be evident to every one who can skilfully criticise the artistic productions which cover the walls of our exhibitions; it will be seen that amid the crowd of *painters* the good draughtsman is the exception rather than the rule. And this deficiency arises from the ordinary practice of young artists, who, in their eagerness to make pictures, rush to colour before they can produce a really finished drawing; hence it is that this country cannot show more than three or four eminent lithographers who can compete with the crowds of the same class of artists to be found in France and Germany. And thus the public, so seldom having an opportunity of seeing accurate drawing, accepts the bad with so much favour, because its falsehood is glossed over by meretricious colour: and further, it is incapable of detecting the gross distortions presented to view even in the pictures of many artists of note. A correct eye for the appreciation of form, as well as colour, is seldom found combined in the same individual; the former is capable of great improvement, while the latter, like an ear for music, cannot be acquired, although, when latent, it may be more or less correctly developed.

It will at once be evident that this art must come into antagonism with the pencil of the artist, and great has been the fear and consternation that the draughtsman's and painter's occupation was gone. It is said that photography is hated by artists, but if so, it can only be by those who are unworthy of their calling. An inferior mechanical artist may be jealous of such a rival, since it must compel him to be more faithful in his representations; but the artist with a true genius for his calling welcomes photography as a friend and ally. He will find scope enough beyond the limits of mechanical reproduction for the full play of his genius. Photography takes no liberties with nature, it never sacrifices truth to tricky effect. The light and shade in a photograph are not the less effective for being nature's own, and in nothing is this fact more evident or striking than in architectural views, when compared with an ordinary artist's sketch of the same structure. In the latter it is frequently difficult or impossible to make out the details of the ornamentation, in consequence of the conventional manner in which the artist delineates them; while, in the former, every variation of surface, the most delicate chiselling, and even the qualities of texture, are given with wonderful truth, which an examination by the microscope even confirms.

We are led to these remarks by an examination of the interesting collection of photographs now exhibiting at the Photographic Institution in New Bond-street. Here we have collected into a focus, as it were, the choicest productions of this wonderful art, contributed by practitioners of other countries besides our own, and which fully represent the great state of perfection at which photography has arrived. Every department of art and nature is laid under contribution, and each adequately represented. Nature, animate and inanimate (the animals "taken unawares"); the leafless tree with its perplexing anatomy of branches and twigs, or crowned with its luxuriant foliage; the corn-field, the rural lane, the copse and dell, the lofty battlemented castle or lowly cottage, the bridge, the stream, are mirrored before us with picturesque effect and microscopic fidelity. But the happiest sphere of its operations appears to us to be architecture. How striking the countless details of the Gothic cathedral, or the crumbling ruin, or distant city with its spires, turrets, and domes, or the nearer view with the portraiture of public buildings; some of these views present charming *pictures*, the effect of which it would be impossible for art to improve. One of these views, simple in its subject ("The Boy in the Arch," photographed by Mr. Delamotte), but most brilliant in effect, from its pleasing variety of light and shade, has so much merit that, by permission of the photographer, we have had it engraved for this Magazine, for which purpose it is extremely well suited; for while lacking those minute details which give so much value to certain representations, yet are so difficult to render by the artist's pencil, it has a sufficient breadth of *chiaro oscuro* to form a good picture. The boy, too, with his natural easy attitude, immediately attracts the eye, and imparts life to a scene which, without him, would lose much of its interest.

Among other architectural portraits in this exhibition, there are two, at least, which we cannot pass by without special mention: a view of "The Cathedral of Notre Dame," at Paris, and "The Hotel de Ville," in the same city. There are, doubtless, others of equal merit, but in them we recognise *all* the conditions we require to be fulfilled in admitting photographic pictures to the rank of works of art; for, be it observed, there are two classes of photographers, the *mechanical* and the *artistic:* and the same object taken by two individuals will be insipid or interesting according to the amount of artistic feeling employed in taking the view. Now we have seen many photographic views of the Notre Dame; but none that evinces so fine an artistic perception as the one under consideration, taken by M. Baldus, as is evidenced in his selection of the point of view, and the time at which the picture was taken. During almost every hour in the day the pictorial aspect of a building varies, owing to the state of the atmosphere, and to the play of the sun's rays upon its principal or lateral façades. The artistic photographer will select the hour for taking his view when the building is most picturesque; the mechanical photographer will take his view at any hour indifferently; but the resulting photograph will loudly proclaim by which of the two it was taken. It is just the same in the art of painting; the majority of pictures exhibit merely mechanical or technical skill; all the higher qualities demanded in a truly artistic production are to be found only in the works of the few; hence the majority of pictures pass through three periods or stages of existence—production, exhibition, oblivion; or, as has been quaintly remarked, through hell, purgatory, and paradise: the latter consisting in the happiness we feel in forgetting them as soon as seen; for it must not be overlooked, that some three thousand new pictures are annually exhibited in London; but of that number how few are remembered for even a year after they are first seen.

But to return to photography; beside its suitableness for representing objects of the kind already named, there are also its applications to the delineation of sculptured works and portraits from life, and a wide field of usefulness in its power of reproducing *fac simile* copies of rare etchings and engravings, drawings, manuscripts, &c. In portraiture it has many advantages over the daguerreotype, and has nearly superseded it. In the multiplication of *fac simile* copies of etchings, we have some very choice specimens, in a portfolio of examples obtained from Rembrandt's works: indeed, almost every day yields its surprise in new applications of this magical art.

Although photography dates its existence but fourteen years back, its progress has been wonderfully rapid, considering upon how delicate and refined a series of observations its development is based. Continental photographers were far outstripping those of the land of its birth: within a few months its progress has been incredibly rapid; and this progress dates from the abandonment of Mr. Talbot's patent rights. English photographers can now boldly challenge those of any nation.

The proceedings of the Photographic Society, which was established about two years ago, are calculated to have a most beneficial influence upon the progress of this rising branch of art. Its second exhibition was opened a short time since, and was honoured by a visit from her Majesty and Prince Albert, who are well known to be no mean proficients in photography, as in other elegant pursuits.

THE COVENANTERS.

In "Old Mortality" Scott has represented or *mis*-represented the Covenanters. In other productions of his fertile genius he has alluded to them, and given, here and there, a sketchy indication of those terrible covenanting days, and of those who had imbibed the spirit of the times. Wandering Willie tells us, in a weird and fearful fashion, of the persecutors in hell; and in the "Bride of Lammermoor" we are introduced to Mr. Bide-the-Bent, who had been "out in the persecution." But in "Old Mortality"—the Marmion of his novels—the subject is brought more fully and broadly before us.

The covenant which the sixth James signed, while he was yet a boy—a sauceless blockhead, as his tutor called him—included an abjuration of the Roman Catholic faith and an obligation to support the Protestant religion. Later in his life this same sagacious and pedantic king renewed the covenant at Edinburgh, giving thereby fresh impulse to the Presbyterian cause; but the old quarrel between the prince and the priests soon broke out again, and while matters were in the most unsatisfactory state imaginable, James quitted Scotland as England's king. The religion of Scotland had become the great question of the day. James attempted to reduce its institutions to uniformity with those of England, and the quarrel, bad enough before, now grew worse. Of all causes of quarrel under the sun none have been so prolific as religion. When James claimed the right to rule in matters ecclesiastical, and instituted penalties to compel obedience, every Scottish pulpit rang with invectives. When bishops came to rule the church, and had their way prepared by church officers, whom the sapient king called superintendents, the innovation was most loudly and positively denounced, and there were not wanting "Mucklewraths" to launch their thunders at the prelacy. "Dress them as bonnily as ye can," cried one, "bring them in as fairly as ye will, we see the horns of the mitre weel enough." All this squabbling rent unhappy Scotland till the wisest fool in Christendom slept his last sleep.

Scotland under Charles I. was even worse than Scotland under James VI. The devastation of the civil war was keenly felt there; the sword of persecution and the sword of rebellion were out of their scabbards. The Scots were not men to be trifled with. More than once they had lifted their swords against a crowned head. Like the Henrys of France, the Stuarts seemed a doomed family. James I. had been murdered in his bed-chamber; the nation had arrayed itself against James II.; the lifeless body of James III. had been left on the battle-field; the heart of James V. was broken; and Mary Stuart was imprisoned and deposed. What they had done before they could do again. But Charles pursued his own course of policy. The church quarrel was to be summarily ended; a liturgy—not that of the English prayer-book, but another—was to be read evermore. But at the first reading in St. Giles, Edinburgh, the wooden stool of Jenny Geddes hurled at the reader's head, betokened how the people liked it. The Edinburgh mob were fierce and cruel, and women in all directions headed risings against the liturgy, and in great crowds and with great enthusiasm the people met and signed the National Covenant. The parchment was spread on a flat tombstone in the Gray Friar's church. So many signed, that in many instances there was room only for initials, and these were here and there written in blood. This was in 1638.

The Covenanters were denounced and condemned, but they remonstrated and appealed; and then Charles and they marshalled their armies, and the fray began—a "bishop's war," they sometimes called it—a war of "liturgies and leaden bullets." The blue flag with its inscripton in gold, "For Christ's crown and Covenant," floated over many a bloody field. The religious question was soon merged in that of politics—politics as plainly so as reform in parliament or an extension of the suffrage. Men sometimes do strange things in the name of religion. After the beheading of the first Charles, his son found a refuge with the Scots. They proclaimed him king, and the merry monarch became a Covenanter. At Dumferling, he appended his signature to a new declaration, renouncing "popery and prelacy," and asserting that he had no other enemies than those of the Covenant. Then came the reverse of fortune. The Presbyterians of Scotland and the Puritans of England at warfare, moistened the earth with blood, and did it in the name of God: while the shout on the one side was "the Covenant! the Covenant!" Cromwell and his hosts replied, with deafening cries, "the Lord of Hosts! the Lord of Hosts!" The Scots were subdued, Charles had to seek a foreign home, and Cromwell declared in the spirit of the times—that it "was the great hand of the Lord, and worthy of the consideration of all those who take in their hands the instruments of a foolish shepherd, to wit, meddling with worldly politics and mixtures of earthly powers to set up that which they call the kingdom of Christ."

The restoration of Charles II. was the beginning of sorrow for Scotland. "The Covenant might now be said to have completed its history. Once towering triumphant over three conquered lands, it was about to go down in an ocean of blood; its name had become a jest, and its partizans were objects at once of bitterest scorn and anon of fiercest obloquy. Their evil day had fully come, and although better times were yet to arrive, the full power and glory of their banner was never to return.

That well-liked, honest, upright minister of Crail—though withal given rather to sermon stealing—was their first messenger to the court, and as a simple presbyterian parson he came, but as a mitred prelate returned—the Rev. James Sharp became bishop of St. Andrew's, and with high triumph rode into Edinburgh. The burning of the Covenant by the hands of the hangman followed; then the old covenanting ministers were turned adrift. The depth of winter saw them homeless; for their old attachments were strong, and they refused to acknowledge the authority of newly-invested prelates. Four hundred congregations were thus deprived, but the deprivation was supposed to be made up by new teachers sent expressly to fill up vacant places. Then came those days of empty kirks and crowded hill-sides; the days when the episcopal teachers had none to listen, and the old pastors, in the green meadows and by the side of the still waters, preached to eager multitudes. To preach without a licence was sedition; pains and penalties fell on those who absented themselves from the parish church, but the preachers still preached and the people still listened. Quietly at first they met, and in quietness separated; but the dragoons were soon called out to prevent the gatherings and compel obedience to the law. Heavy fines were exacted, severe punishments inflicted, fines to the amount of fifty thousand pounds were paid in Ayrshire, women were publicly whipped, boys were scourged and branded, and, by shiploads, Scottish slaves arrived at Barbadoes. To give a drink of water or a piece of bannock to an ejected minister was a capital offence.

Oppressed on every hand, the Scots turned on their oppressors. They met to hear the word of God, but had their swords by their sides in case of conflict. Encounters occurred. They fought, and fought boldly, singing old saintly psalms in the rugged metre of the Scottish psalter, and struggled like men who had ventured all and had no mercy to expect.

General Dalziel, fresh from butchering Turks and Tartars, who had learnt the art of war in Russia, was sent to hunt out contumacious Covenanters; and James Graham, of Claverhouse, came with his wild dragoons, and that brow-beating lawyer, the "bluidye Mackenzie."

The story of that dreadful persecution is too well known to need a recital here. John Brown the carrier, shot at his own door, in presence of his wife and little ones, by the hand of Claverhouse himself; the five wanderers, shot at Glencairn as they lay hid in a cavern; the countryman, shot because he

knew nothing; and another, hanged because he knew and would not tell where his father lie concealed;—these, and a hundred other cases still more dark and terrible, are familiar to us, and their harrowing details are not to be forgotten. The severity of the persecution drove the sufferers to hide themselves in dens and caves of the earth—haunted dens, by the report of the neighbourhood, and believed to be so by the Covenanters themselves. "A very romantic scene," says Sir Walter Scott, "of rocks, thickets, and cascades, called Creehope Linn, on the estate of Mr. Menteath, of Closeburn, is said to have been the retreat of some of these enthusiasts, who judged it safer to face the apparitions by which the place was thought to be haunted, than to expose themselves to the rage of their mortal enemies."

The persecution was not of short duration; it lasted eight-and-twenty years, mystically indicated—so said the Scottish seers—by the eight-and-twenty gaps, or broken pieces, in the sword of Captain Paton, a stern Cameronian, and a man of great personal prowess, who had sealed his attachment to the Covenant by his death.

An incident which occurred during the persecution is represented in our engraving. And the story is this. A highland laird, in the days when the Puritans ruled, had sought the hand of a lady of good birth, and whose father had great influence with the presbyterian party. They loved each other; they were of the same age, the same rank in life; everything tending to promise a happy future—everything but one—they differed in their faith. The young man was a good Catholic and a true loyalist; the girl a Presbyterian—her family of the strictest sort. The consent of the girl's father was refused; but love was stronger than aught else; the girl was secretly married to her lover, and a month passed away. When the secret was discovered, the rage of the old man was terrible; he said little, but he acted promptly. Ere four-and-twenty hours had elapsed, the young man was betrayed into the hands of the Puritans: he escaped, on the journey to London, and vowed revenge. The news came that his wife was dead—dead of a broken heart, and the oath of vengeance was renewed. Charles II. was restored; persecution began in Scotland; and among those who persecuted most bitterly was a pale-faced, noble-looking soldier—the widowed man who had sworn revenge. While staying with his troop at a Scottish hamlet, at the base of one of the loftiest hills of Scotland, a highland woman brought news of a covenanting gathering; she betrayed it all for a Scotch pound and a glass or two of whiskey. There was to be a gathering, and a young girl was to be married to her plighted one, in simple presbyterian fashion, and in the open air. The troop was soon in motion, the spot soon gained; they halted for a moment, and looked down through the brushwood at the gathering in the valley below. It was a calm, beautiful picture. The pastor grave and solemn as one of Israel's leaders; the happy look of the young man as he took the trembling hand of his betrothed, and the group gathered around; the old men and the little children—all seemed so calm and still, as if they felt the peace of God within their hearts as God's sunshine fell upon them. A moment, and the soldiers galloped forward—a shout from the hill—the discharge of a rifle—the shrieks of the women—the volley of fire-arms, and soldiers and Puritans were mixed up together. Most of the group had fled; those who remained were prisoners. Two were slain, and those two the newly-wedded pair; hand clasped in hand, they lay upon the grass—dead! And the end of the story is this:—that beautiful girl, whose eyes were closed in death, who had been hunted out of life by that vow of vengeance, was none other than the soldier's daughter—the child of his melancholy union, of whom, till that day, he had never heard. It is a melancholy episode in a terrible history, and gives to the wild beauty of the spot where it is said to have occurred an additional and pathetic interest.

A COVENANTERS' WEDDING.

THE FUNGUS TRIBE.

CHAPTER II.

In our last paper we observed that the treasures of food which it has pleased God to provide for us in the fungus tribe are, if not wholly disregarded, at least by no means duly appreciated by the English. There is, perhaps, no country richer than our own in the esculent species of fungi; they abound in our woods and pastures, they grow from the ground and under the ground; they spring abundantly out of the substance of dead trees, and are often found on waste lands and heaps of rubbish, from which no other edible produce can be procured; yet, though this is the case, and more than thirty species of esculent fungi are spontaneously brought forth in England, there are only three or four of these species that are eaten by its inhabitants; all the rest of this abundant supply being allowed to rot under the trees, or to become the prey of field-mice, toads, slugs, and other creatures, to which they afford many a delightful repast.

Throughout the continent of Europe, on the contrary, plants of this tribe are eagerly sought after by all classes of men, and form the chief, if not the sole, diet of thousands, who would otherwise be but scantily provided with aliment. But fungi are not only the tolerated food of the poorer classes, they are also most highly prized by the rich man and the epicure; and afford, when daintily cooked, many a delicate dish and many a highly flavoured sauce at the most elaborately served and highly expensive tables. In Germany and Italy, immense numbers of the various species of this tribe are sold in the markets, and produce an amount of income which would seem to us almost incredible. In Rome, so important are the fungi as an article of commerce, that there is a public officer appointed for the express purpose of testing the species exposed for sale, and superintending this branch of the revenue; for in that market a tax is laid on all

FIG. 1.—AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS (THE MEADOW MUSHROOM).

FIG. 2.—AGARICUS DELICIOSUS (ORANGE MILK AGARIC).

FIG. 3.—CANTHARELLUS CIBARIUS.

quantities of fungi presented for sale exceeding ten pounds in weight. All fungi brought into Rome are supervised by this officer, weighed, sealed up, and all destined for that day's consumption sent to a central depôt. If, among the contents of the baskets offered, any stale, maggot-eaten, or dangerous specimens are found, they are sent under escort, and thrown into the Tiber; and another very remarkable circumstance is the law, that if any specimen of the common mushroom *(Agaricus campestris)* is found, it also is to be *thrown into the river!* So says an unpublished letter of Professor Sanguinetti, "Ispettore dei Funghi," at Rome. It is certainly singular that the only fungus which is freely accepted in all English kitchens, and considered as the sole common kind that is honest and trustworthy, and possessed of no murderous properties, should be the one thus protested against, "whether in a state good or bad!" "For forty days during the autumn, and for about half that period every spring, large quantities of funguses, picked in the immediate vicinity of Rome, from Frascati Rocca di Papa, Albano, beyond Monte Mario, towards Ostia and the neighbourhood of the sites of Veii and Gabii," are brought to Rome. "The returns of taxed mushrooms alone," says Dr. Badham, "during the last ten years, give a yearly average of *between sixty and eighty thousand pounds weight;* and if we double this amount, which we may safely do in order to include such smaller untaxed supplies as are disposed of in bribes, fees, and presents, and reckon the whole at the rate of six baiocchi, or threepence a pound (a fair average), this will make the commercial value of fresh funguses very apparent, showing it here to be little less than £2,000 a year." Besides this, we must consider the dried, pickled, and preserved supplies, which sell at a much higher price than the fresh, from one shilling to one shilling and threepence per pound, and also recollect that this calculation includes only the Roman market, and that every other market-place in the Italian states has its proportionate sale of this wide-spreading branch of the vegetable produce of the land.

With the above statements fully in our mind, and after having been habitually in communication with many of the families from amongst our peasantry who were but scantily provided with daily food, we found ourselves one day, during the last autumn, in an extensive pine-wood near Budleigh Salterston, in South Devon, and saw the ground, which was densely carpeted with the accumulated dead leaves that had fallen from the trees, and lain undisturbed for many years, studded in every direction with fungi, of every colour and of every shape, in such quantities as that cart-loads might have been gathered there. Huge purple, white, brown, and tawny *Agarics* were there; the deep orange of the *Boletus edulis* was interspersed with the snowy balls of the *Lycoperdons*, and the delicate apricot tint of the pretty and singular *Cantharellus cibarius*, with many other beautiful and edible species, were scattered in profusion around me. How could we, under these circumstances, do otherwise than regret that ignorance of the differences of species, combined with the strong prejudice which prevails in England against using any of this tribe (save the two or three favoured individuals), should shut out our poor from the possibility of availing themselves of this rich supply of wholesome aliment, which the bounty of God had provided for them, if they would but be persuaded to use it? It is true, that amongst this extensive collection of fungi there were some species which would have proved poisonous, and others which would have been but disagreeable food; yet the greater number of them were such as, if properly cooked, would have furnished, not only *wholesome*, but also savoury and pleasant food; and it seemed to us a great pity that they should be so wholly neglected, and left for a prey to reptiles and field-mice.

The chemical structure of fungi is said to be the most highly animalised, or, in other words, to partake more of the nature of animal composition than that of any other vegetable. Besides the intimations of this circumstance that are afforded by the smell of some of the species in decay, which partakes much of the character of that of putrid meat, and the strong meat-like flavour which some of them possess when cooked, we find the following fact stated—that, "like animals, they absorb a large quantity of oxygen, and disengage in return from their surface a large quantity of carbonic acid; all, however, do not exhale carbonic acid, but in lieu of it some give out hydrogen, and others azotic gas. They yield, moreover, to chemical analysis the several components of which animal structures are made up; many of them, in addition to sugar, gum, resin, a peculiar acid called fungic acid, and a variety of salts, furnish considerable quantities of *albumen*, *adipocine*, and *osmazome*, which last is that principle that gives its peculiar flavour to meat gravy."

Fungi are considered to be highly nutritious, and are said by many of the faculty to be easy of digestion. This latter opinion, though strongly supported by many foreign medical men, is certainly quite in opposition to the generally received opinion on that subject in England, and also to the ideas of ancient writers. Gerard, the quaint old herbalist, says: "Some mushroomes grow forth of the earth: others upon the bodies of old trees, which differ altogether in kinds. Many wantons that dwell near the sea, and have fish at will, are verie desirous, for change of diet, to feed upon the birds of the mountaines; and such as dwell upon the hill or champion grounds do long after sea fish; many that have plentie of both do hunger after the earthie excrescences called mushroomes; whereof some are very venomous and full of poison, others not so noisome, *and neither of them very wholesome meat.*" And again—"Galen affirms that they are all very cold and moist, and therefore do approach unto a venomous and murthering facultie, and ingender a clammy, pituitous, and cold nutriment if they be eaten. To conclude, few of them are good to be eaten, and most of them do suffocate and strangle the eater. Therefore I give my advice to those that love such strange and new-fangled meates, to beware of licking honey among thornes, lest the sweetnesse of the one do not countervaile the sharpnesse and pricking of the other."

Fungi are classed under two primary divisions—*Hymenomycetes* and *Gasteromycetes;* the seed lying externally in the former, and internally in the latter. These divisions are subdivided into four tribes—1st, *Pileati;* 2nd, *Clavati;* 3rd, *Mitrati*, and 4th, *Cupulati*. In each of these tribes we find esculent species, although most of that description are found in the first tribe, the *Pileati*, and of that tribe the genus *Agaricus* supplies the largest number of any of the genera.

All Agarics are furnished with a fleshy pileus or cap, a stipes or stem, and gills placed at right angles with their stem. The species of this genus differ widely in size, shape, and colour; but all agree in the possession of the parts which we have named.

Our own favourite meadow-mushroom (fig. 1) is the first we will describe, of which old Gerard says:—

> "The meadowe mushroom is in kinde the best;
> It is ill trusting any of the rest."

Every one considers himself a complete judge of this species, and few hesitate to present at their tables a dish of these agreeable fungi, without taking any other means of proving their trustworthiness, than that most fallacious mode of directing their cook to stir them whilst dressing *with a silver spoon;* in full belief that if their juices do not tarnish the silver, there can be no injurious specimen amongst them.

But although this kind is in such general use in England, yet it is by no means more easy to discriminate *it* from other species, than it is to discriminate most other kinds. "No fungus," says Dr. Badham, "presents itself under such a variety of forms or such singular diversities of aspect. The inference is plain; less discrimination than that employed to distinguish this, would enable any who should take the trouble to recognise at a glance many of those esculent species which every spring and autumn fill our plantations and pastures with plenteousness." The cap of this mushroom is in some individuals snowy white and smooth; in others, brown and scaly; in some instances the gills are of a delicate pink; in others of a deep, rusty black; some grow broad and flat; others in the form of buttons, looking almost like a puff-ball

of a soft, smooth texture, and of a pure white colour. The stem in some varieties is nearly straight, as in the larger one in our cut; in others it is broader, by one-third, at the top than at the bottom, and altogether shorter than it is wide, the under part of the cap being upturned at an obtuse angle with the bulky stem so as to display the coarse-looking, dark gills which line it.

It is a pleasant thing to sally forth early in the day, under the first burst of sunshine which breaks out on a soft, clear morning in September; and to see how the night dews have been at work in hastening the growth of fungi. We need hardly say that mushrooms are excellent pickled. The way to do this is to select all the *buttons;* place them skins and all in a stewpan with allspice, salt, and pepper; stew them until they have given out every drop of their juice, and (like children who give and then repent, and take back again) have re-absorbed all those juices charged with the flavour of the spices, amongst which they have been straying. When this process is completed, add as much hot vinegar as will cover your mushrooms, boil them just for a minute, and they are finished. The large broad specimens are delicious, broiled with salt and pepper; and the middle-sized kinds, stewed in their own juice, with a little pepper, salt, and butter. Whatever the Italians may say, the *Agaricus campestris* is a delicious article of food; and it is a very rare thing for any injurious effect to arise from partaking of them.

Agaricus deliciosus (fig. 2), the "Orange milk Agaric," is another which is in high repute; it may be found in the fir plantations of Scotland, as also on those of the barren hills at Barr in Staffordshire, as well as near Guildford in Surrey, and in some other places. This fungus is of a dull reddish orange, with a somewhat viscid cap, frequently lined with concentric circles of rather a brighter hue. It has narrow branched gills approaching flame colour; the stem is orange, solid, and tapering downwards, slightly bent, from two to three inches high, and covered at the base with short pointed hairs; the flesh of the cap, or pileus, is firm, and filled with red orange milk, which turns green when exposed to the air, as does the whole plant when bruised. Badham and Loudon agree in stating it to be very excellent food, and much in request in the Italian markets. Sowerby says, "It was very luscious eating, full of rich gravy, with a little the flavour of muscles;" and Sir James Smith, "that it really deserves its name, 'A. deliciosus,' being the most delicious mushroom known." Badham says, "it may be served with white sauce, or fried; but the best way to cook them, after duly seasoning with salt and pepper, and putting a piece of butter upon each, is to bake them (in a closely-covered pie-dish) for about three-quarters of an hour."

Another of the *Pileati* which we must notice is the *Cantharellus cibarius* (fig. 3), an exceedingly pretty fungus, of a soft apricot hue throughout both cap and stem; and instead of gills, it is furnished with thick veins or plaits, very elegant in appearance. It is irregular in form, and the stems are seldom, if ever, in the centre of the cap. Loudon says that the best way of preserving them for use is to string them in rows after they have become flaccid, and hang them in a dry place, where they can have plenty of air; they then form a delicious ingredient in rich gravies. Vittadini, an Italian writer on the subject, says that the common people in Italy dry, or pickle them, or keep them in oil for winter use, and recommends, as they are rather tough, to soak them for a night in milk, when they should be gently stewed either with other fungi or with meat, or else alone.

SCULPTURES IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

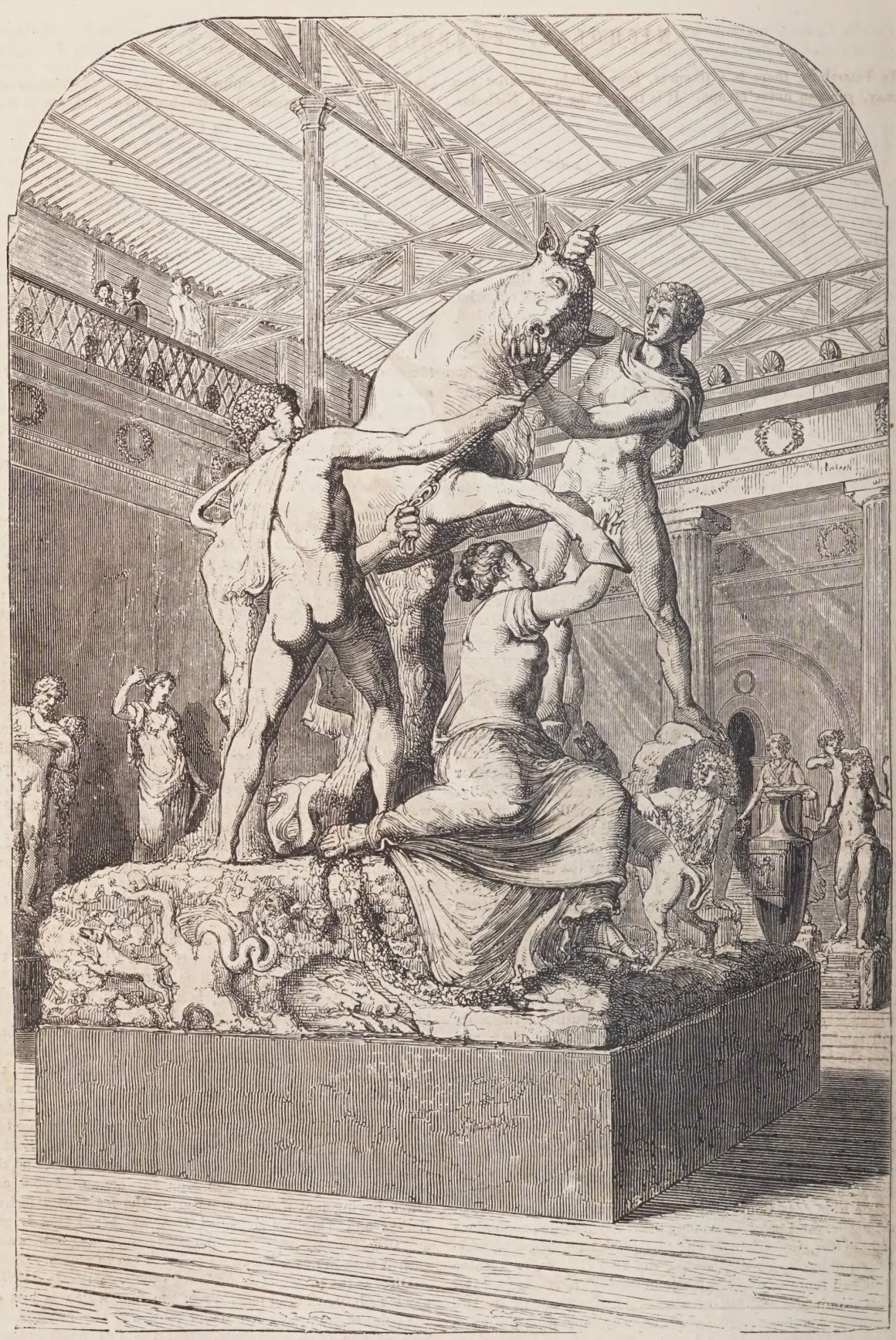
One of the greatest wonders of the Great Exhibition was the building in which the vast collection of industrial and artistic productions was enshrined. It was a thing altogether unprecedented, combining lightness, magnitude, and stability, in a degree never before known. Yet, marvellous as it was, it seems likely to be completely eclipsed by the splendour of the magnificent structure now nearly completed at Sydenham. Indeed, we may venture to predict that, as the first temple at Jerusalem was surpassed by the greater glory of the second, so the building in Hyde-park will be all but banished from recollection by the superior grandeur of the Sydenham palace, or if remembered at all, it will be chiefly as the parent of the present edifice. The former building was merely intended to answer a temporary purpose; the present is to be one of the established institutions of the country. The one was mainly devoted to purposes of practical utility; the other will minister as much to the gratification of the taste, and even the amusement of visitors, as to their solid improvement. Hence more attention has been paid to the general beauty of the edifice; its interior will be decorated in a higher style; its contents will be more varied, and its conveniences more multiplied, so as to make it an agreeable resort at all seasons and in all weathers. To these numerous attractions must be added the picturesque scenery and beautifully laid out gardens and grounds by which it is surrounded.

The Fine Arts Court will form a very interesting feature in the new crystal palace. Among other remarkable productions of high art, it contains a fine cast of the celebrated marble sculpture known by the name of the *Toro Farnese*, or Farnese Bull, and represented in the accompanying engraving (p. 344). This group was cut out of a solid block of marble by two brothers, Apollonius and Tauriscus, who came from Tralles, a town in Cilicia, Caria, or Lydia. According to Pliny, there was in his time an inscription on the marble, in which the two artists made mention of Artemidorus, their father, and Menecrates, their master.

Under the reign of Augustus this group was at Rhodes. Asinius Pollio, a rich patrician, and a great patron of literature and art, whose favour towards the poet Virgil has secured him an honourable immortality, purchased it and had it conveyed to Rome. Buried in obscurity for a long series of ages, it was discovered about the year 1547, during the pontificate of Paul III., in the hot baths of Caracalla. It was found to be in a mutilated condition. A Milanese artist named Baptiste Bianchi, or Biondi, was commissioned to restore it. For a long time it formed part of the collection in the Farnese Palace at Rome, whence arose the name it now bears. In the last century it was conveyed to Naples, and employed to decorate the beautiful garden of Chiaja, which is washed by the sea, and forms part of what is called Villa-Reale, or the Royal Villa. At the present time it stands on the ground-floor of the Bourbon Museum, in a large hall, facing the celebrated Farnese Hercules, executed by Glycon of Athens.

It is well known that this gigantic composition represents Amphion and Zethys preparing the punishment of Dirce, their step-mother, in revenge for their mother Antiope. Lycus, the King of Thebes, says the legend, had divorced his wife Antiope to marry Dirce. The new spouse, impelled by violent hatred, had Antiope, whom she had supplanted, exposed to the fury of wild beasts, together with her two sons, Zethys and Amphion. But a shepherd rescued the two sons, and the mother herself joined them on Mount Cithæron. Lycus and Dirce having met them there during the feast of Bacchus, Zethys and Amphion defended their mother, killed Lycus, and tied Dirce by her hair to the horns of a young bull, which rushed with her over the rocks and tore her to pieces.

Dirce is the principal figure in the group. Turned sideways, she is endeavouring to push away the bull which is just on the point of trampling her under foot, and she implores the pity of one of her enemies. But the two brothers have already fastened to the horns of the furious animal the cord which is intertwined at its other extremity with the hair of the ill-fated woman. Antiope stands in the background observing the preparations for vengeance without emotion. The festoons



CAST OF THE "TORO FARNESE" IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

and various ornaments at the feet of Dirce are connected with the feast of Bacchus. A dog is jumping up and barking at the bull, and a young priestess of Bacchus, who is sitting near, seems terrified at the horrible scene before her.

NICHOLAS, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

In Petersburg there is a likeness, from which, do what you may, you can never escape. It is that of the Czar, Nicholas,

NICHOLAS, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Emperor of all the Russias, whose iron rule extends over seventy millions of souls, and one-seventh of the earth. Nicholas Pawlowitsch is the ninth of ten children borne to Paul by his second wife, Maria Feodorowna, a princess of Würtemberg. The day of the imperial infant's birth was the 7th of July, 1796. The child had reached the age of four months, when on the death of his grandmother, Catharine II., his father ascended the throne. The eyes of Russia were fixed on

Alexander and Constantine, his elder brothers, and no reason whatever had Maria Feodorowna to suppose that the young Nicholas would ever wear the imperial crown. His youth presented no remarkable feature; yet, probably, may his earliest recollections have some fibres of connexion with that terrible night when assassination passed through the chambers of the old palace of Michailow. It is not improbable that the earliest thought of his own conscious life, was that moment when his imperial mother, alarmed at the clatter of arms and the confusion of tongues that filled the castle, snatched from their beds the two youngest princes, Nicholas and Michael, to hasten with them through the long succession of apartments to the emperor's suite of rooms, when she was encountered by Count Pahlen, who, by nature cold as ice, partly by persuasion, partly by force, led her back to her own chamber, the door of which he carefully closed, saying, "Madam, be quiet, there is no danger for you." At the same instant he vanished, leaving unanswered the anxious question of the empress, "But my husband?" The deed was done, and Alexander, her son, was the reigning czar.

The education of Nicholas would have been very superior had he profited by the high talents and culture which were called on to conduct it. But the young man showed more inclination for soldiering and making sport of the courtiers than for serious, certainly for deep and difficult study. Modern languages, however, he acquired with ease, and manifested a taste for music, especially that of a martial kind. Cold and close by nature, Nicholas regarded his instructors with unconcern, and treated them with distance. Even toward his mother he appears to have shown no tenderness when once he was fairly out of the nursery. Of his youthful friendships not a word is said; already the prince overshadowed the youth. Gifted only with a common-place soul, he could not even in his favourite military recreations and pursuits rise to anything great or noble, but was satisfied with becoming a connoisseur in belts, and locks, and flints, and cartridge-boxes, and ramrods, and parade evolutions. His severe nature never unbent in the company of the officers, and towards officers and men he maintained a rigid discipline. Yet was he often unjust in his punishments, consulting rather his passions and his prejudices than the simple facts of the case; and when once he had done a wrong, he was never known to make amends, or in any way to rectify his error, though after he became emperor he has not seldom repaired an injustice into which he had fallen; still those acts of justice seem to have been the result rather of prudence and policy than of a high and generous regard for what is right.

The prince naturally failed to excite on his own behalf any warm sympathies in the public mind. Those who know him best ascribe to him only moderate abilities, shrug their shoulders when they speak of his want of information, and consider him as essentially a mere imitator of his predecessor Alexander, only that he wants the affability of the latter, and inwardly regards with dislike the huzzas of his almost idolatrous populace. However, it must be added that the coldness and hardness of his nature had one advantage, namely, that they guarded him against the fascinations and immoralities of a corrupt city and court.

The year 1814, together with the peace of Europe, brought back the former splendour of the palace life of Petersburg. It also showed the necessity for extraordinary attention to the inner condition of the empire, which during the war had fallen into lamentable neglect. The emperor, now advanced in years, had no heir. His eyes fell on Nicholas, and it became important that the grand prince's education should be improved. Foreign travel was determined on. Characteristic was the avowed object of that tour, which was nothing else than a visit to the battle-fields of the war against Napoleon Bonaparte. In addition to a survey of the chief of them in both Germany and France, he visited different courts, amongst others that of England. Returning home he made a hasty tour of the chief cities of Russia. Reviews and field-days marked his passage. In his judgment no place after a field of battle surpassed a parade in interest. The soul of Nicholas is the soul of a soldier. Shortly after his return, and on the 13th of July, 1817, he, now scarcely one-and-twenty, espoused in Petersburg, Marie Charlotte, princess of Prussia, who was about two years younger than himself. Years passed on in the midst of social disturbances and movements, which, though for the most part beyond his own dominions, Alexander did his utmost to compose and terminate. The chief result was, that he gave himself infinite pains. At last, longing for a quiet which he could not have, and after bereavements, disappointments, vexations, and sufferings, which excite anything rather than a desire for an imperial life, the reigning czar came to his end on the 1st of December, 1825.

When the will of Alexander came to be opened it was found that he had appointed to succeed him, not Constantine his elder brother, but Nicholas the younger. Nevertheless, for three weeks the latter was not emperor, but every public act was done and announced in the name of Constantine. This uncertainty, anywhere a serious evil, was full of danger at St. Petersburg, where the maintenance in its fullest force of the maxim, "The king never dies," was of essential consequence to the maintenance of the absolute government. At length difficulties were overcome, and on the 24th of December, Nicholas formally assumed the vacant throne. It is a curious fact, that the prince, who is now regarded as *par excellence* the representative and support of legitimacy, should owe his crown to a violation of the highest law of descent. The administration did not settle in the hands of the new czar without a conspiracy, which, however, was not allowed time to spread, and which was crushed together with its authors by the heavy hand of despotic power. The event was worse than a bad augury, for it confirmed the emperor in that course of unqualified absolutism which he has pursued every year with augmented rigours. To a man of his contracted faculties and inconsiderable reading, the progress of liberal ideas and institutions in the western and southern parts of Europe, serves only as an ever-increasing additional reason for tightening the reins of government at home, and for exercising all possible restraint abroad. And thus has it come to pass that the aggressive and despotical character of the emperor's foreign policy has for its source and support two of the strongest grounds: first, the traditions of his family; and, secondly, the necessities of his age; both of course understood in his own sense. Conquest and repression, thus recommended as the aim of a reign, easily fall into accord. In the mind of Nicholas they are practically one, and thus united, they act on his stern soul with ceaseless influence and overpowering effect. The momentum, which hence ensues, has another source of power. The Emperor of Russia is the head of the church. As head of the church he is regarded by his ignorant boors as next to God himself. Objects very near each other are often confounded. And so it is that Nicholas is accounted a god on earth, a *presens Divus*, even more so than any Roman emperor of old. His word in consequence is not only law, but the most sacred law; his will is not only absolute but righteous, and his wishes are all-prevailing, and his acts unimpeachable.

We have already seen that the czar is a soldier, a soldier of small dimensions, but "every inch" a soldier. This soldiership, which before his time had struck its roots deep in the country, Nicholas has been nationalised. Russia is a huge camp, and the court is its head-quarters. Social life is a piece of drilled mechanism, passively obedient to the moving power and going on with exactitude and constancy till the pressure is removed. Hence at once the strength and the weakness of the czar's empire;—its strength, for the whole moves as one mass; the weakness, for that mass is inert, passive, it has little life and no spontaneity. And hence its head is both to be feared and to be disregarded—to be feared, for he can ravage a neighbour's territories and put down liberty near his own borders, but he has no power for distant action; by diplomatic arts he may make himself felt in every European court, but he is unable to support his intrigues by armaments and expeditions, sundered from his soil, and sent to remote countries.

TIGER HUNTING.

Hunting is one of the strongest passions of man. This is easily explained. In the early stages of the history of the world, the human race had little to depend on for food, save the produce of their skill and ingenuity in the chase. It is probable that the inventive genius, which enabled man to provide arms and weapons for this purpose, drew his first attention to the horrid thought of war, by which, probably, on a small scale, he was able to provide himself with victuals by pilfering the successful hunter. Those must have been strange times, when man in his primeval simplicity, with untutored mind, and the most inartificial weapon, wandered through the vast plains of the early world, hid himself in the forest or the brake, concealed himself in trees and waylaid the new and strange beasts that came in his way, and having satisfied hunger, and drunk from the clear stream, laid himself down to sleep beneath the shade of some rude bower, fashioned by the ingenuity of his equally wild and primitive mate.

In those days, the wild beasts—the lion, the tiger, the panther, and the bear—were the terror of the human race, as they remained until men began to overcome them by ingenuity and the sheer strength of numbers. A hundred arrows and a hundred lances did that which a single bow and spear could not have done, until the day and hour came when the strange invention of gunpowder placed us on a level, or even above the brute creation, in single-handed contests.

But even now, with the rifle and the fowling-piece, there are animals whom it is dangerous to encounter, though under every advantage of time and place, and against whom it is needful to employ all that activity and ingenuity which characterise the great fictitious creation of the American novelist, honest Hawkeye, and the real and extraordinary Gerard, Cumming, and Sir W. C. Harris, whose lion hunts are so wondrous, that we should hesitate to credit them did we not personally know the veracity of Gerard, and lament the high soul and honourable character of our departed friend Harris, whose travels in Shoa, and whose wild sports in Africa, will not easily be forgotten.

The tiger is even more dangerous than the lion, from the simple fact of its stealthy and crawling character. It roars not like the king of beasts, and creeps about, seeking whom it may devour, with a cautious step, which scarcely any other animal possesses, save and except, perhaps, the panthers and bears that frequent Dismal Swamp, and that creep round the bayous of the Mississippi.

In the early history of India, we find that the ravages of lions and tigers were carried to such a frightful extent, that whole hamlets of the weak and pusillanimous natives were destroyed by them; and that whenever an attempt was made to face them, it was by regular armies congregated for that purpose. Even these collected forces were often routed by the wild animals of the woods. But, subsequently, British officers found their way into these savage fastnesses, with their cool courage and their superior fire-arms; and yet even they had to record fearful stories of the furious beasts, and had to tell the tale of the death of many a brave comrade in the strange and novel contest. The tiger had not yet learned to dread the crack of the rifle, nor before severe lessons to become more cautious and circumspect. In the time of Le Vaillant, lions would enter an encampment and coolly carry off the fattest sleeper, generally some unfortunate Hottentot woman.

Even when elephants were used in the tiger hunt, it was difficult to find animals of that species ready to charge the jungle when the trail of the tiger left a marked scent; or when such animals were known, they commanded a very high price. But now there has come a great change in the disposition of the wild beasts of the Indian and African wilderness, and the tiger commits its depredations only where the persevering and indomitable valour of the English sportsman is unknown, or where his rifle with its heavy and deadly ball is new. The meekest and mildest of the servants of the East India Company will now sally forth on their elephants, seated in their howdah, with their guide, to hunt the tiger to its very lair; this animal now having to be driven forth often from jungle and cave by the rocket and other projectiles.

We have already in a previous article (p. 327) made some allusion to the subject in hand, but it is a matter of inexhaustible interest, and a volume might easily be written on the hunts which have been undertaken against this ferocious beast of prey.

A letter to Sir William Jones, dated Chinsura, describes a very animated hunt. On the eve of the chase, all the necessary tents to form a camp were sent to within a mile and a half of the jungle, a district covered by thick reeds about fifteen feet high. Early in the morning thirty elephants were sent forward, and at two the hunters started, and having reached the rendezvous, mounted their elephants and entered the jungle. At daybreak they had formed an extensive line, and had penetrated in a detached jungle. They found in the tiger's lair, half an ox, two human skulls, and a pile of bones; some whitened by long exposure, others still red with blood. But the animal had departed.

Leaving this scene of carnage, the hunters advanced, and soon heard the cry of *bang*, which is the local name for the tiger. They accordingly again formed their line and entered the great jungle. Scarcely had they done so, when five royal tigers, of the largest size, darted forward from the same spot and dispersed, flying, however, but slowly, and soon halting. The line of hunters was in the form of a crescent, which embraced both ends of the jungle; in the centre were elephants, on which were men armed with guns. One approached the retreat of the first tiger: he moved not until the riflemen were near, then he roared like thunder and bounded towards them. The elephants turned and fled, but after rushing along about fifty yards, they stopped, and once more faced the jungle. The tiger made a second rush, bounded on an elephant mounted by three Indians, and struck one off. The tiger, however, perceiving the strength of his enemies, sheered off to his lair, where he was shot. Three others were killed, but the fifth, a cunning old tiger, escaped. The attack on the fourth lasted a long time, as the animal defended itself with great courage, and was only killed by a general discharge.

In a curious book called "Cynegetica," * there is a division headed "Asoph Ul Doulah's Hunting Excursions;" and from this, as not being a book to which every one can refer, we make some extracts. He says: "The vizier always sets out upon his annual hunting party as soon as the cold season is well set in, taking with him his household, his zenana, his court, and a great part of the inhabitants of his capital.† He takes with him five hundred elephants, &c. &c. . . . When intelligence is brought of a tiger it is matter of great joy, as that is considered as the principal sport, and all the rest only occasional to fill up the time. Preparations are instantly made for pursuing him, which is done by assembling all the elephants, with as many people as can conveniently go upon their backs, and leaving all the rest behind, whether on foot or on horseback. The elephants are then formed in a line, and proceed forward regularly, the nabob and all his attendants having their fire-arms ready. The cover in which the tiger is most frequently found is long grass, or reeds so high as often to reach above the elephants; and it is very difficult to find him in such a place, as he either endeavours to steal off, or lies so close that he cannot be roused till the elephants are almost upon him. He then roars and skulks away, but is shot at as soon as he can be seen; and it is generally contrived, in compliment to the nabob, that he shall have the first shot at him. If he is not disabled, he continues skulking away, the line of elephants following him, and the nabob and others shooting at him, as often as he can be seen, till he falls. Sometimes, when he can be traced to a particular

* "Blane's Cynegetica." London, John Stockdale, 1788.

† He was vizier of the Mogul Empire, and Nabob of Oude.

spot where he couches, the elephants are formed into a circle round him, and in that case, when he is roused, he generally attacks the elephant that is nearest to him, by springing upon him with a dreadful roar, and biting at or tearing him with his claws; but in this case, from his being obliged to show himself, he is soon despatched by the number of shots aimed at him; for the greatest difficulty is to rouse him, and get a fair view of him. The elephants all this time are dreadfully frightened, shrieking and roaring in a manner particularly expressive of their fear; and this they begin as soon as they smell

But there is as much difference between the chase of the tiger by British sportsmen and those of the nabob, as between the hunters of the early ages and those of a few generations back. The time is changed, indeed, from the hour

> "When Nimrod bold,
> That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
> And stained the woodland green with purple dye,
> New and unpolished was the huntsman's art;
> No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.
> With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,

A TIGER HUNT.

him, or hear him growl, and generally endeavour to turn back from the place where the tiger is; some of them, however, but very few, are bold enough to be driven up to attack him, which they do by curling the trunk close up under the mouth, and then charging the tiger with their tusks; or they endeavour to press him to death by falling on him with their knees, or treading him under their feet. If one tiger is killed in a day, it is considered as a good day's sport; but sometimes two or three are killed in one day, and even more, if they meet with a female and cubs."

> He armed his savage bands, a multitude
> Untrained; of twining osiers formed, they pitch
> Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
> And scour the plains below."

The same poet has given a picturesque description of the scene sketched by Blane:—

> "Incessant shouts
> Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fires
> Gleam from the mountain tops; the forest seems
> One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they fly

Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim, bloodthirsty foes; growling, along
They stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing in their rear."

Bishop Heber,* in his valuable work on India, has given much information on the tiger and tiger hunting, and specially mentions a very curious circumstance. "In passing through the city, I saw two very fine hunting tigers in silver chains." This contradicts the general idea that nothing can be done with this animal. He relates, also, an anecdote which shows the power of the beast. A Bheel was guiding some soldiers. "The officer followed at the head of his men, and had moved slowly half asleep on his saddle for about five miles, when he heard a hideous roar, and saw a very large tiger spring past him so close that he almost brushed his horse. The poor Bheel lifted up his sword and shield, but was down in an instant under the animal's paws, who turned round with him in his mouth, growling like a cat over a mouse, and looked the officer in the face. He did what could be done, and with his men attacked the tiger, whom they wounded so severely that he dropped his prey. But the first blow had done its work effectually, and the poor man's skull was mashed in such a manner as literally to be all in pieces."

The people of Rohilcund go out to fight the tiger with matchlocks, swords, and shields, and generally succeed in killing him, with, however, the loss of one or two lives. The heroic peasants combat hand to hand, as the scimitar-cuts on the hide have often afterwards proved. But now the English officers in India do all this work for the natives.

* "Narrative of a Journey from Calcutta to Bombay, &c."—London: Murray, 1844.

THE VILLAGE OF DENIS, ON THE RIVER GABON.

THE VILLAGE OF DENIS, ON THE GABON.

The Gabon, which forms a receptacle for a number of water-courses that have their source in the interior of the continent of Africa, is situated between 10′ and 30′ north latitude.

It may be considered to be bounded on the right shore by the points Clara and Obendo, upon the left by Pongara and Bohuin, and upon the side farthest from the sea by the islands of Konikey and Perroquets, beyond which extends the river Gabon, which, though of a considerable width near its mouth, narrows rapidly until its breadth is less than a mile. Before the establishment of French settlements upon the coast, Gabon was an important seat of the slave-trade. The wars which the different races inhabiting its banks and the neighbouring regions carried on among themselves, and their distant excursions, continually furnished the slave-ships with a considerable number of captives. The principal agents in the odious trade were the M'Pongos, whose most important village, situated upon the left bank, is called Denis, in honour of the chief who governs it. The M'Pongos are still almost the only agents of the barter which is carried on in the neighbourhood of the Gabon, and, in order to preserve this monopoly, they take care to maintain a mutual distrust between the Europeans and the tribes of the interior. On the one hand, they represent the Boulous, Pahouins, Bakalais, M'Bichos, &c., to us as nations of cannibals, who are constantly prowling about their villages to make captures, in order that they may have a feast on human flesh; and they feign the greatest terror at the mere name of their near neighbours the Boulous. On the other hand, they impress these tribes with the idea that we are

rapacious and cruel pirates, when they visit them to procure from them commodities which they afterwards bring to us, such as ivory, wax, and dye-woods. But, in spite of this, the minds of the people of the interior are becoming enlightened as to the truth, and it is probable that, by means of some expeditions despatched to a considerable distance up the principal branch of the river, this trade, which is daily increasing, will soon become direct. Then, perhaps, the Europeans will at length succeed in opening a safe and regular route to the centre of the mysterious African continent, where so many generous missionaries of religion and of science have suffered bondage and death.

The M'Pongos inhabit the banks of the Gabon as far as the islands which surround the basin; their principal villages on the right bank are those of Kringer, Couaben, Louis, and Glass (called by the names of their respective chiefs), each village changing its name, and sometimes its site, with every new governor. Between Louis and Glass rises a wooden block-house, surrounded by palisades, and containing a garrison of Ioloffs, destined to protect the French settlement, built, as is also the Catholic mission, on a table-land overlooking the river. On a second table-land have been constructed magazines and some dwelling-houses; and it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when a town will spring up around the settlement. An American missionary resides at the village of Glass.

The left bank is lower, and more swampy and unhealthy; on this side are the villages of Denis and Little Denis, in the former of which is to be found the original stock of the M'Pongo race; hence, doubtless, the supremacy of King Denis over the other chiefs of the same nation.

The village of Denis, situated on a peninsula, bounded on the south by the Gabon, is divided into several districts, separated by creeks, the approaches to which are swampy, so that people are obliged to make use of *pirogues* (rude boats used by the savages) to pass from one district to another. The principal street of the central district faces the river; it is long, broad, and built with tolerable regularity; the houses, which are constructed of a lattice-work of bamboo, differ little except in size. They are usually divided into two compartments; in one, the sleeping chamber for the whole family, are spread mats which serve as beds; the other contains the furniture, utensils, and provisions, and is used as assembly-room, kitchen, and store-room. Bananas, papaws, shrubs, and flowers, particularly lilies of a brilliant red, ornament and overshadow the entrance of the house, behind which stretches a curtain of bushy and luxuriant vegetation. In this street is situated the residence of King Denis, which is loftier and more spacious than the others; it is distinguished by some rude architectural ornaments, conspicuous among which are four sculptured columns, in the M'Pongo style, supporting a ledge of the roof, and thus forming a kind of peristyle.

The numerous relations of the king, who seem to constitute an aristocracy, are generally assembled behind the colonnade; and there the chief interests of the village are discussed by those who enjoy the honourable, though costly, privilege of being admitted to the royal presence, for they debate on the affairs of state over the gaming-table. The monarch employs himself almost exclusively in thus gaining the cash and other property of his subjects. No one is, in fact, so clever, or it may be so rash, as to succeed often in defeating the sovereign. The game consists in passing four hard dry berries through each of twelve holes made in a piece of wood, and of which either player has six. It is necessary to play in such a manner, that in taking the berries contained in one of the holes and placing one of them in each of the following, you come to a division in which your enemy has only two berries; that which you place there makes three, and you take; if the hole in which you have previously placed a berry also contained but two, that which has just been placed there making three, you take again; when the divisions of your adversary are thus emptied, the game is ended. The noise which the berries make, quickly handled, resembles that of dice in backgammon.

The people of the village entertain the greatest respect for King Denis; no one dares to pass before his residence when he is engaged in playing, surrounded by company, without making an obeisance. This veneration for the supreme chief has increased since he was made Knight of the Legion of Honour as a reward for the services which he rendered on several occasions to the French trade. In return for this extraordinary favour, the M'Pongos lavish upon the French all the affection of which they are capable. Upon the huts of all persons of any importance may be seen an inscription dictated by the proprietor, and written by some soldier or marine worded something in this way:—

> "Prince Bamani, good heart for Frenchman,
> Cousin of King Denis, a good courtier."

Orthography is rarely regarded in these advertisements and sometimes the writer mischievously makes some addition of this kind to the dictated encomiums: "Great thief." Far from suspecting any such perfidy, the personage thus designated shows his sign with a certain degree of pride to new arrivals, as a recommendation likely to serve his interests.

The women are also divided into two castes; those of the higher class pass their time in working necklaces, bracelets and other ornaments, of which they are very fond, with little glass beads. Seated upon low benches before their dwellings they employ themselves thus from morning to night, only interrupting their labour to fill and re-light their pipes. The women of the lower order are employed in the light labour required for the cultivation of yarns, maize, and tapioca which are indispensable to subsistence in the village. A certain number among them are, from time to time, put into requisition to remove the grass from before the royal dwelling

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XX.

The hours of night wore slowly and wearily onward for the principal inmates of the Palazzo Polani. The count paced to and fro in the great *salone*, for he was too agitated to seek the repose of his chamber. He had struggled to the last against the fate that seemed about to bear him down and to crush him; and now he looked up at the portraits of his ancestors that hung from the walls, and felt that the glory was about to depart from his house. True it was, there was still one mode left of averting ruin, but from this he shrank with the instinct of his aristocratic nature; and even when he had at times subdued his pride, and schooled himself to look with tolerable tranquillity upon the alliance for his ward, the memory of his dearest and truest friend would cross his spirit and the features of the dead would appear to his mind's vision looking with reproachful sadness upon him, and asking him how he could betray a solemn trust, and outrage the feelings of the child committed to his care. Then, too, the horror with which Bianca heard the proposition came upon him, and wrung his heart with a pang of remorse and shame. And as his feelings alternated and swayed him to and fro, till at or

me he determined to save himself at any price, even at that
compelling Bianca to accept her suitor, and at another
solved to hazard all rather than force her to a distasteful,
nd worse still, a degrading union.

Another chamber was tenanted by one more wretched still—
ianca Morosini. Hour after hour she watched for the return
f Giulio. Hour after hour the hope, faint as it was even at
rst, which sustained her, became less and less. Midnight
ame, but with it no Giulio. She had long since dismissed
er attendant; and even old Giudetta, though she had
ntreated for permission to spend the night with her mistress,
ho she saw was seriously indisposed, had unwillingly with-
rawn, and so the girl was left to her own wretchedness.
low wretched that night was we may not say; how deep its
loom; how full of terror, and agony, and bewildering
houghts, and conflicting feelings, and passionate grief, and
hen dull, heavy, despairing apathy supervening for a season,
nd, as it were, swallowing up all emotions. And so morning
ound the girl sitting in her night-robes, without having
ought a respite in sleep even for a moment. The gray of
orning brightened into day—a sweet, sunny day; whose light
ame as if to mock her sorrow—but with it Giulio came not.
ld Giudetta stole on tip-toe into her lady's room, and found
er even as she had left her the night before.

"Santissima Virgine! my dear child, how is this?" she
xclaimed. "You have not lain down during the night.
ou are ill, very ill, I fear, and something has discomposed
ou. Come, you must take rest for a while."

But the girl resisted all the entreaties of her nurse, and
ith a strong effort concealed her feelings. To disclose even
o her faithful attendant the position in which she was placed
as revolting to her pride.

"I am not quite well, dear nurse, but I doubt not that thou
anst find amongst thy potions something that will do me
ood."

"Ah, yes, that can I," said the old woman; and she hurried
way from the room, but speedily returned with glass and
ottle.

"Here, my dear lady, take this essence, and then compose
ourself for a few minutes."

The girl took the draught, and smiling kindly on the old
oman, lay back on the couch on which she had been sitting.
iudetta's potion was a strong narcotic, which, seeing that
emonstrance was unavailing, she wisely administered. In a
ew moments her young mistress sank into a deep sleep. It
as long past midday when she awoke. She felt weary and
nrefreshed, with a sense of intolerable depression about the
egion of the heart. She was hot and her skin felt dry, while
he light even of the darkened chamber was painful to her
anguid eyes. Giudetta sat beside her watching her intently.
ianca made a movement as if to rise, but the other gently
estrained her.

"You must be quiet, dear child, a little longer. Your
ulse is quick and your eye is heavy. Compose yourself
gain."

"Has the count inquired for me?"

"No, indeed, dear child, so you need not be uneasy."

"Did he not note my absence in the morning?"

"In truth, his lordship has not been in the palace since
laybreak."

"And Giulio?"

"Tomaso says he has not been at home since yester-even;
elike he has spent the night with some of his friends. But
you must not speak more just now."

Bianca felt now that all hope of Giulio's obtaining the money was at an end; then came a vague terror and sense of calamity at his protracted absence, and she fancied a thousand accidents which might have befallen him, for she well knew he would not now be voluntarily absent from her. Her head became confused, and she felt unable to follow continuously the train of sad thought; fantasies, the most incongruous and horrible, were ever mixing themselves up with the realities of her position; thus she lay half waking, half slumbering, while the dry, burning heat of her lips and tongue increased, and throughout all she had a sense of a pricking pain in her bosom near the shoulder. So the day wore on, till it was within less than an hour of sunset. A low tap was heard at the door of the chamber. Giudetta stept softly across the room, and then Bianca heard voices whispering earnestly as if in contention.

"Impossible, Giovanna, tell his lordship she is too ill."

"Nay, mistress Giudetta, you had better bear the message to him yourself; I don't much care to meet him in his present mood. He is snapping at every one like a wolf. He has cuffed Antonio for I know not what, and Tomaso says he is worse than the grand Turk."

"Silence thy prating tongue, jade. Well, I will go myself, and do thou sit quietly on yonder stool and watch thy young mistress; but let not a word pass thy lips, chatterbox."

It was not long before Giudetta returned to the chamber; she was pale with anger and shaking with excitement, and quite forgetting the necessity for silence which she had peremptorily enjoined upon Giovanna, she gave utterance to her feelings in no gentle voice.

"Holy Virgin guard us! I believe my lord has lost his senses outright. 'Where is the signora Bianca?' said he when I entered, 'has she received my message?' 'No, eccellenza,' said I. 'No!' cried he, turning short upon me, 'who dared to withhold it?' 'I did, eccellenza; my lady is ill, and unable to rise.' Then the count ground his teeth, and glared upon me like a wild beast. 'Hark ye, Mistress Giudetta,' says he in a hissing voice, 'I am in no mood to be trifled with. Tell your young lady, that if she have life, she must attend me in this room at sunset. If she is ill,' says he with a sigh, 'I am sorry for it; but tell her she may not refuse, even on that score—she shall have time enough to nurse her ailments afterwards. Go now, and see on your peril that I am obeyed.'"

"He shall be obeyed," said Bianca, with sudden energy; for the loud speaking of Giudetta had thoroughly aroused her from her stupor, and the fever in her blood lent her an unnatural strength. "I will rise, my good nurse, thou shalt aid Giovanna at my toilette. Thine arm, Giudetta."

And the girl sat upright while the two women arrayed her; but ever as the old woman stole a frightened glance at her young lady's face, she turned pale with alarm, for her dull eye was fixed, and yet withal there was a strange wildness in it which she had never seen before. All this time the girl spoke not, but at intervals she pressed her hand over her heart and sighed deeply, as one oppressed with pain. At length her toilette was completed, and she stood erect in her ghastly loveliness, leaning on the arms of her attendants; thus supported, she left her chamber and proceeded to the grand *salone*. With a fixed abstracted gaze and a heavy step, as one who walks in a dream, she moved slowly up the apartment, and sat down upon a couch of crimson velvet. At a sign, the attendants departed, and she was left alone in the vast and silent room.

Meantime, in the ante-chamber beyond, another scene was enacting. Punctual to the appointed hour, Pietro Molo, attended by a young man, entered the hall of the Palazzo Polani, and both were ushered into the presence of the count. The old goldsmith moved up the room with that air of quiet respect and self-possession which were habitual to him: the youth followed behind him.

"I am come, eccellenza," said the senior, declining the seat to which the count silently motioned him, "according to the tenor of our agreement contained in this obligation (and he held forth the bond). If it is your lordship's pleasure to pay me the loan this day due, with the interest thereon, which I have calculated, I shall be happy to receive it, and write you an acquittance."

"Ser Pietro Molo," said the count, measuring his words as he spoke, "I have endeavoured by every means in my power to procure the money to satisfy your claim. I have three thousand ducats, and no more. If you will receive that sum and the ample security I can give you for the residue, I am prepared to pay it."

"Five thousand ducats, principal money, my lord, and five hundred, the interest at ten per centum. These sums I demand —your excellency will excuse me if I decline to take less."

The count made one appeal more.

"This youth is your nephew, I presume, Ser Molo."

"Girolamo, my brother Jacopo's son, so please your lordship," said the banker, motioning the youth to come forward.

The count surveyed him anxiously. He was a good-looking youth, dressed in a simple suit of black cloth, over which he wore his cloak, set on very primly. He had an ingenuous and modest air, but he stooped somewhat in the shoulders, and kept his eyes demurely fixed on the ground.

"As I understood from you originally, that this money belonged to your nephew, I now apply to him to know if he will be content with the terms that I offer."

The young man was about to speak, but the elder Molo thrust him aside with an impatient and peremptory gesture, and took upon himself the response.

"I told you, sir count, that the money was my brother's, sent to me to employ in a speculation for his son's use. For that speculation I alone am answerable. I feel bound to replace it, if there be any loss; and I am, therefore, alone competent to accept or decline your terms. I decline them, my lord, and now I look for the fulfilment of your stipulation. My nephew is here to receive the hand of your ward, which, on his behalf, I claim."

The Count Polani fixed on the old banker a stern and haughty gaze, in which pride and anger seemed struggling with a sense of helplessness. At first he seemed about to give vent to his passion; but there was that in the calm yet respectful bearing with which old Molo met his look, that quickly showed the count the necessity of keeping a guard upon his temper. Mastering his emotion with a strong effort, he replied,

"You shall see the Signora Morosini herself. Follow me."

The count stepped forward to the door which separated the anti-chamber from the *salone*, and throwing it open, he entered the latter followed by his two visitors. Without uttering a word, they walked slowly up the room to where Bianca was sitting in the same state of strange abstraction in which her attendants had left her.

At that moment the last rays of the setting sun streamed through the amber-tinted glass in the western window, and the soft warm light fell upon the massive clusters of her light-brown hair, till they looked like the rippling waters when the sunlight tips their edges with gold. And then the light streamed athwart her pallid cheek, and down her snowy neck, playing upon them as one sees it play upon a marble statue, illuminating without warming the white surface, which looks all the whiter and colder and more lifeless from the contrast. Thus sat the girl, passionless, unmoving, almost serene, in her solemn and sad loveliness—a thing admirable, and yet terrible and painful to look upon.

The count started at the changed appearance of the girl. He expected to see her look ill, but he was not prepared for the sight which he now encountered. It was a moment before he recovered his composure sufficiently to address himself to the task that was before him; but he had already staked too much on the terrible game to withdraw, and so he was forced to play it out. He moved up gently to the maiden, and taking her hand he said kindly:

"Here is one who seeks to make his suit to you, dear signora. You are already advised of his visit, and that he has my permission to address you."

The girl started, as if the words fell upon her ear with a sense of undefined pain, as the voice of the mesmeriser might fall upon one in a magnetic trance. A strange, fitful lustre lit up her dull eye; the look became fixed, dilated, and wild, while the orb was suffused with a red hue that added to the wildness. She half rose from the couch, and her lips moved as if she were about to speak, when a cold shivering ran through her frame, and shook her as the wind shakes the corn in autumn. She placed her hand upon her bosom, and uttering a feeble cry of anguish, she sank back upon the seat In a moment the attendants were summoned to her aid Giovanna wrung her own hands, and kissed those of her young mistress, whom she really loved; while old Giudetta, with more presence of mind, after gazing into the eyes of the girl and feeling her fluttering pulse, suddenly tore down her robe from off her neck, and directing her examination to the spot where Bianca's hand was placed, she discovered a small dark pustule raised above the skin, and surrounded with a circle of bright red. Uttering a shriek of horror, she sprang backwards and cried out,

"The plague! the plague!"

The terrible announcement paralysed every one for a moment. The count was the first to recover his presence of mind. He bent down over the girl, and looked at the place to which Giudetta pointed. There was the fatal mark, the ominous crimson carbuncle which no one who has ever seen the plague-spot can mistake.

"Aye, the plague! the plague!" he exclaimed, "as surely as there is a God in heaven!"

Then losing all control of himself, he burst into a passion of grief, such as strong men sometimes give way to. He kissed the lips of the girl now flushed and burning, and then stepping rapidly back to where old Molo and his nephew stood silent and awe-struck, he exclaimed, with a wild and mocking laugh:—

"Look there! look there! Messer Molo. Young man thou wouldst seek a noble one to mate with? Is she not here, as noble and as fair as thine eyes can desire! Come why dost thou tarry? I will lead thee to her. Yes, thou mayest take the hand of the dying! A bridal! a Dead Bridal! Wilt thou claim thy bride now?"

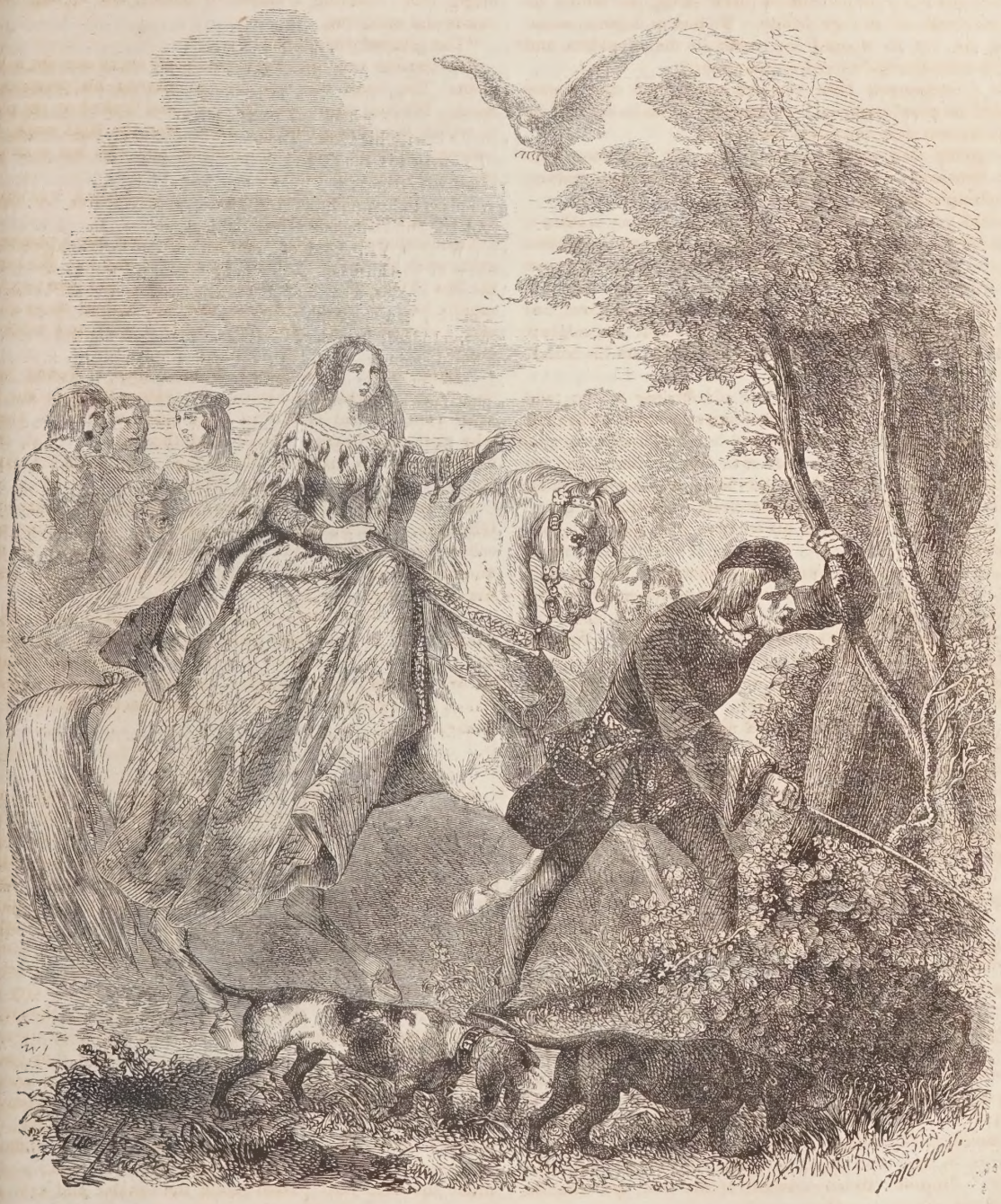
As the count spoke thus madly, he made a gesture to Girolamo, as if inviting him to advance. The young man calmly stept forward, as if about to take the hand of the now unconscious girl, when old Molo sprang after him, and seized him by the arm.

"Forbear, boy! Are you mad? Move not another step, I charge you, as you value your life.—It cannot be, it cannot be, I say.—Do you not see it is the will of Heaven?—Come let us go hence; what business have we here now?" As he spoke, the old banker forced his nephew backwards out of the house.

The plague was now indeed in the city of Venice—the terrible pestilence, whose ravages, not half a century before was still in the recollection of many living. We shall not dwell upon the horrifying details of this loathly distemper they have been delineated by more than one master hand. From the nature and situation of the city, the miasma spread wide and rapidly, notwithstanding all the sanitary precautions of the authorities, and the exertions of the officers of health. There was not a street, scarcely was there a house, in which some inmate did not fall a victim. All day long the city was as a city of the dead. All gaiety had disappeared; the streets and squares were empty; no one went forth save on the most pressing business, or to the churches; and then they passed hastily along in the middle of the street, shunning contact with their fellow-creatures. From morning till night, prayers and supplications were offered up in all the churches; the host was carried about in solemn procession, with chanting and incense, seeking to appease the wrath of God; and all night the dead-boat passed along the canals; and ever and anon it stopped at a slip, or stair-foot, or at a bridge; and the low bell was rung, and the living hurriedly brought forth their dead, themselves pale, and horror-stricken, and ghastly; and with scant ceremony, and a prayer muttered low and short they placed the corpse in the dead-boat, and then it passed on to receive other dead, till it was filled with its festering burthen, and would hold no more. And so the malady raged through the spring, and summer, and autumn, till twenty thousand souls were swept away within the City of the Lagunes.

STORY OF A FALCON.

The extensive plains of Quercy affect those who see them for the first time with a strange sensation. As far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen but a mass of small, hard, grayish stones, which on all sides encumber the surface of the soil. The only traces of animate nature consist in a few stunted oaks, and a narrow field, enclosed by walls, formed of pieces of rock, in which



A HAWKING PARTY.

silly and confined spot may be observed the white flower of the black-wheat. Here and there, enormous hollow blocks, twenty thirty feet long, remind you what people formerly inhabited his desert. It seems to you as if the blood of human victims ill flows in the recesses of these dismal ruins; the mind, impressed with a sense of involuntary terror, recalls the form of he Druid, with the crown of oak-leaves on his forehead and his linen tunic striped with purple, tucked up to the knee; but you see only your shadow in this discouraging solitude, and you hear no other sound than the distant bells of a flock doomed to browse on the scanty blades of grass, which here and there appear between the stones.

In this Sahara, in the midst of one of the few copses which overshadow the hills, washed by the Dordogne, between Rocamadour and Grama, you would have heard, towards the middle of June in the year 1156, the most joyous flourish which the trumpeter's skill of that period could produce. The Viscountess of Ventadour had come to visit the Lord of Montvalent, her cousin, and was hawking with her numerous train of cavaliers and retainers. Fowling being at that time the favourite amusement of

the nobility, was particularly in favour with the young lords, who were passionately addicted to it; so that the art of hunting was then considered the most agreeable branch of human knowledge. We can now only judge of the importance in which it was then held by the brisk controversies which daily arose upon the choice of falcons. Henry II., King of England, who loved his horses and dogs more than ever other Christian did, had brought into fashion the falcon of Denmark and Norway; but, either to protest against the dominion of England or from national pride, the barons of the south preferred those of the Alps. Indeed, if we are to believe the best authority of the age, Deudes of Prades, the author of "*Les Oiseaux Chasseurs*," the King of England was right. The worthy canon of Maguelonne, in his poem, which was to be found in every castle, speaks thus:

"Il est trois sortes de faucons,
Les autours, les émerillons,
Puis un petit de bonne race;
Ainsi la nature les classe.
Le danois l'emporte sur tous;
Il est plus gros, plus vif, plus doux;
Les yeux il a clairs et luisants,
Les ongles crochus et tranchants."

Now we cannot inform our readers whether the bird which had just been loosed in the woods, by the edge of the water, on the day of which we are speaking, was from Norway or from the Alps; but it flew so as to deserve the praises of its mistress, the beautiful lady of Ventadour, who, absorbed in the chase, stood upright in her stirrup, looking anxiously towards the sky; whilst two hunstmen, leading hounds in leash, kept at some distance behind her; and a little old man, whose game-pouch announced his profession, mounted on a small horse from the moors, prepared a lure in his left hand, whilst to his right the impatient chargers of some barons, whose eyes sparkling with pleasure followed the chase, stood pawing the ground.

The noble bird shot vigorously upwards; for some time it continued to mount with the same rapidity, then it was seen to stop, balance itself, and remain like a motionless point in the air, steadily observing its prey. By degrees, however, he blockaded it, that is to say, he got to windward of it, and, having gained this advantage, he commenced a hot pursuit.

It was a partridge, which, not being a match in swiftness with this cruel adversary, tried to escape him by precipitating herself into a cluster of bushes. But here a new danger awaited her; the hounds, which had been loosed on seeing her fall, plunged after her, and as if it were not enough to frighten her with their sharp and plaintive barks, the old man with the game-pouch hastened to dismount and to beat the bushes noisily with his stick.

In spite of the pleasure which every noble lady took in the chase, the Viscountess of Ventadour did not behold, without a certain emotion, the ever increasing peril of the unfortunate bird, and her desperate position. The dogs uttered yelpings of joy in the thicket, the old falconer plunged his stick into it with a sort of sinister delight; and, as pitiless as his master, the falcon, hovering above, with eager eyes and trembling claws, waited till they had forced his prey to quit its asylum. And the dilemma of the poor bird which, paralysed with terror, did not dare to move, and could only escape from the man and the dogs to find death ten yards higher, under the claws of the hawk, was indeed a piteous sight.

The lady was quite distressed, and, calling to the servant with the green game-pouch:

"Let her escape! I do not wish it to be killed, you know that I do not wish it."

"Madame?" said the falconer, as though he had not heard.

"Leave that partridge and reclaim the falcon!"

The rascal pretended to obey, but he was so long in seeking his lure, that the hounds got at the partridge and dislodged her. Choosing the slowest of two deaths, she darted away like an arrow; unhappily the falcon, warned by the cries of the old falconer, had perceived her. Vain was her rapid flight, the pursuit was still more eager, and after having for some time wheeled about in the air, she fell wounded by the attack of the falcon in a neighbouring glade.

Flushed with emotion, the viscountess urged forward her steed so rapidly, that she was in time to witness a singular scene. Some vassals, seated upon the ground, were partaking of their frugal morning meal, and seemed to be encouraging by their cries a child, about ten years of age, who was seen through the bushes. This child, who was very beautiful, and whose eyes flashed with anger, had picked up the partridge, wounded and half dead, and holding it with one hand against his breast, with the other he repelled the falcon, eager for its prey, which was flying around him, in order to seize it.

At the sight of the viscountess the vassals arose hurriedly; the falconer arrived to recall and hood the hawk; and the cavaliers, appearing from the wood, asked the fair lady what interested her so deeply. For answer, she pointed to the child, who still proudly held the partridge, as though he wished to dispute it with his lord. The first action of the viscount was to call him in his rough and commanding tone, which froze the vassals with fright; but upon a sign from his lady, he courteously gave place to her, and reined in his horse.

Adelaide of Ventadour deserved this deference. Daughter of the rich William VI., Lord of Montpellier, she had brought as a dowry to her husband, Ebles III., a hundred marks of silver, beautiful clothes, a stock of fine linen, two silver cups, weighing six marks, and the Arab palfrey which she rode with so much grace. Indeed, in order to raise her to the seigneurial grandeur of the domain of Ventadour, Ebles had divorced his first wife Margaret of Turenne, whose distant relationship to him afforded a plea for considering their union illegal, as soon as he became acquainted with Adelaide. Still under the charm of recent marriage, he listened to his lady, as the young clerks of Dalon did to the white-bearded monk who taught them chanting; all her wishes were laws, and her desires were granted almost as soon as expressed. Therefore she interrupted the viscount, whom she thought too severe; and beckoning to the child to approach:

"Wilt thou give me thy partridge for this piece of gold?" said she in a gentle voice.

"No!" replied the child boldly.

"Why?"

"Because you will let the falcon kill it."

"And if I leave it thee, wilt thou come with me?"

"No!"

"Thou wilt not follow me?"

"No: you are wicked—you made my godmother weep."

"Who is thy godmother?"

"Madame Marguerite!"

Here the viscount interrupted, and, urging forward his horse in spite of the entreaties of his lady, he demanded roughly of the vassals, whom he recognised as belonging to him, who had given them permission to leave his domain. They replied with the boldness of people protected by a superior power; for in spite of its iron law, feudalism, the brutal expression of physical force, flinched before the church, the emblem of spiritual power; they replied that they were returning from a pilgrimage to Rocamadour, to thank the saint for having heard their prayers the preceding year. The viscount now only wished to know the name of the father of the child, who had already so far made friends with the lady as to bring her the bleeding bird without being alarmed at the impatient movements of the palfrey. When her husband again came to her side, the first words which she said to him were these:

"Ebles, may I ask a favour of you?"

"Yes, lady, and if it be possible, consider it as granted."

"Do you know to whom that child belongs?"

"To a servant named Bernard, who heats the ovens at the castle."

"Do you know what I wish if he has a large family?—to keep this young boy and bring him up as my son, until God gives me a child of my own."

"Let your wish be mine!" said Ebles, bowing graciously towards the viscountess.

Young Bernard accordingly received, at the Castle of Ventadour, the brilliant education given to the sons of the nobility of the time. An old monk of the Abbey of Dalon taught him to

speak Latin grammatically, to reason, think, overthrow arguments, to sophisticate adroitly, and discomfit his adversary by eloquence, and to ornament his conversation by rhetoric. He moreover imparted to him the knowledge of the science of numbers, the four major and the four minor tones of music, and rendered him so learned that when he had reached the age of sixteen, with a robe of fine cloth and a purse at his side, he prized the pen a hundred times more than the purse, and became a troubadour.

From that time, joining to his name that of the estate of the viscount, Bernard lived gaily through the latter half of the twelfth century, honoured by the great, cherished by the towns-people, esteemed by the ladies, and popular from the Loire to the Pyrenees by the charming songs which he composed wherever he went. As in this iron age (and it is worthy of remark) wit and talent excelled, Bernard of Ventadour was celebrated during forty years; his triumphs and his gaiety only ended with the century.

An event as singular as that which began his career marked the close of it.

Forty years later, Bernard, his hair blanched with age, was looking at some tapestry, upon which Alice, Duchess of Normandy, had traced, with great truthfulness and extraordinary vivacity of colour, the hawking of Rocamadour. On beholding this scene of his native country he breathed these lines:—

"Quan la douss' aura venta
Devès nostrè païs,
Mès veiaire qu'ieu senta
Odoz de paradis. . . . ."

"Whene'er the breeze goes murmuring by,
The breeze that in my country sighs,
I vow it wafteth unto me
The rich perfume of Paradise."

At this moment an equerry entered the apartment, bringing two letters.

One was for the Duchess Alice, and announced to her that Richard Cœur-de-Lion, to whom she had long been betrothed, was about to marry a Princess of Castile.

The other, sealed with black, informed Bernard of the death of his faithful friend, the valiant Count of Toulouse.

Both were struck with a terrible blow, and took the same resolution; Alice covered that forehead, despoiled of the crown, with the veil of Fontervaulte; and Bernard, bidding a final adieu to the world, knocked at the door of the Abbey of Dalon, the port and refuge of all the vanity and wretchedness of the age.

BAHIA, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BRAZIL.

The ancient capital of Brazil, officially called San Salvador da Bahia de Todos os Santos, but more generally known by the simple name of Bahia, possesses a magnificent harbour, of which some idea may be formed from the accompanying engraving (p. 357). This harbour, which gives much commercial importance to the town, has long been the admiration of mariners, and the skilful French hydrographer, whose book is now an authority in part of South America, does not hesitate to place it among the first of the numerous ports of which he gives so clear and exact a description. "All Saint's Bay," says he, "taking it in its full extent, forms a very deep gulf in the continent; this gulf, which is known by the name of *Reconcaro*, is nearly thirty miles in circuit, and receives the waters of several rivers, some of which are considerable.

"The largest fleets would be safe in Bahia, for in many situations vessels would find good anchorage secure from all gales, whilst the fertility of the surrounding country would ensure them all necessary supplies.

"On the eastern side of the principal entrance, where the ground rises in an amphitheatre from the shore, is situated the town of San Salvador, which possesses some fine buildings; it stands on uneven ground intersected by gardens, and is divided into the high and low towns. Next to Rio Janeiro, the town of Bahia is the most important in Brazil, and has a population of 100,000. Several forts, built on the summit as well as at the base of the declivity, command the coast and protect the town; the dockyard is defended by the fort Do Mar, a circular fortification built upon a bank of sand two hundred toises from the shore."

Not only is Bahia an opulent and singularly picturesque town, it is also a city of old traditions, strange memories, and even poetic legends. Brazil had only been discovered three years when, according to several trustworthy authors, whose chronology, however, is questionable, the entrance of the bay was explored for the first time by Christovam Jaques, who there erected one of those sculptured stone pillars which were then called *Padrões*, and which marked the progress of the navigators along the uncultivated shores. Seven or eight years later, about 1510 or 1511, the numerous tribes of the Tupinamba Indians, who wandered on the fertile coasts of Itaparica or Tapagipe, had had time to forget the passing of the European ship, when a vessel trading in dye-woods was stranded upon the shore of the pleasant district which now bears the name of Victoria. It is said that the shipwrecked mariners all perished, devoured by the savages, with the exception of a brave Gallician, who maintained so much *sang-froid* in the midst of peril, and displayed so much dexterity among the Indians, as to save his life and earn for himself the privileges of a chief. Arriving in the presence of the Tupinambas, who received him clamorously and with menacing gestures, Alvares Correa, seizing a stray arquebuse which the waves had cast up among other remains of the wreck, loaded it, aimed at a bird, which he killed, and the report of firearms resounded for the first time on these shores. Henceforward the young European bore the name of a dreaded animal; he was called Caramourou, in memory of the mysterious power of which he had just given proof. The tribe of Indians, struck with terror, surrendered to him; the daughter of a chief, the beautiful Paraguassou, voluntarily united her fate to his: he ruled where he thought to have perished. Tired of a life among the Indians, but faithful to his young companion, Correa left Brazil accompanied by her, and embarked in a Norman ship commanded by Captain Duplessis. But here the legend, decking itself in the most brilliant colours, and warming with the most varied incident, belies all chronology. Welcomed on the banks of the Seine by Catherine de Medici, who had been recently united to Henry II., Paraguassou, so the story runs, received baptism in an old chapel at Paris, and took the name of the young queen who acted as her godmother. Sated with the marvels of Europe, she soon left France with Alvares Correa to return to her country, where she established herself in her native village, bringing with her the fruitful germs of Christianity, and subsequently the conquerors owed to her the legal surrender of the magnificent territory upon which the city now stands.

This legend, which is in the mouth of every Brazilian, and which has even given rise to a national poem, receives no support from chronology; and the Brazilians, who now really make deep researches as to their origin, take good care to defend it, and content themselves with their own explanations. They divide the marvellous events into two parts, and attribute them to two Europeans cast on their shores about the same time; it is thus that they elicit the truth of the story.

They assert that Alvares Correa, united to Paraguassou, was the primitive founder of the city, but do not allow that he went to France; he received the first *donotario*, Pereiro Coutinho, and even shared his misfortunes; but later, in 1549, when the noble Thomé de Souza was on the eve of laying the foundations of a regular town in the midst of these warlike tribes, he became the most active agent of colonisation; he acted as *lingua*, that is to say interpreter, charged with direct-

ing the difficult negotiations which must precede the erection of a capital in a wild region, the inhabitants of which are little known. With Thomé de Souza came men acquainted with the difficult art of subduing this proud people and of commanding obedience. Navarro, Anchieta, Nobrega and others, descended the rivers of the south, in order to render their assistance to the new governor; and when, in 1557, Caramourou died in the midst of his children like a patriarch full of days, the towers of the cathedral were already rising on the verdant hill, where the vast college of the Jesuits was in course of construction.

This brief account, although very insufficient, at least serves to show to what epoch the most important edifices of this capital belong, buildings whose erection was actively continued under Duarte da Costa and Mendo de Sa, the illustrious governor, whose death occurred in the year 1577.

diluvial rains, which cause a return of the landslips. On this occasion, he gave the opinion of an experienced French engineer, Colonel de la Beaumelle, who had remarked, while staying at Bahia, the defective system of construction, and proposed to remedy it by the erection of vast buttresses, calculated to sustain the unstable ground. The wise administrator wished to adopt this system, and to undertake these gigantic works without delay. If they be not already commenced, sooner or later it will be necessary, in order to avoid the ruin of the low town, to have recourse to these Cyclopean ramparts, revived from ancient times.

We do not here pretend to name all the edifices hidden by the pleasant hills represented at the entrance of the port; otherwise we should have to describe the old cathedral (La Sé), constructed in the year 1552; the Jesuit College, built entirely of marble, by the side of which is the valuable library, founded, thanks

THE CHAPEL OF SAN GONCALO AT BAHIA.

The genius which planned so many edifices was more active than provident. The requirements of commerce increasing, houses and immense magazines, called *trapiches*, multiplied, forming the vast street of La Praya, which borders on the sea, and which is continually menaced by the fall of the enormous buildings of the high town. The disastrous events of the years 1671 and 1748, when more than sixty persons perished, crushed by the landslip, seemed to be entirely forgotten, when catastrophes quite as lamentable at last awoke the solicitude of the authorities. About eight years ago, one of the most active and provident men who have presided over the destinies of this great city, Don Soares d'Andrea, rightly informed the legislative provincial assembly, that all the precautions required by prudence having been neglected, there remained only two courses to be taken: either to abandon completely this part of the town, or to avert as soon as possible the peril by which it was threatened, especially at the season of the

to the suggestion of Don Gomez Ferrâo, from the proceeds of a lottery, in 1811; the palace of the former governors, now occupied by the president of the province; the Mint, which traces its origin back to the year 1694; the play-house, only erected in 1806; and the public promenade, planted, in 1808, by the orders of the Count dos Arcos, to whom the town is indebted for many other useful institutions. From the *Passeio Publico*, where rises the obelisk in commemoration of the arrival of John VI., we direct our steps towards the charming lake, known by the name of *Dique*, which, at only a short distance from the town, recalls all the delights of those virgin woods now only to be met with in the interior. Descending towards the low town, which also has its monuments, we may mention the Church of the Conception, which was built, so to speak, at Lisbon; for all the stones, cut and numbered, were brought thence, about the year 1623, to the spot where they were put together. We must not fail to notice the Ex-

change, a vast building, finished in 1816; the magnificent mosaic floor of which displays the richest collection of indigenous woods known in South America. Among the innumerable religious edifices we must, at least, mention the great Convent of San Francisco, founded in 1594; then San Bento, erected thirteen years previously; Los Carmos; San Pedro; the monasteries, Das Merces, Do Desterro, Da Soledad, the residence of the Ursuline nuns. We remark upon the little church of Da Graça, from the fact that it contains the tomb of Paraguassou, and notice the Nossa Senhora da Victoria because the date of 1552 shows it to be the most ancient of these religious structures. Among the many edifices belonging to different ages and various institutions, we must do honour to the attention to preservation paid by the last magistrates charged with the municipal administration. Nevertheless, it is a sketch of a ruined chapel which we offer to our readers (p. 356) as a specimen of the architecture of the eighteenth century, an age in which so many churches were erected in Brazil. On the road leading to the delightful district called Bom-Fim, may still be seen the chapel of San Gonçalo. Scarcely a century has passed since the last stones were set in its façade; agaves, palms, bananas, and even cocoa-trees, now grow in disorder around it, and completely block up its entrance. Thousands of other plants spring luxuriantly from the fissures in its walls and hasten its destruction. No pains have, however, been taken to retard its decay, which might have been easily avoided; for this chapel, constructed in 1763 by the Jesuits, in a beautiful situation, had only been completed six years before the destruction of the powerful order to which it belonged. Its decay soon commenced, and at the beginning of this century, Lendley described its picturesque ruin as one of the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood of Bahia.

THE HARBOUR OF BAHIA.

PEERS AND M.P.'S;
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

SCENES IN THE LORDS.

Occasionally the hot blood of the bold barons got them into scrapes. "This day" (February 14, 1620), the journals of the Lords say, "the Lord Chancellor acquainted the house that this morning a quarrel happening between two noble members of that house, the Earls of Berkshire and Scroop, the former did forcibly push the other out of the house, against the honour and dignity of it." Both lords were called to the bar, and after serious debate, the Earl of Berkshire being called again to the bar of the house, and being on his knees, the Lord Chancellor told him that the house had considered of his fault, which they found to be very great, in that his lordship, being a peer, who therefore should be tender of the privileges of the house, had in the house, and in the presence of the prince, his highness, offered force to a member of the same. The sentence of the house, therefore, was that his lordship be committed close prisoner to the Fleet until the house should order further. The Gentleman Usher was ordered to attend the said earl to his own house at his own request, but disarmed, and from thence to the Fleet. The latter place seems to have been favourable to good resolves and profitable meditation; for a few days after we find his lordship making submission to the house, and deeply regretting the trouble his bad temper had given them.

Grander scenes have, however, been enacted on the floor of the Lords. Many a mighty heart that had ventured everything for a sinking cause, was here brought to bay by the infuriated Commons, in that fierce time when the rage of the Lower House was rapidly reaching its culminating point.

When the time for peace was past—when the tempest was rising that was for a time to destroy prince and sceptre—even in the Lords occasionally a scene occurred. Take the following as an instance:—In the middle of a dull November day, there issued from the House of Commons, after hours of earnest deliberation with closed doors, three hundred representatives of the English people, with Pym at their head. They go to the House of Lords. They seek there the greatest man in all England—a man greater than the king—a man, who might, peradventure, have saved the king's head. Mr. Pym, at the bar, and in the name of the Lower House and of all the commons of England, impeached Thomas Earl of Strafford with high treason. Bailie tells us:—"The Lords begin to consult on that strange and unexpected motion; the word goes in haste to the lord-lieutenant, where he was with the king; with speed he comes to the house; *he calls rudely at the door;* James Maxwell, keeper of the black rod, opens; his lordship, *with a proud glooming countenance*, makes towards his place at the board head. But at once many bid him to rid the house; so he is forced in confusion to go to the door till he is called. After consultation, being called in, he stands, but is commanded to kneel, and on his knees to hear the sentence. Being on his knees he is delivered to the keeper of the black rod, to be prisoner till he was cleared of those crimes the House of Commons had charged him with. He offered to speak, but was commanded to be gone without a word. In the outer room James Maxwell required him, as a prisoner, to deliver his sword. When he had got it, he cries with a loud voice for his man, to carry my lord-lieutenant's sword. This done, he makes through a number of people towards his coach, *all gazing, no man capping to him, before whom, that morning, the greatest of England would have stood discovered.*" In succeeding reigns the scenes were still in the upper house. The graceless Charles would lounge into the house, chat with some of the courtiers—look black, perhaps, at a few who were playing, under the mask of patriotism, some little paltry game of their own, and of course, peers and bishops would be decorous and well-behaved enough all the while. When stormy times came, the great Chatham, whose peerage had been to him the same cloud it has too often been to others, came down to the house to die, with that Roman air which has made his name immortal. The occasion was the recognition of American independence. Chatham then appeared in the House of Lords for the last time. Sickness and age had done their work. The strong man had become weak. Wrapt in flannel, pale and emaciated, he came into the house supported by two friends. Within his large wig little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose and penetrating eye. He looked like a dying man, yet never was seen a picture of more dignity. He rose slowly from his seat, leaning on his crutches, and supported under each arm by his two friends. He took one hand from his crutch, and raising it, cast his eyes towards heaven and said: "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day, to perform my duty and speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm; I have more than one foot in the grave; I am risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country; perhaps never again to speak in this house." The reverence, the attention, the stillness of the house were most affecting. If any one had dropped his handkerchief it would have been heard. At first he spoke in a low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose and was as harmonious as ever; once more the old flame burnt brightly, and the feeble, tottering cripple was again the mighty orator of his manhood's prime. As Chatham was sitting down, his brother-in-law, Lord Temple, said to him, "You forgot to mention what we talked of; shall I get up?" Chatham said, "No, no, I will; I will do it by-and-by." This by-and-by never came. After the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham again attempted to rise, but his shattered frame was unequal to the feelings of the dying orator. He fell back in a swoon. The whole house was agitated; political friends and political foes were alike alarmed. The scene was impressive. It needed not art to commemorate the great man struck down in the scene of his ancient greatness. Art cannot heighten the interest of that reality. From the Chamber of Peers to Hayes, and from Hayes to Westminster Abbey, to mingle his ashes with those of others of England's illustrious sons, were steps thence easily taken—steps the immortal Chatham speedily took. A few days, and England wept her greatest statesman dead.

On some occasions, the peers have shown themselves not exempt from the fears of ordinary men. For instance, when Lord George Gordon presented the monster petition from the Protestant Association to the House of Commons, an infuriated Protestant mob had taken possession of Palace-yard and the surrounding streets; Lord Mansfield's carriage was attacked, and his windows were broken; Lords Hillborough, Townshend, and Stourmont, were in danger of their lives; the Duke of Northumberland was forced out of his carriage, robbed, and his clothes were torn to pieces. The Lords, who had met to consider, curiously enough, the Duke of Richmond's scheme for annual parliaments and universal suffrage, were in a terrible state of perturbation. At first they were resolved to play the part of Roman senators, and to be massacred at their posts. But fear triumphed; Lord Montfort, looking ghastly, and covered all over with mud and hair-powder, burst into the assembly, and began to vociferate; the Duke of Richmond appealed to the woolsack for protection; Lord Mansfield tried to restore order, but Lord Montfort insisted on being heard "in an affair of life and death; for Lord Boston, coming to his duty as a peer of parliament, had been dragged out of his carriage by the mob, who would certainly murder him if he were not immediately rescued from their violence." "At this instant," says the "Parliamentary History," "it is hardly possible to conceive a more grotesque appearance than the house exhibited. Some of their lordships with their hair about their shoulders; others smothered with dirt; most of them pale as the ghost in Hamlet; and all of them standing up in their several places, and speaking at the same instant. One lord proposed to send for the guards—another for the justices or civil magistrates; many crying out, 'Adjourn! adjourn!' while the skies resounded with the hurras, shoutings, or hootings and hissings in Palace-yard. This scene of unprecedented alarm continued for about half an hour."

Perhaps one of the most exciting scenes in the Upper House was that which took place in July, 1834. It arose out of certain explanations which noble lords, members of Lord Melbourne's government, were giving at the time respecting the course which ministers meant to pursue relative to the Coercion bill for Ireland. The Duke of Buckingham, after violently attacking government, concluded by saying:—"The noble and learned lord on the woolsack (Lord Brougham) and his colleagues think they have buried the noble earl in his political sepulchre, and that he will never more disturb them; but they will find themselves mistaken; the spirit of the noble earl will burst its cerements, and will haunt them in their festivities, and disturb the noble and learned lord on the woolsack in the midst of his potations pottle deep." A scene of confusion and uproar followed, which it is impossible to describe. The Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord Brougham both rose at the same time to address their lordships, but the former gave way. Lord Brougham (labouring under great excitement and addressing his first sentence to the Marquis of Lansdowne) said, "Stop a minute. As to the concluding observations of the noble duke, all I shall say is, that I do not frequent the same cabaret, or ale-house, as he does (deafening cries of 'Order, order'); at all events, I do not recollect (continued Lord Brougham with increased energy) having met the noble marquis (Londonderry) at the noble duke's ale-house potations;—my lords, I have not a slang dictionary at hand." Here a whole host of noble lords rose, amidst deafening uproar, to address the house. Lord Brougham remained for some time on his legs, as if desirous of proceeding; but the confusion and noise, in all parts of the house, were so great as to render any effort to obtain a hearing altogether hopeless. The shout of 'Order, order,' from every side was absolutely deafening, and

ord Brougham at last resumed his seat without uttering nother word."

SCENES IN THE COMMONS.

If scenes in the Upper House be rare, they are not in the hamber in which we now are. We turn to the page of istory, and we meet with them everywhere. Whilst yet in ts infancy, before it had grown great and strong by struggling vith the strong and great, the Commons was the theatre of nany an exciting scene. We see Wolsey, when in the height of his pride, attempting to awe that house with the imperious presence which few could withstand. Passing a little lower down the stream of time, we shall find scenes constantly occurring. Discussions with closed doors—the Speaker forcibly held down in the chair to prevent the adjournment of the house—the Speaker pathetic, and in tears. A little later, and we find the house assuming the appearance of an assembly of divines, quoting Scripture, proceeding in procession to church, listening to long and wearisome prayers, and sermons longer and more wearisome still. Such were the scenes in the olden time—scenes apparently ludicrous and uncouth—scenes, however, the result of feelings which we must all reverence—which have made England what she is. Out of that rough and stormy past has come the fair and sunny present. It is in consequence of that, that we are now what we are.

"In our halls are hung
Armoury of the invincible knight of old.
We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake—the faith and morals hold
That Milton held. In everything we're sprung
Of earth's best blood, have titles manifold."

In the days of the bluff Harry, there occurred one of the first of the scenes which have taken place in the Lower House;—£800,000 was required, and it was thought advisable that the cardinal should go to the house and explain the purport and necessity of so large a grant. Accordingly, Wolsey went down to the house in great state, "with his maces, his pillars, his pole axes, his cross, his hatte, and the great seal." The cardinal spake of state affairs—of breach of faith by Francis I.—of the king's treaty with Charles V.; how that there was to be war, and that its estimated charges would amount to £800,000, which should be raised out of the fifth part of every man's goods and lands, to be paid in four years—the house all the while sitting in solemn silence. The imperious Wolsey insisted upon an answer. Whereupon the Speaker—no less a personage than the illustrious Sir Thomas More—falling upon his knees with much reverence, excused the silence of the house, "abashed at the sight of so noble a personage," who was able to amaze the wisest and most learned men in the realm. But with many probable arguments, he endeavoured to show the cardinal that his manner of coming thither was neither expedient nor agreeable to the ancient liberties of that house; and, in conclusion, told him "that except all the members present could put their several thoughts into his head, he alone was unable in so weighty a matter to give his grace a sufficient answer." Whereat the cardinal, we are told, got up and left the house, angry with its Speaker and every one else.

Now and then the Commons had little indignities to put up with. In Queen Elizabeth's time they were shut out of the Lords on one occasion, and great indignation was excited. In James I.'s first parliament, the House of Commons, in the person of Sir Herbert Crofts, one of its members, received a similar insult. It seemed, Sir Herbert, coming up with others to hear the king's speech in the House of Lords, had the door shut upon him, and one Ryan Tashe, a yeoman of the guard, with that cool insolence which always distinguishes your Jack-in-office, insolently repulsed Sir Herbert, saying,—"Goodman Burgess, you come not here!" This was very properly resented as an affront to the whole house, and it might have proved vexatious had not one of the officers of state made up the matter; so the house was contented with making poor Tashe acknowledge his fault, and ask for pardon, and with compelling him on his knees at the bar to listen to a reprimand from the Speaker.

One morning, as usual, the house met, but the Speaker was not there. Mr. Speaker being no less a personage than Sir Edward Coke. The house was much alarmed, and very properly went to prayers. A message was then received from the Speaker, "that he was extremely pained in his stomach, insomuch that he could not without great peril go into the air, but that he trusted in God to attend them next day." All the members being very sorry for Mr. Speaker's illness, rested well satisfied, and so the house did rise, and every man departed away.

A young member of the name of Shephard—we know nothing more of the man—in a speech on a bill for the better observance of the Sabbath, says:—"Every one knoweth that *Dies Sabbati* is Saturday, so that you would forbid dancing on Saturday; but to forbid dancing on Sunday is in the face of the King's Book of Sports, and King David said, 'Let us praise God in a dance.' This being a point of divinity, let us leave it to divines; and since King David and King James both bid us dance, let us not make a statute against dancing. He that preferred this bill is a disturber of the peace and a puritan." Sir Edward Coke delivers a severe reply. The house becomes indignant, and poor Shephard on his knees hears, "that the house doth remove him from the service of this house, as being unworthy to be a member thereof."

Charles I. had not always his own way with the Commons. From the very first troubles threatened him. When the great Sir John Eliot offered a remonstrance concerning tonnage and poundage, the craven-hearted Speaker, Sir John Finch, durst not do his duty; "he was commanded otherwise by the king." To this Mr. Selden replied: "Mr. Speaker, if you will not put the question which we command you, we must sit still, and we shall never be able to do anything. We sit here by command from the king under the great seal; and as for you, you are by His Majesty, sitting in his royal chair before both houses, appointed our speaker, and do you now refuse to be our speaker?" The Speaker replied, "He had an express command from the king, as soon as he had delivered his message, to rise." Thereupon he rose and left the chair. But the house was not to be baulked in that way. Mr. Hollis, son to the Earl of Clare, Mr. Valentine, and other members, held him in his seat. Sir Thomas Edwards and other privy councillors endeavour to free the Speaker. Mr. Hollis swears with an old-fashioned oath, that the Speaker should sit there till it pleased them to rise. Then the Speaker with tears answered, "I will not say I will not, but I dare not." Business, however, still proceeds: that disposed of, the house rises. Meanwhile the royal ear hears of it. Great indignation is felt in the royal bosom thereat. A messenger is sent for the mace and the sergeant—which being away, at once a stop is put to the business of the house. Unfortunately the house detains the sergeant, and the key of the door is taken from him and given to a member to keep. Again the king sends the keeper of the black rod to dissolve the house; but hearing that would be useless, he sends for the captain of the pensioners and the guard to force the door. The house rises in time to prevent the king having resort to this extreme measure.

The troubles and agitations of that time extended to women as well as men. Under date of February 4th, we find a very singular petition was that day presented to the Commons from several gentlewomen and tradesmen's wives in the city. On the last day of sitting, these female zealots had been observed to crowd much about the door of the Commons. Sergeant-major Shippon, the commander of the guard, applied to the house to know what to do with them; they telling him that where there was one now, there would be five hundred the next day, and that it was as good for them to die here as at home. They were pacified but for a time, and on the day referred to came down in considerable force with their petition against "the idolatrous service of the Mass." Mrs. Anne Stagg, accompanied by many others of like rank and quality, present the petition. After some time spent in debating it, we read, Mr. Pym came to the Commons' door, and called

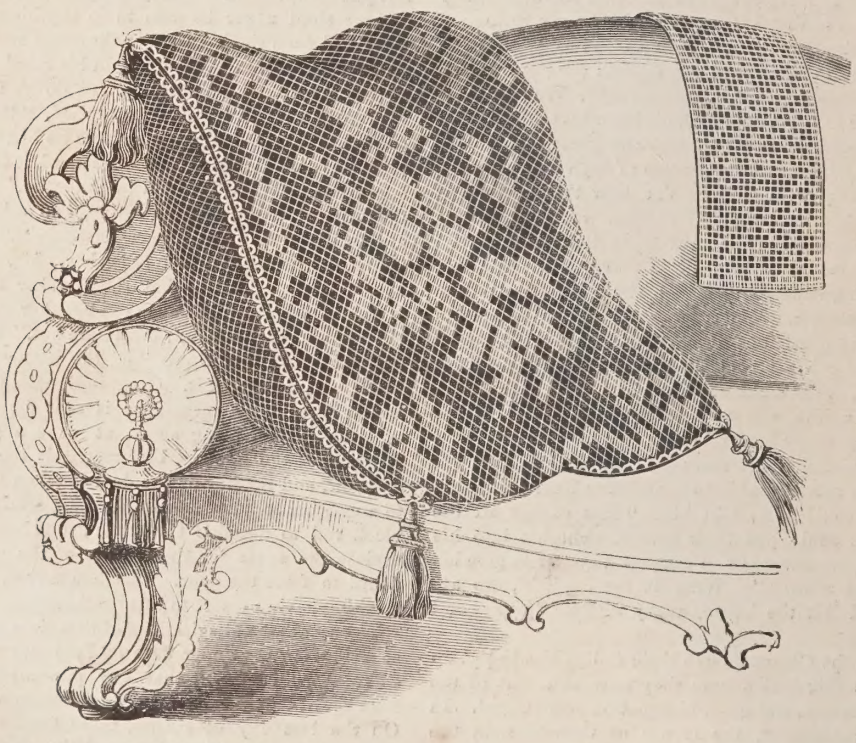
for the women and spake to them in these words: "Good women, your petition with the reasons hath been read in the house, and hath been thankfully accepted of, and is come in a seasonable time. You shall, God willing, receive from us all the satisfaction which we can possibly give to your just and lawful desires. We intreat you, therefore, to repair to your houses, and turn your petition which you have delivered here into prayers at home for us; for we have been, are, and shall be to our utmost power, ready to relieve your husbands and children; and to perform the trust committed unto us towards God, our king, and country, as becometh faithful Christians and loyal subjects." Most probably, this is the scene Butler alludes to,—

> "The oyster women locked their fish up
> And trudg'd away to cry no Bishop."

Alas, for female politicians! the fickle sex next year were quite of another mind, when they presented a petition for peace. Rushworth tells us, "that this petition was brought up by two or three thousand women, generally of the meanest sort, with white silk ribbons in their hats, and was by some of their number presented to the House of Commons, who received and read the same, and sent out Sir John Hippesley and two or three members more to return them an answer, 'that the house were in no ways enemies to peace, and that they did not doubt but in a short time to answer the ends of their petition, and desired them to return to their habitations.' But the women, not satisfied, remained thereabouts, and by noon were increased to five thousand at the least, and some of the rabble in women's clothes mixed themselves amongst them and instigated them to go to the Commons' door and cry 'Peace peace!' which they did accordingly, thrusting to the door of the house at the upper stair-head. The trained-band advised them to come down, and first pulled them, and afterwards to fright them shot powder; but they cried out, 'Nothing but powder!' and some of them in the yard, having brickbats threw them a-pace at the trained-band, who then shot bullets. Yet the women, not daunted, cried out the louder at the door of the House of Commons, 'Give us those traitors that are against peace, that we may tear them to pieces; give us that dog, Pym.'" The ladies having thus set a bad example to the 'prentice boys, Whitelake says, "that the apprentices and many other rude boys and mean fellows amongst them, came into the House of Commons with their hats on; kept the door open, and called out as they stood, 'Vote! vote!' in this arrogant manner till the vote had passed." These, however, were but little infringements of parliamentary privilege compared with that jocularly known as "Pride's Purge," when Colonel Pride, having surrounded the house with soldiers, "seized upon divers members of the Commons, some at the doors, others in the lobby, and on the stairs near the house, without any warrant or reason alleged but their sword and power, as they were going to discharge their duties."

OTTOMAN COVER.

IN SQUARE NETTING; THE PATTERN DIAMOND.



MATERIALS:—Brooks' Goat's-head Netting Cotton, Nos. 30 and 36; Embroidering, No. 40; Steel Mesh, No. 12, and Steel Netting Needle. For the upper side of the cushion use No. 36 Cotton, and commence with one stitch, and make one at the end of every row until you have 83 loops on your mesh; then decrease one at the end of every row until you have only one left; then fasten off; then darn it with Embroidering Cotton, No. 40, according to the engraving, always taking care that there are the same number of threads in every square, and that the threads all run the same way, making as few breaks in the cotton as possible; in fastening off, or beginning again, always let it be on the under side, that the ends may not be seen. Then, for the under side of the cushion, make another piece exactly similar to the other one in size, but with a thicker cotton, No. 30. The two pieces must then be joined together, and placed upon a cushion stuffed with wool and covered with a dark purple, crimson, or green velvet; the whole afterwards finished with a thick twisted cord in two colours, with massive tassels at the corners to match.

CROMWELL DISCOVERING THE LETTER OF CHARLES I. AT THE BLUE BOAR, HOLBORN.

The reader of history must be dull indeed if he do not learn, in the language of the poet, that

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

If we look back upon the history of England, we shall see how with reference to most of her rulers this might be said. It is true, only one king became insane—only one was driven to die an exile in a foreign land—only one lost his life at the scaffold; but even those to whom such terrible catastrophes did not occur, could, we doubt not, bear testimony to the fact, that grief and sorrow are to be met with in the palace of the king as well as in the hut of the peasant. Placed above their fellows, princes rarely hear the voice of truth; they are surrounded by needy parasites and dependent courtiers; the struggle for life, which is such a bracing exercise to others, they know nothing of. They have nothing to look forward to, nothing to hope for, higher than the position they have already obtained. If a crowned head has not real cares, it has imaginary ones. The only merry monarch we read of in our history was Charles II., and his was the merriment of the sensualist and the fool.

But the usurper—the man who works his way upwards to a throne—has greater troubles still. On every side he has foes. Every moment he expects to be dragged down from his high eminence. It is the necessity of his position that he must be suspicious—that he must have recourse to espionage—that he must be keen at plotting himself, and detecting the plots of others. In this respect there is a great resemblance between the great Cromwell and the great Napoleon.

The Blue Boar in Holborn is famed as the scene of one of Cromwell's clever exploits in this character. In Morrice's "Life of Lord Orrery" we have the account as it came from Cromwell's lips. Morrice writes:—

"One time, when Lord Boyhil, and Cromwell, and Ireton were riding together, they fell into discourse about the late king's death. Cromwell declared, that if the king had followed his own mind, and had had trusty servants about him, he had fooled them all. And further said, that once they had a mind to have closed with him; but upon something that happened, they fell off from their design again. My lord, finding Cromwell and Ireton in good humour, and no other person being within hearing, asked them if he might be so bold as to desire an account, first, why they once would have closed with the king; and secondly, why they did not? Cromwell very freely told him he would satisfy him in both inquiries. 'The reason,' says he, 'why we would once have closed with the king was this—we found that the Scots and the Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we, and if they had made up matters with the king, we should have been left in the lurch. Therefore, we thought it best to prevent them by offering first to come in upon any reasonable conditions. But while we were busy with these thoughts, there came a letter from one of our spies, who was of the king's bed-chamber, which acquainted us that on that day our doom was decreed; that he could not possibly tell what it was, but that we might find it out if we could intercept a letter from the king to the queen, wherein he declared what he would do. This letter, he said, was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle on his head, about ten o'clock that night, to the Blue Boar in Holborn; for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We were at Windsor when we received the letter, and immediately upon the receipt of it, Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits to go to the inn in Holborn; which, accordingly, we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when a person came there with a saddle, while we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock. The sentinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately rose, and as the man was leading out his horse, saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him we were to search there all that went in and out there; and as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismiss him. Upon that, we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman with our sentinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As soon as we had the letter, we opened it, in which we found the king had acquainted the queen that he was now courted by both factions—the Scotch Presbyterians and the army, and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots sooner than the other, etc. Upon this,' added Cromwell, 'we took horse, and went to Windsor; and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the king, we immediately, from that time forth, resolved his ruin.'"

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was the third day after that upon which Bianca Morosini fell ill. In a room of a mean house in the quarter of San Barnabo a young man lay upon a pallet. An old woman, in the attire of the poorest of the people, sat beside him and watched him as he slept. At length the sleeper awoke and opened his eyes.

"What hour is it, good mother?"

"It is just sunset, signore. The Ave Maria is ringing."

"Ah, then I have slept many hours, and feel much refreshed."

"The saints be praised!" said the old woman, "the medicaner said that the fever was gone, and that when you woke all danger would be over. Ah, Signor Giulio, he says you had a narrow escape; had the wound been an inch deeper it would have been mortal. Do you know the villain who struck you?"

"I know nothing, good Giovanna, except that, as I left my gondola, after coming from Mestre, and had just past the church of San Barnabo, a man in a mask and cloak sprang on me suddenly from the shadow of the portico, and struck me in the back with a dagger. I fell down, and remember nothing further till I found myself lying here."

"Ah, yes, signore, you swooned; and, as God willed, my Antonio was just then returning from the canal, and seeing you lying bleeding, he raised you and brought you in here, as it was nigh at hand; and then, when he found who you were, he went for the skilfullest chirurgeon in Venice."

"I owe him much, and thee, too, good mother. But tell me now, what news from the palazzo? Hast thou been there?"

"Yes, signore; but I could see no one—the mark was on the house."

"In the name of heaven explain yourself," cried Giulio Polani. "What mark dost thou talk of?"

"Ah, signore, the mark placed by order of the Signori alla Sanità. The plague is there. It has been in the city these three days."

"I must arise, good mother," said Giulio, when the first shock of the intelligence was passed.

The old woman remonstrated as far as she dared, but her guest was not to be controlled.

"I tell thee, I feel strong enough to rise and go out—the air will serve me; besides, were it otherwise, the uncertainty and suspense is intolerable. I must know the worst. Thou canst not tell me who is seized with the distemper?"

"No, truly, signore; neither I nor Antonio could learn. But since you insist on rising, I beseech you to wait till I fetch my son to attend upon you; I shall not be long away."

No sooner had the old woman gone to seek the boatman than Giulio arose from his bed. He was still weak from loss of blood, and the stiffness of his wound impeded him; however, he contrived to put on his clothes, and taking advantage of the absence of Giovanna, he left the house. The cool evening air revived him, and he made his way slowly along the narrow streets, pondering sadly upon the fatality that had fallen upon himself and his house. In the bitterness of his heart he believed that Providence had intervened specially to crush him. The unfortunate stroke that prevented him reaching home on the evening of his interview with Jacques, was, he felt certain, dealt by no robber's hand; for neither his purse nor the bills had been taken; nor could he think of any one whose enmity he had incurred, who would have him set on by a bravo; he, therefore, came to the conclusion that the ruffian had mistaken him for some other person. Then he bewailed the precious time that was lost while he lay in the delirium of fever. What might not have occurred in the interval? Might not Bianca, when she found he did not return, have yielded to the importunities of his father and accepted the suitor thrust upon her? His heart quickly rejected the thought, as one unworthy of her who had plighted to him her faith. What! if it were she that was seized with the plague—perhaps even now dying or dead! The thought was maddening and made him sick and faint, so that he was forced to pause a moment and lean against a doorway for support. Twilight by this time had nearly faded into night, and as he looked up, a light glimmering in the window of a house on the opposite side of the *calle* attracted his attention, and in the dim evening light he was enabled to decipher, inscribed in large letters upon a board:

"*Qui si puo consultare un' Astrologico famoso: il piano secondo.*"

It is a well-known historical fact that, during the prevalence the plague, the popular terror took the direction of superstition. This terrible disease was looked upon as a direct manifestation of the Divine displeasure, and whoever professed to be able to discover the secret councils of God, as manifested by the appearance of the stars or the influences or conjunctions of the planets, was sure to be consulted by the people. If this were so in our own land, at a much later period of the world, it is not to be wondered that in Venice, in the fourteenth century, the astrologer and fortune-teller drove a thriving trade. Giulio's eye rested on the inscription, while those harassing doubts were rising in his mind, and the words seemed to address him directly, and invite him to seek a solution of them by learning the hidden designs of Fate. He crossed the street, ascended the stairs to the second story and knocked at the door. It was opened by a stunted-looking Moorish boy, who, without speaking, held out his hand for the accustomed consulting fee, and then ushered Giulio into the apartment of the astrologer.

It was a square room, dimly lighted by an iron lamp that was suspended from the centre of the ceiling by a triple chain of the same metal; a blue inconstant flame glimmered from the vessel, emitting a strong sulphurous smell, and causing all the objects in the room to flicker, and, as it seemed, to move to and fro. Stuffed reptiles and animals of the most unsightly form hung from the ceiling—bats, toads, frogs, and serpents—and cast their distorted shadows athwart the walls and the floor, where, as the light leaped fitfully up and down, they seemed to crawl and hop and writhe in convulsive motion. The walls were hung with horoscopes, ephemerises, zodaical signs, and tables of dignities of planets, and other astrological diagrams. A table, covered with black cloth, stood nearly in the centre of the room, the light of the lamp fell obliquely upon it and played in the eyeless sockets of a human scull, beside which sat a large vulture. On the middle of the table, a little to one side, stood a mysterious instrument; the pedestal was flat and circular, about two inches thick, formed of a composition termed by theurgists, *electrum magicum*, and was inscribed with the holy name ELOHIM in Hebrew characters; from this sprang a pillar, which supported a large oval crystal, set in a frame-work of gold, around which was written in Greek the name of the Supreme Majesty, TETRAGRAMMATON; four smaller crystals were set at equal distances around the larger one, indicating the animal, vegetable, mineral, and astral kingdoms; while from the top rose a fifth, representing the great Δ or equilateral triangle—the mystic symbol of divinity. At the other side was a large bell, made likewise of electrum magicum, having written upon its outer surface the word TETRAGRAMMATON, and higher up SADAI; behind and between these two strange objects appeared the astrologer himself. He was clothed in a flowing robe of black silk, trimmed down the front and at the edges with flame-coloured velvet; his head was covered with a high cylindrical black cap, and he held a white wand in his hand; the base of the lamp was so placed, whether by design or accident, as to throw his face into shadow. Giulio had ample time to observe all these things as he stood before the astrologer, who seemed buried in such profound contemplation of a paper before him, as not to be sensible of the entrance of a stranger. At length he raised his head and beheld his visitor. He betrayed no surprise whatever, but said in a low, solemn voice—

"Signor Giulio Polani, thou art welcome—I have expected thee."

The young man started with astonishment to find himself recognised by one to whom he believed himself a total stranger.

"How is it that you know me?" he asked. "We have surely never met before to-night."

"To the eye of science," replied the astrologer, "all things are revealed. He who can decipher the characters of the inner life, can easily read the external inscription. Thou comest to consult me. Of thyself or of others?"

"I would seek to know the fate of another than myself."

"Canst thou declare to me the year and day, and if possible the hour, of her nativity?"

"*Her*," cried Giulio in surprise; "I said not it was a woman!"

"True, thou didst not, nevertheless it is so. Canst thou tell me what I require?"

"I can," said Giulio, and he named the year. "I know, too, the very day and hour; for I have often heard her say that she was born at the moment that the bells of Saint Mark rang in the new year."

"'Tis well," replied the astrologer; "I will now calculate for thee her horoscope."

Thereupon he took a paper upon which was a diagram of that peculiar figure which is known to the adept of the occult sciences as a horoscope. First there was a square, within which was inscribed another similar figure, so that the angles of the latter touched the centre of the sides of the former, within this was again drawn another square whose sides were parallel to the external one, and from its angles lines were drawn to the angles of the outer square. By this means twelve triangles were formed in the space between the inner and outer squares, and were denominated the twelve houses. The astrologer then took an *ephemeris*, in which he ascertained the position and conjunctions of the heavenly bodies at the time indicated in the nativity of the person whose fortune he was about to predict, and these he noted carefully upon the horoscope. In the same way he consulted "the table of dignities," and noted the results of his calculations as he had done those of the ephemeris. As he thus proceeded, he muttered to himself many strange words, amongst which a portion were now and then vaguely intelligible to his visitor.

"Ha! the moon is Hyleg, and she is receding from the sun—see, she is under his beams too.—Ah, she will be short-lived of a verity."

Then he was silent for a space, still busily calculating: again he spoke slowly—

"She is sick—a sore sickness. The moon is corrupt—afflicted of Saturn in the three first degrees of Scorpio—Death! Death!"

By this time the suspense and agony of Giulio were intolerable; he groaned aloud. The astrologer's calculations were complete; he looked up and spoke in a solemn voice, in which there was somewhat of sorrow and pity blended—

"Young man, we are the ministers and the interpreters of nature; not her lords. We cannot control the stars; we but declare in speech the knowledge which day and night they utter in their mysterious language. I have calculated the horoscope according to the nativity thou hast given me. Listen whilst I announce it. A maiden was born at that moment when the planetary influences were inauspicious—even now she is weighed down by a fatal malady. In vain do the stars in the ascendant houses strive to overcome the power of those in the cadent. The signs in the twelfth house betoken tribulation; in the eighth there is death!—aye, even now the hand of death is upon her. She enters the fourth house—the end of all. Before the morrow's sun she shall be a corpse!"

Giulio staggered forwards; a faintness as of death came upon him, and he would have fallen to the ground, but that the astrologer arose and caught him in his arms. Pouring forth from a phial a few drops of a volatile fluid into a glass of water, the astrologer forced it into the mouth of the fainting man. The pungent elixir caught his breath, giving a sensation of choking; but it speedily restored him. At this moment the light of the lamp fell directly on the face of the astrologer as he bent over his visitor, and Giulio recognised with a shudder the glittering eye and scarred forehead of Bartolomeo Venturini!

The young man found himself, he scarce knew how, once more in the street before the house of the astrologer. He felt a terrible composure, as if of despair. "It is in vain," he muttered, "to struggle against destiny. Come, I will play the play out to the end—I will be near her when she dies—I will die with her if it may be so." He moved onwards with such speed as he could exert through the dark vacant streets till he reached the cortile at the rear of the Palazzo Polani. Just then the postern door was opened, and one came forth carrying a torch, followed by two others who bore a litter, upon which lay a figure covered over with a white linen cloth.

"Be quick," said he who held the torch, "I hear the bell ringing at the bridge—we shall scarcely be in time."

Uttering a wild cry, Giulio sprang forward to cast himself upon the bier, when the strong arm of the torch-bearer held him back, exclaiming—

"Are you mad, good fellow, or weary of your life? She has just died of the plague. Oh, Cielo!" he added, as the light of the flambeau showed the features of him he addressed, "it is our young master Giulio!"

At the time when Giulio Polani fell into the arms of the servant outside the palazzo, within it were silence, and gloom, and sorrow; for the shadow of death still hung over it, nor departed with the corpse just borne away. One now stept noiselessly through the gloomy hall, and up the wide marble staircase, and along the corridor. He was dressed in the Greek costume, and wore on his head a close-fitting black skull-cap, beneath which fell down a profusion of hair white as silver, while a long beard of the same colour hung down upon his breast. As he moved along, he sighed and said musingly:

"Alas! Death is a blind mower; the green and unripe fall beneath his sickle even as the ripe and the withered—the young maiden equally with the old man. Ah! that he may be satisfied with this one poor victim, and spare these others who are now in his grasp."

As he concluded his soliloquy, he reached the door of a chamber, and gently opening it, he entered. The light of a shaded lamp disclosed an old woman watching near a bed, which lay in the shadow. The man went up to the couch, and bending down his head, listened in silence; then turning to the woman, he said:

"This sleep is calm and refreshing; the breathing is natural and easy: how long has it lasted, Mistress Giudetta?"

"Since I gave the draught, Ser Demetrius; I think it must be near half an hour."

"'Tis well. Hold hither the lamp. Ah, yes, the face is losing the haggard look, the redness about the eyelids is abated. Let me feel the pulse. So—no flutter—no sharpness—tranquil and regular; and the skin is no longer dry, but a warm moisture is breaking out through the pores. Good, good!"

"The Virgin be praised!" said Giudetta; "then we may have hope?"

"Assuredly we may hope; the vital functions are rallying. The event is, however, in the hands of God. If thy patient should wake before I return, thou wilt administer this aromatic potion. And now I must attend elsewhere."

The mediciner was leaving the room, when the old woman said to him entreatingly:

"Ah, good Messer Demetrius, I wish heartily that your worship would give me one of those wonderful and blessed amulets, which keep off this deadly disease. I remember in the great plague, when I was a little girl, people always wore such about them. Doubtless so learned a man as you must know how to compose many such."

"Of a verity I do," replied the physician, "and I am not unwilling to comply with thy request. This pestilence is one of the arrows of God wherewith he slays man for his sins, as saith the erudite Claudius Galenus, 'Pestis est flagellum et sagitta Dei, ob peccata hominibus immissa.' Wherefore it is lawful for us to use such things as a shield; nevertheless, we must by no means pretermit the use of medicaments and therapeutics, which are as weapons wherewith to assail and drive away the foe."

"Your worship no doubt speaks wisely and learnedly," said Giudetta, her reverence being in exact proportion to her ignorance of what the physician somewhat pedantically enunciated. The latter thereupon took from his pouch a piece of parchment, whereon he inscribed several letters, between which at various intervals he drew the sign of the cross, and then handed it to Giudetta, saying:

"This amulet is of a most holy significancy, and of marvellous virtue against the plague. It was composed by a certain Greek archbishop, and by him was given to the learned Hieronymus Bardius, doctor in theology and medicine, of whom I had it. Wear it constantly round thy neck, put thy confidence in God's mercy, and have a cheerful spirit."

Giudetta took with profound reverence the sacred talisman, and the physician departed.

AMATEUR ARTISTS.

Sovereigns and other eminent personages have not unfrequently been glad to seek relief from the pressure of weightier affairs in the cultivation of art. A long list of distinguished names might be drawn up to which this remark is applicable. The royal family of France has been peculiarly rich in such names. It is with great probability supposed that Charlemagne—the founder of the Germanic empire, and the head of the Carlovingian dynasty of French sovereigns—spent some of his leisure hours in the illumination of missals. Among other members of this family who have occupied themselves in such pursuits, may be mentioned the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV.; one of the Dukes of Burgundy, who, about the years 1694 and 1698, executed several engravings from the works of distinguished artists; Louis Charles of Bourbon,

DRAWING WITH A PEN BY LOUIS XV. WHEN A CHILD.

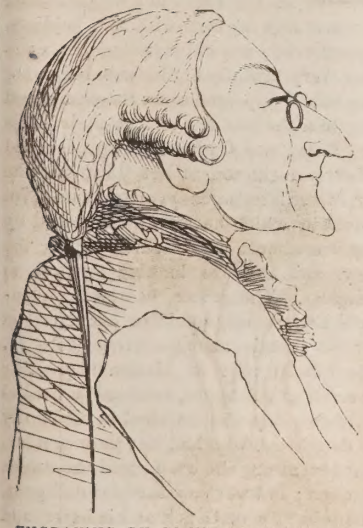
FAC-SIMILE OF AN ETCHING BY LOUIS XVI.

ETCHING OF A LANDSCAPE BY DUKE DE CHARTRES (PHILIPPE EGALITE).

Count d'Eu, who also engraved with much skill; Louis Henry of Bourbon, whose drawing was of a superior order; Louis of Bourbon, and the Count of Clermont, who produced an excellent engraving of a landscape in the style of Coypel. The passion of the good King Rene of Anjou for the fine arts is well known—an unfortunate passion, which withdrew him too much from a due attention to the affairs of state, and at the same time was not crowned with any great success, if we may judge from the specimens he has left of his artistic skill. Mary de Medicis also deserves to be mentioned for her bold wood-engraving of the bust of a distinguished woman who lived in the middle ages.

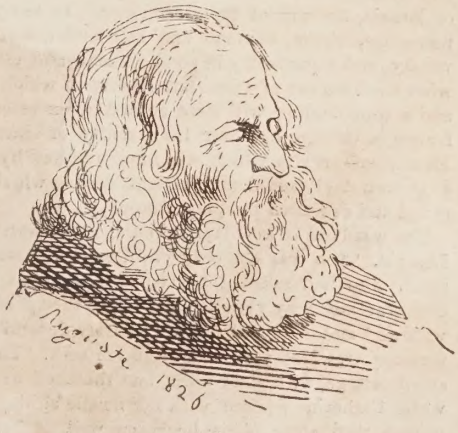
The collection of drawings and engravings by amateurs in the print department of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris, includes a vast store of curiosities, to some of which we venture to call the reader's attention. In the portfolio of the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., there is a view of the Escurial Palace at Madrid, where his mother, Maria Theresa, and his grandmother, Ann of Austria, were brought up, and where his son, the Duke of Anjou, afterwards reigned. Upon a leaf are five sketches traced with a pen by Louis XV. when a child, four drawings of little houses, and the two dogs, of which we give a *fac-simile* (p. 356). In the King's Library there is a collection of pen-sketches by various princes of the royal family, from Francis I. downwards. Among these are some by Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles I.); the Count de

A LANDSCAPE BY THE BARONESS OF HERLAC.



ENGRAVING BY COUNT HESSENSTEIN.

DRAWING BY THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.



DRAWING BY EUGENE NAPOLEON OF LEUCHTENBERG.

Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.); and the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI.). We have reproduced a well-executed etching (p. 356) of a *fleur-de-lis* garland, with a symbolical trophy of a cock, arms, and objects of art, by the last of these princes.

The landscape by the Duke de Chartres, which forms our third illustration (p. 356), is the production of a genuine artist. This Duke de Chartres could be no other than Louis Philippe Egalité, so familiar to those who have read of the first French revolution; for on a leaf of the portfolio containing his engravings it is stated that he was born in 1747. Besides the natural taste for art which distinguished his family, he had a good master in L. C. de Carmontelle, who was an agreeable and faithful attendant, and after whom he engraved a small plate called "The Manœuvre of St. Cloud," in the year 1764. His six landscape etchings are really masterly productions.

It is not easy to determine the origin of the charming landscape by the Baroness of Herlac, as she is termed in the manuscript (p. 357). It is by some thought to have been etched in 1756, from a drawing by Leprince, whose name appears on the margin of the plate. The pointed, lean, and slender figure (p. 357), like that of a gentleman-usher or a bailiff, was engraved some years later by Count Hessenstein, from an original design by M. de Hamilton, who intended this to be accompanied by a huge, fat, thick personage, with immense paunch and perruque.

Our readers will naturally feel more interest in the next illustration (p. 357), which is a drawing by the Princess Charlotte, whose premature and melancholy death threw such a gloom over the nation, no less on account of the singular private virtues which endeared her to the country, than the interest attaching to her position as heir-apparent to the throne. Eugene de Beauharnais, the former viceroy of Italy, who enjoyed equal popularity, was the father of the amateur artist who drew the last figure on the preceding page. The son, Eugene Napoleon, of Leuchtenberg, who was a cousin of the present Emperor of the French, married the late Queen of Portugal, whom he left a widow. There is a series of seven small etchings by him, the first of which is represented in our engraving.

THE EARLY LIFE OF CATHERINE THE GREAT.

THERE never was a greater contrast presented in the life of any woman than that which appears in the life of Catherine of Russia, the wife of the great Peter. In her youth we find innocence, virtue, courage and self-denial, fortitude in adversity, and equanimity in good fortune and elevation. But what shall we say of those latter years in which great talents and a commanding will were sullied by excesses such as no female sovereign has ever been guilty of since the days of Messalina—cruelty which was never relieved by remorse, and a thousand shameful and violent deeds, which utterly unsexed and degraded the perpetrator?

She was born in a village near the little town of Dorpal, in Livonia. She was the only child of her parents, poor peasants, who had nothing to bequeath her but their virtues. She was still very young when her father died, leaving her widowed and decrepid mother entirely dependent upon her for support. Nobly did she fulfil her task. They lived in a small cottage with mud walls, and thatched with straw; and while Catherine worked with her needle all day long, the old woman read some pious book, as well as her feeble sight would allow; and when night fell, too poor or too frugal to light a candle, they sat round their fire talking, and were content and happy.

Catherine excited great admiration in her neighbourhood. She was tall, her figure was symmetrical, her skin was white as driven snow, and her face was "the fairest that e'er the sun shone on." She walked to perfection;—the coquetry, and withal the grace and stateliness of her pace, were the envy of the village maidens, who all endeavoured to imitate her. But there were some things in which it was not easy to imitate her. She evidently set very little value upon bodily charms as compared with mental acquirements. Her mother had taught her to read; the old Lutheran minister of the parish had instructed her in the truths of religion; and to these advantages she added quick observation, sound judgment, and a strong but well trained imagination. She got many offers of marriage from peasants in the neighbourhood, but declined them all, declaring she could not leave her mother. But the latter died when she was but sixteen, and she then gave up the cottage, and sought an asylum in the house of the minister, as governess of his children. So great was her vivacity, her amiability, and her prudence, that he came to love her as his own daughter, and employed masters to teach her music and dancing, and every other accomplishment that could add to her charms. These were the happiest days of Catherine's life. A pure and simple heart beat within her breast; she was budding into womanhood, and surrounded by every fascinating grace. The time passed along pleasantly, teaching the children their lessons, talking with the good pastor, reading, singing, dancing, gardening. Oh, what a pleasant vision to the maiden's fancy was the great future and the great world which lay outside the walls of the parson's modest dwelling!

But "fine times," says the proverb, "do not last always." The minister died, his household was broken up, and Catherine once more found herself cast alone upon the world. But not helpless. She was a brave girl, and was nothing daunted, though Livonia was at that time utterly desolated by the war which was raging between the Swedes and Russians with frightful fury. Lawless marauders and brutal soldiers crowded every highway, and spread terror and confusion through every dwelling. Food was every day becoming scarcer, and Catherine made up her mind to go to Marienburg, a large town, where she hoped to find plenty and employment. Marienburg, be it remembered, was some days' journey distant; the way lay through a dreary, desolate country, and the hostile forces were ravaging it in every direction. Fancy what a stout heart she must have had then, when she set out on her journey on foot, her wardrobe tied up in a bundle, a small sum of money in her pocket, and without knowing a soul in the town to which she was going. And yet this she did. One evening towards sunset, just as she was about to seek lodging for the night in a neighbouring farmhouse, she found herself face to face with two soldiers, who seized her, and commenced, notwithstanding her cries and entreaties, using her very brutally. She was becoming exhausted, when a young officer appeared upon the scene, and immediately upon seeing him the soldiers took to their heels and made their escape. What was Catherine's surprise and delight to find in her deliverer the son of her old friend the Lutheran minister. Never was meeting more opportune. Not to mention the predicament in which he found her placed by the soldiers, her money was almost expended in paying the expenses of her journey, and she was looking forward to entering the town penniless. The officer, however, replenished her purse, procured her a horse, and gave her letters of introduction to some of his friends, amongst others to a M. Gluck, who held some official post in Marienburg. She accordingly presented herself at his house, received a cordial welcome, and on the following day was installed in his family as governess of his two daughters, who had lost their mother. Though she was still but seventeen, she discharged the duties of her new office to perfection; and was so graceful, intelligent, and captivating, that she robbed poor Gluck of his heart, and he begged of her to take his hand as well. What was the surprise of the dignitary when she refused him! aye, and refused him with the dignity of a queen,—refused him as she had refused the peasants of Dorpat two years previously,—she, the orphan and outcast, who had so lately come to his door, way-worn and desolate!

Probably, our readers now think that Catherine already heard the whisperings of ambition, and that she had a secret presentiment of the great elevation that awaited her. Nothing of the kind. Let us do her justice; she refused to marry

M. Gluck for a reason that all ladies will appreciate and approve—because she loved another, and that other neither king nor emperor, but a poor subaltern officer, without fortune or influence, with but one arm, and hacked and shattered from head to foot with bayonet and ball, the son of her old benefactor, the same who had succoured and delivered her when desolate and sore afraid. Ah! Catherine was still a woman, brave, single, and true.

She immediately left M. Gluck's house, and when the officer returned to Marienburg, somehow or other they came to know that each loved the other, and they agreed to get married. Their nuptials were celebrated with a great deal of simple rejoicing, but on that very evening the town was attacked by the Russians, and the bridegroom left the altar to rush to the battery.

He never returned. Whether killed or captured, Catherine never knew; but she never saw him more, and thus found herself a widow and a bride within twelve short hours. She watched that night in sorrow and anxiety, and the morrow came, and another and another, and the siege raged with undiminished fury, till at last the town was carried by assault, and the Russian hordes spared neither age nor sex. When the slaughter was over, Catherine was found hidden in an oven. In the division of the booty, she was allotted to a soldier as a slave. She had lost her property, her husband, and all her friends, and now at last had lost her liberty. But even this new misfortune did not subdue her. She was still cheerful, pious, and resigned, and her lofty and calm dignity awed the brutal men who surrounded her into gentleness and humanity. The fame of her beauty reached the ears of the Russian general, Prince Menschikoff. He saw her, purchased her, and placed her in his household under the care of his sister. Here she grew in beauty, both of feature and character, as she grew in years. She was a favourite with everybody. Shortly afterwards the Czar, Peter the Great, visited the prince at his house. Catherine was ordered to hand round some fruit, and her appearance astonished the emperor. He went away thoughtful, and returning on the morrow, asked to see her. He heard the simple story of her life with deep interest, was captivated by her charms and her heroism, and married her. The Livonian peasant girl was now on the throne of a great empire.

THE HON. FRANCIS HINCKS,

PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA.

This gentleman, to whose enlightened mind and patriotic spirit Canada is so deeply indebted, is the fifth and youngest son of Dr. Hincks, of the family of Hincks, of Breckenbrough, in Yorkshire, which traces its origin to William Hincks, an alderman of Chester, in 1641. Dr. Hincks, who settled in Cork in 1791, was an active member of the various benevolent societies in that city. He was minister of the Princes-street Presbyterian Congregation, and secretary of the Cork Institution; and was also distinguished for his success in the instruction of youth, several educational works that he published having had a large circulation, and many of his pupils having risen to eminence in their respective professions. In addition to the ordinary branches of school education, he gave lectures on natural philosophy, chemistry, and natural history, which were open to others as well as his immediate pupils, and which led to the establishment of the Cork Institution, of which he may be regarded as the founder. In January, 1815, he removed to Fermoy, in consequence of obtaining the mastership of the classical school there, founded by John Anderson, Esq.; and in July, 1821, to Belfast, having been elected head classical master and professor of Hebrew in the Royal Institution of that city.

Edward, the eldest son of Dr. Hincks, obtained a fellowship in Trinity College, Dublin, in 1813, and is now rector of Killyleagh, a college living, which was formerly of considerable value. He is the author of several papers in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, on subjects connected with Egyptian, Persian, and Assyrian archæology. In the two latter his discoveries have attracted much attention, in connexion with those of Colonel Rawlinson, the same results having, in several instances, been obtained almost simultaneously, by the one at Killyleagh, and by the other at Bagdad. He was the first to determine the forms and values of the Assyrian numerals, from an examination of ancient inscriptions at Van, an account of which was published in the Journal of the Asiatic Society.

The second son, William, is distinguished as a naturalist; he was the first professor of natural history in Queen's College, Cork, and has lately obtained a similar appointment in Toronto, Upper Canada. The third son, Thomas, has been curate of Belfast, and is the prebendary of Cairne Castle; he has the character of being one of the most active and efficient clergymen of the established church in Ireland.

Francis, the subject of the present notice, commenced his education under his father, at Fermoy, and continued it in the classical and mathematical school of the Belfast Institution, then presided over by Dr. James Thomson, afterwards professor of mathematics in the University of Glasgow. In the month of November, 1822, he entered the collegiate department of the institution, and attended the Logic and Belles Lettres, and the Greek and Latin classes during the winter session. But in May, 1823, he expressed a desire to be a merchant, and it was finally arranged that he should be articled for five years to the house of John Martin and Co., previously to which, however, he had three or four months' initiation into business habits in the office of his father's friend, Samuel Bruce, Esq., notary public and agent. The period for which he was articled terminated in October, 1828, but he continued with the firm until the beginning of 1830, when he sailed to the West Indies as supercargo of one of Messrs. Martin and Co.'s vessels. He visited Jamaica, Barbadoes, Trinidad, and Demerara, but not meeting with an inducement to settle in any of these colonies, he agreed to accompany a Canadian gentleman, whom he met at Barbadoes, to Canada, and proceeded to Montreal and Toronto, his object being to ascertain the nature of Canadian commerce and business. Having gleaned the information he desired, he returned to Belfast in 1831. In the following summer, having determined to settle in Canada, he married the second daughter of Alexander Stewart, Esq., linen merchant of Belfast; and soon after sailed to New York, and proceeded to Toronto, where he became the tenant of a house and store belonging to and adjoining the office and residence of Mr. Baldwin, who had emigrated from Cork several years previously. From him Mr. and Mrs. Hincks and their youthful family received attentions and services, of which Mr. Hincks often speaks with grateful recollection. He soon obtained a high reputation for knowledge of business, and when Mr. Mackenzie attacked Mr. Merritt and others, respecting the Welland canal, and obtained a parliamentary investigation, he was chosen, with another merchant, to examine the accounts. He was also appointed secretary to a Mutual Insurance Company, and cashier to a new Banking Company.

On the appointment of Lord Durham to the government of Canada, Mr. Hincks commenced the *Examiner* newspaper, in the editorship of which he displayed such remarkable vigour and talent that he was invited to become a candidate for the representation of the county of Oxford in the first parliament held after the union of the Upper and Lower provinces. The election was held in March, 1841, when Mr. Hincks was returned by a majority of thirty-one over his opponent, a gentleman named Carroll. Shortly after his election, he was appointed by Sir Charles Bagot, Inspector-General of Finances, and was obliged in consequence to vacate his seat, and

return for re-election. He was opposed by John Armstrong, Esq., who abandoned the contest at noon on the third day, Mr. Hincks having a majority of 218. When Lord Metcalfe dissolved the Canadian parliament in 1844, Mr. Hincks was defeated, his opponents being Robert Riddell, Esq., who was returned by a majority of twenty over Mr. Hincks, and the Hon. Thomas Parke, who did not go to the poll. In 1848, however, he was again elected by the large majority of 335 over his old opponent, Mr. Carroll. Having for the second time accepted the office of Inspector-General of Finances, under the administration of his first friend in Canada, he was re-elected without opposition.

Upon the reconstruction of the ministry, consequent on the retirement of Mr. Baldwin, owing to his impaired health, Mr. Hincks was, through the strong expression

THE HON. FRANCIS HINCKS.

of public opinion, named prime-minister by the Governor-General; and he has since continued to fill that post with distinguished honour, and with the confidence and respect of all the good men of every political denomination in Canada. Nor is this a higher meed than he deserves; for it is mainly to his financial ability, his enlarged views as a politician, his great practical knowledge of what is conducive to the material interests of Canada, and his tact and experience as a parliamentary debater, that the province occupies its present position, and has before it the brilliant prospects that are constantly opening up.

When Mr. Hincks visited England in 1852, he had the honour of being presented to the Queen, who received him with much courtesy.

On his return to Canada, he was elected to represent the county of Oxford for the fifth time, by a majority of seventy-nine over his opponent, John G. Vansittart, Esq. Mr. Shenston, clerk and census commissioner of the county of Oxford, has, in his "Oxford Gazetteer," borne powerful testimony to the value of Mr. Hincks's patriotic and praiseworthy exertions. In dedicating his useful work to that gentleman, he says:—"I find that the first municipal act, giving to the people great powers; the amendment of it, whereby these powers were greatly increased; the establishment of township councils; the new election law, whereby a poll is opened in each township; the amendment to the election act, whereby sheriffs are *ex-officio* returning officers, and township clerks *ex-officio* deputy returning officers; the division court act, the new assessment act, the new jury act, the new post-office act, and cheap postage, all of them date their existence from the time of your first election to represent this county, and in all of them your masterly hand is unmistakeably discerned. In addition to these inestimable and invaluable blessings, enjoyed, in common with us of this county, by the whole province, I may add that, although the Great Western Railroad and the London and Hamilton Plank and Gravel Road had long been in contemplation, and repeated unsuccessful attempts had been made to forward them before your election, it required your information, energy, and perseverance to complete the one, and place the other in its present prosperous and promising condition." It was he, too, who first appreciated the necessity of a great system of railways throughout the province; and it is to him that the credit of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, in its present extended proportions, is due. Happy, indeed, would every colony of Britain be, if its councils were directed by a minister as patriotic and as enlightened as Francis Hincks!

A VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH.

AFTER an interval of about forty years, Portsmouth has again become a place of peculiar interest, and the scene of great activity. In this vast naval arsenal may be seen at the moment in which we write no fewer than seventeen first-rate line-of-battle ships, with about as many frigates and steamers, all in commission and ready to proceed to sea at a few hours' notice; not to mention the very many ships laid up in ordinary in the harbour, which could also be got ready for sea in an incredibly short space of time. This fortified town is surrounded on every side by bastions, batteries, ravelins, redoubts, and other dreadful-looking preparations for battle and slaughter, of which, in our peaceable nature, we confess ourselves in happy ignorance, even of their names. It is also a place interesting in the highest degree to the archæologist, from the antiquity of these fortications, which Leland, in his "Itinerary," informs us were "began in the time of Edward IV., and set forward in building them by Richard III.; and Henry VII. ended them, at the procuration of the Bishop of Winchester." It is interesting to the tourist from the very singularity of the town itself, no less than from its being the port from which he can most conveniently embark for one of the most beautiful spots in England—the Isle of Wight—distant only about four miles from Portsmouth; interesting also to the man of science, from the manufactures carried on there, some of which we are about to describe. Let not the reader, however, fancy from what we have just said about its manufactures, that Portsmouth in any way resembles Manchester, that great emporium of peaceful calico and utilitarian cotton prints. Nor is it in the least like Birmingham, where the more sanguinary cutlasses and death-dealing Minié-rifles are constructed. Portsmouth exports no staple products like the steel of Sheffield or the ribbons of Coventry. The manufactures of which we have spoken are confined to two great establishments, both of which belong exclusively to, and produce articles exclusively for, the use of the Royal Navy. These two establishments, however—the Dock Yard and the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard—exhibit features of such interest, and we doubt not to many of our readers novelty, that we feel convinced that a few remarks descriptive of them will not be unacceptable.

But first for the town itself. The one great feature that must of necessity first strike the notice of every visitor to Portsmouth, is the series of fortifications which surround it. Now, as we have said before, we are thoroughly unacquainted with all relating to warlike matters. Still, to attempt a description of Portsmouth without including these, would be to realise the often-quoted, but we suspect fabulous, story of the country theatre playing Hamlet with the character of the Prince omitted. And, perhaps, after all, this very ignorance may be somewhat in our favour. Writing as we do to convey our own impressions of the place to our readers, most of whom, we presume, know as little and wish to know as little of the art of war as we ourselves do; we are not at all sure that these impressions made on us by Portsmouth will not be as acceptable as if a brigadier-general (whatever that may be), fresh from the barracks, were to sit down and describe at length the height, advantages, capabilities, and situation of every single bastion, battery, ravelin, redoubt, etc., as aforesaid.

PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

Of the antiquity of these fortifications we have already spoken. Queen Elizabeth, we are told, greatly increased and extended them, "and fortified it (the town of Portsmouth) so stronglee," says the contemporary historian from whom we copy, "that nothing is wanting to make it a place of greate strengthe; some of the garrison mount guarde day and night at the gates; others in the steeple, who by stroke of a bell giveth notice what numbers of horse and foot are approaching, and by a flag, which way they come." Charles II. and James

II. both added to the fortifications, and William III. completed them almost in the state in which they now stand. The lines of fortification round Portsea, a town which adjoins Portsmouth, and in which the docks are situated, were not commenced until 1770, and were only finished in 1809. But enough of their history. The reader will, doubtless, by this time be anxious for some sort of a description of them.

Imagine, then, a long series of massive stone walls facing about at every conceivable angle, and of heights varying from ten to twenty feet. Imagine these walls to have behind them and above them a solid mass of earth proof against cannon-balls. Suppose this earth-work pierced through at every few yards with openings just large enough to allow a most alarming-looking cannon to peep through upon the plains below, or else upon the sea, where, perhaps, the greatest number of them look out. Then imagine the whole of this stone-work, earth, cannon, and all, surrounded by a wide moat, or ditch, some twenty feet deep, generally dry, all but a small channel in the middle which is deeper; but capable of being completely flooded in a few minutes with water enough to swallow up a host. Imagine, we say, all this; and then you will have a tolerable idea of what are called the Portsmouth "lines." In addition to these, there are no end of seemingly indestructible stone buildings, all literally "bristling with cannon." Of these the principal are the Saluting Platform, so called from its guns being used for saluting the Queen, or any other personage of great dignity, when passing; but capable, in case an enemy should unhappily ever approach our shores, of doing most murderous damage; Southsea Castle, a fortress of stone, commanding Spithead and all the sea around outside the harbour, originally built by Henry VIII., and used as a state prison in the reign of Charles II.; Blockhouse Fort, situated upon a point of land running right out into the sea opposite to the town of Portsmouth, at the very entrance of the harbour; and a very ancient Round Tower at Point Battery, opposite Blockhouse Fort, where there was formerly a corresponding tower. Between these two towers, we are told by Leland, "a mighty chaine of yron" was stretched across the mouth of the harbour every night. The remains of the capstan for effecting this may still be seen, and we are informed that part of the "mighty chaine" itself is visible upon the beach at low water. The Round Tower is now, however, entirely appropriated to a powerful battery, having been made considerably higher within the last few years. Another battery stands upon the site formerly occupied by the old Semaphore telegraph, now superseded by the electric wires. Several other batteries might be mentioned; but it not being part of our plan to give anything like a list, we will proceed.

Our impressions on first beholding the fortifications of Portsmouth were singular. The first idea, we must confess, was something very like a feeling of alarm. Peaceful Londoners as we were, we could not but tremble to see, whichever way we turned, a cannon presented point-blank at us, and then, turning again to escape it, to see another, and again another! No escape from them, go where we would, like a haunted man in a melodrama. Cannon before us, behind us, and on every side of us; pointed at us from every conceivable angle; so much so, that we have always felt thoroughly convinced that, should they ever be fired in good earnest, some of them must of necessity shoot exactly into each others' mouths! It was, to say the least of it, something we were not accustomed to. Then we were struck by those funny litttle gateways (like juvenile Temple-bars), with drawbridges attached, which we met with all over the town; and those still more funny and still smaller arched passages underneath the "lines," some of which led into the high road, others into different odd nooks of fortifications, possibly "redoubts" or "ravelins." Then we were shown two more gates (if possible, even more funny-looking still), leading out directly into the sea. These, we were told, were "sally-ports;" and we immediately set it down (much to the disgust of our friend who pointed them out) that they had been so called after a belle of Portsmouth of the name of Sarah.

After awhile we take a boat, and now we are on our way down the harbour. All round us we see objects in the highest degree worthy of notice — the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard; Haslar Hospital, for invalid sailors and marines; and large red brick buildings, seemingly without any mode of ingress or egress—no windows, doors, or even chimneys to be seen;—these are powder-magazines. Then we see the "Royal George" yacht, built for George IV. at a cost of £100,000. We pass the "Victory," renowned as the ship in which Nelson fought and fell—one of the chief lions of Portsmouth; and right before us lies the town itself. But stop; it is a beautiful morning, and we have yet a few minutes to spare. The reader may never have been on board a man-of-war: let us then have a look over the "Victory." What say you, reader? You consent? Very well. Waterman! put the boat about. We won't land yet. Just run us alongside the "Victory." "Aye, aye, sir;" and here we are, our pigmy boat grating against the wooden mountain that rises high above us. Reader, if you have never seen a man-of-war, here is a novel sight indeed. What first strikes you is, doubtless, the immense size of every part of her. The main-mast of a first-rate man-of-war, when ready for sea, with the top-mast and top-gallant-mast affixed to it, measures 212 feet high, somewhere about the height of the monument of London! while the yards, those seemingly small rods of wood stretching across the mast, are some of them upwards of 100 feet long! And everything is in proportion. The interior of the vessel resembles a small town—deck above deck, between each of which is seen a long perspective, which, to the unaccustomed eye, is difficult to measure. The immense cable by which the ship is moored looks strong enough to hold the entire world together, should gravitation cease, and this mighty chain be bound round the globe. The foot of each of the gigantic masts passing through the decks is bigger than a large—a very large, sugar hogshead. And then mark the regularity on board. A place for everything, and everything in its place, is literally carried out on board a man-of-war. Here is the carpenter's store, there the rigging-store, the armoury, the purser's store—all order, no confusion. Then you see the immense guns, each thrust through a port-hole in the vessel's side. Should you hear them fired—and we did—hold your ears! It was only a salute we heard—one single gun fired at a time, and that with a blank cartridge. But oh, such a report—heard as it was in the low space between the decks! What, then, must be the effect of a broadside from some fifty of these guns at once! The spot where Nelson fell is marked by a brass plate upon the quarter-deck, and where he died after having been carried below is also indicated. These two spots are held in the greatest reverence by the sailors.

We were shown the chain-pumps, capable of discharging a ton of water every minute. These pumps, which are used for emptying the ship of water should she spring a leak, are worked by the crew by long crank handles. They consist of a series of pistons fixed upon an endless chain of iron, and working in a cylinder. Working thus with a continuous motion, there are no piston-valves as in reciprocating action pumps, but the water is drawn up in one continued stream.

There are the mess-tables for the crew; the galley-fire for cooking; the officers' cabins; and the ward-room for the superior officers' use; all strange and interesting to the landsman; while down below, in the very bottom of the vessel (called the "hold"), are shown the tanks in which fresh water is carried out to sea. The rigging it would be impossible to describe. Such a tangled mass of cordage as it seems—and yet every rope has its distinct office. Some for shifting the sails, some for hoisting signals, others for supporting the different masts, etc.

But we must now take leave of her. We have done our best to point out to our readers some of the principal objects of interest on board—so, casting a lingering look behind, we get once more into our boat—and again and again, as we proceed onwards, looking back at the beautiful outline of the vessel when seen from a distance sufficient to take in the whole at a glance, we ultimately arrive once more at the town of Portsmouth.

THE FUNGUS TRIBE

CHAPTER III.

We have before stated that the greater number of esculent fungi belong to the tribe *Pileati*, under which head are classed the divisions *Agaricus*, *Boletus*, *Hydnum*, *Polyporus*, *Fistulina*, *Cantharellus*, and several other genera, all of which furnish more or fewer edible species. Of these, however, we find the most under the head *Agaricus*, a division which takes its name from Agaria, a kingdom of Sarmatia. Our English word mushroom (by which all kinds of edible fungi are commonly designated) has a French origin, and comes from the word *mouceron*, "originally," says Badham, "spelled *mousseron;* and belongs of right to that most dainty of funguses, the *Agaricus prunulus*, which grows amidst tender herbage and *moss*, whence its name." *Champignon* is also of French derivation; but whilst that name in France is *generic*, the English make it *specific*, and restrict it to a single species, the *A. oreades*, or "fairy-ring mushroom," of which more hereafter. *Agaricus prunulus* has also a right to the cognomen "fairy-ring mushroom," for it, as well as *A. oreades*, *A. orcella*, *A. Georgii*, *A. personatus*, and our common mushroom, *A. campestris*, has a share in making those mystic rings which in former days scared many a rural hind and maiden, and caused them to deviate from their direct course in passing through the fields where they were to be seen, lest, if they once entered that magic boundary, they should come under the power of the fairies, or (as they were called in Devonshire) *pixies*, and should be by them *pixy-led;* that is, led off into bye-ways, and so into some pathless waste. As Puck says:—

> "I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.
> Sometimes a horse I'll be; sometimes a hound,
> A hog, a headless bear; sometimes a fire;
> And neigh, and grunt, and bark, and roar and burn,
> Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn."

So did these poor country-people fancy the fairies would hobgoblinise them, if once they dared to trespass on their domain.

We will not here enter into the speculations of botanists on the mode by which these rings are formed; it will be enough to say, that it is now generally acknowledged that they are produced by the growth of fungi. The *A. prunulus* is reproduced in these rings every year about the same time, the circle continuing to enlarge until it breaks up into irregular lines, which is a sure indication that the species is about to disappear from that place; an unbroken ring being a certain promise of a good crop the next year. It is a large fungus, and very abundant; Dr. Badham says he has collected in one field from twenty to twenty-five pounds weight. Professor Balbi writes to Persoon: "This rare and most delicious Agaric, the *mouceron* of Bulliard, and the *A. prunulus* of other authors, abounds on the hills above the valley of Stafora, near Bobbio, where it is called *Spinaroli*, and is in great request. The country-people eat it fresh in a variety of ways, or they dry and sell it for from twelve to sixteen francs a pound." It is a thick, convex, fleshy mushroom, irregular in shape, of a cream-coloured, or buffish, or gray, or reddish tint, with very numerous white gills, and has the advantage of appearing in spring, when few other edible species are to be procured. In Rome "it is sent in little baskets as presents to patrons, fees to medical men, and bribes to Roman lawyers." How surprised would our learned functionaries in law or physic be to receive a little basket of what they would probably call "toadstools," in return for their efforts on behalf of their clients or patients!

A. Georgii, another of these gregarious ring-forming species, is one of no small interest; its cap is at first conico-campanulate, and covered with white shreds; but when fully expanded these have all disappeared, and it becomes beautifully white and shining. It grows in pastures, and under trees, and some of the individuals attain a most enormous size. Dr. Withering says: "Mr. Stackhouse had repeatedly mentioned to me a large esculent fungus found on the sea-coast in Cornwall, which is, I believe, a monstrous variety of this species. Its whole habit is very large, the button as big as a potato, the expanded pileus eighteen inches over; the stem as thick as a man's wrist," etc. He also mentions a specimen found on an old hot-bed, which weighed fourteen pounds. But huge as this fungus must have been, it by no means equals one mentioned by Clusius in his "History of Plants," which was found in Pannonia. This immense specimen (supposed to have been *Polyporus frondosus*), "after satisfying the cravings of a large Mycophilous household, enough of it remained to fill a chariot!"

The Hungarians suppose the Agaric, *A. Georgii*, or as some authors call it, *A. exquisitus*, to be a special gift from St. George. It has several trivial names—"the Horse-mushroom," from its immense size; and "White caps," under which name it is sold for making ketchup. There are so many other interesting species of *Agarics* which invite our attention, that it is difficult to know which of them to select for especial notice. We have named *A. oreades*, and *A. personatus*, as being species which grow in rings. The former is a small buff mushroom, its common names being "Champignon," and "Scotch-bonnets." It is very common, according to Badham; Hyde-park produces them abundantly in some seasons. He says, that in the French *à-la-mode* beef-shops, this species of fungus is in great request, and that it imparts a delicious flavour to rich soups and gravies. When dried (as it is the custom of the French and Italians to use them), these champignons may be kept for many years, and their flavour becomes improved by the process. *A. personatus* is sold in Covent-garden Market, under the name of "Blewits." It is of a pale bistre, or purple lilac, occasionally violet, the cap from two to six inches broad, and the stem from one to three inches high. It grows in rings or in clusters amongst grass, usually appearing in October.

Our cut No. 1 represents *Agaricus comatus*, according to Puccinelli, as quoted by Badham, "in great repute about Via Reggio and Lucca." It may be found in meadows and waste places in early spring, and the young specimens are used for making ketchup. It is called "the *maned* agaric," from its shaggy edge. The cap is fleshy, white, and scaly, the lamellæ or gills changing to red-purple and to black, and showing their dark hue through the skin of the cap as it advances in age.

No. 2 is of a species which grows on wood—*Agaricus ostreatus*. It may be found on dead trees in spring and autumn. This fungus varies much in size and colour; but where it has once been found, there it is pretty sure to grow for many successive years. It is a pretty fungus, varying in hue; but though occasionally found quite white, it is in general of a cinereous brown with white gills, and has either no stem, or one sub-lateral.

A. rubescens (fig. 3), is another very delicate Agaric which grows in woods, particularly of oak or chesnut, and is found both in summer and autumn; and *A. caudicinus* (fig. 4), a beautiful little cinnamon-coloured fungus, which grows on trees, and is very much prized in Southern Italy, is also worthy of our notice; the elegant little white field Agaric, *A. Virgineus*, which abounds in our pastures in autumn, is also a very attractive species. But space does not allow of our naming any others of this tribe, and we can barely hint at the rich store of food which is offered to us by the other genera of the tribe *Pileati*.

The genus *Boletus* differs from the *Agarics* in having, instead of *gills*, a series of vertical tubes, aggregated under the cap and encircling the stem, which look, when seen altogether, like a slice of fine sponge. *B. edulis* and *B. scaber* are the species most in vogue, though several others are innocuous and agreeable. *B. edulis* is a huge fungus from six to seven inches across; it varies in colour from light brown to bronze, bay, deep brown, etc. The tubes are at first white, then yellow, lastly, of an olive or yellow-green. The stem is always thick and solid; at first white, but changing to fawn

colour; and it is beautifully mapped or meshed with reticulations peculiar to itself. This species seems to have been well known to the ancient Romans, and appears to have been that called *Suillus*. "As to the best manner of cooking *B. edulis*, this must be left to the taste of the gourmand; in every way it is good. Its tender and juicy flesh, its delicate and sapid flavour, render it equally acceptable to the plain and to the accomplished cook. It imparts a relish alike to the homely hash and the dainty ragout; and may be truly said to improve

FIG. 1.—AGARICUS COMATUS (THE MANED AGARIC).

every dish of which it is a constituent." So says Dr. Badham, and he is backed by other authorities, who agree in stating *B. edulis* to be (as its name implies) very excellent eating.

The *Hydnum* is another genus of this tribe, which affords good food. Our figure 5 represents *H. repandum*, a tawny red species, which occurs in woods of oak and pine, growing frequently with others. This is the only esculent species in the genus *Hydnum*, and is said to have a flavour of oysters.

In this genus the under surface of the cap presents a series o conical teeth or bristles. For this reason *Hydnum repandum* is called in Italy *Steccherino*, or "the hedgehog."

The genus *Fistulina* presents us with but one edible species *F. hepatica*. This is that strange-looking fungus which resembles in its early stages a huge red tongue, lapped out a us from the trunk of some oak or chesnut, far above ou heads; whence its vulgar name in Italy is *Lingua quercina*, o *Lingua di castagna*. In its later growth, it looks more like

FIG. 2.—AGARICUS OSTREATUS (THE OYSTER).

FIG. 3.—AGARICUS RUBESCENS.

lump of dark liver than any other substance, whence its specific name. One individual of this species is said to have weighed nearly thirty pounds, and another is mentioned as nearly five feet in girth, and weighing above thirty pounds. "No fungus yields a richer gravy," says Badham, "and though rather tough, when grilled it is scarcely to be distinguished from broiled meat."

We must now turn to the second tribe into which ou

order is divided, the *Clavati*. This, which furnishes a vast variety of our most interesting fungi, supplies, nevertheless, but one genus which contains any edible species. This genus is *Clavaria*, and all its species are esculent. They are called *Clavaria* from their simple clavate form. The whole genus is exceedingly pretty; some of them growing on trees, others clustering amongst grass. *C. rugosa* is of ivory smoothness and of the purest white. It grows from two to two and a half inches high, is simply branched, but each branch is curved. It grows in clusters, and gives you an instant

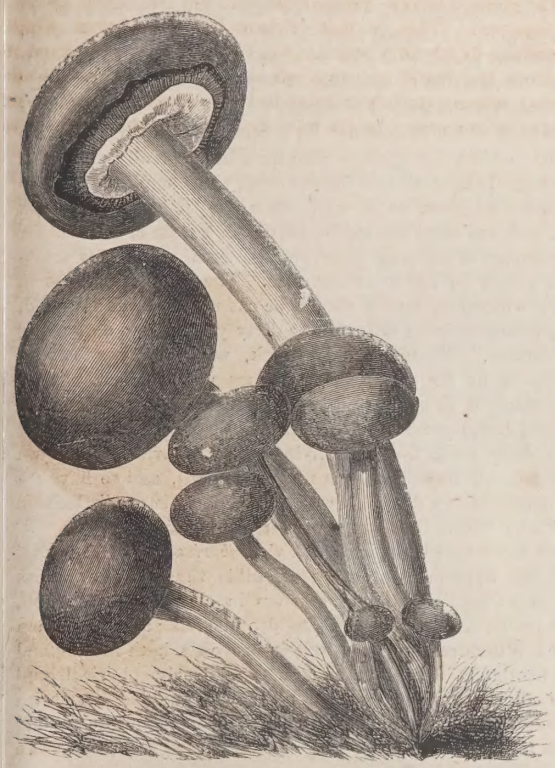


FIG. 4.—AGARICUS CAUDICINUS.

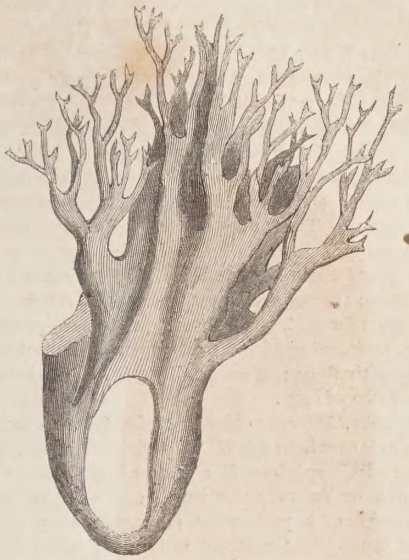


FIG. 6.—CLAVARIA CORALLOIDES.

FIG. 7.—CLAVARIA AMETHYSTINA.

FIG. 5.—HYDNUM REPANDUM.

FIG. 8.—LYCOPERDON PLUMBEUM (PEAR-SHAPED PUFF-BALL).

reminder of a handful of the convoluted kernels of walnuts after they have been delicately peeled for eating. Another yellow species grows widely amongst grass, so as to quite yellow the surface of the place on which it has taken up its abode. We have seen on a hill at Tor, near Torquay, acres of ground on which you could not walk many yards without treading on clustered masses of this pretty pale yellow *Clavaria*, which smells (as does its white congener, *C. rugosa*) so purely mushroom-like, that you cannot doubt of its good qualities. *C. coralloides* (fig. 6), pronounced by Vittadini, *esculenta deliciosa*, is erect, white, with unequal branches tipped with red or violet; and *C. amethystina* (fig. 7) of a most delicate lemon colour. The mode of dressing fungi of this genus is to cleanse them well from earth, which is apt to adhere to them, then *sweat* them with a little butter over a clear fire and strain them, throwing away the liquor. After this you must stew them for an hour with salt, pepper, chopped chives, and parsley, moistening with a little plain broth, and dredging occasionally with flour; when cooked, to be thickened with cream, and yolks of eggs.

The third tribe, *Mitrati*, ranks under its banners two genera which produce excellent food. The first of these, *Helvella*, gives us two edible species—*H. crispa* and *H. lacunosa*. They grow on earth or on very wet wood, and emit an agreeable odour. Though of a permanent character, they are rather fragile, and much like the morel in flavour, being in Sweden and Germany often confounded with it. In Sweden it is called *Stenmuchla;* in Germany, *Gemeine Morchel*, *Stumpf Morchel*, or "Stock Morchel."

The other esculent species of this genus is *Morchella*, which also affords two most delicious edible species—*M. esculenta* and *M. semilibera*. These, especially the former, are the most eagerly sought for, and the most highly-prized of any amongst the esculent fungi. Badham speaks of the *Morchella esculenta* as "that expensive luxury which the rich are content to procure at a great cost from our Italian warehouses, and the poor are fain to do without." *M. semilibera* is the other of these excellent species; but though very fine, it is inferior to *M. esculenta*.

The morel is found in greatest abundance where trees have been cut down, "which," says Loudon, "led to the practice in Germany of burning down masses of forests for the sake of the future morels. This practice proved so injurious, that it became necessary to suppress it by law." The appearance of the *Morchella* is very singular. Its cap varies considerably in shape and hue, and the surface is pitted into little cells, or pockets, formed by folds or plaits of the hymenium, which are called *ribs*. These ribs are very irregular. The cap is hollow, and opens into an irregular hollow stem. Gerard seems not to have been in the least degree aware of the real character of the morel, which would lead to the supposition that its use as an article of food, and its value as a culinary delicacy, were unknown at the period when he wrote. He gives a very correct drawing of *M. esculenta*, under the name of *Fungus fanaginosus*, or "the Hony-combe Mushroom," and says: "There is likewise a kind of mushroom called *Fungus fanaginosus*, growing up in moist and shadowie woods, which is also venomous; having a thicke and tuberous stalk, an handfull high, of a duskish colour, the top whereof is compact of many small divisions like unto the hony-combe."

The *Lycoperdons* next demand our attention. "All those more or less spherical white funguses, furnished with a membraneous white covering, and filled, when young, with a white, compact, homogeneous pulp, which we call puff-balls, are good to eat:" so writes Dr. Badham; and he adds, that those in most request abroad, and the best, are those which have no stem—that is, no sterile base.

Two species, *Lycoperdon plumbeum* (fig. 8) and *L. bovista*, are quoted as the best eating. The former of these may be found, either solitary or in groups, in dry places, and may be gathered in spring, summer, or autumn. Vittudini says: "After the warm rains of summer and autumn, myriads of these little plants suddenly springing up will often completely cover a piece of ground as if they had been sown like grain for a crop. If we dig them up we shall find that they are connected with long fragile threads, extending horizontally under ground, and giving attachment to numerous smaller puff-balls, in different stages of development, which, by continuing to grow, afford fresh supplies as the old ones die off." *L. plumbeum* is, when full grown, about the size of a walnut. Loudon figures it under the name of *L. pyriforme*—"the pear-shaped puff-ball." The other species named as among the best is *L. bovista*. This is the kind which is used for the purpose of throwing bees into a trance whilst the spoilers rifle their home of all its hoarded treasure. It used also, in former days, to be employed instead of lucifer matches, as it will, when dry, hold fire for a long time, and was often carried by rustics in a state of ignition for the purpose of lighting their cottage fires. *L. bovista* sometimes grows to an enormous size. The flesh is at first of snowy whiteness, but it should be eaten as soon as gathered, a few hours sufficing to turn it to dirty yellow, and destroying its firmness. When fresh, its thick, white fleshy substance renders it fit for all culinary purposes. The best method of dressing it is said to be, to cut it in slices, and fry it in egg and bread-crumb. According to Vittudini, you may cut slices daily fresh from the living plant (provided that you do not break its connexions with the earth), and so have "a fine frittura every day for a week," which "frittura" Badham reports to "have the flavour of a rich light omelette."

One more noted species, the *Tuber cibarium*, or truffle, must close our imperfect catalogue of edible fungi. This curious species is found growing in clusters in clayey or sandy soil, some inches under the ground, as also in chalk; and is common on the Wiltshire downs, as well as in woods both in England and Scotland. The form of truffles is nearly spherical, and their colour approaching black; they are studded over with pyramidal tubercles, and their spawn is phosphorescent and emits light. In England they seldom exceed a few ounces in weight, but on the Continent they are said to attain to many pounds weight. As there is no appearance above ground to indicate where the truffles lie, there is, of course, difficulty in discovering them; but so keen have men been in their appetite for this delicacy, that they have hit on the expedient of training dogs to scent them out. When the animals nose the prey, they stand, and whine, and scratch on the spot until their masters dig and take possession of the tubers. It is said that a *man* was once known capable of exercising this extraordinary function, and discovering truffles in the earth by their scent.

In the preceding pages we have not sought to give such a description of any species of the esculent fungi as might lead our general readers to endeavour to discriminate for themselves which, amongst the various members of this extensive tribe, may be considered as a part of God's great gift of wholesome food for man, and which of them are possessed of deleterious or poisonous properties. Such an attempt on the part of those unused to such studies might be fraught with danger; because, although by no means of the mind of Tertullian, who wittily says of this order—

"Quot colores, tot dolores: quot species, tot pernicies;"

yet we are well aware that there are but too many of the species which are of an unsafe character, that might, on a mere cursory survey, be gathered and eaten in mistake for those which, bearing a near resemblance, were yet of wholly different properties, and perfectly safe and good for food. Our wish has been, and is, to draw the attention of the intelligent to the subject, and to endeavour to excite those who have time and opportunity to make some attempt to rescue this vast supply of food from the desuetude to which it is at present sentenced. Surely, what God in his goodness bountifully provides, man should not wilfully neglect to use; and when a few weeks of study would enable a man of intelligence to place within the reach of his poorer neighbour a supply of food which, from his ignorance of its properties, he is at present withheld from using, it would not be time thrown away if he were to devote to the subject that portion of time and thought which is necessary to make him a safe judge of the properties of the different species of fungus which grow in the fields and woods around his dwelling.

PEERS AND M.P.'S;

OR,

LORDS AND COMMONS.

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT.

THE dull light of a January day was changing into dark, when a loud knock was heard at the door of the house, and a rush, as of many armed men. Accompanied by his nephew and the prince palatine, Charles the First entered the house, darting, as Rushworth tells us, a look on the right hand, near the bar of the house, where Mr. Pym used to sit; but not seeing him there (*wishing him well*), went up to the chair. "In vain the royal eye sought Pym, Hampden, Hollis, Hazelrigge, and Stroude; they had received a hint of the coming danger, and were hiding in safety in Coleman-street. Charles then angrily addressed the members. The time soon came when he had to speak to them in very different manner. The birds were flown, but they were to be caught, and sent to him with all due celerity: such was the royal will. After this, his Majesty asked Lenthall the speaker, whether any of the five were in the house? To which," says Rushworth—the only quiet and unmoved person in that eventful scene—"to which the Speaker, falling on his knee, thus answered:—'May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the house is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and humbly beg your Majesty's pardon, that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me.' The king, having concluded his speech, went out of the house again, which was in great disorder; and many members cried out aloud, as he might hear them, '*Privilege! privilege!*'"

It is April, 1653, and again the house suffers a rude, and this time a victorious, surprise. A veritable king among men now appears upon the stage. In plain black clothes, with gray worsted stockings, Cromwell made his appearance.

"Vane, young in years, but in sage council old,"

was on his legs. After a few minutes, Cromwell beckoned Harrison: "Now is the time," he said; "I must do it." Harrison, doubtful, advised him to consider, adding, "the work is great and dangerous." "You say well," retorted Cromwell hastily, and sat still for another quarter of an hour. The question was now about to be put, when Cromwell suddenly rose, took off his hat, and spoke. At first and for a good while he spoke to the commendation of parliament, for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, and at last indulged in a torrent of invective. Vane rose to remonstrate. Cromwell stopped and said: "You think that this is not parliamentary language: I know it." Then he put on his hat, went out of his place, and walked up and down the stage or floor in the midst of the house with his hat on his head, and chid them soundly, looking sometimes and pointing particularly upon some persons, as Sir R. Whitelake, one of the commissioners for the great seal, and Sir H. Vane, to whom he gave very sharp language. Though he named them not yet by his gestures, it was well known he meant them. All this he spoke, says Ludlow, with so much passion as if he had been distracted. When Vance, and Marten, and Sir Peter Wentworth tried to speak, Cromwell cried out, "Come, come, I'll put an end to your prating. You are no parliament; I'll put an end to your sitting. Begone—give way to honester men!" Cromwell then made a signal, which was understood by the soldiers outside, who, with arms ready, immediately rushed into the house. Pointing to the Speaker in the chair, Cromwell said, "Fetch him down." The Speaker refused to move. We take the remainder from the graphic account of Mr. Foster. "Take him down," said the general. Then Harrison went and pulled the Speaker by the gown, and he came down. It happened that that day Algernon Sidney sat next to the Speaker on the right hand. The general said to Harrison, "Put him out." Harrison spoke to Sidney to go out, but he said he would not go out, and sat still. The general said again, "Put him out." Then Harrison and Worsley, who commanded the general's own regiment of foot, put their hands upon Sidney's shoulders, as if they would force him to go out. Then he rose and went towards the door. Then the general went to the table where the mace lay which used to be carried before the speaker, and said, "Take away these baubles." So the soldiers took away the mace. One by one the members left the house. As they passed Cromwell, he addressed the leading men with passionate bitterness. He accused Alderman Allen of embezzlement, and Whitelake of gross injustice. He pointed to Challoner, and told his soldiers he was a drunkard; he called after Sir Peter Wentworth that he was an adulterer; and as his old friend Henry Marten passed, asked him if a whoremonger was fit to sit and govern. Vane passed him among the last, and as he did so said aloud, "This is not honest. Yea, it is against morality and common honesty." Cromwell then addressed him thus: "Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" Cromwell's end was now gained—he was the master. He locked the doors and went away to Whitehall.

Then we come to the short parliament which met in the council chamber in Whitehall, on the 4th of July, 1653. The manner of their proceeding is thus recorded:—"After Cromwell had harangued the new members at Whitehall, and invested them with the supreme authority of the nation, they resolved to meet at the old Parliament House the next day. Accordingly, about eight in the morning many of them assembled there, when they began by seeking God with prayer, and the Lord did so draw forth the hearts of them that they did not find any necessity to call for the help of a minister." The account goes on to state, "that much of the presence of Christ and his Spirit appeared at that time to the great gladdening of the hearts of many; some affirming they never enjoyed so much of the spirit and presence of Christ in any of their meetings and exercises of religion in all their lives as they did that day." This was when they met for the choice of a Speaker. What would the world think were such a summary to appear in the *Times* or the *Daily News?* Happily, however, the nation has not become less religious; it has only become more enlightened—more convinced of the fact, that the forms of religion do not necessarily imply the existence of the spirit; and that, not unfrequently, the man most destitute of real religion has most of its form. When Mr. Rous went up with the majority of this parliament to resign their authority back into Cromwell's hands, he informed the Protector that some of the members were refractory, and refused their consent. Upon this, Colonel White was sent to clear the house. They had placed one Moyer in the chair by the time the colonel arrived, who being asked by White, what they did there, replied very gravely, that they were seeking the Lord. Then said the Colonel, "you may go elsewhere; for to my certain knowledge the Lord has not been here these many years."

A passage from Echard throws some light upon the manner in which the struggle was carried on between the court of Charles II. on one side, and the House of Commons on the other. "The address was agreed to the day before," says Echard, Nov. 4, 1673; "but the king disappointed all by coming unexpectedly to the House of Lords, and ordering the Commons to attend him. It happened that the Speaker and the usher both met at the door of the House of Commons; and the Speaker being got within the house, some of the members suddenly shut the door, and cried out, 'To the chair! to the chair!' while others cried, 'The Black Rod is at the door!' The Speaker was immediately hurried to the chair, and then it was moved: '1. That our alliance with France was a grievance; 2. That the evil counsellors about the king were a grievance; 3. That the Duke of Lauderdale was a grievance, and not fit to be trusted or employed in any office or place of trust.' To which there was a general cry, 'To the question! to the question!' But the Black Rod knocking earnestly at the door, the Speaker leaped out of the chair, and the house rose in great confusion." This was rapid legislation with a vengeance. Happily, the house has become bolder and more powerful now.

KONIEH.

Konieh is a town of Asiatic Turkey, built on the ruins of Iconium, the capital of Lycaonia. To this city allusion is made both in sacred and profane history. Herodotus, Strabo, Cicero, and Xenophon, make mention of the place; and there St. Paul was persecuted by the unbelieving inhabitants, both Jews and Gentiles. The ancient name signified *image*, and was bestowed, it is said, on account of the head of Medusa being suspended from one of the columns.

After the taking of Nicæa by the crusaders, in 1099, Konieh became the residence of the Seljuk Sultans, by whom it was restored to much of its ancient glory, and embellished with many new buildings. Ninety years afterwards it again changed hands, and the Turks were expelled by Frederick Barbarossa. At his death the city was retaken by the Moslems, and there the Seljuk Sultan lived in great state till the irruption of the Khans. Since the days of Bajazet it has been included in the territory of the Grand Seignior.

Konieh has little to recommend it. The mosques, the coffee-houses, and the Armenian churches, have nothing very attractive in them, except, perhaps, Sultan Selim's mosque, built on the model of that of St. Sophia at Constantinople. Neither is there anything beautiful in the surrounding country—for the most part it lies bleak and bare, an inhospitable district, a dreary, barren plain, edged with snow-covered mountains. But Konieh has still something interesting. Its importance belongs to the past; but the walls reared by the sultans, from the remains of old Iconium, are covered with figures in alto-relievo, which are said to be the finest in all Turkey. The gate represented in our engraving is thus ornamented, and is a very fair specimen of the whole. The winged figures over the gate are supposed by the inhabitants to be the good angel Gabriel, and the fallen spirit Ariel. The key is ornamented with a double-headed eagle. The balls suspended by chains from the upper part of the wall are trophies, common enough among the Mussulmen, of former triumphant victories. The structure altogether is in a very ruinous condition, the sculptures sadly defaced, and the appearance of the gate injured by the Turkish booths which are clustered thickly about it; but there is still enough to attract a visit from the antiquary, and to reward him for his trouble.

THE GATE OF KONIEH.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The world at length understands Oliver Cromwell. Every believer in truth, every worshipper of sincerity, must thank Thomas Carlyle for this. He was the first to expose the misrepresentations that have grown and thickened these last two hundred years, and to help mankind to realise what an honest, earnest, God-fearing man this Cromwell was—how he was guiltless of selfishness and ambition; and how, full of faith and love, he laboured for one great end, in the council-chamber or the battle-field.

Cromwell came of good family. His mother had royal blood in her veins. His paternal ancestors sat as barons in parliament so far back as Edward the Second's time. Cromwell himself was born at Huntingdon, in the large Gothic house to which his father's brewery was attached, on the 25th of April, 1599. He was a second son, and the only one of three who lived to manhood. Curious tales are told of Oliver's childhood. On one occasion, it is said, playing with the future Charles I., he quarrelled with his illustrious playmate, and made the blood flow in copious streams from the prince's nose. On another occasion, he is said to have dreamt that the curtains of his bed were slowly withdrawn by a gigantic female figure, who told him that before his death he would be the greatest man in England. His first years were spent in the Grammar-school of his native town, and he entered Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge, April 23rd, 1616, the very day on which Shakspeare died. Soon after the death of his father, Cromwell proceeded to London, and, according to Noble, was entered at Lincoln's Inn, although the books of all the inns of court have been searched, and there is no mention made of Cromwell in any of them. In August, 1620, Cromwell being then twenty-one years and four months old, we find him married to Elizabeth Bourchier, a kinswoman of the Hampdens. The marriage was celebrated in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate—the church in which, some fifty years after, Milton's wearied body found repose. Cromwell then returned to Huntingdon, where he threw open the doors of his house to the persecuted nonconformist divines, where many of his children were born, and where he seems to have been active in business as a brewer, and at the same time to have undergone a deep religious change. In the third parliament of Charles I., Cromwell took his seat for Huntingdon. It was a parliament of sober, serious men. Weeping like a girl, old Coke declared Buckingham the author of all the miseries that had fallen upon the nation; but Charles angrily prorogued the parliament. In the next session Cromwell made his first speech. "Dr. Alabaster," he had heard, "had been preaching flat popery at Paul's Cross;" but the matter dropped, as, in another fortnight, parliament was dissolved. In the next eleven years, Charles ruled without parliaments, and Cromwell retired into private life. He removed from Huntingdon to St. Ives, where he remained till the summer or spring of 1638. In that year we find him at Ely. Here he remained till the time of the Long Parliament, draining the fens, while "cousin Hampden" was trying the right of the king to collect ship-money. At length the Long Parliament met, with Cromwell as member for Cambridge. During the first three-and-twenty months we find but few traces of our hero. He was, however, only biding his time, in patience possessing his soul. On Sunday, 23rd of October, 1642, we find Captain Oliver present at Edgehill, and doing his duty, though he had but four tapsters to lead against the enemy. Associations were formed for the protection of the counties against the king's troops; of these the most important was that in the Eastern counties, in which he raised a troop of horse, of which he became colonel. Cromwell was made lieutenant under the Earl of Manchester, and governor of the Isle of Ely, and did good service to the parliamentary cause by his bravery, his determination, and skill. Shortly after we find him at Waisby, near Horncastle, where he had a horse killed under him. This engagement had a startling effect. It revived the parliamentarians. Charles, when he heard of it, was reported to have said, "I would that some one would do me the good fortune to bring Cromwell to me, alive or dead."

Cromwell now had his hands full. Prince Rupert, in 1644, came pouring over the hills from Lancashire with an army of some 20,000 men, and was met by the parliamentary generals at Marston Moor—with what result, the world knows well. But we must pass rapidly along the history of those times—the passing of the self-denying ordinance, Cromwell's expedition in the west, his return to the associated counties, the battle of Naseby, etc. Suffice it to say, war being done with for a time, we find Cromwell in his place in parliament, deep in debate on the further establishment of the Presbyterian government. Meanwhile, after much insincere negotiation on his part, the king escapes from Hampton Court, and is lodged for the present in Carisbrook Castle. In 1646 Cromwell wins the battle of Naseby; and parliament makes him a baron, and settles on him a pension. In 1648 the civil war again breaks out. Cromwell marches into Wales, in May; then to Scotland, in August; and returns to town in a crisis. Members of parliament are sent to the Tower and elsewhere. The minority becomes a majority: that majority did a thing memorable in English history: by it was tried and executed Charles Stuart, King of England. The second civil war being thus terminated, Cromwell left England for Ireland, where Ormond, with his army, is strong for the king. Cromwell's career began at Drogheda, whose garrison, consisting of 3,000 men, he put to the sword. Wexford met with a similar tragic fate. Of a truth, Cromwell was no rose-water quack. At Clonmel he closed his Irish campaign, and returned to England, where, in 1650, he was made Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the parliamentary forces. Immediately he was marching on to Scotland. At Dunbar he defeated David Leslie with an army of upwards of 23,000 men. Next summer he destroyed the hopes of royalty for a time, and thus triumphantly consummated his military career. Henceforth we find him as potent in the council-chamber as in the field of battle. The Rump Parliament had become useless; and thirty-one months after the battle of Worcester it had to be dismissed, and in what manner dismissed it is needless to repeat. This was followed by the Barebones Parliament. After five months of struggling and debating, the members resigned their powers to his excellency, and the parliament dissolved itself. Nothing remained but that Cromwell should be made Protector, which accordingly was done. At this time, says Carlyle, "he stands some five feet ten, or more—a man of strong, solid nature, and dignified, now partly military carriage; the expression of him, valour and devout intelligence—energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old gone April last; brown hair and moustache, now getting gray. A figure of sufficient impressiveness—not lovely to the man-milliner species, or pretending to be so. Massive structure; big massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect; wart above the right eye-brow; nose of considerable blunt aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and of all fierceness and rigours; deep loving eyes—call them grave—call them stern, looking from under those craggy lashes as if in life-long sorrow, yet not thinking it sorrow."

Well may Cromwell look sorrowful. Troubles thicken round him. No parliament suits him; and he is surrounded with plots—some royalist, some the reverse—on all sides. He has no peace, no rest; he becomes haggard and weary-worn. On the 6th of August, 1658, Lady Claypole, Cromwell's favourite daughter, died. A few days after, George Fox, the Quaker, meets Oliver in Hampton Court at the head of his guards. "I saw and felt," writes honest George, "a waft of death go forth against him, and when I came to him, he looked like a dead man." Quaker Fox saw but too truly: the conqueror of all England had bowed, in his turn, to a mightier power. A hand, heavier than his own, was on him. On the 3rd of September, Oliver Cromwell died.

RIO JANEIRO.

The city of Rio Janeiro extends some three miles along the south-west side of the bay, and being much intersected by hills, it is difficult to get a good view of the whole range, unless from the top of one of the mountains near the city, such as the celebrated "Corcovado," which stands out like a pulpit on the plain below, and is some 2,500 feet perpendicular. The view from this pulpit on a clear day is superb, and almost unequalled in the world: the city, with its numerous divisions and suburbs below you—the bay, extending as far as the eye can reach until lost in the plain below the Organ Mountain—the sea, studded with numerous picturesque islands, with vessels looking like white specks upon it, and seen to a great distance—all together form a most enchanting picture, and amply repay the toil of an ascent. The mountain is of granite rock, like all others in this country, but thickly wooded almost to the summit, and you come out quite suddenly on the bare point before alluded to, so much resembling a pulpit. The following description, in a publication* containing some of the best word-painting of Brazilian city life any where to be met with, will be readily recognised as most just by all who have been long in the capital:—"The town of Rio Janeiro (its proper name is St. Sebastiano) is the largest and best in South America, and the population about equals that of Liverpool. It is laid out in regular squares: the streets are narrow, which, at first sight, seems objectionable to an Englishman, but he soon finds that it affords protection from the scorching sun; and the thoroughfares are tolerably well paved and lighted, and have *trottoirs* at the sides. To obviate the inconvenience arising from the narrowness of the streets, carriages are only allowed to go one way, up one street and down the next, and a hand is painted up on the corners to show which way the traffic is to flow. The best street, Rua d'Ouvidor, is nearly all French, so that one can almost fancy oneself in the Palais Royal; and nearly everything that is to be found in London or Paris may be bought in Rio. Many English merchants have houses in the city, but most of the shopkeepers are French; and this proves a perfect blessing to visitors, for a Brazilian shopman is so careless and indolent, that he will hardly look for anything in his stores, and will often say he has not got the article asked for, to save himself the trouble of looking for it. The best native shops are those of the silversmiths, who work pretty well, and get a good deal of custom, for Brazilians and blacks revel in ornament, often wearing silver spurs and a silver-hafted knife, though perhaps they may not have any shoes to their feet. The Brazilians are very fond of dress; and though it seems so unsuitable for the climate, wear black trowsers and an evening suit to walk about the streets in. Strangers will find no curiosities in Rio Janeiro except the feather flowers, which are better here than in Madeira, and fetch a higher price. A Frenchwoman, who employs a number of girls of all complexions in her business, is the principal manufacturer. They are made (or ought to be) entirely of undyed feathers, the best being those of a purple, copper, or crimson colour, from the breasts and heads of humming-birds. One of these wreaths has a beautiful effect, and reflects different-coloured light. The wing cases of beetles are also used, and glitter like precious stones. Madame has her patterns from Paris, so the wreaths are generally in good style and newest fashion. The worst shops are kept by English, and this will be found a general rule in these foreign towns. The merchants are good and honest; but if one wishes to be well taken in, go to a shop kept by an Englishman."

In consequence of the tortuous formation of the streets, constructed round the base of the hills, it is difficult to get more than a bird's-eye view of the city, on ground made by encroachment on the sea; consequently, the streets are low, without drainage, and in several of the back ones the water collects and stagnates, to the great detriment of health and comfort. Rio itself is a bad copy of Lisbon—streets at right angles, a large square facing the sea, and the suburbs extending up the hills, which everywhere meet your eye. In Lisbon the streets are tolerably made, but here they have built them so miserably narrow, that scarcely even one carriage can pass through, much less pass each other; and it is evident that such vehicles were never contemplated in the original formation of these streets. The only way of getting over the difficulty is, for carriages coming into the city to take one line of streets, and those leaving it another, which they do, excluding omnibuses altogether from the principal thoroughfares. Improvements in this way are most backward, and there seems a great want of municipal government. In many places the pavement is execrable, and generally very bad, the difficulty having probably been increased by laying down mains for water and gas, the latter now in process of execution, and also by heavy rains, which have washed away many parts of the road, and otherwise caused much damage. When once this troublesome job is got through, it is to be hoped some effective measures will be taken to put the streets and branch-roads in order; otherwise they will soon be rendered impassable. Coach and coach-spring making must be thriving trades here, especially with the immense increase that has taken place in the number of carriages and omnibuses; and it is really wonderful how they stand the continual shocks they have to endure. Mr. Robert Elwes, from whose work we have already quoted, thus writes:—"The inhabitants of Rio Janeiro are fond of carriages, but the specimens generally seen would hardly do for Hyde-park, being chiefly old-fashioned coaches, drawn by four scraggy mules, with a black coachman on the box, and a postillion in jack-boots on the leaders, sitting well back, and with his feet stuck out beyond the mule's shoulders. The liveries are generally gorgeous enough, and there is no lack of gold lace on the cocked hats and coats; but a black slave does not enter into the spirit of the thing, and one footman will have his hat cocked athwartships, the other fore and aft; one will have shoes and stockings, with his toes peeping through, the other will dispense with them altogether. But the old peer rolls on unconscious, and I dare say the whole thing is pronounced a neat turn-out. The Brazilians are great snuff-takers, and always offer their box if the visitor is a welcome guest. It is etiquette to take the offered pinch with the left hand. Rape is the Portuguese for snuff, hence our word 'rappee.' They do not smoke much. The opera was good, the house very large, tolerably lighted, but not so thickly attended as it might be. The ladies look better by candle-light, their great failing being in their complexions, the tint of which may be exactly described by the midshipman's simile of snuff and butter. The orchestra was good, many of the performers being blacks or mulattoes, who are excellent musicians. The African race seem to like music, and generally have a pretty good ear. Both men and women often whistle well, and I have heard the washerwomen at their work whistling polkas with great correctness. I was amused one evening on going out of the opera when it was half over: offering my ticket to a decent-looking man standing near the door, he bowed, but refused it, saying that men with jackets were not allowed in the house."

Government seems at last alive to the absolute necessity of doing something to improve the sanitary condition of the city, and also its internal organisation, as they have lately got out some good practical English engineers, who, we have no doubt, will suggest an effective mode of dealing with present difficulties. If they do not adopt decisive measures, the rate of mortality may be expected to augment fearfully in a dense population of 300,000 to 400,000 inhabitants, huddled together in some 15,000 houses, surrounded by impurities of every kind, not the least being the stagnant water in the streets. No exact

* "A Sketcher's Tour round the World," by Robert Elwes.

census has ever been taken of the population of Rio Janeiro, which, however, is believed to be between the two figures above given. There is a migratory population, but the accumulation of humanity of every race and colour, contained in some of the large dwelling-houses, is something extraordinary. As before observed, nature has done much for this country, and if the natural facilities of Rio Janeiro were properly turned to account, and local improvements carried out with energy and spirit, it might be rendered one of the finest and most luxurious places within the tropics. The opportunity is now open to them; the government possess ample means, and it is just a question whether measures of progress are to be effectively achieved, or the city to be abandoned to its fate. The great evil attending all improvement in Brazil is an undue appreciation of native capability, and a disparagement or distrust of those whose practical experience would enable them to grapple with the difficulties that surround them—a kind of little jealousy and mistrust that prevents them from availing themselves of opportunities thrown in their way to carry out undertakings necessary to the well-being of the country; nor can they understand the principle on which such things are regulated in England, still less the magnitude of operations carried on there and in many other parts of Europe. Yet the time seems to be coming when these principles will be better understood here, and when the application of English capital towards the improvement of the country may be safely and legitimately brought to bear.

Few spots in the New World are more indebted to nature than the environs of Rio Janeiro, all possible combinations of scenery being included in one magnificent perspective. One of the best views is from the Corcovado Mountain, which, although upwards of 3,000 feet in height, can be ascended on horseback. Like most mountains around, it is rather a rock, or titanic monolith, than a mountain, and it may be compared with the gnomon of a gigantic sun-dial: and, in fact, its shadow in particular localities supplies the place of a parish clock. Its sides are still in great part covered with forest and "matta," or jungle, notwithstanding numerous fires by which it has been devastated, and the immediate result of which is a deficiency in the supply of water to parts of the capital; for the destruction of trees here, as elsewhere, causes a scarcity of the aqueous element, and the springs which arise on and around this mountain feed the conduits and aqueducts that convey that fluid into Rio. From the summit may be seen the whole extent of the harbour and city; the Organ Mountains in the distance, several lakes along the coast, a wide expanse of ocean, and innumerable ravines and spurs of the mountain covered with richest foliage. The most remarkable, however, of all the mountains near the capital, is the Gavin, with a flattened summit, sometimes called by the English the Table Mountain, in Portuguese, the "square topsail," to which it bears a resemblance. It is reputed to be inaccessible, at least it has not yet, as far as can be ascertained, been ascended. Opening into the outward harbour is Botafogo Bay (p. 373), a short distance from the capital, where many foreign merchants reside to enjoy the cool sea-breezes, and where the buildings are of a superior description, with beautiful gardens attached, many being luxuriantly planted with oranges and lemons, bananas, pomegranates, palm-trees, and a vast variety of shrubs and vegetables peculiar to Brazil, including the universal cabbage-plant, in great profusion. The aqueduct, which is passed in several places in the ascent of the Corcovado, and which we have engraved above, is a well-built and striking object, crossing several streets of Rio, and conveying excellent water from the heights of that mountain to the different fountains in the town.

AQUEDUCT AT RIO JANEIRO.

The population of Rio, on the arrival of the royal family, did not amount to 50,000, but afterwards rapidly augmented;

so that in 1815, when declared independent, the number had nearly doubled, and now is estimated at about 400,000, with the suburbs and the provincial capital of Nitherohy, on the opposite shore of the Bay. This increase is partly to be ascribed to the influx of Portuguese, who have at different times left their country in consequence of the civil commotions which have disturbed its peace, as well as of English, French, Dutch, Germans, and Italians, who, after the opening of the port, settled here, some as merchants, others as mechanics, and have contributed largely to its wealth and importance. These accessions of Europeans have effected a great change in the character of the population; for at the commencement of the century, and for many years afterwards, the blacks and coloured persons far exceeded the whites, whereas now they are reduced to less than half the number of inhabitants. In the aggregate population of the empire, however, the coloured portion is still supposed to be treble the white.

BOTAFOGO BAY, RIO JANEIRO.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CONCLUSION.

It was one of those delicious days in autumn, when the heat of the sun is tempered by the fresh breeze and the gray clouds that steal athwart the blue of the heavens. In the balcony of the palazzo upon the Adriatic, of which we have already made mention in our tale, two persons were sitting enjoying the cool sea-air, and conversing.

"How tranquilly yon bright water slumbers in the sunlight," said one of the two to his companion. "Who would ever think that not long since it was tossing to and fro in troublous billows? And just such is life. Ah, may ours, after the sorrows and trials which we have so lately endured, be henceforth peaceful and filled with sunshine, dearest Bianca."

The girl looked up tenderly at her lover. The traces of sickness had not yet altogether departed from her face, for her cheek was pale and her eye somewhat languid, but these enhanced rather than impaired her loveliness.

"Heaven grant that it may be so, dear Giulio. Heaven has been very merciful to me, first in saving me from a union that would have been worse than death, and next in preserving me through that terrible malady, which was fatal to my poor maiden Giovanna. Do you know, Giulio, it is a very singular fact that we were both born on the same day and hour."

Giulio remained silent for a time, as in deep thought; at length he said:—

"Dost thou remember the prophecy of the man with the rebeck in the gondola, that thou told'st me of?"

"Oh, yes! I have never forgotten it. How strangely true, in words, has it proved; yet how different in sense to what I feared. The bridegroom came indeed, and death entered in with him—but thou wert not the bridegroom, nor I the victim!"

"Well, thou must know that I too have encountered this diviner, and he has spoken strange and terrible things to me—a part of it still weighs painfully on my heart—that which he predicted when first I saw him. Yet do I hope that what I applied to myself was addressed to my companion; the rest has, I now perceive, received its fulfilment, for it related, not to thee, as I supposed, but to the poor girl thy attendant."

And Giulio then related his interview with the astrologer upon the evening of Giovanna's death.

"And now, dearest Bianca," continued he, "I have come to advertise thee that thou art to have an unwonted visitor to-day."

"Who may it be, Giulio? Thou knowest, that since my illness, I have received no one save thy father."

"Well, he comes by my father's permission, who will be here to receive him in person, and entreats that you will not refuse to see him."

"No more suitors, I trust," said the girl, with a frightened look.

"No, in faith," replied Giulio smiling; "on the contrary, he comes for the purpose of relinquishing all claim to thy hand. You must know that, upon my father's recovery from the plague, he informed Pietro Molo, the old goldsmith, that he still held himself his debtor, and proposed such arrangement to him as he is able to make. In return, the banker has requested permission to attend here, and formally resign all claim to thy hand on the part of his nephew. Thou wilt not, I trust, feel any disinclination to be released from the addresses of the wealthy plebeian, even though thou shouldst have to put up with a poor noble instead. But here comes Giudetta; I warrant she hath some news for us, she looks so important."

"Ah! dear children," said the old woman, looking lovingly upon them, for she had at length discovered their secret, "here is the count, fresh-arrived from the city; he has sent me forward with his greetings to my young lady, and he requests that she will receive him in her boudoir."

"Come then, dearest," said Giulio, "let me lead thee in. My father will rejoice to see the bloom again returning to thy cheeks."

The two young people passed in from the balcony to the apartment into which we formerly introduced our readers; Giudetta, with the privilege of a favoured servant, following them.

The Count Polani embraced his ward tenderly, and then seating himself beside her, he said,—

"My dear Bianca, I crave your indulgence for pressing this interview upon you. I would have gladly spared your feelings the recollection of a scene which this meeting cannot fail to revive. But the request was made so urgently by Messer Molo that I could not venture to refuse it, considering the position in which I stand in relation to him. You have, however, nothing to fear from his importunity."

Punctual to the appointed time, the banker reached the Palazzo Morosini, and was conducted to the boudoir where the count and his ward awaited him. Giulio rose to retire, but his father said, "I should wish you to be present as a witness, Giulio, unless Bianca object."

The girl bowed a ready assent, and added, "I, too, should desire that Giudetta stay near me; you know, dear signore, I may need the presence of one of my own sex."

"Be it as you will, then. Ah! here comes the goldsmith."

The old man walked up the apartment with the calm, self-possessed deportment which was habitual to him, and bowing with an air of deference, not unmixed with pride, he said:

"Count Polani, I am come to hear the terms you propose in relation to certain moneys which I had the honour to lend your excellency, upon conditions which have not been fulfilled. Be pleased to state your intentions."

"Messer Molo, I again offer you the same terms which I offered on the day the obligation became due: I am ready to pay three thousand ducats now, and to secure you the residue upon my palazzo in Venice, provided you cancel the bond."

"To that proposal, signor count, I reply now as I did before, that I shall abide strictly by the terms of the obligation."

The Count Polani was about to interrupt him passionately, but the banker, raising his hand, said quietly—

"I pray your lordship to hear me out. I was saying that I shall abide by the terms of the obligation. You, signor Polani, failed to pay me the moneys on the day specified, and thereupon I was entitled to demand from you the hand of your ward in the name of my nephew. That hand was not refused by you; but, on the contrary, I voluntarily relinquished it and withdrew my nephew. Therefore, sir count, I now release you from all obligation, and do here destroy the bond which you gave me." Saying which, he tore the instrument in two and handed it to the count. "And I formally acknowledge that I have no claim on the part of my nephew."

The count seized the hand of the banker with emotion.

"Nay, nay, good Messer Molo—thou art too generous—it must not be so."

"Your pardon, my good lord," said the banker proudly. "You once said that I was a just man, and I affirmed that you spoke truly; suffer me still to be so. I must not forfeit my own self-respect. I will now take my leave; but I will crave permission first to touch the hand of this fair maiden, whom I would have been proud to call niece, had not Heaven visibly interposed to forbid it."

The old man advanced to where Bianca sat, and, taking her hand, raised it respectfully to his lips, and then placing a jewel of great price upon her finger, he laid his hand upon her fair head, and uttering a fervent benediction, he turned to depart. At this moment the door was opened, and a young man entered. All eyes were turned upon the stranger.

"Ah, nephew Girolamo," said Molo, who met him near the door, "this is indeed unexpected. I did not know thou wert in Venice; but I have arranged all matters with the Count Polani, even as thou didst desire."

"Thanks, dear uncle," said the young man; and then passing by him, he flung off his travelling cloak and walked up the room. In a moment he was pressed in the arms of Giulio.

"Jacques! my dearest and best of friends. Welcome, a thousand times welcome!"

"What do I hear?" exclaimed the banker, who had hastened back after the young man.

"There is some mistake here; this youth is not called Jacques, but Girolamo—Girolamo Molo, the son of my brother Jacopo."

"Aye, truly, dear uncle, and yet my good Giulio here will not, you see, deny his old friend Jacques de la Mole."

"How is this?" asked the count in amazement. "Be so good as to solve this riddle for us."

But no sooner had old Giudetta heard the voice of the young man, than she hurried forward and cried:

"Santissima Madre! I swear by my hopes of salvation that this is none other than the learned Greek doctor, Demetrius, who brought the count and my young lady through the plague, and then disappeared so suddenly—aye, indeed, though he has lost his white hair and beard."

"The same, the same, good Giudetta. Suffer me to congratulate my patients on their thorough convalescence. Fair lady, you will not refuse your hand once again to your physician. My lord, the friend of your son seeks your acquaintance."

While the young man thus passed from one to another of the party, with the unembarrassed freedom of one of courtly breeding, all remained silent with wonder and perplexity.

"Count Polani," he continued, "you asked me to solve this riddle. I will do so, if you give me a few minutes' hearing;" and seating himself in the chair to which the count pointed, he said: "My good uncle here will tell you that the liberality and love of my father denied me no advantage which his wealth could procure. Thus I travelled much, visited most of the courts of Europe, and found that the son of the great banker of Milan was a welcome guest wherever he went. It so chanced that an affair connected with the loan of a large sum of money, which required great secresy and caution, led me to the capital of France for the first time some two years since——"

"I remember it well, nephew Girolamo," said the banker, interrupting him. "Thou didst acquit thyself very creditably in the affair. I warrant me your young ruffling gallants, who affect to look down upon us merchants, could not do as much."

The young man looked at Giulio with a smile full of meaning, and continued: "Well, I found it desirable to adopt an incognito; I assumed another name, gave myself out to be a Frenchman, and, that I might sustain the character appropriately, I did, my dear uncle, dress myself somewha

in the fashion of the young gallants of whom you have just spoken, and Jacques de la Mole had the happiness of making the acquaintance of Giulio Polani."

"Aye, faith, dear friend," said Giulio laughing; "and that same Jacques de la Mole was the most fashionable cavalier, the best swordsman, the luckiest gambler, and the most fortunate——"

"Hush! hush! Giulio," said Girolamo, interrupting any further disclosures; "you will make me blush if you praise me thus. Remember I had a part to play, and I tried to play it to the best of my poor ability. Besides, you know I was not always successful. Dost forget our gay wager on the banks of the Seine, and how I lost it to thee?"

Giulio smiled, and held up his finger admonishingly to his friend.

"Well, well, I shall not speak of it, at least just now. We had not long parted when I learned of thy strange compact, my dear uncle; and though I knew that thy love and thy ambition would select none for me but a most worthy object, yet was I determined to judge for myself; and so I visited Venice without thy knowledge, and again assumed my character of the Sieur de la Mole."

"It was well that I did not meet thee, Girolamo; I should have rated thee soundly for going about in thy mumming French frippery."

"Nay, but thou didst meet me, dear uncle. My first visit was to the Corso degli Orifici, where thou didst very civilly give me gold for one of my own bills on thee."

"Truly," said the old man, "I do now bethink me of a popinjay in a slashed velvet doublet and perfumed gloves, who wore a hat and feathers; I did not see his face, for he was masked; but he spoke only French, except one or two words of vile Italian."

"Precisely, dear uncle; you would not expect a French gallant to speak good Italian. Well, Giulio, thou rememberest our wager, and how thou didst often boast to me when in France that thou wouldst show me, if I ever came to Venice, a maiden fairer than those on the northern side of the Alps; and so thou didst keep thy word, and I lost my wager, and would have lost my heart too—pardon me, dear lady, if I be too bold of speech—but that I quickly discovered that one very dear to me (and he looked at Giulio) had already lost his to thee, and, as I believed, had stolen thine in return."

The Count Polani looked at Bianca and then at Giulio: the confusion of both betrayed a secret which a more vigilant guardian than the count would have long since discovered.

"By Saint Mark," said he, "pretty one, I have been but dim-sighted after all; I must have good old Father Chrysostom to confess thee; or perhaps thou hast made thy confession already to a younger ear, and we must reserve the good father for another office. Well, Ser Girolamo, or Jacques, or Demetrius, whichever it is your good pleasure to be called, we would hear the rest of your story."

"Ah, signore, it is well nigh told. As I said, I feared for my own heart, and had the good sense to fly.—Thou got'st a note from me, Giulio?"

"Yes, and I marvelled much at thy sudden departure, and still more at thy continued silence."

"Upon the day before the appointed day, I returned to Venice, determined to supply the money to liquidate the bond, in case the count should not be in a condition to pay. How I arranged the matter, Giulio, thou knowest; but why thou didst not make use of the bills I gave thee I know not."

Giulio informed his friend of the casualty that had befallen him, and detained him in delirium till the day was past.

"I will not dwell on the painful scene at the Palazzo Polani further than to say that, at the moment your lordship had appealed to me, and that I was about to disclose my friendship with your son and to decline the honour of a hand which, even were I worthy of it, would not have conferred on me a heart, the sudden illness of the signora rendered it unnecessary. We hurried from the palazzo; but not before I had satisfied myself, notwithstanding my uncle's precautions, that it was indeed the plague with which the young lady was seized. I had been long in the East, and had seen that terrible scourge, and learned of a celebrated physician in Damascus the best mode of treating it. Speedily procuring the dress of a Greek physician, I presented myself at once, and had little difficulty in procuring admission in the emergency. Heaven be praised, I was enabled to save the lives of two of the three; the other—"

"Ah! yes," interposed Giudetta; "the other my poor Giovanna. But see, Signor Demetrius, I have the amulet which you gave me, and it preserved me through the whole time of the plague—though I did not understand all the learned things you said to me."

Girolamo laughed gaily.

"Why, yes, I flatter myself I spoke with due professional unintelligibility. To-day I returned by chance to Venice, and finding that my good uncle had come hither, I determined to be present at the last act of a drama in which I had been playing more parts than my friends knew of. And now my tale is told."

And so, dear reader, may I say with Girolamo, "My tale is told." Yet, ere we take our leave for ever of those whose fortunes we have been following through many scenes, and for whom, I trust, you feel an interest, let us follow those fortunes to a close. As one who, from the cliffs, watches a bark buffetting with wind and waves, now mounting on the top of the billows, now plunged in the trough of the sea, till it disappears from his view—as such a one watches with anxious heart and strained eyes, till at length he sees the vessel enter the harbour—then his spirit is glad, and he breathes freely—nevertheless, he will surely hurry down to the water's edge and see the poor, storm and sea-tossed voyagers landed safely, and entering their happy homes;—just so do I hope that you, dear reader, would see those with whom we have had to do safe at their destination. Know, then, that ere a month had passed, Giulio and Bianca were wedded—the count gradually retrieved his fortunes and rose in the state, and finally became one of the Council of Ten. By a strange fatality, one of the last victims of the plague was Michaele Morosini who succeeded Contarini as doge. His immense wealth, which was amassed by the most sordid and heartless means, was divided between his relatives, and a considerable portion came to his kinswoman Bianca. Old Pietro Molo still dwelt in the Corso degli Orifici, to the end a wealthy and an honourable banker, who ever performed and enforced a contract with unflinching scrupulosity; and he had at length the happiness to see his dear nephew mated with a noble lady of Milan, and perpetuating the name of Molo, which he adorned not less by his magnificence and liberality than he did by the nobleness of his nature.

Three others there are, to whom our thoughts may revert with a pleasant interest. Of Carlo Zeno we need not say anything: his long, active, and most adventurous life; his peaceful death; his obsequies—magnificent and pompous as became a great state honouring the remains of her greatest son, and a mourning people paying the last tribute to their bravest general—all these are matters of history to be found on its brightest and broadest pages. The chronicler who turns aside to ramble through the byeways of history, will now and then meet with the name of Sir William Cheke, and find him still the soldier of fortune, ever gallant and true hearted, till at last he sank down in his harness upon the battle-field, and brave companions in arms gave him sepulture in a foreign land. And, last of all, stout Roger Harrington failed not of his hoped-for future. He won his way back to his own Britain; and beside the waters of his beloved Trent, even in that pleasant valley, through whose once sylvan solitudes the steam-train now thunders along upon its iron way—even there the smoke rose once again from his father's cottage; and, sitting near to him in the chimney-nook of a winter's evening, a blooming matron with mild blue eyes smoothed down the yellow curls of their infant boy, while she listened to the happy yeoman recounting his soldier's life and the feats of the memorable War of the Chioggia.

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY LANDSEER.

To no English artist attaches a wider popularity than Sir Edwin Landseer. All know his works, and all admire them. No collection of modern painters is complete without them, and the memories of them abide with us when our eyes have long ceased to gaze upon the originals. As a painter of animal life he is unrivalled. He gives more than the colour and the form. He endows them with life, and thought, and feeling, and soul. When we look at them, we almost go as far as certain philosophers, and believe in the immortality of brutes. At any rate, they seem to love and hate, and hope, and fight, very much like men and women. When we view his pictures, we feel there is no need to ask

"With Jacques Rousseau
If beasts confabulate or no."

friend. Landseer soon distinguished himself; he was elected R.A. in 1831, he received the honour of knighthood from Royalty in 1850. The list of his pictures is too long for us to chronicle here. His *chefs-d'œuvre* are the well-known ones called "Peace" and "War." The late Mr. Vernon gave 1,500 guineas for each, and since then Sir Edwin has received the enormous sum of 3,000 guineas for permission to engrave them. This fact shows the extent of his popularity. There is no test like the plain pounds, shillings, and pence one. A thing is only worth what it will fetch; nor is this popularity difficult to understand. Who does not love dogs? They are our playmates in childhood—our companions in manhood—our guardians in old age—and if in populous cities pent, we cannot keep them, still we like to have their pictures

LITERARY DOGS.

It is a fact they do. We can almost hear them talking. We see what the funny fellows are at. What happy brutes they are. How lightly and stoically they take the ills of life that dog flesh is heir to. Sir Edwin has been deservedly a successful man, and he certainly has been an industrious one. Every exhibition of the Royal Academy bears testimony to that fact, and in the ordinary course of events he may look forward to pictorial triumphs for many a year. He was born in 1803, and may be supposed to have had a bias to art from his very birth, for his father was an engraver. An artist, and the friend of artists, Landseer, if we remember aright, was with Haydon for a time, though he wisely forsook high art, as the world did not care for it, and has thus had an easier life than that of his early patron and

with which to adorn our rooms. High art is all very well, if you have space for it; but we English have not. High house-rents forbid our patronising high art. Smith can hardly get his wife and olive-branches into the fantastic abode he calls Minerva Lodge, and as to pictures like poor Haydon's, they are quite out of the question. They are nearly as big as Minerva Lodge itself. So, instead, we have recourse to Landseer, and with engravings of his pictures ornament our English homes.

But we must hasten on. The reader must pardon our digression; it is a bad habit Rabelais taught the writers of his age, and it has been common ever since. Let us now look at the pictures here engraved. As literary men ourselves, of course we give the preference to

LITERARY DOGS.

We take them in order. That dog with the great head, to whom the Italian greyhound is making some remarks of a light and trifling character, is evidently no common one. Burns' Cæsar, in his "Twa Dogs," was precisely such another :—

"His hair, his size, his mark, his lugs,
Showed he was none o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod."

How sensibly that dog could talk, every reader of Burns knows well. His companion was completely convinced by him. He made it as plain as a pikestaff, that your rich, dissipated, fashionable men have but a sorry time of it; and to do so he broached Waldo Emerson's favourite doctrine of compensation—a doctrine not so strange or novel as Mr. Emerson imagines, and our friend there is of the same opinion. He is a philosopher, a mature, sedate, steady-going dog, an affectionate husband, a dutiful father; in short, a very moral, model dog—a dog of years and discretion—a dog in whom you can confide, with whom you may do business, whose advice you may ask and take—such a dog as would write a good article on the wrongs of animals in the "Quarterly"—such a dog as would have great influence anywhere for his sagacity, strength of brain, extent of information, and moral worth. It is not surprising that he takes no notice of what that flippant greyhound is saying; and yet he puts up with it. At any rate, he exhibits no sign of impatience; your intellectual dogs never do that; they know as well as we mortals that

"The gods approve
The depth but not the tumult of the soul."

As to that conceited poodle on the left, with *Punch*, all he is fit for is to write a farce. He is clever, and thinks himself so; but he has no stamina, sir—no principles—your fast clever man never has.

But he has a rival in that Charles' spaniel on his right, and that pug with a blue ribbon just before him. Well, after all, he has more in him than either of them.

"His locked lettered braw brass collar,
Shows him the gentleman and scholar."

And if he would not be quite so fast, but read *Punch* less, and study useful knowledge more, as dogs are, he would do very well indeed. The dog with the *Times* is like the *Times*, you can't tell what it is. You can't calculate how it will turn on a question; what side it will support; all that you can safely calculate on is the display of a certain amount of intelligence. It is just so with the dog.

The next engraving has reference to

CONTRARY DOGS,

and contrary they are undoubtedly; as contrary as any imaginary husband and wife, referred to in Milton on "Divorce;" or, perhaps, what is more to the point, as any Mr. and Mrs. Caudle in life. That very little terrier looming in the distance shows fight, and this scraggy mongrel cur would only be too happy to accommodate him, if his fat friend was not of a peaceable character, and evidently an admirer of arbitration in preference to physical force. When one is thus tied what can one do, but show one's teeth and growl a bit,

CONTRARY DOGS.

and then run away? and this is what our lean and angry cur will have to do. The more he chafes the worse it will be for him! Neither man nor dog can war with circumstance. There he is tied, chained to a fat peace-loving dog—a dog whose bark is more to be feared than his bite—a dog you may insult, spit upon, call fool; kick even where, according to Hudibras, honour is lodged, and take any liberty with him, and yet who will not be avenged. Don't trust him; such a dog would leave you in the lurch; and were you attacked by a highwayman or a footpad, would run off like the poltroon that he is. Nor is the cur much better. He would be quite as likely to bite you as the man that knocks you down. He is sly, treacherous, ill-bred, and has no good points about him. They are a bad lot. The two are not worth one good dog. They are a pair of ill-conditioned, ill-bred rascals, and will never be any use to themselves or their owners, or the public at large; they are not worth the tax, and probably live by a mean and unprincipled evasion of it. And that little plucky terrier—the evident hero of a hundred fights—knows it, and would give the two a thorough drubbing if they would only give him a chance; and serve them right.

THE FUNGUS TRIBE.

CHAPTER IV.

Dr. Badham, the author from whom we have so frequently quoted, says:—"For the single mushroom that we eat, how many hundreds there be that retaliate and prey upon us in return. To enumerate but a few, and those of the microscopic kinds: the *Mucor mucedo*, that spawns upon our dried preserves; the *Ascophono mucedo*, that makes our bread mouldy; the *Uredo segetum*, that burns Ceres out of her own corn-fields; the *Uredo rubigo*, whose rust is still more destructive; and the *Puccinia graminis*, whose voracity sets corn-laws and farmers at defiance, are all funguses." The main body of those fungi which make war on man are microscopic; yet so strong and indefeasible are they in their multitudes and their pertinacity, that man has in most instances no power to withstand their forces. Their very minuteness is in their favour, for who can stand against an invisible, noiseless, and scentless foe, whose very presence he has no means of detecting until he has fairly taken possession of his property at every assailable point? To the list given above, we must add many more. There is the Ergot (*Spermædia clavus*), a species which infests grasses and corn. When developed in the latter, it produces the most dreadful disease in those who unfortunately partake of the infected grain. It is chiefly found in rye, but happily not very frequently met with in this country. Berkley says: "It is most curious that this production, when occurring in great abundance among rye, as it does frequently when that grain is extensively cultivated, and unavoidably composing a considerable part of the bread, gives rise to one of the most fearful and distressing diseases with which the human race is afflicted; in which the limbs gradually waste away with horrible pain, and eventually fall off." This little fungus, though so dangerous in its effects when eaten, is nevertheless invaluable for its medicinal uses. It is a little cylindrical horn-shaped body; purple-black without, and white or purplish inside.

Whether the injury to human life of which we have spoken is caused by the fungus itself, or by the decomposed and corrupted state of the corn to which it belongs, is still a matter of question amongst the learned, and one on which we can, of course, form no judgment.

The genera which chiefly affect the cereal produce of our land are the *Uredines* and *Puccinieæ*. The former genus takes its name from *uro*, a Latin word, signifying "to burn," or "scorch," the discolourations and spots on the plants infested by these fungi having been formerly attributed to blasts or injuries caused by the atmosphere or the heavenly bodies. There are two species of this genus that are almost equally dreaded by the farmer; one called "the smut" (*Uredo segetum*), the other, "the bunt" (*Uredo caries*).

The former of these takes its rise within the glume of living plants, and grows with such rapidity as speedily to fill the interior space and burst through the epidermis, when it appears like a profuse black dust, which, if microscopically examined, is found to consist of minute, perfectly spherical sporules. Withering says of this species: "It consists of very minute, egg-shaped, stemless capsules, at first white, but the thin white soon bursting, it pours out a quantity of brown-black powder mixed with wool-like fibres."

The other species, *U. caries* (fig. 1), is very common in wheat, and exceedingly injurious, as it not only destroys the ear on which it grows, but every grain with which the infected individuals come in contact. It is included within the germ of the wheat, and the spores, which are exactly spherical, are longer than those of the above-named species (*U. segetum*), and quite black. When crushed they emit a most fetid odour, which is communicated to the whole sample of wheat with which the bunty grains are associated. Mr. Berkley says of all the corn-infecting fungi: "The growth of these parasites depends so much on accidental circumstances, that it is impossible for the most experienced cultivators to guard against it entirely; but the evil is greatly lessened by careful choice of seed, and by steeping it in solutions of different substances, which destroy the vegetative power of the sporidia of these parasites, etc."

The other genus, *Puccinia*, is of as evil a nature as the *Uredines*. The disease termed "the mildew" in wheat is produced by one of these (*Puccinia graminis*, fig. 2), a fungus so diminutive that a single *stoma* (or pore in a stem or leaf), itself a thing invisible to an ordinary eye, will produce from twenty to forty of these fungi; and each of these exquisitely minute plants will bring forth at least a hundred spores or seeds. The seeds are not much heavier than air; and it may easily be conceived that even a single stem of wheat or grass, when beset with these mischievous parasites, will not be long in infecting all the corn, not only in the field where the injured wheat grows, but in all those adjacent to it.

The first appearance of this blight is usually in the spring, or early in the summer, when it arises in the form of orange-coloured streaks, which afterwards assume a deep chocolate-brown. The tufts of this fungus are dense and often confluent, and forming long parallel lines (fig. 2, *d*). The spores are contained in a tubercular double-celled case, and are black; this case is supported by a filiform peduncle or stem, as seen in fig. 2, *b*.

There is a fungus exceedingly like this, if not the same, which infects barberry-trees. It is larger; but as different soils produce different-sized specimens of the same species of other fruit and vegetables, so may different living soil nourish the same parasite into more or less luxuriance. It is certain, at all events, that wheat or other corn grown in the neighbourhood of the barberry-tree always gets blighted with this *Puccinia*, and it is, therefore, not unreasonable to think that it may be infected by it. It has been suggested (and probably with reason), that the reproductive particles or spores of this and other fungi are dispersed by the air, and sucked in with the water which falls on them into the earth, whence they are absorbed by the pores of plants, and so introduced into their system. In other cases, where they have lodged on the leaves or other external surface of the plants, they are washed by the rain into the stomata or mouths with which the cuticle of almost all plants is thickly beset, and by means of which they drink in a portion of the dew and rain from heaven; and these spring up and grow, intercepting the supplies of moisture from the plant, and at the same time interfering with its functions of respiration, by blocking up the pores; and thus they weaken and destroy the plants on which they feed, so that the grains on a stalk of wheat infected by this disease are not half the size, nor have they the same proportionate amount of farina that those grown on healthy stems possess. It is, however, a remarkable fact, adduced by the best authorities, that these poor diminutive grains will, if sown, produce as fine a crop as the finest and most flourishing seeds. This is worthy of remark, as, though useless or nearly so for food, the withered grains may thus be turned to account, and save the farmer's better samples for other uses.

But it is not on our corn-fields only that a plague of fungi rests; these little *puccinieæ* attack the leaves of plum and other fruit-trees, devour the fluids of our bean-plants, and scatter themselves in destructive armies over our raspberry-bushes and our rose-beds (figs. 3 and 4). There are some forty or more species which spread themselves in all directions on the leaves and stems of our plants and flowers, nor ever cease their ravages until they have destroyed the vitality of whatever part they touch.

But we must now turn to another class of fungi—those which beset our dainties under the name of "mould." There is so interesting an account of this production in a paper published in the pages of a contemporary, that we cannot do better than transcribe a part of it as it stands. "If, during the warm weather, we put aside a bit of bread, or a slice of apple, pear, melon, or a turnip or potato-pealing, if nothing better is at hand, we shall find in a few days that all those substances will have assumed a mouldy appearance.

Take a little of this mould gently off on the point of a penknife, and subject it to the microscope: you see in the moulded bread a grove of tall stalks, each with a round head slightly flattened; in short, a mushroom in miniature. This is the *Mucor mucedo* (fig. 6, *a*), the fungus of the bread-mould. While fresh and young, they are of a beautiful milk-white colour; gradually they assume a yellowish tinge. The stalks are so transparent as, under a good magnifying power, to show the cellular structure inside; the bulb also now exhibits, under a thin bark or skin, a number of minute circular bodies, all arranged in a compact form: these are the spores or seeds. After a day or two more, the fungi begin to ripen, and assume a brownish tint; the bulbs blacken; the skin bursts, and innumerable spores are scattered about, many floating away in the air. This forest of mould, like larger ones, is liable to accidents. You may see in one corner, for instance, that the bit of bread forming the soil has cracked; thus a fungus has been loosened at the root, and it falls down, we may suppose, with a crash, though we still desiderate instruments to magnify and make audible the sound. Nevertheless, the effects of the fall are visible in the breaking down of neighbouring stems, and in the premature scattering of the seed. You may see, too, sometimes the scattered seeds collect upon one or two plants, and, enveloping them, entirely destroy their vitality, and thus cause old, rotten-looking stumps."

It would indeed be curious and interesting if any instruments could be discovered which would extend the scope of the other senses in a degree commensurate with what has been done for that of sight. If we could hear the sounds emitted by microscopic insects, and smell the odours exhaled from invisible and, as we now believe, scentless microscopic vegetables, it is not unlikely that many new and remarkable phenomena would be made known to us. But such discoveries remain as yet unthought of.

But it must not be understood that the mouldiness which we find on our eatables is always a crop of the same species of fungus, or even of different species of the same genus. It is not so. The kinds which infest the apple and the pear are different, and those which "rot and then fatten on" our grapes, plums, and raspberries, are all different from each other. Then there are other kinds which float in our fermented liquors; whilst others again are found within the nutshell; and even within the innermost cavities of the walnut. Some, "like leeches, stick to the bulbs of plants, and suck them dry;" whilst others, not content with a vegetable diet, lay hold of the hoofs of horses and the horns of cattle; nay, worse and worse may be said; for instances have been known of the lungs and other organs of human beings having been beset by these all-destructive little beings. It is also recorded that it is a rare thing to find a mouth, whether of man or woman, where the teeth are not more or less the habitats of these vegetables, which, it is said, can be kept off only by the free use of a well-soaped tooth-brush.

Fungi not only prey on objects which are members of other families than their own, but they unscrupulously devour each other. Many of the *Pileati* have parasitic fungi, which attach themselves solely to them, never attacking any other species. One sort settles itself on dried *Agarics;* another only on moist decaying ones; whilst a third devours only the flesh of a particular *Boletus*. Dr. Badham says: "Few minute objects are more beautiful than these mucidinous *fungi fungorum*. A common one besets the back of some of the *Russulæ* in decay, spreading over it, especially if the weather be moist, like thin flocks of light wool, presenting on the second day a bluish tint on the surface. Under a powerful magnifier myriads of little glass-like stalks are brought into view, which bifurcate again and again; each ultimate head ending in a semilucent head, or button, at first blue, and afterwards black; which, when it comes to burst, scatters the spores, which are then (under the microscope) seen adhering to the sides of the delicate filamentary stalks, like so many minute limpets. There is a very beautiful fungus called "the pencilled mould" (*Aspergilla penicillatus*, fig. 5), which clusters its pretty beaded tassels on the dried plants in our herbariums. This little plant consists of a stem and a cluster of sporules at the top, not unlike a brush with a handle. *Aspergillus* is the name of the brush with which the holy water is sprinkled in Roman Catholic churches, and from this resemblance the genus takes its name. *Næmaspora Carpini* (fig. 6, *d*) is another curious species. This infests the dead wood of the Hornbeam, its singular black spores escaping from their flat cases, and thrusting themselves upwards in the form of tendrils. Then there are the many species of *Sphæria*, which raise their little button-like forms on the branches of trees, and stud them over with sphere-like gems, some yellow, others scarlet, brown, black, orange, white, crimson, and a hundred other tints of richest dye. Sometimes these wonderfully varied little fungi are sessile on the substance they have selected for their habitat, as at fig. 7, *c*, *d*, and *e*; at others they are raised on stalks. Some have smooth visible orifices through which the spores escape; in others, these openings are hairy; and in some species they are not visible at all.

Besides frequenting living plants, and closely besetting their leaves and branches, fungi of this genus are found abundantly on the bark of dead branches, and even on the wood where the bark has been removed. They frequent also the flock of *Agarics;* and one species, "the nest-like Sphæria," is found in the little hollows of bean-roots, whilst others cluster on apples that are lying on the ground, the stems of reeds, or even on the naked earth. There are some species which take up their abode and obtain their sustenance from dead larvæ, pupæ, and spiders' eggs; whilst one, cannibal-like, "the red Parasitic Sphæria," sucks the blood of some of the species of its own genus. So numerous are the species which rank under this genus, that 201 are catalogued by Berkley.

Racodium cellare, "the mouse-skin byssus," is the fungus which festoons and covers the walls of our wine-cellars. For specimens, Badham refers us to the "London Docks, *passim*, where he pays his unwelcome visits, and is in even worse odour than the excisemen." Loudon tells us that it takes its name from a word "used among the Greeks" for a worthless, worn-out, ragged garment, which has been applied to the present genus in allusion to the dirty, interwoven, cloth-like substance with which it clothes whatever it grows on. *R. cellare* is the black substance which overruns the bottles of the wine-merchant, and which often hangs in long thick festoons from the sides and roof of his wine-cellars.

There is a very curious species of fungus which is found overspreading the thing on which it grows like froth. Withering, on the authority of Stackhouse, thus describes it:—"Its first appearance is like custard spilt upon the grass or leaves. This soon becomes frothy, and then contracts around the blades of grass or leaves in the form of little tubercles united together. On examining it in its different stages under the microscope, it first appeared like a cluster of bubbles, irregularly shaped, and melting into one another. In the second stage it appeared imbricated, or tiled, with open cells, the edges of the cells beautifully waved. A blackish powdery matter, on the surface of the cells, now gives the plant a grayish cast. In the third stage, the wavy imbrication disappears, and the plant settles with minute tubercles united together. Some of these are closed; but many of them appear as if torn open, and out of the cavity emerge little downy strings, with irregular-shaped terminations, and other similar irregular bodies on the same strings, like the heads of some of the genus *Mucor*."

The blight which has lately beset the vines and trees whence we have been used to obtain our supplies of raisins and currants (which, if it continues to exert its evil influence, will reduce poor John Bull to the necessity of finding a substitute for the delight of the nation, plum-pudding), is said to be produced by a growth of fungi; but whether this is so is, as yet, scarcely an ascertained fact.

From all we have said, our readers will not be slow in admitting that, minute as these little plants are, and apparently insignificant, they are capable of being made, in the hands of God, instruments of most serious and destructive effects, not only to the property, but also to the life of man.

We must not, however, forget, that although some of the fungus tribe are undoubtedly most injurious in their ravages when they beset our crops or attack our timber, yet it cannot be questioned that the whole tribe has a very important part to play in the economy of nature, and is exceedingly useful to us in many ways. We have seen that some of them are out seems to have a special commission to assist in the work of scavengers, by aiding the multitudinous host of grubs, reptiles, and other devourers, in removing decayed matter (both animal and vegetable), which, if left to putrefy, would in many instances become destructive both to the comfort and health of those higher beings to whom it has pleased God to

FIG. 1.

UREDO CARIES (THE BUNT).

FIG. 2.

a *c*

b

d

a A piece of wheat, natural size, infected with the *Puccinia graminis*. *b* The separate fungi magnified. *c* A cluster of fungi magnified. *d* A section of infected straw, highly magnified.

FIG. 3.

a *b* *c*

PUCCINIA ROSÆ.

a Natural size on leaf. *b* The same magnified. *c* Separate fungi, much magnified.

FIG. 4.

a *b*

PUCCINIA RUBI.

a Natural size. *b* Tufts magnified. *c* Fungi magnified.

FIG. 5.

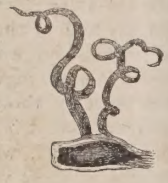
ASPERGILLA PENICILLATUS.

FIG. 6.

a MUCOR MUCEDO.

b MUCOR STERCOREA.

c XYLOMA CONCAVUM.



d NÆMASPORA CARPINI.

FIG. 7.

a PHACIDIUM CORONATUM.

b DOTHIDEA TYPHINA.

c SPHÆRIA REPTANS.

d SPHÆRIA TUBERCULOSA.

e SPHÆRIA ROSELLA.

capable of being turned to important uses as a nutritious and wholesome article of diet, and that others have medicinal properties which render them highly valuable. One kind is employed in making ink, another is used in the place of leather, whilst several kinds are serviceable in dyeing.

Besides these and other individual uses, the tribe throughout place the whole creation in subjection; and thus the absence of this tribe of the vegetable kingdom from the earth would prove infinitely more injurious to their interests than all the ravages of those species which combine against them in the form of "smut," "bunt," "mildew," "mould," or "dry-rot," or whatever else could possibly be.

THE SACRED DEBT.

FIRST PART.

FTER the toils of the day were over, four students of a small erman university met, as they were accustomed to do, at the partments of one of their number for the performance of usic. It is well known with what enthusiasm music is ltivated by the Germans. The majority of them possess a atural taste for this art, of which they are so fond; and the oor as well as the rich find in vocal or instrumental music a nstant source of enjoyment. These young men, after their ore serious studies, diverted themselves during the evening

THE SACRED DEBT.

ith playing quartettes composed for two violins, a viola, and violoncello. During an interval of repose, their light, joyous nversation was interrupted by an old beggar, who, halting nder the window, began to sing in a broken voice. He companied himself on a harp, which was too much injured exposure to retain its more sonorous vibrations; neverheless, the accompaniment was soft and melodious, and the oice sweetly tremulous. The burden of his song ran thus:—

"Oh, give to poor Peter
A cottage, I cry,
An orchard around it,
His wants to supply.
Content with such riches,
Oh, think it not strange,
Estates with his highness
He would not exchange."

When he had concluded, he raised his eyes towards the window where stood the young men. One of them, throwing him a piece of money, said laughingly:

"Here, poor Peter, this is all we can do for you now; return some other time."

"Yes, in a year," said another.

"And we will give you sufficient to purchase a cottage," said a third.

"In a little orchard," added the fourth.

The old man was struck motionless. The lamp over the doorway of a neighbouring inn shed a pale light upon his long white hair. After a moment's reflection, he again raised his eyes to the window and said:

"Young men, are you serious in what you say to me? I hope you would not mock an old man."

"God forbid!" replied Ernest with emotion. His three companions also called God to witness.

"Well, young men, I trust you; at this same hour, a year hence, I will return to this window. Adieu! May the Almighty, whose name you have invoked, bless your undertakings!"

Having given utterance to this benediction, the old man departed. The students closed the window and again took up their instruments. In a few moments, three had forgotten this little scene, and trifled as before; but at the close of the evening Ernest said to them,—

"You appear quite at ease; I must say I am not so, when I reflect on the promise I have made."

"What promise?" said the most heedless one.

"Why, the cottage and the orchard."

Their only reply was a shout of laughter, and thereupon the students separated.

The concerts were continued, and each time the friends met, Ernest reminded them of the promise made to the old man, but found that his zeal was most unwelcome.

"I am surprised," said he, "that you oblige me to insist upon a thing so self-evident. Either we have spoken seriously, and should act accordingly; or we have been guilty of impious mockery, and should endeavour to atone for our fault. My friends, I shall not sleep peacefully, until I have found means to discharge our sacred debt."

"How can we discharge it?" said Christopher; "our parents deprive themselves of necessaries to furnish us with a pitiful maintenance; and even could we live upon air for six months, and unite our little income, it would not be sufficient to purchase the most miserable hut and the smallest orchard for the old fool. If we have been to blame in promising, he has been equally so in accepting our promise. So, quits! Adieu, comrades; I wish your sleep may be as undisturbed as my own."

This fine reasoning could not convince Ernest, nor restore his peace of mind. His mother, noticing his thoughtfulness, became anxious. The good woman, who was a widow, had but this son, and, that they might not be separated, had accompanied him to the University town. The daughter of a peasant, and the wife of a village schoolmaster, poor Catherine had learned to practise the most rigid economy, and hoped, by that means, to eke out the little sum which remained of her paternal inheritance, until her son could maintain himself and his mother.

She wished to know the cause of his sadness. And Ernest made the painful acknowledgment. He saw by his mother's serious look that she thought with him, that such a promise ought to be religiously kept. Indeed, his own judgment was the result of his mother's early instructions in the principles of honour and piety. And should she be untrue, when her son had thus shown himself faithful to her lessons? Catherine could not be guilty of the too common sin, of contradicting her words by her conduct.

"Alas! my child," said she with a sigh, "you have commenced life by incurring debts. Nevertheless, whatever your companions may do, you at least shall fulfil your part of the engagement into which you have entered; if you do not, you are not my son."

After this conversation, Ernest devoted all the time he could spare from study to devising some means of redeeming his promise. He was one day walking on the borders of a forest, absorbed in the contemplation of this subject, when he came upon a little cottage delightfully situated in a charming valley. The cottage was surrounded by a small orchard, now clad in the verdure of spring. Passing the rustic entrance, he perceived that it was for sale.

"This would suit our purpose," said he, gazing around.

Impelled by curiosity, he entered, and approached a man of middle age, who was seated on a bench formed from the trunk of a tree.

"Your farm is for sale, sir?" said he, colouring

"Yes, my friend; do you wish to purchase it?"

"I am deputed," replied Ernest, hesitating, "to procure estate for a friend. What may be the price you demand?"

"Two thousand florins (about £160)," was the reply.

"Two thousand florins!" exclaimed the poor young m in affright.

"It appears to you a high price, my friend; but do y expect a house and grounds are to be had for a morsel bread? Look at these trees; their flourishing conditi proves the goodness of the soil. Look at this house; it is n a castle certainly, but there is room enough for happine within; and I would not leave the Pré Fleuri, were it not th I wish to be nearer my children, who have married far fr hence."

"Yes, indeed," said the student to himself; "there is roo enough for happiness. I should be well contented with myself."

While he thus reflected, the man rose to conduct him the house. After they had gone over it, they took a turn rou the grounds. Ernest admired all he saw, and acknowledg that two thousand florins was only a reasonable demand for eligible an estate.

He left the house, thinking it was something to have fou the cottage and the orchard, and flattering himself that should conclude by discovering the means to purchase them

He was absorbed in these thoughts until he entered t town, when, meeting in the public gardens a troop of wande ing musicians, he suddenly recollected that his frien expected him that evening to join their little concert. It w their first meeting after a fortnight's vacation, which they h passed at their respective homes.

They met at the usual hour, and after the first salutatio Christopher said that he had something to tell them bef they commenced.

"And I also," replied Augustus, "have something to s to you."

"Well, indeed," added Frederic, "and so have I."

"And when you have all finished," said Ernest, "I m beg you to listen to my tale."

Christopher began:

"I was crossing," said he, "the forests of the Hartz mou tains, on my return home. I was alone, and on foot. As t night closed in, the weather became stormy. When I was the middle of the wood, the tempest commenced. If I attem to describe it to you, it must be chiefly from imagination, I soon lost my presence of mind. The howling of the wind the crash of falling trees—the torrents of rain and hail—we heard even above the incessant roaring of the thunder. T continual flashing of the lightning, bursting upon the profou darkness, so dazzled me, that I durst not open my eyes, proceed a step. Ah! friends, you know not what it is to overtaken by a tempest in the midst of a forest. Hitherto had fancied myself a brave man; now, I frankly confess, know what terror is. I leaned against a tree for support my trembling limbs. Suddenly a thunder-bolt fell a few st from me, and struck an oak which was instantly in flam Here was new danger—the forest may soon be on fire. gathered courage to move a little further on; but it was last effort; I fell first upon my knees, and then my wh length upon the wet moss. There I passed the most dread night of my life. I thought of you, my friends, of our co certs, and of the old beggar. I said to myself: 'This i warning from Heaven. Unhappy being that I am! If escape this danger I will amend my life, and I will keep t promise that I made.' At length the storm abated, and I l the frightful wood; but though the peril is over, the prom remains. This, my friends, is what I had to tell you; an now join with the wise Ernest in entreating you to fulfil engagement."

"You will have little difficulty in persuading me," s Augustus. "During my stay with my parents, I visited Castle of Weissberg. The owner of that fine residence adorned it with more curiosity than taste; and, perhaps, would not repay the trouble of a visit, had he not also filled

vith singular inventions. Among other things he has erected magnificent triumphal arch in one of the principal walks, vith this inscription over it in letters of gold:—'This is the ate of good faith; pass it not unless thou art true to thy vord.' I was in a large company, one of whom read the nscription, and called our attention to it, upon which they all assed gaily on. Had I refused to pass, I should have stood n acknowledged liar. I therefore advanced boldly, and assed under the arch. Since that day I have had no peace f mind, for I feel that having pledged my honour before so nany witnesses, I cannot withdraw."

"Then," said Frederic, "we are all agreed to comply with ur comrade's request; for a circumstance no less singular han those you have related, has determined me to keep my vord."

"Oh, my friends," he added, "when my grandmother used o relate to us her dreams and their predictions, we would augh and shrug our shoulders behind her; but I am now as redulous as she was, and you will not be surprised at it vhen I tell you the dream that I had twice successively. I lo not believe that Christopher felt more terror in the forest han I on my bed, when I saw, for the second time, the old nusician stop in the street below, grinning and twanging the trings of his old harp. He suddenly grew to the height of he window, and putting in a dishevelled head, and stretching ut a skeleton arm, he seized my violoncello, which became n enormous double-bass, opened it, I know not how, thrust ne furiously into it, and carried me away with him upon his houlders, notwithstanding your cries and my own. You may augh as much as you please, but I am convinced that this eggar is some great personage, with power to punish us if ve offend him. I will not expose myself to it, if I can but nd the means of satisfying him; but unhappily my dream evealed nothing on the point."

Ernest congratulated his comrades more upon the resolution hey had formed than on the motives which had influenced hem; and added, "Let me now tell you, that I have found vhat we want."

"Ah, really!" cried they all in astonishment.

"Yes, I have found it. In a charming valley near the town, I discovered a little house standing in an orchard, which will suit us exactly, and our old man will no doubt be satisfied. The estate is to be sold for two thousand florins."

"Two thousand florins!" exclaimed they all together.

"I think," said Christopher, "we shall be a little nearer the conclusion of this affair when you have told us where we are to find the money. Instead of this you speak of purchasing, while we have no means of paying for it beyond a slip of paper."

"Wait," replied Ernest; "I shall, perhaps, have a proposition to make to you; but, first, I wish to know whether you have consulted your friends, and if they are not disposed to make a little sacrifice to assist you in this matter."

One of the students replied, that he durst not say a word to his father, for fear of being turned out of doors; another, that he had spoken of it to his tutor, who ridiculed him, and said it was time enough to pay when he was obliged; and the third said that his uncle, upon whom he depended, was violently enraged, and declared, if he should meet the beggar, he would denounce him to the police, and have him taken to prison."

"Then," said Ernest, "we are thrown upon our own resources; and now for what I was about to propose to you. As I came through the public gardens, I met a troop of strolling musicians. They made noise enough, but their music was miserable; however, the good people scattered money liberally among them. I flatter myself that we have a little more skill than they, and we have good instruments; let us take advantage of the approaching vacation; disguise ourselves, and travel over Germany with our violins; we may, perhaps, succeed. Such is my advice; if it does not please you, and you can propose a better plan, I will willingly agree to your proposition."

It was received with applause. Such an idea would be likely to please Germans. The manners of the country are such that it would be considered no degradation. Far from seeking another expedient, they assured him they could imagine nothing to be compared to it. They would see the country, they would lead a life of romance, they would earn applause, and florins also to enable them to keep their word. The project was admirable!

RUSSIAN SERFS AND RUSSIAN NOBLES.

THE position of the Russian peasant before the herd of boyards nd princes—slaves and serfs themselves before their despot n St. Petersburg, tyrants and masters at home—is pointedly narked in our engraving of a boyard giving audience to his erfs, on his return to his estates after a long absence. But a ecent tourist gives us facts to deal with.

Not very long ago he penetrated to an estate some seven undred miles from St. Petersburg. It was a vast territory of ome 100,000 acres, with 200 villages, inhabited by wretched erfs, the property of Prince B. . . . He accompanied the ourist, who describes the enthusiasm of the tenantry, as he acetiously calls them, as very great. They came out to reeive their master with their *starostes* (elders) at their head; oud shouts filled the air, every one wore his best clothes, and he cold but bright sun shone above. A flag was raised on the ummit of the castle, and on reaching the courtyard, speeches vere made on both sides; servile on the one, haughty and ondescending on the other—a right royal affair altogether. Then dancing, singing, and eating commenced, brandy was freely listributed, and everybody went home, not sober but merry, he Russians being no friends to the temperance movement. They are slaves, and drinking is peculiarly the vice of laves.

In ancient days an old boyard made his return to his states an opportunity for making money. As soon as he had reached his castle, he installed himself in a large audience-hamber, and there seating himself on a throne, his left hand resting on a cushion, he received homage from his vassals. They came crawling on their knees, their eyes on the ground, o the throne of their master, and each deposited in a copper urn a rouble of silver, about three shillings. This tribute once paid, the boyard became affable and friendly with his vassals, according to the customs of his family.

So wedded are the Russians to habit, that though this custom has been abolished, the peasants still bring the rouble, and are really disappointed that the young prince, the descendant of the old boyard, will not take it.

The traveller is struck, on arriving upon the territory of a Russian nobleman, with the excellent state of the roads. They are like the walks of a park, turfed and bordered by fine trees. But this state of things exists only upon the roads near the castle; the roads at a little distance are horrible. With three exceptions, there are no high roads in the whole vast and so-called civilised Empire of Russia. There are tracts of indefinite width, covered by sand, disfigured by stumps of trees, crossed by streams, with here and there a wretched imitation of a bridge.

If, however, the roads are bad, travelling is secure; and though accidents are common, the Russian peasantry are so exceedingly obliging and friendly in their disposition, that they will run a mile to assist in getting a carriage out of a bog or deep rut.

The inns are infamous. The traveller who does not bring his food must abstain, and he who does not bring his bed must sleep on the floor. There you lie, travellers and luggage, all pell-mell, close together—so close that, as our tourist says, "we scarcely left space for the vermin to attack us." Filth and discomfort of every kind is the ordinary state of things in these caravanserai; and the Russian nobleman never risks a night in one of them without cooks, beds, cushions, food, and drink.

At Schlusselburg, M. Leouzon le Duc met with the following adventure. He was coming back from Lake Onega. It was bitterly cold. He had been two days and two nights in his carriage. His limbs appeared frozen. At two in the morning he reached the post-house; its rooms were all deserted—no light, no fire, all dark and cold.

"*Maltchick! maltchick!* Boy! boy!"

A sleepy voice, from under a sheepskin on the floor, answered,

"*Seitchass!* Directly!"

Now in Russia people always say *seitchass*, but they never are ready. He waited for a quarter of an hour, shaking in the cold, and worn by hunger and thirst, while the boy lit his lamp, himself shivering.

"Quick! Fire and tea."

"Hot water!—but where is your fire?"

"We have only some spirits of wine."

And this is the country, the panegyrists of which talk of its rivalling England.

To return to the nobles. Their life in the country, where they are despots, makes up for the humiliation of their town existence. They lord it here, as they are lorded over in St. Petersburg; they receive petitions only on the bended knees of supplicants.

At nine the boyard takes his morning tea, smoking his pipe all the time; at eleven he breakfasts, and then roams about his estate; at four he dines, and at eight he takes his evening tea. His life is sometimes diversified by hunting, fowling, and by official festivals.

It is a completely royal existence. In their castles, the

RECEPTION OF SERFS BY A BOYARD.

"*Ni mogena!* Impossible!"

"Why impossible?"

"The stoves are all out of order, and will not be mended for two days."

"Fool!" said le Duc.

"But, your excellency, it was very hot yesterday here, and will be hotter still when the stoves are mended."

"What is that to me? Bring me a *samovar*."

The *samovar* is a kind of tea-kettle, which gives out so much heat that it serves at times the purpose of a stove.

"*Ni mogena*," said the boy.

"Why?"

"All the charcoal is burnt, so that the *samovar* cannot be heated. I can give your excellency nothing but a teapot and hot water."

hereditary boyards know no law but their own will. Some are gentle and paternal in their conduct, but many are tyrannical to the last degree. A peasant insurrection, and the destruction by fire of a castle and all its inhabitants, sometimes give us an insight into the character of the relations which exist between master and slave.

The Russian serf, on an average, works three days for himself and three days for his master. He cannot rise above a certain level. If there are fifty labourers in a village, they have fifty plots of land, of equal size, with five over for those who are likely to marry in the year. That plot they may cultivate, and no more. They cannot leave the village without permission. The duty to the master is called *obrok*; some pay it in money, some in work. The serfs are all hard drinkers, and their lords encourage them in this pernicious habit.

OUR STREET.

Onslow and Son's was the only shop in our street. It was a very ancient-looking shop, and the oldest person in the parish could not remember that any other establishment had ever existed in the same locality. For three generations, at least, the firm of Onslow and Son had flourished, without the slightest opposition. As an older Onslow died, he was succeeded by Son, and, in like manner, a younger member of the family was advanced to take his position as second in the firm. In this manner they went on, without supposing that any change could ever possibly affect their condition.

It would be difficult to describe the exact calling or profession of the members of this firm. They dealt in all kinds of linen and woollen drapery, stationery, and drugs. Occasionally they acted as physicians or apothecaries, and prepared the only cattle medicines that could be procured in the neighbourhood. They kept the post-office, and distributed stamps, were agents for a life and fire insurance company, and transacted business on behalf of the country bank. Yet their premises were not large, nor their stock-in-trade extensive. The windows of the shop, which projected considerably over the narrow pavement, were supported on wooden posts, and elevated to a level with the vision of a full-grown person. The pane of glass, of modest dimensions, were surrounded by strong, solid-looking frames, an inch and half in thickness. In those days it was not deemed necessary daily to exhibit a fresh assortment of goods, as the means of attracting stray customers. Onslow and Son supplied all that was wanted in the neighbourhood, so that any such labour on their part would have been expended to no purpose. Once or twice a-year the business of their establishment was almost entirely suspended, in order that a thorough cleansing and "putting to rights" might be accomplished. This being done, the same faded ensigns of the trade were restored to their former place, in the same order as they had maintained during the greater part of a century. The door was several steps above the level of the street, and was usually closed, which gave to the whole establishment an exclusive and uninviting aspect.

THE OLD SHOP IN OUR STREET.

On the entrance of any one into the shop, Mr. Onslow or Son generally looked through a small window, which communicated with the little back parlour; and having finished his tea, or satisfied himself concerning the correctness of a bill, or discharged any other duty in which he might happen to be engaged, he would at length come forward, and desire the waiting customer to say what was wanted. Now it sometimes happened, that amidst the multiplicity of their wares

the principals themselves were uncertain whether the article on demand was amongst the number.

"I believe," the shopkeeper would sometimes say, "that I have somewhere that which you desire. I've a faint recollection that there's something of the sort on one of those upper shelves."

Accordingly, a parcel was brought down from its hiding-place, but its contents were not the goods in request; so the package was deliberately re-corded, and safely lodged in its former position, before another search could be made. After several unsuccessful attempts, the right parcel was at last found, and the customer having taken a portion, at a price which awarded Onslow and Son a profit of 50 per cent., the remainder was again deposited on the upper shelf, to rest undisturbed for one, three, or seven years, as future circumstances might determine. Onslow and Son never asked their customers if they wanted anything more. They never used any power of persuasion to induce a fair visitor to increase the number of her purchases, by exhibiting to her some recently imported goods of the latest fashion, or by informing her that some new article was found to be exceedingly useful in domestic arrangements. They regarded a commercial transaction in the light of a mutual accommodation. They believed that the wares they had to sell were good, but were by no means prepared to pledge themselves that the world could produce no better; as they purchased, their customers were welcome to buy again, with the understanding that the sellers were not losers by the bargain.

Onslow and Son seemed to pride themselves that they could perform the least amount of labour in the longest given time. Their shop was open from six in the morning till ten at night. Everything was managed in a quiet, methodical manner, as though the chief aim of a tradesman was not the amount of work he could accomplish, but the number of hours he could manage to keep himself occupied. Had any one hinted to Mr. Onslow that he might have discharged double the amount of business, and have had full five hours a-day for exercise and instruction, he would have been plainly told that the best exercise for a man of business is his work, that a knowledge of reading, writing, and accounts is all that he requires; and as for Cassell's "Popular Educator," it would have been Mr. Onslow's decided opinion that it was only calculated to bring young men to poverty and ruin. The good man would have chuckled at the idea of a grocer learning Latin and French, or of a draper's assistant becoming master of the problems of Euclid. He would have deemed a voyage to the moon quite as probable as a monster trip to the Great Exhibition.

Things went on in such an established and regular manner in our street, that no one ever thought of any change. In the course of time, however, a circumstance occurred, the result of which was an entire topo-revolution. This was no other than the death of Miss Dorothy Bragge, an elderly lady, who lived opposite to the establishment of Onslow and Son. As soon as the funeral was over, the quiet, unobtrusive-looking dwelling, lately occupied by that lady, was "to let." Everybody wondered for a while whether the executors would be likely to find a tenant who would consent to be imprisoned in the same manner as Miss Bragge and her single domestic. Time, however, rolled on, and the empty house was almost forgotten, till one morning a number of joiners and bricklayers were seen to enter the premises, who, by their proceedings, were intent on making some considerable alterations. They deliberately proceeded to remove the window which had formerly afforded light to Miss Bragge's parlour; they then tore away the wall from the whole front, as high as the second floor, removed the partitions which had separated the parlour from the passage and the kitchen at the back, so that the entire suite of apartments on the ground floor was thrown open to the gaze of the public. The floor was scrupulously made level with the street, a commodious window of plate-glass was soon fixed, a long line of counters was arranged through the entire length of the shop—for a shop it was now about to become. Two dozen highly varnished canisters, the first numbered 12 and the last 36, were soon placed in regular order. Vast heaps of tea and sugar appeared to have been thrown into the window as samples, as if the shopman had just emptied a chest of the one and a barrel of the other, and thought nothing of them in a concern so extensive and magnificent. In the evening, a strong glare of gas-light forcibly arrested the attention of the passers-by; whilst invitations, printed in large characters, were adroitly placed in the window, strongly advising the reader to purchase a certain full-flavoured black tea, at four shillings per lb., or informing him that the finest fresh-roasted coffee was to be purchased at two. Spices were profusely scattered about, large bunches of grapes were temptingly suspended, Portuguese onions peeped slily from their bursting boxes, whilst oranges and lemons were so plentiful, one might have imagined that they grew in the neighbourhood. Within the shop every one was busy, even if there happened to be no customers waiting: one weighed and folded the articles which were likely to be soon required; another was unpacking or clearing away the goods which had just arrived; a third was seated at the desk, making entries in a book which appeared large enough to have kept the accounts of the nation. The whole scene was one of activity and despatch.

This change, so entirely new in our street, was brought about by Tom Widdaker, late apprentice in the firm of Onslow and Son, who, on the fulfilment of his indentures, had repaired to London, where he obtained a situation, and remained during five years as assistant in one of the largest metropolitan establishments. On the death of his father, Widdaker became possessed of £1,500; with this sum, and £150 which he had saved in London (N.B.—his evenings were usually spent in Southampton-buildings), he started business in the manner we have described, and ventured to oppose his late master, whose capital was known to be at least £12,000.

The walls of our town, and every available space in the surrounding villages, were covered with large placards, setting forth that "T. Widdaker, having *direct communication with the merchants of Hong Kong and the West Indies*, and by means of an *immense* capital invested in trade, was enabled to supply the public with Tea and Coffee, much superior to those of any other house, and at *exceedingly* reduced prices."

When the first feelings of surprise and astonishment had passed from the mind of every individual connected with the firm of Onslow and Son, the senior partner affected pity for what he considered the rash behaviour of his late apprentice; for that Widdaker would soon be ruined, Mr. Onslow did not entertain the shadow of a doubt.

"Who will believe his puffing advertisements?" said Onslow to Son; "and as for his capital, we shall soon see how far that can support such an extravagant outlay."

Now, although few persons believed that Widdaker had direct communication with the Hong Kong merchants, or that his capital was much beyond its actual value, the great bulk of the customers in our street soon began to resort to the "new shop." Many persons were of opinion that the tea and coffee purchased there were superior in flavour and quality to those of Mr. Onslow, and every one knew that the younger trader was content with more moderate profits. The *élite* of the parish were pleased by the promptitude and attention with which they were served, and the poor were influenced by the civility and politeness with which their custom was acknowledged. Thus the new shop continued to prosper.

Onslow and Son were obliged to acknowledge that Widdaker's term of existence as a shopkeeper in our street was likely to prove longer than they had at first anticipated; but they still persisted in the belief that his ruin was only put off for a season, and that the longer the event was postponed, the more fatal would be the catastrophe. In the mean time, as their drapery and drug business was not affected, it was sufficient to support them till the former state of things should be restored. But, alas! when changes have begun, who can say where matters will end? In a few months Browne opened a draper's shop in our street, on a similar scale to that of Widdaker; and Robinson started as a regular

druggist. Onslow and Son, however, still continued to believe that theirs would again become the only shop in the neighbourhood, and that these upstarts would soon vanish.

In process of time the young tradesmen married, and were surrounded by families, and still, to the astonishment of the Onslows, continued to manifest all the outer signs of men in easy circumstances. Widdaker was chosen to serve the office of mayor; Browne was elected churchwarden; and Robinson's ruin seemed to be as distant as ever.

At length, as the early-closing system was adopted in our street by all except the firm of Onslow and Son, a meeting of the inhabitants was called, to consider the propriety of establishing a literary institution, to which all parties, principals, assistants, and apprentices, might repair after business hours, for rational amusement and instruction. The object was approved of, and it was resolved that a site should immediately be sought out, on which to erect a hall for the purpose.

On the evening of that day, Onslow and Son settled their last transaction as members of a commercial firm.

"Sam," said Onslow to Son, "the world is gone mad. The sooner we are out of business the better. In a quiet cottage in the country we may, at least, live in peace."

A few weeks later, Onslow and Son deserted the home of their fathers, on which the "Athenæum" is now erected. But although seven years have passed away since that event, it is still the unalterable opinion of George Onslow, Esq., of Broom Cottage, that we are on the eve of a revolution, a national bankruptcy, or a foreign invasion, and that these calamities are mainly owing to such changes as have been wrought by the hand of Time in the condition of our street.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

The world was once a world of mysteries. Ancient maps were extraordinary-looking things, and modern maps of what the ancients knew are odd-looking skeletons, with a hand, perhaps, and a foot just covered by flesh, and all the rest mere outline. Country after country has been added, town after town; and once, to the amazement of the whole thinking universe, a whole continent came forth, unexpectedly, from the night of ages. And now America is peopled, India is a British province, islands like Australia are paving the floor of new empires, China is yielding up its secrets, and Japan, almost alone of those countries we wish to know, remains to a certain extent a sealed book. Precisely because it *is* a sealed book—because everybody has not an opportunity of knowing all about it—is that amount of curiosity developed which usually marks the inquiring mind. It is the sure result of some little reflection on foreign countries, and some little insight into books of travels in our youth, to make us in after-life eager students of geographical discovery. For our own parts, we believe that there is no style of reading more advantageous to the young mind than good books of travels. It arouses a habit of comparison; the variety of manners, ideas, thoughts, feelings, the host of prejudices peculiar to each nation, which are thus arrayed one against the other, must operate in a beneficial way upon the mind. By a knowledge of other lands, we learn to know better how to value what we ourselves possess.

There is no country about which we can inquire with more likelihood of our curiosity being gratified than about Japan. It must not be supposed that it has always been so hermetically closed: its present habit of seclusion dates from 1640, when the Portuguese were expelled, and Christianity, which was taking rapid root, was put down. The Portuguese Jesuit missionaries were at first well received, and favoured by the Japanese government; nor were they driven away by force of arms until they had begun to interfere with political affairs. A general massacre then ensued, stimulated probably by the Dutch, who ever since have been the only European people allowed to trade with Japan. The tale has been handed down to us by the Dutch of a certain yearly cursing and trampling upon the emblem of Christianity—the cross—by the Japanese. The statement, however, appears to be utterly devoid of foundation; indeed, the Japanese are rather exempt than otherwise from religious fanaticism.

Since the above expulsion, only one Chinese and one Dutch factory have been allowed. The interior has, then, been to a certain extent a great mystery, and yet, despite every care and precaution, truth will peep out. Medical men connected with the Dutch factory have written, and their books, with Japanese manuscripts, supply much information. We ourselves have the pleasure of constant correspondence with a relative in Batavia, who, from ex-members of the Dutch factory, has gleaned many useful facts. It is through Batavia, or Java, that all intercourse with Japan is carried on.

Some persons imagine that a stray junk of these strange people helped to people America, which, as there is no proof to the contrary, is quite possible. They, however, did not take, as far as we can see, any of their customs with them, unless, indeed, they be buried in the ruined cities of Yucatan, or in the graves of the Aztecs.

The aspect of the shores is gloomy, as if nature vied with man in her efforts to make the land inaccessible. Rocks, reefs, storms, fogs, are even more pestilential than the extreme *octroi* principle which the Japanese adopt, and which is so offensive even in the city of Paris. But as you approach nearer, you find before your eyes fresh green hills, richly cultivated in terraces, with cedars, and temple roofs and huts rising in all directions. The inhabitants first seen are generally fishermen, all but naked; but the ship which enters Nagasaki Bay has soon other visitors. The guards come alongside, questions are asked, delays incurred, Bibles and Prayer-books sealed up as dangerous, and hostages taken,—the whole crew and passengers examined to see that they really are Dutch; and then the ship is towed into the inner anchorage. From this place the view is delicious; hills, groves, oaks, cedars, laurels, corn-fields, gardens—all combine to attract and please the eye.

Immense precautions are now taken to prevent smuggling, which, nevertheless, does take place, though all efforts, even on the part of the president of the factory, to have the society of a wife allowed, have hitherto failed. The first thing that strikes the eye of the traveller is the appearance of the people he visits. A learned writer thus dilates upon them:—

"The Japanese have all the organic characteristics of Mongol conformation, the oblique position of the eye included; but they seem to be the least uncomely of that ugly race. Klaproth considers the Chinese portion of their nature to be happily modified by greater energy, muscular and intellectual. They are generally described as well made, strong, alert, and fresh-coloured; the young of both sexes as smooth-faced, rosy, and graced with abundance of fine black hair. The Dutch writers, indeed, dilate complacently upon the beauty of the young women, of which a specimen is given in a portrait in Siebold's work."

Our engraving represents a specimen (p. 389) of a Japanese lady in all her finery. To continue:—"The gait of both sexes is allowed to be awkward; and the women the worst, in consequence of their bandaging their hips so tightly as to turn their feet inwards. The ordinary dress of both sexes, and all ranks, is in form very similar, differing chiefly in the colours, delicacy, and value of the materials. It consists of a number of loose wide gowns, worn over each other; those of the lower orders made of linen or calico—those of the higher, generally of silk, with the family arms woven or worked into the back and breast of the outer robe; and all fastened at the waist by a girdle. The sleeves are enormous in width and length, and the portion that hangs below the arm is closed at the end to

answer the purpose of a pocket, subsidiary, however, to the capacious bosoms of the gowns, and to the girdles, where more valuable articles are deposited; amongst these are clean, neat squares of white paper, the Japanese substitutes for pocket-handkerchiefs, which, when used, are dropped into the sleeve, until an opportunity offers of throwing them away without soiling the house. This description applies to both sexes, but the ladies usually wear brighter colours than the men, and border their robes with gay embroidery or gold. Gentlemen wear a scarf over the shoulders; its great length is regulated by the rank of the wearer and serves in turn to regulate the bow with which they greet each other, inasmuch as it is indispensable to bow to a superior until the ends of the scarf touch the ground."

Their holiday garb is thus described:—"To the above, upon occasions of full dress, is superadded what is called the garb of ceremony. It consists o a cloak of a specific form thrown over the other clothes. With the cloak is worn, by the higher classes, a very peculiar sort of trousers, called *hakhama*, which appears, both from the description given, and from the appearance of the article, so far as can be distinguished in the glass cases of the Hague Museum, to be formed of an immensely full-plaited petticoat, sewed up between the legs, and left sufficiently open on the outside to admit of free locomotion."

Swords are the insignia of rank. Men in the higher ranks wear two, those a rank lower appear with one; the people are not allowed any. The figure we have engraved below is that of a nobleman, and accordingly, as the reader will observe, two swords are represented. This may give some idea of the character of political society. Socks are worn in-doors, their shoes being exceedingly awkward. They are soles of straw-matting or wood, kept on by an upright pin between the toes, sometimes by a horn ring. The impossibility of lifting a foot thus shod in walking may amply account for the awkward gait of the Japanese.

JAPANESE NOBLEMAN.

Their head-dress is distinctive. The men shave the front and crown of the head; the hair growing from the temples and back of the head is gathered together, drawn back, and forms a tuft. These peculiarities are faithfully depicted in the accompanying illustration. Priests and physicians shave clean, while surgeons retain theirs.

The women, exhibiting in this even more sense than the men of civilised countries, keep all their hair, and make a

kind of turban of it, stuck full of bits of tortoise-shell, a foot long, as thick as a man's finger, highly worked and polished. The more a lady's hair projects, the more she is dressed. No jewellery adorns their persons, the complexion is destroyed by red and white paint, the lips are daubed with purple, while the married women dye their teeth black and extract the eyebrows.

Except in rainy weather, the head is uncovered, a fan only shading off the sun. Everybody wears a fan,—man, woman, and child, soldiers, civilians, schoolmasters—every body.

The island inhabited by the Dutch—which is about 600 feet long by 240 across—is an artificial island in the shape of a fan, separated from the town by a stone bridge. The eleven solid Dutchmen who dwell here, are watched with all the patience of the strange race they do business with. They are waited on by Japanese servants in the day, but the severe laws which force these men to leave at sunset have encouraged the introduction into the factory of a class of women of the lowest order, who alone are allowed to live on Dezima island. The children of these temporary wives are all taken as Japanese citizens, and are allowed little intercourse with their parents. None may die on this Dutch island, and this law occasions some painful scenes in case of sudden illness. Few visitors ever go to Dezima, a permission being so difficult to obtain as to amount almost to prohibition. No money transactions are allowed, and the severe laws of the monarchy are kept in force by a system of spies, quite equal to that of any European despotism.

President Meylan thus describes a visit paid to him by the chief police officer, a burgomaster of Nagasaki: "Upon such occasions the president is bound, in expectation of their arrival, to spread a carpet, to provide liqueurs and sweetmeats to be offered at the proper time, to await the high dignitary at his own door, and when the said high dignitary has seated himself in Japanese fashion, on his heels on the carpet, to squat himself down in like manner, bowing his head two or three times to the ground, and thus making his compliment, as it is termed here. In all this I should see nothing, it being the usual mode in which Japanese grandees receive and salute each other; but here, in my mind, lies the offence, that between Japanese this compliment is reciprocated, whilst at an interview between a Netherlander and a Japanese grandee of the rank of a *gobanyosi*, the compliment of the former is not returned by the latter, he being esteemed an exceedingly friendly burgomaster, or *gobanyosi*, who even nods his head to the Netherlander in token of approval. All this is the more striking to the Netherlander newly landed at Dezima and not yet used to the custom, because he observes the Japanese to be amongst themselves full of ceremony and demonstration of politeness, in which the nation yields to no other, not even to the French."

JAPANESE LADY.

PEERS AND M.P.'S;

OR,

LORDS AND COMMONS.

SCENES IN THE COMMONS.

The scenes we have already given have been of an exciting and painful character. They were enacted by men whose passions were roused when great principles were at stake—when men had to contend for life, and liberty, and all they held dear. That battle over, the tone of parliamentary life has of course been lower. Party warfare has since raged high; the lame, and the blind, and the old were brought up to vote against Walpole; and during the debates on the Reform Bill, morning had long dawned before members had ceased to harangue on the bill they deemed so great a blessing or curse. On one occasion, we are told, Sheridan divided the house nineteen times. During the Reform Bill, Sir C. Wetherell kept dividing the house all night. But these contests were tame indeed, compared with those which we have already witnessed. When on one side was a king fighting for his prerogative, and on the other a democracy fighting for its very existence, a grandeur attached to the parliamentary arena such as it never had before, nor ever can be expected to have again. Our concluding scenes will be of a lighter character. Conversant as we are with the house as it exists at present, we have witnessed nothing deserving the name of a scene. Mr. Gavan Duffy last session managed to create a short-lived hubbub by making some rather strong remarks; but that was soon over, and the Duffiad at no time rose to the dignity of the scene.

When there is a row, you generally find an Irishman in it. O'Connell was famous for this sort of thing. On one occasion, when a vote for Maynooth was being discussed, Mr. Shaw, the member for the University of Dublin, having charged the member for all Ireland with attempting to subvert the Irish Church Establishment, Mr. O'Connell rose, and with the greatest warmth and violence of gesture, said, "I call the honourable recorder to order; he has made use of a false assertion."

Here Mr. O'Connell's voice, says the author of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," was drowned amidst the deafening cries of "Order," which proceeded from all parts of the opposition side of the house. A number of honourable members rose at once and accompanied the words with a corresponding violence of gesture. Mr. O'Connell resumed: "The honourable member has accused me of having sworn one thing and done another. It is quite out of order for a member to utter falsehoods." Here the excitement became more furious still. In vain did Mr. Bernal endeavour, as chairman, to restore order. His voice was lost amidst the deafening noise which prevailed. Some degree of quiet being at length restored, Mr. Shaw rose, and with great warmth said, "The honourable member for Dublin knows that when he used the word falsehood—" Here Mr. Shaw's voice was again drowned amid renewed uproar and confusion. Seven or eight Irish members were speaking at the top of their voices. At length, Mr. Bernal having threatened to dissolve the committee, Mr. Shaw was allowed to resume, which he did by saying: "The honourable member, Mr. O'Connell, has charged me with being actuated by a spiritual ferocity; but my ferocity is not of that description which takes for its symbol death's head and cross bones." (Tremendous cheers from the opposition, with uproar from Irish members on the ministerial side.) Mr. O'Connell, addressing himself personally to Mr. Shaw, and not to the chairman, "Yours is a calf's head and jaw-bones." (Deafening cheers from the ministerial side of the house, mingled with cries of "Order! order! chair! chair!" from the opposition.) This was the climax. Mr. Bernal at length interposed, and order was again restored.

We take from the *Morning Post* of 28th of July, 1835, a very graphic account of a scene which ensued when Mr. Hughes, a new member for the city of Oxford, rose to address the house. The moment he pronounced the word "Sir," addressing himself to the Speaker, he was assailed with the most tremendous uproar and confusion. The most confused sounds, mysteriously blended, issued from all corners of the house. One honourable member near the bar repeatedly called out, "Read," to the member endeavouring to address the house, in an exceedingly base and hoarse sound of voice. At repeated intervals, a sort of drone-like humming, having almost the sound of a distant hand-organ or bagpipes, issued from the back benches,—coughing, sneezing, and ingeniously extended yawning, blended with other sounds, and produced a *tout ensemble* which we have never heard excelled in the house. A single voice from the ministerial benches imitated very accurately the yelp of a kennelled hound.

In 1834, when the question before the house was the admission of Dissenters to the Universities, the following scene occurred, taken from the *Morning Chronicle* the day after. Mr. G. W. Wood rose to reply (the laughing, jeering, shouting, and coughing were such as we never before witnessed). The hon. gentleman said it had been declared that the bill in its present stage was essentially different from what it was when he had the honour to introduce it. (At this moment two hon. members, o'er all the ills of life victorious, suddenly entered from the smoking-room into the opposition gallery, and stretching themselves at full length, secure from the observation of the Speaker, commenced a row of the most discreditable character.) This he denied ("I say, can't you crow?") (laughter and uproar); the provisions had not been altered ("Hear him, how he reads!")—the enactments were in every way unaltered (loud cheering followed by bursts of laughter). The question was ("Read it—read it," and great uproar), the question was ("Just so—read it), the question was (great cheering and laughter), whether the universities should be open to all, or be for ever under the control of mere monopoly ("Where's the man what crows?" Laughter, and cries of "Order" from the Speaker). Public opinion ("Order," and great uproar, during which the Speaker, evidently excited, was loudly calling for "order!" The scene here was indescribable).

Mr. Grant gives another scene, occurring during the same session: "An honourable member, whose name I suppress, rose amidst the most tremendous uproar to address the house. He spoke and was received, as nearly as the confusion enabled me to judge, as follows:—'I rise, sir (ironical cheers mingled with all sorts of zoological sounds); I rise, sir, for the purpose of stating that I have ("Oh! oh! Bah," and sounds resembling the bleating of a sheep, mingled with loud laughter)—Honourable gentlemen may endeavour to put me down by their unmannerly interruptions; but I have a duty to perform to my con——(ironical cheers, loud coughing, sneezing, and yawning extended to an incredible extent, followed by bursts of laughter). I say, Sir, I have constituents that, on this occasion, expect that I (cries of "should sit down," and shouts of laughter)—they expect, sir, that on a question of such importance (O-a-a, and loud laughter, followed by cries of "Order" from the Speaker)—I tell honourable gentlemen, who choose to conduct themselves in such a way, that I am not to be put down by—(Groans, coughs, sneezing hems, and various animal sounds, some of which closely imitated the yelping of a dog, and the squeaking of a pig, interspersed with peals of laughter). I appeal ("Cockeleerio"—the imitation in this case of the crowing of a cock was so remarkably good, that not even the most staid and orderly members in the house could preserve their gravity. The laughter which followed drowned the Speaker's cries of "Order, order")—I say, sir, this is most unbecoming conduct on the part of an assembly calling itself de——("Bow-wow-wow," and bursts of laughter). Sir, may I ask honourable gentlemen who can—("Mew, mew," and renewed laughter). Sir, I claim the protection of the chair. (The Speaker here again rose and called out 'order, order,' in a loud and angry tone, on which the uproar in some measure subsided.) If honourable gentlemen will only allow me to make one observation, I will not trespass further on their attention, but sit down at once. (This was followed by the most tremendous cheering in earnest.) I only beg to say, sir, that I

think this is a most dangerous and unconstitutional measure, and will, therefore, vote against it.' The honourable gentleman then resumed his seat amidst deafening applause." Happily these scenes now have altogether ceased. This may make a night in the house less amusing than formerly; but you have the satisfaction of feeling, that the business of the house is better done; and if we want low buffoonery, we can go for it now to the Cider Cellars.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY.

It is very clear that whatever privileges parliament gives up, that of speaking will be the last resigned. The rage for speaking becomes greater every day. Unfortunately, also, the ability for a certain style of popular speaking advances at the same rate. In a little time we may expect to find parliament sitting all the year round, for every member now must have his say. About a third of the house consists of lawyers; these men are bound to speak, else how are their merits to be known? Then, again, every constituency expects its members to shine in the house. Why should Little Peddlington go out of its way to return Jenkins, unless Jenkins lets the house know that the people of Little Peddlington will stand no nonsense; that they will listen to no childish subterfuge nor base compromise; that they are for the bill and nothing but the bill? The talk of the house thus becomes interminable. As soon as Wishy sits down, Washy gets up. True, no one listens; but then the reporters are in the gallery taking down all the wretched verbiage, and printing it next day for the benefit of the world. The abolition of the reporters' gallery would soon put a stop to much of parliamentary oratory, and would certainly much improve the character of what would remain.

One thing is very clear, that modern oratory has not much improved. Some attribute this to the Reform Bill. We don't think that is correct. The Reform Bill may have introduced a few bad speakers into the house, but there were bad speakers in the house before the Reform Bill was thought of, and there will be bad speakers in the house when the memory of the Reform Bill shall have passed away. We lay the blame of much of this feeble oratory to the reporters' gallery. Before that existed, to know what was going on, members were obliged to be in their places. Thus at once a good audience was created, and the orator had but to speak, and was recognised at once. Now, if a man merely keep on his legs, that is all; the house does not listen. Every one knows it will be in the *Times* the next morning, and thus the house does not make the wretched man sit down. It is lenient, and allows him to drone on. Any man who can commit a speech to memory and deliver it is a parliamentary orator now. If he sticks, the public does not know it. The speech is well reported, polished up in the process, and reads fluently enough. It was not so in the days of Bolingbroke, of Pulteney and Walpole, of Pitt and Fox, of Brougham and Canning. The real orator then had a chance. He spoke to the flower of the aristocracy—of the landed gentry—of the universities; and every gesture, and every stroke of satire and of wit, and every burst of passion or indignation, found a ready response. To be an orator then was to be everything. When Pitt the elder first spoke in the house, Walpole trembled, and considered how he could best win over the young cornet to his side. The same power of public speaking made Pitt prime-minister, when other men have scarcely won a provincial name. It lifted Burke into a cabinet. It made Sheridan the companion of princes. It placed Canning on the pinnacle of power. Such an audience had grown fastidious. No man could win it who was not great in oratory. Only the names of the few orators were heard; those of the others were never mentioned. Now educated mediocrity has almost an equal chance with talent, with genius, with oratorical power. The press puts them all on a common level. It exalts the humble, it abases the proud. It does this because it can merely give the words—the dead carcase, not the living and animating soul. You miss the look, the accent, the emphasis, the action; all that made the speech what it was; all that which the real orator has, which the spurious one never can attain. The age now reads, not listens. Hence, everywhere oratory declines. The falling off is not merely in the House of Commons, but in the pulpit and at the bar. Nowhere has the orator the room and power he had. His day is wearing out. He belongs more to the past than the present or the future. Oratory now is of a business character. The house meets to discuss business details. Every day it becomes less an imperial senate—more a parish vestry.

No one who has at all studied the speeches of parliamentary orators, past and present, can doubt the change which has taken place in the character of parliamentary orators. In his "Life of Sheridan," Moore very properly remarks, that "the great increase of public business since that orator's time has necessarily made a considerable change in this respect. Not only has the time of the legislature become too precious to be wasted, but even the graces with which true oratory surrounds her statements are but impatiently borne where the statement itself is the primary and pressing object of the hearer." The great men of other days would have to alter their style now. No man can fight against the taste and sense of the house. Sheridan's first style was very bad, and he had to alter. In our own times we have seen Disraeli do the same. Men who have gone into the house late, too old to learn the true parliamentary style, have thus often failed, though they may have acquired considerable reputation out of doors. There are some who lay much stress upon the favourite beverages of parliamentary orators. We believe, however, this has very little to do with the question; though Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chief Justices," does suggest that there might be a curious chapter in a treatise "De Claris Oratoribus," on the mode of their preparing themselves physically. Sheridan could not speak without a pint of brandy; and a celebrated speech in the House of Lords is said to have been inspired by mulled port. One of the greatest orators in the House of Commons is most powerful and imaginative after eating a pound of cold roast beef and drinking a quart of small beer; while it is a well-known fact, that the finest speech of the younger Pitt was delivered immediately after a fit of vomiting. Some recommend tea; some, camphor julep; and one orator, that he may electrify his audience, as often as he is going to speak, repairs to the Polytechnic, and receives several shocks from a Leyden jar. We live now in an age of temperance. Orators drink more seltzer water and less fiery port. This may in some degree account for the dry business tone which prevails in the house. If parliament be a place of business, it may be thought, after all, that the modern style is better fitted for it than the style of our great orators, modelled upon those of Greece and Rome. Public speaking among the ancients, says Lord Brougham, in his "Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients," bore a more important share in the conduct of affairs, and filled a larger space in the eyes of the people, than it does now, or indeed ever can again. Another engine has been invented for working upon the popular mind,—whether to instruct, to persuade, or to please—an engine, too, of which the powers are not limited either in time or in space. The people are now addressed through the press; and all persons whatsoever, as well as those whom the bounds of a public assembly can contain, are thus brought in contact with the teacher, the statesman, and the panegyrist. The orator of old was the parliamentary debater, the speaker at public meetings, the preacher, the newspaper, the published sermon, the pamphlet—all in one. Any attempt to combine so many functions in the person of a speaker would be monstrous in the present House of Commons. But it is no proof that oratory has declined, simply to state that speeches are less classical now than they were in the days of Pitt and Fox. It is said that the Reform Bill, by introducing more uneducated men into the house, has lowered the character of its oratory. The remark we have extracted from Mr. Moore shows that the same complaint was made before Reform had become a fact. The real truth is, more business is done in the house now than was ever done before, and hence the speaking in the house is of a more business character than it ever was.

EVENING.

The painting from which our engraving is taken is by a contemporary German artist. Herr Meyerheim has presented us with a thoroughly home picture; and although, as is sure to be the case, German peculiarity may be detected in the trailing foliage and the outline of the figures, there is something so homely, plain, and simple in the composition, that it deserves the attention of all. It is evening, and the rays of the setting sun are falling on the casement; the labour of the day is over; the birds are roosting in the trees; the cattle are at pasture; and the peasant has returned to his home, and in calm enjoyment looks on his smiling wife and happy group of children.

It is a home picture, and there is a charm about home which we all understand. "We bear," says one, "our penates with us abroad and at home; their atrium is the heart. Our household gods are the memories of our childhood—the recollections of the hearth round which we gathered—of the fostering hands which caressed us—of the scenes of all the cares and joys, the anxieties and the hopes, the ineffable yearnings of love, which made us first acquainted with the mystery and the sanctity of home."

No matter where that home is; whether it be in some crowded city street, or pleasant country town; a small fishing cottage, peeping from a thick and gloomy copse of firs and larch and oak; or whether it be some stately baronial mansion, whose corridors have echoed to the footsteps of royalty, whose walls have laughed a siege to scorn, and whose name figures in history; if it be our home, it is very dear to us—dearer than all the world besides.

Bulwer says: "I was touched once in visiting an Irish cabin, which in the spirit of condescending kindness the Lady Bountiful of the place had transformed into the graceful neatness of an English cottage, training roses up the wall, glazing the windows, and boarding the mud floor;—I was touched, I say, with the homely truth which the poor peasant uttered as he gazed half-gratefully, half-indignantly, at the change. 'It is all very kind,' said he, in his dialect, which I am obliged to translate; 'but the good lady does not know how dear to a poor man is everything that reminds him of the time when he played instead of working—these great folks do not understand us!'"

"Do not run much from home," says that charming writer Miss Bremer; "one's own hearth is of more worth than gold."

EVENING.

Everything about the picture of Herr Meyerheim is perfectly in keeping. The air of quietness and repose that is seen in the lounging figure of the man, as he leans over the opened hatch and watches his children at play, is found also in the mother sitting in the sunshine, and in the little one who nestles on her bosom, while the creeping plant on the trellis is not stirred by a breath of wind. The only active part of the group is formed by the boy and the kittens; he has a plaything and is amusing himself and his playmates with it, watching with the keen glance of a hunter the movements of the young cats. Doubtless, that anxious look, that eager look, indicates a curiosity which, if properly developed, may stimulate the boy to work and study; but badly directed, may make him a treacherous and cruel man.

BATTLE ABBEY.

BATTLE ABBEY.

Some eight hundred years ago an invading army landed on the British shores. In a few days it was met by men who would have driven it back, had Saxon bravery been a fitting match for Norman guile. The cause of the quarrel need not be told here. As usual, the sacred name of religion was invoked, and her sanction was attributed to acts which the God of religion could never approve of. Early in the autumn morning marched the Normans up the hill, on the top of which was gathered the Saxon host. The place bore an appropriate name. It was called Senlac, a term, in the language of those times, indicative of blood. Harold, the last of the Saxon kings—for it is he of whom we write—posted his host in one compact mass and thus awaited the Norman charge. In the centre waved the royal standard—the figure of a warrior in the act of fighting, worked in thread of gold and ornamented with precious stones. The papal banner waved over the Norman ranks; on they came, a stalwart mass—infantry and cavalry—charged and reeled, and retired and charged again. Evening drew on, and still the English battle-axes dealt death around. But they were to be used in vain that day. Confusion severed their ranks—a random arrow struck their leader, and he fell. Of the sixty thousand that had come there that morning to conquer the invader, only one-quarter left the field at eve. Even the last of the Saxon kings would have lain unhonoured and unburied on that field of blood, had not the woman whom he loved searched amongst the dead till she found what once she fondly called her own. The result the world knows. A Norman duke became an English king, and free lands were the rich rewards of all who had followed the Norman warrior across the sea.

In accordance with the spirit of the age, William had vowed to erect a religious building if victorious. Heaven, as he deemed, having heard his vow, Battle Abbey rose upon the very field where the body of Harold had fallen in a glorious cause. The high altar was placed upon the very spot. The foundation was to have been much larger than really proved to be the case. William meant to have had one hundred and sixty monks lodged there; the number in reality was sixty, and they at first were brought from Mormoustier, in Normandy. The Abbey was dedicated to the Holy Trinity and St. Martin. It had immense privileges. It was exempted from episcopal jurisdiction. It had the right of free warren in all its manors, treasure trove, and even sanctuary. The country round was freed from every kind of tax and service; besides, it was richly dowered with goodly manors and churches in Sussex, Kent, Surrey, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Devonshire, Essex, and even in Wales. The first abbot was appointed in 1076; the monastery was not completed till 1094. It was left to William's descendants to finish the work which he had begun. His son Rufus was present at its consecration and added to its endowments. The other kings of the same line did the same. Battle Abbey was a favourite one; it was founded by a monarch, and succeeding monarchs cherished it. With every reign it had a fresh grant. When the English constitution began to evolve itself, its mitred abbots sat in parliament. All cockneys are familiar with the name of Battle Bridge; that name is connected with the abbey. Stowe says: "The Abbat of Battel Inn in London was so called of Battel Abbey, for that it standeth on the ground and over a water-course flowing out of the Thames, pertaining to that abbey, and was, therefore, both builded and repaired by the abbats of that house as being hard adjoining to the abbats' lodging."

The ruins of Battle Abbey bear ample testimony to its ancient magnificence. Their circuit is computed at not less than a mile. Gough, says Sir Anthony Browne, bought the site of a previous grantee. What his son, the first Lord Montague, built here is, he adds, now the most ruinous part of the abbey, being only a shell of a suite of rooms, at the south end, with two towers, at the east end, which were standing when Birche's view was taken in 1737, but are now down. The grand entrance, a large square building, embattled at the top with a handsome octagon tower at each corner, faces the town of Battle. It is supposed to be of the time of Henry VI. The ground-plot of the Abbey Church cannot now be traced; some of the arches of the west end of the cloister remain. The refectory, or abbey hall, above fifty paces long, had a carved roof of Irish oak, which, Mr. Gough says, was carried to Lord Montague's seat at Cowdray; the walls are now open at the top. There is another building, a little detached from the abbey, of the same kind, having twelve windows on one side and six on the other, presenting the remains of a room one hundred and sixty feet by thirty-five feet. The abbey kitchen had five fire-places, and was arched at the top, and, considering the large family maintained in the establishment, must have been the scene of extensive culinary operations. The monks could afford to live well. Their revenues yielded them an income of £10,000 a year.

That indefatigable antiquarian, Mr. Mark Antony Lomer, has published an interesting document, called "The Chronicle of Battle Abbey," which contains as much of the world's history as occurred within the abbey. Few monks knew much of the political contentions and wars which agitated society. They had their own duties to perform, and intelligence was far less rapidly diffused than in our day. The good chronicler, as a true Norman monk, never imagined for a moment that Harold, in fighting for the independence of his kingdom, was doing anything very patriotic or worthy of praise. The pious chronicler had quite a different opinion. This is clear from his opening paragraph, which is as follows:—"By that providence by which all earthly affairs are arranged, the most pious Duke William, of the illustrious stock of the Normans and of their famous Prince Rollo, a man worthy to be destined the father of his country, and the landmark of his duchy and kingdom, having arisen like a morning star upon the world—(through his admirable diligence, accompanied by God's favour, his own liberality, and the assistance of the nobility of France)—after innumerable storms of calamity, happily asserted his claim to the government, left him in right of heirship by his father, and at length effectually reduced it under his power. In the meantime, King Edward died, and left the kingdom of England to Duke William, whom he constituted his legal heir. But this was seized upon by a certain *perjured slave* called Harold, and the duke having received information of it, relying upon the advice and assistance of his friends, devoted all his energies, either by force or stratagem, to recover his rights. He, therefore, prepared himself a great fleet; and many counts, nobles, and illustrious men, who were not his subjects but belonged to neighbouring provinces, from motives of respect associated themselves in his retinue. The duke, therefore, setting sail with a prodigious army and attended by Divine favour, arrived safely near the castle called Pevensey."—But this is enough. The bias of the writer is clearly seen. Nor less remarkable is the writer's attachment to the abbey, in which we may imagine he led a very easy life.

One paragraph will demonstrate this. We read, in the time of William Rufus, that an importunate monk teased the king into giving him an order for ten pounds on the Exchequer of Battle Abbey, for the purchase of a vestment for a foreign abbey. The order, of course, was honoured; but mark the result. "The vestment was forthwith made, and no apprehension of God's judgment being entertained, all things appeared to have been satisfactorily performed; but suddenly, at a certain time, about the third hour of the day, the Lord thundered from the heavens, and the wonted calmness of the air was changed into thick darkness and as it were the shadow of death, and there arose a mighty tempest of lightning and thunder. As we have said, the third hour of the day had commenced, and the brethren were chanting the verse, 'Sharp arrows of the mighty,' when, on a sudden, the day assumed the horrors of dark night, and the trembling earth, shaken by the crashing of the heavens, seemed to rise beneath their feet.

All the brethren, fearing the lightning stroke from heaven, desisted from the occupation in which they were engaged, and prostrated themselves in prayer, and lo! in a short space two of the monks were deprived of their vital breath." The next year Divine displeasure was equally displayed. A thunderbolt from heaven pierced the unjustly-purchased vestment, and it was filled with "wonderful holes made in it by the fiery force of the lightning." Hence, observes the chronicle piously, "we may see the marvellous power of God towards the saints." Of the abbots themselves the chronicle has little to say. One Abbot Ralph was a rare abbot. "Ever first at the choir, he was the last to quit it. Thus was he a pattern of good works—a Martha and a Mary. He was the serpent and the dove. He was a Noah amidst the waters: while he never willingly rejected the raven, he always gladly received the dove. In the sparingness of his food he was a Daniel—in the sufferings of his body a Job—in the bending of his knees a Bartholomew." Besides such holy men, Battle Abbey seems also to have had other treasures. It boasted a sword and a royal robe belonging to William the Conqueror, both of doubtful authenticity. Leland has preserved the catalogue of the library. A short extract will not make the present generation regret that its contents are not accessible to the reading public:—

The Gloss of Odo, Abbot of Battel, on the Psalter.
Clement of Sautory on the Spiritual Wings and Feathers of the Cherubim.
The Entire Chronicle of Jordan, Bishop of Ravenna.
Mellitus on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.
Bede on the Distances of Places mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles.
Bishop Martin on the Four Cardinal Virtues.
Epistles of Ivo on the Body and Blood of Christ.
Abbot Odo: Exposition of the First Book of Kings.
Sermon of Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury, on the Assumption.
Sermons of Richard of Melksham.
Sermons of Stephen of Canterbury.
Broker William de la Lees' Book of Chronicles.
The Responses of Albinus
Albinus on the Propriety of Sermons.
Topography of England and Wales, by Sylvester Giraldus Cambrensis.
The Entire Prophecy of Hildeyard.
The Summary of Michael de Straulfield.

Truly a wretched library; not a single classic in it. The English monasteries must have degenerated. When Alcium went to assist Charlemagne, he had his books from England. Certainly the learning of England had declined.

But we have yet to name what, in these modern times, is considered the most memorable thing in connexion with the abbey; that is the far-famed Roll of Battle Abbey—a document which all who pride themselves on their Norman lineage refer to as indisputable authority. The roll is a list of the adventurers who came over with William the Conqueror. It is a list of which the English aristocracy are proud. He whose name is there boasts himself of pure blood. He whose name is there boasts with a feeling of pardonable exultation that his is the honour of an ancient and unsullied line. It is questionable whether this is really the case. It is more than probable that the list has been tampered with, and that names which have no business there have been foisted in. Even if the list were genuine it would not be of so much consequence as some imagine. It is not birth alone that wins the world's homage now. The man we would honour must be better than his fellows—of nobler life, of loftier aim.

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunella."

The abbey was suppressed in Henry the Eighth's time, who granted it to Richard Gilmer, from whose hands it passed into the hands of Sir Anthony Browne. It is now the property of the Webster family. By means of its connexion with the Browns, the abbey has become associated with that unfortunate Earl of Surrey to whom we owe the introduction of the sonnet and blank verse. The second wife of Sir Anthony was the lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of Gerald, ninth earl of Kildare, whose beauty, under the name of the "Fair Geraldine," Surrey "married to immortal verse." The love that gilded his troubled life still lives and shines, for time

"Makes all but true love old."

Our readers will forgive us if we tell them, as the noble poet sang—

"From Tuscan came my lady's witty race,
Fair Florence was some time their ancient seat.
The western isle, whose pleasant shore does face
Wild Cambria's cliffs, did give her lively heart

Fostered she was with milk of Irish breasts,
Her sire an earl, her dame of princes' blood;
From tender years in Britain she doth rest,
With king's child, where she tasteth costly food.

Hunsden did first present her to mine een,
Bright is her hue and Geraldine the hight;
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight."

Thus Battle Abbey comes to us with no common claims. It has its tales of heroism—of bravery—of piety—of learning, and of love. We see it rising with prayer and praise amidst the slaughter of the battle-field. When the times came for mitred abbots and shaven monks to pass away, we see the old halls filled with the bravery and the beauty of that age. It is still to us a chronicle, and reads to us a sermon of change and decay. It does more. It shows how imperishable is human energy. The children of Rollo landed strangers on our shores. Here with their broad-swords and strong right arms they won themselves a home. They are gone, and the abbeys they built and endowed moulder away—but their spirit still lives; we see it in the energy which grapples with the elements and rules the waves, that has preserved Freedom here when the powers of Europe have conspired her overthrow, that has carried the English tongue into every corner of the globe, and that has made the banner of Old England float victorious over every sea.

THE SACRED DEBT.

SECOND PART.

To effect the object already specified, our four amateurs occupied themselves in preparations for their tour. They selected the finest airs of the opera, and the sweetest melodies of Germany, which they practised with great care, in order to bring their performance to the highest possible perfection. Ernest, the first violin, played with the skill of an artist, and his companions were not much his inferiors.

Before they set out, Ernest wished them to see the little farm which he had discovered. They accompanied him to the Pré Fleuri, and found that their friend had evinced no less taste than good sense in the whole affair.

He who had conceived the project did not share the joyous anticipations of his three companions. Ernest had consulted his mother before making his decision, and acknowledged with her, that the intended scheme, without being offensive either to God or man, was, nevertheless, a miserable expedient—a lamentable necessity.

"Beware, my son," said Catherine, "the life that you are about to lead will expose you to many dangers. Watch over yourself, make your harvest as quickly as possible, and return before the demon has tempted you. A wandering life is a perilous path. What sorrow for your poor mother if she

should have sanctioned what may bring shame and disgrace upon her son!"

She gave him much more advice, then with tears embraced her Ernest, and gave him her blessing. He could not bear to leave his mother so sorrowfully, and therefore begged his companions to begin their concerts at once. They willingly consented, and at midnight, before their departure from the town, they serenaded the good woman. Catherine, who was not asleep, immediately recognised her son's violin; she rose and opened her window, and when the musicians had concluded their first *allegro*, she ran to her little desk, and taking out a small coin, wrapped it in paper, held it to the lamp, and threw it burning to the young minstrels.

"Adieu! my children," said she, "here is the widow's penny—may it bring you a blessing!"

They commenced their campaign some leagues from thence. They went through Saxony, Bohemia, and part of Prussia; and everywhere met with a favourable reception. Their music was not sufficiently noisy to attract immediate attention, but its merit was soon recognised by good judges, and then every one crowded to hear them. In a little time they were noticed by the public journals, and they performed not only n the street, but also in drawing-rooms and casinos. Money was showered upon them, and they hoped soon to be in possession of the two thousand florins, which had been hitherto the height of their ambition.

Their hopes were more than realised, for at the close of a concert which they had given in the casino of a town of Prussia, they found that they had in their purse two thousand one hundred and forty-three florins.

Ernest then said to his companions: "The time for our return has arrived. Let us lay aside the two thousand florins, the surplus will supply our wants on the road."

The others were much displeased to hear him speak of returning. They had acquired a taste for this wandering life, and wished to enjoy it as long as possible. As they had been influenced only by frivolous motives in their desire to satisfy the old man, he was soon forgotten in the applause they received from town to town. It was not to be thought of, said they, until the end of the vacation. There were still fine cities to be seen, still some ducats to be earned which they could spend in pleasure.

While they thus disputed, a message arrived from a nobleman, requesting them to perform at a *fête* which he was about to give. Ernest, who had only yielded to necessity in turning his musical talents to account, replied that he would go willingly, provided no remuneration was offered. His companions murmured at this, but finally yielded to what they called his caprice, persuaded that the nobleman would amply recompense them, notwithstanding what Ernest had said; besides they promised themselves much pleasure at the *fête*, which it was said would be magnificent. Ernest took this opportunity of requesting that the two thousand florins should be committed to his care, that on no pretence whatever would they oblige him to spend a penny of it, and that they would allow him to seal the purse that it might be delivered unbroken to old Peter.

Thereupon his three companions loudly clamoured, and thought it a most extraordinary thing that he should wish to take possession of the common treasure.

"It is not the common treasure," said he to them; "it belongs neither to you nor to me. I do not wish to take possession of it; I merely ask to have the care of it, until it can be given into the hands of its owner."

"Must I swear that I will not touch it?"

"Do you take me for a thief?"

"No," replied Christopher; "but if you believe us to be honest men, why do you request to be made the sole depositary of what belongs to us all. Claim your own share, and no more. This is my advice, and if you all agree with me, we will divide it among us. Let each one speak for himself."

Augustus and Frederic warmly supported this proposal, Ernest was obliged to consent to it; he received a fourth of the whole sum, and could only tremble for the other portions.

The nobleman was surprised at the conditions attached by the young musicians to their promise of performance; his pride would perhaps have been a little offended, but he suspected something of the truth, and repeated his invitation. They appeared at the *fête*, and graced it with their performance. The master of the house, wishing to make them some acknowledgment, towards the close of the entertainment took them aside and presented them each with a ring set with brilliants.

"Are you not contented now?" said Ernest to his friends, when the nobleman had left them. "We could not carry home with us a more beautiful *souvenir* of our journey. I think you will now own that our work is accomplished. Let us return to our studies. Let us gladden our homes, and especially, let us quickly take to the old man what we have collected for him. Every moment of delay is criminal. It was I, dear friends, who persuaded you to the enterprise, and I am anxious to take you back again satisfied with yourselves. I trust I shall not be the occasion of disgrace to you."

They held this little conference in a small ante-chamber, whither they had withdrawn from the company. Ernest, leaning upon the balcony, waited the reply of his friends. Suddenly the sounds of a harp struck his ear; he looked over and saw some one pass under the windows of the mansion.

"It is he!" said Ernest; "see his white hair floating in the wind."

Some wandering tones were again heard, then the sounds were lost in the distance, and the figure disappeared in the shade.

"It is himself!" said Ernest again.

"Very possibly," replied Frederic, coldly; "there is nothing extraordinary in that. It is his profession. I am only surprised that we have not met him before in some of the towns we have visited."

"And should this meeting teach us nothing, my friends? God has sent the old musician to recall us to our duty. Allow me again to entreat you to fulfil it. Let us return home at once, my dear comrades. For myself I am determined. I go, even if I must go alone."

"There are the fireworks," said Augustus; "we do not want you, with your fine morals."

Saying this he drew Christopher and Frederic upon the terrace. Ernest was alone; he looked again into the street, and fancying that he could distinguish the figure of the old man, seized his hat and hurried out.

He ran after him, but either he had entered a house or had taken another road—Ernest could not overtake him; and after having gone over the town and having made inquiries at several inns without obtaining any intelligence of him, he returned to the lodging, where he expected to meet his friends after the *fête*. But he waited for them in vain—they did not return; and the next day he could hear nothing of them.

"Apparently," said Ernest, "they wish to separate from me; they fear my reproaches—my entreaties annoy them. It only remains for me to return and fulfil my promise as well as I can. Alas! I see the poor old man will never have the cottage."

Ernest turned his steps towards the town where his mother resided. Overcome with disappointment at the failure of his scheme when success seemed certain, and anxious for the fate of his companions, he was taken ill, and fell fainting at the door of a large hotel. Judging from his modest attire that he would not be regardless of expense, they carried him into a small upper room, where he remained some days confined to his bed. However, he soon began to recover; and one day feeling much better, and anticipating the happiness of soon again seeing his mother, he took his violin and played some of his sweetest airs, accompanying it with his voice. After a little time he was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, sent to him from a gentleman who was lodging below. At first Ernest imagined that his violin annoyed his neighbour, and was about to lay it aside; but the servant assured him that, on the contrary, it had given his master much pleasure.

"He has sent me," he added, "to express his thanks, and to beg that, if not disagreeable to yourself, you would open your casement, that he may hear it more distinctly."

The young amateur could not refuse to comply with so flattering a request. He seated himself near the open window, and played for about half an hour, when the domestic re-appeared, and said that his master begged to be allowed to pay Ernest a visit, or to receive him in his own apartments.

"Is he older than I?" inquired Ernest.

"My master is an old man."

"I will come down," said the student.

The gentleman, who appeared to be a man of rank, received him with kind familiarity, paid him some simple compliments on his talents, inquired after his health, and concluded by inviting him to dinner.

"I know," said he, "that you have been ill, and it will give me pleasure to celebrate your convalescence."

The stranger wrote his name on a slip of paper, and handed it to his guest with a purse of gold.

"His highness—" exclaimed the young man, rising in astonishment.

"Silence, my friend; I am travelling *incognito*. Sit down again, and let us take our coffee."

Ernest tried in vain to recover himself; he was no longer at ease; he bowed low on leaving the room, while his heart bounded with joy. With what care he deposited the precious treasure at the bottom of his pocket, lest some disaster should happen to the sum so happily re-completed.

The next morning, after having taken leave of the generous stranger, he set out again on his journey, and travelled as quickly as possible. On the third day, as he entered a little town, about nine o'clock in the evening, he heard, for the third time, the sounds of the harp, and soon recognised the beggar. He had almost embraced the old man, so overjoyed

ERNEST ACCOSTING THE OWNER OF THE COTTAGE.—DRAWN BY TONY JOHANNOT.

The affability of the old gentleman so won the heart of Ernest, that during dinner he related his adventures to his noble host. He had hoped to amuse him, and he succeeded; but he little suspected the interest he had excited.

"My young friend," said the stranger to him, when he had concluded, "your narrative has delighted and affected me; there is something so extraordinary in the thoughtlessness of your promise, and the wise firmness of your after conduct. Allow me to unite with you in this good work. I fear, with you, that your companions will return lightened of their gold and loaded with regret. Accept from me, then, the sum which is wanting to complete the purchase of the little estate. I make this offer without expecting to be repaid; but should fortune favour you and the obligation become burdensome, here is my name and address. You will not forget them, I hope, for it is my wish that we should be friends."

was he at thus meeting him; but he restrained himself, and determined to gain his friendship before making himself known.

A few children were gathered around the old musician; but the night was fast closing in, and the crescent moon almost touched the horizon. Its rays fell on the youthful form of Ernest as he approached, and said in a kindly tone,

"My father, two instruments will, perhaps, be more successful than one. Will you accept my assistance? I and my violin are at your service."

He had tuned it before the astonished old man was able to reply.

"You were playing the airs from Don Giovanni," said Ernest, taking his place beside him. "I know them nearly all. Will you accompany me?"

He immediately commenced, and the old man, almost in

raptures, accompanied him with the skill of an experienced musician.

Charmed with each other, they played marvellously, without noticing the crowd which soon collected around them. Windows were thrown open, and the little children kindly gathered up the money which was plentifully scattered about.

"This is what I am little accustomed to," said the poor old man, as he received the offerings, which he wished, yet dared not offer, to share with his young companion.

"You deserve a hundred times more than that, and will have it, I hope," said Ernest. "But where do you lodge, my master? for the night air is injurious to one of your age; and you also appear fatigued."

"I may well be fatigued, my dear sir; for to-day I am seventy years of age. Your violin has celebrated my birthday. I little expected to close it so happily; but God be thanked for it!"

THE PURCHASE OF THE COTTAGE COMPLETED.—DRAWN BY TONY JOHANNOT.

They supped together at a neighbouring inn. On the morrow, Ernest said, "Where are you going now, my father?" Peter named the town to which Ernest himself was returning.

"I must be there in three days," added the old musician; "for I have reason to believe I am expected there."

"It is my own road," said the young man; "shall we walk together? I may, perhaps, be able to render you a little assistance."

"I willingly accept your kind offer, my friend; but when arrived at the town, I hope to have no further need of assistance."

"How is that?" said Ernest.

"Let us commence our journey, and I will tell you on the road."

They settled with their host, and set out. As they walked together, Peter related to Ernest what he knew as well as the old man himself. The young man was touched with the confiding simplicity of his companion.

"My master," said he, "do you think these students will keep their word?"

"They will keep it, my friend, I do not doubt, or they would not have promised. Besides, they spoke to an old man, and called God to witness their promise."

"I love your confidence, my father; but if you have not been more on your guard against fine words during your life, I do not much wonder that in your old age you are compelled to beg for bread."

"I have indeed been many times deceived, but I must acknowledge that I have more frequently deceived myself. True, it was chiefly in assisting my unfortunate fellow-beings that I lavished away what Heaven bestowed upon me. But even generosity requires to be exercised with prudence, or we deprive ourselves of the means of more extensive usefulness, and conclude by becoming ourselves burdensome to others."

The old man then began to relate the history of his life. The son of a musician, Peter had been successively organist and chapel-master in several places; but the love of change prevented him from remaining long in any of them, and forgetting his first friends, he forgot himself. "Nevertheless," said the old man exultingly, "I owe to that love of change one of the pleasantest recollections of my life.

"I had left my situation, and was on my journey to a neighbouring prince, who had offered me employ. I passed through a village of Saxony, and night coming on, I sought shelter at a little cottage, where, although a kindly welcome was given, I soon saw that the family were in trouble. During supper, the father related to me the cause of it. He was the schoolmaster of the village, and, until now, his

services had given satisfaction. But a church had just been built, and in it they had placed an organ, which was the pride of the parish. From motives of economy, it was determined that the schoolmaster should undertake the duties of organist. Judge of the good man's consternation; he was not a musician, and therefore he and his family were perhaps about to be reduced to poverty. I pitied him, and said, 'You must let me see this organ.' 'Are you a musician?' said he. 'Music is my profession.' 'You are happy indeed.' 'I shall be, if I can render you any assistance. What if I give you lessons, my friend, as a return for the hospitality of this evening?' 'Ah, sir, this evening?—my whole life I shall be indebted to you.' I made him sing, and found that he had a good idea of music, and he was still young 'In six months,' I said, 'you shall be able to discharge the duties of your situation; meanwhile the good people will, I trust, accept of my services.'

"This, my young friend, I faithfully accomplished. True, Peter lost thereby the situation offered him by the prince; but we cannot do everything at once."

"Peter!" cried Ernest, seizing his arm. "It cannot be that you are Peter Schlich?"

"I am, indeed, my son."

"And what you have related took place—?"

"At Schlossheim."

"Just so! In 1806 or 1807?"

"Wait, my friend. Yes, in 1806 and 1807."

"It was, then, my father to whom you rendered this service! It was his family that you saved from indigence!"

"Is it possible, my son? And are you little William Spach?"

"My brother is dead."

"And your sister, the pretty little Gretchen?"

"God has also taken her to himself. My mother is a widow, and I am now her only child."

The old man with tears said: "Then you are little Ernest, and my godson, although you do not bear my name. I feared lest it should bring upon you misfortunes like my own."

The old and young man tenderly embraced each other, and Ernest was just about to reveal his secret; but he promised himself so much pleasure in the surprise, that he would not enjoy it alone.

"My mother shall share my happiness," said he to himself.

As they continued their journey, the old man related to his godson, how from year to year he had seen his resources diminish and his hopes of fortune vanish. "And here I am," he concluded, "at seventy years of age singing in the streets—an artist can descend no lower. One consolation remains to me; that, having no family, I have wronged myself alone."

"And have done much good in the world; my father, wait awhile—all will not be ungrateful."

Delighted with the affectionate interest of the young man, the musician inquired of his affairs, and finding from Ernest's replies that he and his mother were in straitened circumstances, he said to himself: "Yes, wait awhile! if these students keep their promise, I will not enjoy my cottage alone." They now approached the town, and the road passing by the little farm, Ernest conceived the idea of taking Peter in under some pretence.

"I have," said the young man, "some business to conclude with the master of this house."

The old man accompanied him without asking any explanation. He was fatigued and glad of a rest, and it would suffice for his mysterious engagement if he arrived at the town that evening. He, therefore, only asked his godson, if he were likely to be engaged long enough to allow him meanwhile to take a nap on a heap of straw which was lying in a corner. Ernest, who was glad to be at liberty to make the arrangements he desired, assured the old man that there would be ample time for him to repose. Peter then lay down on the straw, a bed to which he was quite accustomed, though he could not always command a heap so fresh and clean.

Upon his entrance into the domain, Ernest had glanced anxiously round; and what was his joy to find that it was still for sale! He found the owner sitting upon the bench as before, looking as if he had not moved from it, while the young man had been compelled to make so many movements to attain his end.

"Your farm is still for sale," said he, after a familiar salutation.

"Yes, my friend; I have had inquirers, it is true, but none of them have concluded, and I am free to give you the preference."

"And the price?"

"The price has changed no more than the house and grounds. You see they have not been neglected."

"Will you leave the furniture and the implements?"

"It was not my intention to do so."

"Well, sir, if you will yield this point, I know a purchaser who will pay you down."

The farmer reflected a few moments.

"A purchaser?" said he.

"Yes, sir; and if you consent, it can all be settled in an hour."

"Agreed, then," said the farmer, taking his hand.

"I will go to the town," said Ernest, "and engage a notary. I wish also that my mother should witness the deed of transfer. If this man should awake during my absence, tell him nothing. Merely say that I shall return in an hour, and requested him to wait for me."

Ernest hurried to embrace his mother, and took her with him to the notary, relating to her his adventures by the way. The notary immediately followed them, and they found Schlich still sleeping when they arrived.

"Do not wake him yet," said Ernest; "we can proceed without him."

The notary had soon drawn up the contract; and when he was about to insert the name of the purchaser, the young man said, "Write Peter Schlich!"

Peter awoke just at the moment when his presence was needed for the acceptance. Rubbing his eyes, and perceiving that it was growing dark, he jumped up. "Ernest!" he cried, "it is getting late; I must go where I am expected.—Ernest, where are you?"

Ernest came out, and taking Schlich by the hand,

"Come in, my father," said he, "we want you here."

"And the meeting?"

"You will have time enough for that. Pray come in, and hear something read in which you are interested.

"Something read?"

"The thing will explain itself."

Ernest seated him in a corner, without introducing him to his mother. The old man did not recognise her. The notary read over the contract.

"What do you say?" exclaimed Peter, when he heard his own name; "Ernest, are you mocking me? How am I to pay for what you have purchased for me?"

"My father; have you not four debtors in the town? They are punctual; they have charged me to pay your account." Saying this, Ernest threw his purse upon the table.

"There," said he, "is the price of the cottage and the orchard. Is *poor Peter* contented?"

"I am indeed!" cried the old man; and it was thyself, my son; it was thyself who made me the promise!"

"And here stands one who commanded me to keep it. My mother!"

"Ah, sir!" said Catherine, "my son did not need to know that you were our benefactor, in order to induce him to keep a promise made to an old man in the name of God. I endeavoured to strengthen him in his good resolution. All the rest is his own work."

"I accept the temporary use of it," replied Schlich, pressing Catherine's hand, "provided you do not leave me here alone. This house is large enough for three, and it is near the town. Ernest can reside here without interruption to his studies. At my death you will become the owners of it. On these conditions the affair is settled."

Ernest would not raise objections nor think of the future;

the present was just now sufficient for his happiness. He had paid a debt doubly sacred. He had wholly redeemed his promise, and the honour of his companions was saved. Alas! they had great need of his generous extenuation. They returned a little time afterwards with empty hands. One had lost all his money by gaming, another in frivolous expenses, and the third had associated with a knavish musician, who had robbed him. Ernest wished to conceal their faults; but they could not consent to receive the thanks of the old man which they did not deserve.

"We have been guilty," said Christopher, "of as much frivolity in the affair as our comrade has shown of prudence and honour. We have no share in this, except that Heaven permitted our fault to be the means of your discovering your godson some days earlier than you would otherwise have done. For his sake forgive us, and even allow us to ask for a small share of your regard."

Poor Peter Schlich pressed the hands of the three young men. They subsequently visited him occasionally, and spent the evening in the enjoyment of music, and partaking of the fruit that the orchard produced. The prince was delighted to hear that his young guest had found in the old musician a friend of his father, and would not allow them to speak of repayment. As for Peter Schlich, he would not have changed situations with his highness. After so many reverses, the old artist at length enjoyed repose; his last days were his best days. At his death, Pré Fleuri passed into the possession of Ernest and his mother.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST MASS IN AMERICA.

All our readers know that Columbus was a religious man. It was a religious age in which he lived, and he drank deeply of its spirit. When he first visited the court of Spain after his first voyage, the anthem *Te Deum Laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the accompaniment of instruments, rose in full body of sacred harmony, bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven; "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." When Columbus planned his second voyage, his mind was teeming with glorious anticipations for the deliverance of the holy sepulchre. The sanction of the Pope was sought, and when he set forth a second time, the glory of God was as much the object of his enterprise as any glory that might accrue to himself. If his crew consisted of the high-spirited cavalier bound on romantic enterprise—the hardy navigator, ambitious of acquiring laurels in unknown seas—the roving adventurer, seeking novelty and excitement—the mere calculating speculator, eager to profit by the ignorance of savage tribes,—it also consisted of the pale missionary from the cloister, anxious to extend the dominion of the church, or devoutly zealous for the propagation of the faith. The religious portion of the crew was composed of Friar Boyle and twelve monks. Friar Boyle was at the head of the religious fraternity, one of the members of the council, and apostolical vicar of the New World. He certainly, however, seems by no means to have been the proper man for his work. He never agreed with Columbus, and was a sad thorn in the side of that heroic and pious man. Washington Irving says: "It is not easy to ascertain the original cause of this hostility on the part of the holy friar to the admiral, who was never wanting in respect to the clergy. Various altercations had, however, taken place between them. Some say that the friar interfered in respect to the strict measures deemed necessary by the admiral for the security of the colony; others, that he resented the fancied indignity offered to himself and his household, in putting them on the same short allowance with the common people. He appears, however, to have been generally disappointed and disgusted with the sphere of action afforded by the colony, and to have looked back with regret to the Old World. He had none of that enthusiastic zeal and persevering self-devotion which induced so many of the Spanish missionaries to brave all the hardships and privations in the New World, in the hope of converting its pagan inhabitants." Nor was this the only stumbling-block. It was too much the case, that many of the followers of Columbus denied in their lives the truths they professed to believe. Men of violence and plunder and licentiousness, would do more harm in a day than the missionaries of Columbus could counteract in a year.

Still, wherever he went, Columbus had mass performed. It must have been a strange sight to the rude and trembling natives, to witness the grand ceremonial of the church of Rome. What did they know of sin—of an angry God—of an atonement by which man's guilt was wiped away and the wrath of Heaven was appeased? At Havannah a native chapel still exists on the spot where the natives first witnessed this grand and novel sight—where for the first time that name which is above every name, and to which every knee shall bow, was first heard in America. At Isabella, in Hayti, the pillars of the first church still remain. At the present day it is quite overgrown with forest, and in the midst of this forest are still to be seen partly standing the pillars of the church, some remains of the king's storehouses, and part of the residence of Columbus—all built of stone. It seems, after all, there are ruins, and deserted cities, and traces of external civilisation, in the New World as well as in the Old. Columbus was mistaken as to the religion of the native race with whom he came in contact. He thought their conversion would have been an easy matter. It was soon discovered that these islanders had their creed, though of a vague and simple nature. They believed in one Supreme Being, who was immortal, omnipotent, and invisible—to whom they ascribed an origin—who had a father, but no mother. They never addressed their worship directly to him, but employed inferior deities, called Zemes, as messengers and mediators. Each cacique had his tutelar deity of this order, whom he invoked and pretended to consult in all his public undertakings, and who was reverenced by his people, to whom temples were everywhere built. The Indian burials were strange. Chiefs on the bed of death were strangled, that they might not die like other men. Poor people were left in their hamacs, with a provision of bread and water, to expire at leisure, unless the cacique kindly honoured their relatives with permission to use the bowstring. Mystic dances were performed, and numerous rites observed, all tending, as they believed, to smooth the road to heaven. Paradise was said to be a lake-bordered region in the west, where, in broad green valleys, abounding in a certain pleasant fruit, the souls of the dead, concealed all day in rocky caves or hollow trees, came forth at night to revel and regale on the sweet fruits of the valleys. "Indeed," says a popular writer, "the ideas, the manners, and the lives of these simple people were pervaded by the most unsophisticated spirit of harmony. They almost realised, in the unclouded sunshine of their existence, the fable of the happy hunting-grounds; but with the first flourish of the Spanish trumpet and the flash of European steel, the seed of a conquering civilisation was planted, the spell of their long enchantment was broken, and a new era, marked by much of misery and contest, dawned upon the Indian race." Enlightenment and Christianity broke upon the heathen darkness of the New World; the cross was erected, and still the cross is held sacred there.

But who can stay the ever-changing tide? or who can bid man's ever-shifting mind be still? There have been old creeds turned to rags, old temples crumbled into ruins, old gods given to the moles and the bats; but still man, in his best and loftiest moments, is true to his religious yearnings;—still, like the old Indian, he sees in the sun that shines by day, and

in the moon that rules by night, the presence and the power of a Spirit whose favour he does well to gain;—still, from this troubled world o change and toil, he looks forward to the eternal and the true. Each age may have its own creed; but the spirit in which each creed has its birth still remains the same. Every new age, every fresh light thrown on the world within or the world without, may modify the former; the latter must live.

CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST MASS IN AMERICA.

ENGLISH RURAL SCENERY.

"The stranger," says Washington Irving, "who would form a correct opinion of the English character, must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens; along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches; attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions and all their habits and humours." The English are, without doubt, strongly gifted with the rural feeling, and possess a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. This is not mere romance or poetic illusion, but as true as facts and figures. Has not the merchant a pretty bit of garden-ground a little way out of town? and has not the man who is doomed to pass his life in the din and traffic of the city, something to remind him of the face of nature, though it be but a poor dusty shrub growing in a butter-tub—like that described by Hood—and located on the tiles of a warehouse? And does not a rural feeling—the breath of Arcadia—give a sweet perfume to English literature, continued from the "Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer down to our own times? Milton is thoroughly English with his "sunshine holiday," and furrowed land, and russet lawns, and hedge-row elms, and upland hamlets, and meadows trim; and Shakspeare, "enamelling with pied flowers his thoughts of gold," presents beautiful pictures of rural scenery and the shifting seasons of the year; while Spenser, with a vigorous pencil, sketches the "Green Leaves" of the "Jolly Summer." Old Allan Ramsay, and the Ayrshire Bard, and Scott, Joanna Baillie, and poor Keats, all describe the pleasures of the country, and draw their happiest images from rural objects; while Thomson in the "Seasons," and Bloomfield in the "Farmer's Boy," present us with complete pictures of rural labours and delights. White and Bewick, Evelyn and Howitt, have written books illustrative, especially, of nature in her simple country attire. Through them we see the thatched farm, and the tall trees spreading their gnarled arms over the rich greensward; notice the climbing plants that mantle and festoon every hedge—the wild hop, the clematis, and the large white convolvulus; the hare-bell of the poets, and the blue-bell of the botanists, arrest the attention; the landscape presents an aspect of warmth, dryness, and maturity; brown pastures and corn-fields white to the harvest, dark lines of intersecting hedge-rows, with here and there the glimpse of a noble river, or a little mill-stream, or fragrant ricks rising in the farm-yard, while the smooth-shaven fields are left in solitary beauty;—all these, and a thousand other objects, are brought before us in the pages of these rural-loving books. Now we have the March winds sweeping over dry and leafless trees; now thick blossoms bursting in clusters on the fragrant hedges, and the trees dight in delicate and lively verdure; now summer comes, glowing summer with its months of heat and sunshine, clear fervid skies, dusty roads, and shrinking streams. And then the harvest, when nature has ripened her best fruits, and the reapers are ready with their shining sickles to gather her bounty to the garner; then comes a tint of ruddiness on the hedge-fruit, a white fog rolls over the valleys, and, as Ossian has it: "Autumn is dark on the mountains; gray mists rest on the hills; dark rolls the river through the narrow plain; the leaves whirl round with the wind and strew the graves of the dead." The end of the autumn has

AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

been beautifully described by Tennyson; and another poet furnishes us with a greeting for old winter:—

"With his ice and snow and rime,
Let bleak winter sternly come;
There is not a sunnier clime,
Than the love-lit winter home."

The engraving which we present is thoroughly characteristic of English rural scenery.

LETTER FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

——, 1853.

At last I am within the walls of Stamboul. My first view of the place was not promising, because I came up in a fog; but this soon clearing away, I saw a truly magnificent sight from the deck of the steamer — Stamboul on one side, Galata, Tophana, and Pera on the other. The view here is truly striking. The palaces, the mosques, the minarets, the copper-coloured cupolas, the Frank quarter, the splendid mansions of the foreign ministers, the public buildings which stand up in bold relief on the hills in Europe, and in Asia, also at Scutari —form a great panorama of unrivalled beauty.

It is a pity that a bad system of police, a total disregard to all sanitary laws, and much of that old Turkish feeling of hesitation and procrastination which has been universally ascribed to the Turks, should leave Constantinople very much what it was many years ago. The events which are now taking place, and which will end, most likely, in involving the whole civilised world in a war, have certainly roused the Turks in a way which really was not expected They are shaking off the dust of the last half century, and showing that they are not so incapable in military matters as some have fancied. The new-fangled show-troops of European Turkey are, however, less prominently effective than the bold and warlike hordes which have been pouring for some time out of Asia.

But if they are showing activity and progress in arms, they have yet to satisfy us with regard to civil reforms. In the first place, what strikes the traveller forcibly is, the dirty and disagreeable state of the streets, which are ill-paved, unwatered, and without scavengers, save the hungry dogs that prowl about the streets by day and howl in the cemeteries by night. These dogs were a much greater nuisance than they are now. It is not long since the true Mussulman thought it his duty to insult a Christian, and to set the dogs upon him as he passed. But policy is doing what gratitude will ultimately make permanent. A Frank walking through the streets is now not only not molested, but treated with respect and deference; and English ladies go as freely into the Turkish quarter now, unveiled, as they would in London or Paris. This is a concession to the power and influence of Western Europe which it is important to observe, as the whole future destiny of Turkey depends on her becoming friendly and tolerant to its own Christian population.

The motives of a Turk are difficult to understand; but it appears to be the general impression, that all thinking Osmanlis see clearly that the anomalous position of the *rayahs*, or Christians, in European Turkey, is the real cause of most of her difficulties, and a disposition is really shown to put an end to all those disabilities, civil and religious, which have hitherto kept up a war of races and a marked distinction between the rulers and their serfs.

The position of the *rayahs* in European Turkey has been fearfully bad, and yet I doubt if it has been so demoralising and degrading as that of the Russian serf. But the *rayah* sees before him the dawn of a brighter day; the myriad slaves of the Czar have before them a long, hopeless, Arctic night, with Siberia for a resting-place. The rulers of the Turkish empire have had their eyes clearly opened to the fact, that a large and industrious and wealthy portion of their subjects should no longer be treated as a conquered race.

Hitherto no Christian could serve in the army or navy, hold any but a subordinate place in the civil service, give evidence in a court of law, own property to any extent without a foreign protection, or possess or exercise any of the meanest rights of freemen. All this, we are promised, is to be changed, and the formation of a Christian regiment is a very promising and good sign. Complete equality between the believers in any religion must be allowed. This must end in the speedy preponderance of the Christian population in European Turkey; but that is not a thing to be deprecated. The Turks are a little over three, the Christians a little over eleven millions, in Europe. The Turks are about sixteen millions in Asia—as fresh, vigorous, and untamed, as they were two centuries ago; firm believers in the prophet, utterly without that leaven of infidelity and gross materialism which pervades the young men of this city.

It was in Turkish courts of law that the position of the Christian was peculiarly painful. Until within a few weeks there was a law prohibiting the reception of Christian evidence. Under the influence of our excellent ambassador this law has been repealed. This is a very great step in advance it will do much good, especially if measures be taken to remedy the extreme venality of most of the judges, kadis, and others: they are nearly all to be bought, as are the inferior officials, and generally from the same cause, low salaries—salaries barely sufficient for their existence.

A few anecdotes in connexion with Turkish courts of law will be worth preserving, even as a contrast to the new system which we are assured is now about to be efficiently carried out. They are well authenticated. Indeed, I shall tell you nothing in these my jottings down but what I have on good authority.

Not very long ago a *rayah*, a Christian subject of the Porte saved by dint of great industry and perseverance the moderate sum of 10,000 piastres, or about £90, which, however, to a small shopkeeper in Stamboul was a fortune. It is a melancholy fact, that under the old system, the *rayahs* were never safe from being plundered when they were known to have money. For this reason, merchants, dealers, and those who had by any means saved a little money, always contrived to take a short journey in search of a foreign passport, and came back, after three, six, or nine months, with an English, French, Greek, Swiss, or Russian passport; which made them inviolable, because it entitled them to the protection of the embassy of the country whose passport they carried. This thought occurred to the rayah, Gregorio, who had saved 10,000 piastres. His next-door neighbour was a Turk of notoriously dissolute life and manners. By some means or other he learnt that Gregorio had the sum alluded to, and meant to go away, and return a Russian, probably—for the Greeks, to their eternal disgrace, lean far too much to this power—when he would be out of the power of any one to oppress him.

So Abdallah Mustafa went with a friend of his own kind, a worthless profligate, before a judge, who was notoriously an honest, upright, and honourable Turk—a Turkish gentleman in fact, of the old school before 1821. Before this bearded judge, the two friends swore a falsehood. The friend said "On the second hour of the third day before the Ramadan, I saw this Turk, Abdallah Mustafa, lend to Gregorio, a *ghiaour* (infidel), the sum of ten thousand piastres, and I am quite certain that the money has never been repaid. More than that, this *kelb*, this dog, this pork-eating infidel, is about to run away."

And the judge replied: "Be it so. Let the Christian pay. Two Turks have sworn by the Koran that it is—and it is."

And the two friends went away and unblushingly told Gregorio of the decision of the magistrate. Gregorio was well-nigh driven mad—he wept tears of rage and despair, and then ran out and told his story to a wealthy Greek merchant.

"It is very strange," said the merchant. "The Kadi is a good man. But perhaps he has been imposed upon. I will go and see him."

And the Greek merchant went and saw the Turkish judge. The judge listened to him gravely, stroked his beard, and said: "I believe what you say to be true; but the Koran gives me no choice. Two Turks have sworn a thing against

a Christian; they have eaten dirt, they have lied; but the Christian has no remedy—he must pay. A judge can only decide according to evidence. Mashallah! I am very sorry, but it is so."

The Greek merchant was very sad, and almost feared he must raise a subscription for Gregorio, which he thought unfair, seeing the poor man was really the owner of the 10,000 piastres.

"Wallah!" said the judge; "I see you are hurt at the *rayah's* misfortune. Bismillah! what I say I ought not to say—but God's will be done—these two men are the fathers of lies. Go down to Galata, enter a large coffee-house, and there you will see an old man, who—Inshallah!—please God!—will get you over your difficulty. Allah Kerim!—God is great and merciful. Go."

The merchant and Gregorio went down as told to the coffee-shop, on entering which they saw an old man taking his coffee and solemnly smoking his pipe. Though an old scoundrel, and driving an infamous trade, he was a grave and venerable personage, and the Greeks bowed to him politely.

"La Allah Wah Allah Mohammed resoul Allah," * said he, "what wants my lord with his servant?"

He could be polite to a *ghiaour* on occasion. They told their story without hesitation.

"What *backsheesh* will my lord give his servant?"

The Greek merchant gave a piece of gold.

"Allah Kerim! go. Inshallah! your affair is settled."

"But——" began Gregorio.

"You would see how it is to be done. Go, call me two Turkish boatmen."

Gregorio did as he was told; the Greek merchant smiled, and none the less when two boatmen of the Bosphorus entered.

"You see that *ghiaour*," said the old man, pointing to the *rayah*.

The boatmen nodded their heads.

"And you see these piastres," showing them twelve piastres.

The boatmen looked quite lively.

"Well, to-morrow go before the kadi; and recollect, or may you die in the Tedi Khouli, on the second hour of the third day before the Ramadan, this Christian was in a boat with you, out at sea, looking out for a ship."

The boatmen intimated that they perfectly recollected the fact, and went away.

Next day all parties appeared in court. The two Turks on one side swore one thing, the two Turks on the other swore the direct contrary, proving an *alibi* most distinctly.

Then up spoke the judge and said: "As two Turks say one thing, and two Turks say another, we must leave all things to the judgment of God. Allah Kerim! I dismiss the case. As it is, let it remain."

With many such unbiassed judges as these, and a new system, coupled with the destruction of the bastinado, Turkish courts of law would soon improve. But the judges must be better paid, and a better system of surveillance adopted. Not long since a man was tried for the murder of his wife. It was a brutal case, and had not occurred within the sacred precincts of the harem. The case was clear, public indignation was at a great height, the relations of the wife asked for the application of the *lex talionis*—though capital punishments are all but abolished, of which my space will not allow me to say more—and the judge was about to decide against the assassin. Suddenly a letter and a bag were passed up by a *kapoudge-bassi* to the bench. The letter was from a friend of the murderer, and the bag contained five hundred dollars.

The judge gave judgment after consulting the Koran, and said that the law and the prophet declared, that none could ask blood for blood but the nearest relative of the deceased. Now the nearest relative of the deceased was her own child, an infant of seven months, and he *therefore adjourned* the case until the son's wishes could be known.

The influence of western civilisation has already, however, been felt; and I do really believe, when the world is rid of the present quarrel, a new impetus may be given to Turkey, by a reconciliation, and perhaps in the end an amalgamation, of the two races.

Fires are not quite so common as they used to be. The *hamals* and *sahiers*, porters and water-carriers, have been long suspected of being at the bottom of these frightful scenes of destruction to life and property, which have been of daily occurrence in Constantinople. They made immense sums of money by aiding in saving goods and lives at night. The houses being of wood, whole quarters are burnt down in a few hours. But since a threat of a very severe kind has been directed against the *hamals* and *sahiers*, the conflagrations are slightly less in number.

I have made one or two excursions round Constantinople, and visited some spots of extreme beauty. I shall give you some account of my peregrinations in another letter, seeking, however, rather to tell you of manners and customs than of things which, to a great extent, have been described until some of them have become as familiar as household words. A friend of mine recently visited the Sultan's palace, and even entered the harem. It is a meanly furnished place, with chintz curtains and ancient coverlets on divans, a few prints of English and French battle scenes, and nothing of any kind to please the eye or taste but some cool and refreshing fountains. The library of Korans is curious, while the armoury is full of Eastern arms—some very antique. The mosques look better outside than in. The strange building in Leicester-square, so oddly placed amid our houses and bricks, gives a very effective idea of one of these buildings. The principal is St. Sophia, once a Christian church. It is a striking building outside, but I have not yet seen the inside. The most striking building, however, in Constantinople is the Sulemanaya, which can be seen from a great distance. It is a perfect tier of cupolas, rising one above another, and crowned by a single dome of enormous span and elegant proportions.

* "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

TURKISH PIPES.

SMOKING is one of the greatest delights of a Mussulman. It seems with him a second nature, and that it would be as easy for him to exist without food as without tobacco. It has been said, that the custom of smoking in Turkey and Persia dates far earlier than the period at which tobacco was discovered in America, and hence the previous existence of the plant in those countries has been inferred. But, although the habit now prevails universally in the East, the tobacco-plant is never once hinted at in any of the authorities which treat of ancient Oriental productions; and that a custom so peculiar as smoking should have been totally omitted in the graphic descriptions which old writers give, seems scarcely possible, if it were then known. Yet the Koran itself, a book which legislates on all points, small and great, is altogether silent on the subject. Long before the discovery of America, Europeans were acquainted with the peculiarities of the East. Thither went Lion-heart and his crusaders, even in the dark ages, and the manners and customs of the Turks became thoroughly known: later than this, the wealthy merchants of Venice and other cities on the Mediterranean carried on a traffic in the Levant, of which all sorts of Eastern commodities were the subjects. Yet no such thing as tobacco is ever alluded to in any way.

From this it appears that, although the custom of smoking prevails so extensively in the East now, before the discovery of America it was altogether unknown. When the Spaniards

landed in the New World, they found the people of Yucatan, in the Gulf of Mexico, holding the tobacco-plant in high esteem. The Indians regarded it not only as a luxury, but as a universal remedy for disease; they carried it with them on hunting excursions, and used it as food if their provisions failed, and venerated it so highly that they presented it in their religious services as the most acceptable offering to the gods. Cortez carefully inquired into all the uses of the newly-discovered plant, and tobacco was transmitted to Spain, with an accurate account of the virtues, real and imaginary, which it was said to possess; and soon after this it began to make its way throughout the East, a ready market being found in Arabia, Hindostan, and China.

The Persian or Turkish pipe is generally composed of a box or vase, about half-filled with water; a perpendicular tube, or pipe, which is introduced into the vase and immersed in the water; a small furnace, generally of metal, which surmounts the perpendicular pipe; a cover, which serves as a species of ventilator; and lastly, a second perpendicular pipe and flexible tubing, which communicates with the tobacco and serves the purpose of an ordinary pipe.

When the vase which receives the water is in the form of a bell, and the two tubes are adapted so as to be arranged side by side in the bell, the pipe is called Houkka or Hokka, an Arabian word which signifies box. This form and name are peculiar to India. The Houkka represented in our engraving (p. 405) is one which was recently purchased in Constantinople by a distinguished orientalist. The water vase is remarkable for the elegance of its form and the delicacy of its workmanship; the brilliant red of the interior of the vase, and the exquisite finish imparted to the silver network by which it is covered, add considerably to the beauty of the effect; the lid of the furnace and the two pipes are of chased silver; the flexible tube—called *marpitch*, or winding serpent—is of cherry-coloured silk and gold, and terminated by an amber mouthpiece. The costly and ornamental character and the exquisite execution of this magnificent pipe render it peculiarly interesting even as a specimen of art. The reticular work, so light and elegant, is evidently Indian.

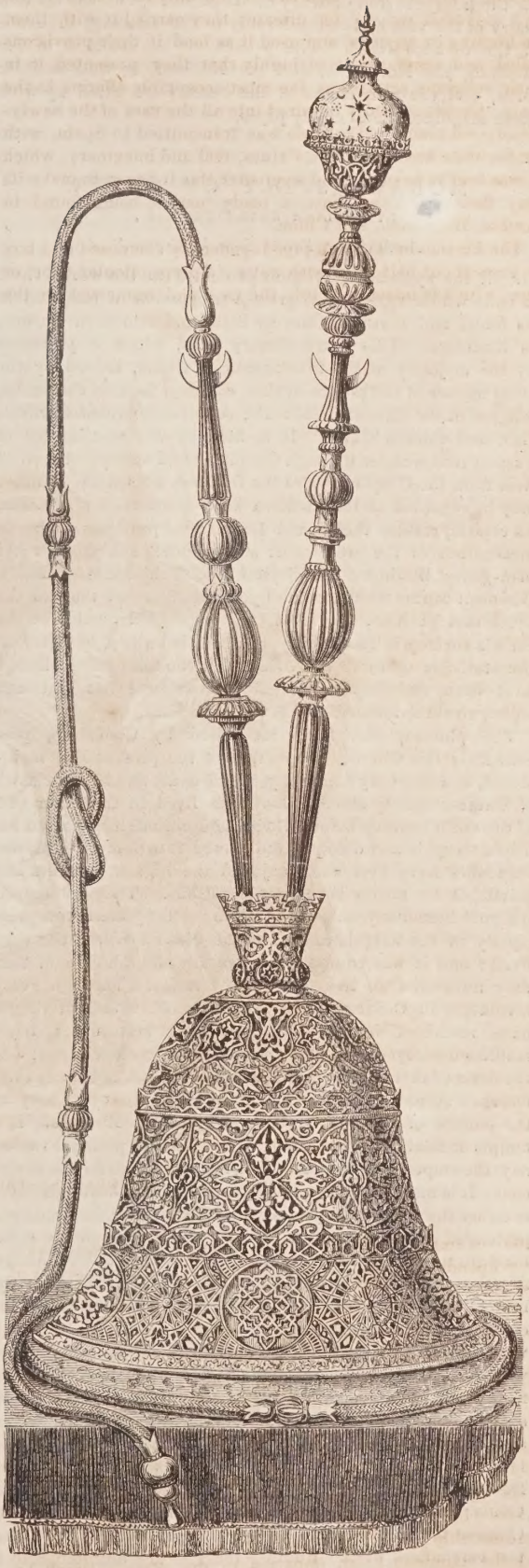
When the vase which receives the water is of an oval or egg-form, and terminates in a point, and the tubes are differently arranged as to their position from those which form the Houkka, the pipe is called Narguileh, from the word *narguil* or *nardjil*, which signifies cocoa-nut. At Constantinople the vase is a glass bottle; at Bagdad the cocoa-nut is in general use. In the Narguilehs of the opulent, the cocoa-nut or the bottle is replaced by an oval vase of silver; and as the pointed shape of the vase will not allow of its standing on a plane surface, it rests on an artistically-decorated tripod, elegantly chased in silver, and which forms a necessary adjunct to the pipe. A simple stool, with a hole bored in the seat, answers the same purpose in Bagdad.

A WOMAN OF CAIRO SMOKING.—FROM A DRAWING BY KARL GIRARDET.

The Narguileh, of which we present an engraving (p. 405), is of chased silver, richly and tastefully ornamented; the medallions in enamel represent the busts of men and women, and surround the furnace and the water vase; the other parts are covered with Persian ornaments and gilt figures; the bottom is of a beautiful blue and red enamel, upon which are represented garlands and little bouquets of flowers in bright colours; the pipes are of ebony tastefully carved. The lid is ornamented with silver chains, which serve to attach it to the furnace. A small but elegant tripod accompanies the Narguileh.

The third variety of the water-bowl pipe is the *Kalioun*; or, as it is commonly pronounced by the Arabians, *Ghalian*, which signifies bubbling, and which is given to the pipe because of the bubbling which the admission of air through the tube

A NARGUILEH.



A HOUKKA.

causes in the water. The *Kalioun* is almost universally used in Persia. The tobacco which is used in the East is remarkable for the fragrance and delicacy of its perfume, and the scented water in the vase adds considerably to the soothing influence of the tobacco itself. The women are accustomed to the Houkka, the Narguileh, and the Kalioun, as well as their lords, and the apartments of the harems are fitted up with these magnificent and costly pipes.

MORAL ASPECT OF CHINA.

BY WILLIAM KNIGHTON, M.A.,

Author of "Forest Life in Ceylon."

Of all the systems of religion professed in the world, there is none which numbers so great a proportion of mankind in its folds, and there is none so little understood in Europe, as Budhism. This extraordinary faith, which is professed by the majority of the inhabitants of China, indeed by the great masses of the people in that country, is also the ruling religion in the Eastern Peninsula, comprising Burmah, Siam, Lao, and Cochin China. It is held by the vast hordes of Tartars that wander through the plains and valleys of central Asia from the Caspian Sea to the frontiers of China. Thibet may be regarded as its northern head-quarters, for in Lassa, its capital, resides the Grand Lama, who professes to be an incarnation of the great saint and founder, the prophet and man-god of Budhism. In Ceylon, too, in the south of India, Budhism counts its adherents by the million; so that all the south-east of Asia, the most thickly-peopled portion of the earth's surface, is Budhistic. So little is known, however, of the statistics of these countries, that the followers of Budha have been variously estimated at from one hundred and eighty to three hundred millions of mankind.

The philosophical faith inculcated by Confucius, pre-eminently the Chinese prophet, is at the present day maintained, and that only nominally, by the court and higher classes of Chinese society alone. Confucius lived in the latter end of the sixth century before Christ, and although he passed his life in struggle and obloquy, and ended it in obscurity, his descendants have ever since enjoyed the highest honours and privileges for nearly seventy generations. They are indeed the only hereditary nobility of China. They are found principally in the neighbourhood of the district where the sage lived; and it was computed, a century and a half ago, that they numbered no less than 11,000 males. Through every revolution in Chinese history, their honours and privileges have remained intact. Thrones have been upset, royal families destroyed, and new ones elevated in their place; but the descendants of the great teacher remained as before, their honours secure, their dignity uninvaded. In every city of the empire of the first, second, and third ranks, there is a temple dedicated to Confucius. The civil and political rulers, nay, the emperor himself, are all equally bound to do him reverence. It is mere ceremony, however; there is no heart whatever in either the admiration professed for the man, or the obedience pretended to be given to his precepts, for his morality was far too pure to suit the degenerate taste of modern China. Altars, it is true, are erected in high families to Confucius, in the hall of ancestors; sweet-smelling gums are burnt in the chamber, with frankincense and tapers of sandal-wood; fruit, wine, and flowers, are placed upon the altars, and appropriate verses chanted. But the whole service is merely one of form; and whilst outward adherence is thus given to the system inculcated by Confucius, Budhism alone maintains any hold upon the masses of the people, and the hold which it maintains is far from being a beneficial one. Introduced from India, it has maintained its sacred language, the Pali, in China; Chinese symbols are tortured to express its sounds; Chinese tongues refuse to utter its words distinctly; so that the ceremonies of the Budhist temples are unintelligible to the people not less than to the priests, and the whole system of religion has long degenerated into an unmeaning mummery, retaining little hold upon the minds of the people, whilst outwardly its temples are grand, its ceremonies imposing, its priests richly dressed, and its monasteries well appointed and full.

Gotama Budha, also called Sakya Mouny, was the founder of the faith. He lived either a thousand or six hundred years before our era, and first preached his doctrines in northern India. Being the son of a king, he easily obtained protection and converts in the first instance, setting himself up, not so much as the preacher of a new faith, as the reformer of the old and almost worn-out Brahmanism which still lingers in India That such a man as Gotama actually did live, no one who has examined the faith has for a moment doubted; and, as the history of his life was not written till centuries after his death, we need not wonder at the marvels related of him, or the extraordinary miracles which he is said to have wrought.

He left behind him both priests and priestesses, whose office it was to preach his doctrines and to attend to the images and offerings in the temple. In most Budhistic countries, the order of priestesses has long been extinct; but it still lingers in Burmah and China, the nuns, if such they can be called, being, however, esteemed as little better than beggars. Nothing can exceed the ignorance of these Chinese pretenders to sanctity. The abstraction of the mind from earthly things, and the fixing of it on spiritual things, is regarded by Budhism as one of the most beneficial mental exercises; and some of their priests seem to have so far succeeded in this matter, that it is impossible to tell if they have any mind at all. Their look savours of vacancy and want of thought; they stare wildly at all around them; earthly things have indeed ceased to interest them in many cases; but too often, it is to be feared, it is the look of idiotcy that thus roams unmeaningly from place to place, from countenance to countenance, from object to object. The mind, thoroughly unhinged, but too often detaches itself from earthly things altogether, and is no more to be lured back to its old haunts.

With such religious teachers, with a system prevalent of which they understand nothing but its corruptions, and love nothing but its absurdities, we cannot wonder that the moral condition of the Chinese, notwithstanding their advance in civilisation, notwithstanding their quick-witted skill and progress in many arts, is most deplorable. "Much reliance," says Dr. Gutzlaff, the eminent Chinese missionary, "was placed at the commencement of the war upon the idols. None, however, appearing to assist the Chinese army, and their shrines having been desecrated without the gods taking vengeance for their wounded dignity, the popular belief in Budhism is fast giving way to scepticism." Indeed, it is notorious that in many households the images were thrown down and discarded; and even in Ningpo, the head-quarters of Chinese Budhism, superstition is on the wane—has been long on the wane. Everywhere throughout the vast empire the people seem waiting for something better; they have almost entirely shaken off the trammels of their old faith, and as yet see no light in the mists a-head, or rather only the faintest dawn of light, still very far from their own abodes, or from their distinct comprehension."

The pernicious habit of opium-smoking, so prevalent amongst the Chinese, tends to destroy what little religious feeling is left amongst them. In Hong-Kong, for instance, an insignificant island, with a population hardly amounting to 20,000 in all, a man pays the British government 1,500 dollars a month for farming the duties on opium alone; and yet, of these 20,000 inhabiting the island, a considerable proportion, probably one-sixth, is European, and the Europeans are but beginning to adopt the odious practice now—they have not yet attained the perfection in self-ruin to which the unfortunate Chinese have advanced. Even into England itself the practice has been largely imported by those who have returned from the East, and more than would be supposed possible of the wasted frames, sunken cheeks, and wild staring eyes, that one meets in the Strand or Cheapside, may be attributed to this unwholesome enjoyment.

In Hong-Kong, the largest consumers of the drug are the shopkeepers, sailors, quarrymen, and dissolute adventurers,

driven for their evil practices from the continent—the very plague-spots of the island. In most districts of China, however, mandarins and soldiers are the greatest consumers of opium: mandarins, because it is an expensive amusement, and bespeaks courage and wealth to indulge in it—the soldiers, because it is regarded peculiarly as a military and chivalric vice. The sailors, too, inhale its fumes largely; with them it is one of the most piquant of their pleasures; their perilous life leads them to peculiar and selfish indulgences, and the vigour with which they enter upon their career soon gives way, under the baneful influence of opium, to languor, senility, and exhaustion. The agricultural labourers are by far the most numerous classes in China, and amongst them there is little opium-smoking, if any. It is, fortunately, too expensive a luxury for *them* to indulge in.

With respect to the use of opium generally, a recent writer on China asserts, that the larger the consumption of the drug, the more frequent is crime of every description—the more extensive the trade in it, the greater the moral misery which spreads over the country. As a general rule, those that give themselves over without restraint to this moral mania, become wasted and attenuated in person—they walk about, looking like gaunt skeletons—are often covered with running sores, and disfigured by all kinds of cutaneous eruptions. Not that all these result from the opium alone, but its excessive use is invariably accompanied by excessive gambling, intermingling with the worst people in the worst places, and hence the evils hinted at.

The difference between the coast and agricultural population of China is strikingly exemplified by the contrast between the inhabitants of Hong-Kong and those of Chusan. Hong-Kong was originally a very poor place, occupied by a small and depraved native community, engaged principally in quarrying, fishing, piracy, and bartering. The arrival of the English on the island, and their permanent settlement there, naturally attracted together crowds of adventurers, of gamblers, and of the bad of both sexes. "There is, perhaps, no place in the world," said a Hong-Kong magistrate, "that presents a more fearful criminal calendar." Nor would it be easy to name a vice which does not degrade some portion or other of the population of the island. Chusan, on the other hand, has entirely an agricultural population all attached to the soil. The families possess a sufficiency, and, having so much to do, are all peaceably disposed, quiet, and regular. The entire population, in fact, consists of quiet and orderly people, insomuch, that adventurers of doubtful character, and vagabonds, have little chance of success in their schemes, because they are everywhere shunned and watched. An instance of this fact occurred during the British occupation of the island. Some pirates and desperadoes were hired by the Chinese government to kidnap a few natives who had been unremitting in their services to the British. This band of ruffians crossed over to Chusan, settled on the coasts, and pretended to be engaged in commerce. The population looked upon them with suspicion, and a popular meeting called upon the authorities to get rid of them. The authorities would have nothing to do with the matter. The populace stormed and threatened the intruders, and they, although they affected to laugh at the threats, at length decamped. A few months afterwards, however, they re-appeared, and seized one of their victims privately and secretly. The whisper was spread abroad that the pirates were again at work. On a sudden the populace rose like one man, the ruffians were all seized and thrust into a boat—eighteen or twenty of them—with stones round their necks, and when they had pushed out into the sea, were all thrown overboard. Not one of them, it is believed, escaped; and the police magistrate, who relates the occurrence, declares, that so secretly were the measures of the populace taken, that he knew nothing of it until it was all over, nor could he ever discover who were the perpetrators. He was fully aware, however, of the worthless character of the people executed. This summary Lynching of eighteen or twenty people beats brother Jonathan's performances in that line hollow.

As a general rule it may be stated, that the inhabitants of the northern provinces of China—the provinces surrounding the capital—are better educated, and more energetic, than those residing further to the south. In the history of the rebellion which still threatens to overthrow the Chinese monarchy, and to found a new, liberal, and reformed kingdom in the place of the old, illiberal, and prejudiced monarchy, this fact has been strangely exemplified. In the southern provinces, the progress of the rebels or of the patriots—whichever we may choose to call them—has been extremely rapid. They overran province after province, each province of the size of a moderate European kingdom, with little difficulty and with great rapidity. In the north, however, their progress has been much slower. They have advanced painfully and laboriously, step by step, town after town causing a stoppage for a week or a month, as the case might be; until now that they have got within two hundred miles of the capital, we hear of few new successes, of no rapid conquests. The Mantchoo dynasty, which still nominally rules the destinies of China, relies most upon the troops of the north, and upon its Tartar auxiliaries, who have been pouring into China Proper for months, but still without producing any marked result upon the contest.

For the present, however, we shall confine ourselves to the moral aspect of the country; and truly this moral aspect is as strange a spectacle as the eastern or the western world can afford. We have here two or three hundred millions of mankind shaking off old faiths that they have held for centuries, as one would put off the thin garments of summer on the approach of winter. Budhism is a mass of unmeaning mummery to them, its scriptures unintelligible, its moral dogmas not understood, and, if understood, little regarded. Their forefathers have believed in Budhism; but to them it is an unmeaning faith, a sound without an idea, a symbol without a name. It has already lost its hold upon their hearts, and they are but waiting, doubtless, to cast aside its nominal, as they have already lost its real, influence. The philosophy of Confucius has for centuries been a sound signifying nothing to the masses of the people; so that they may literally be said to be a people waiting for a religion. Confucianism and Budhism have been tried, and have been found wanting. They have been proved to be quite inadequate to keep a living faith alive in the hearts of millions thirsting for some kind of intellectual and spiritual food. They have had their day, and that day has gone. It remains to be seen whether Christianity will not take their place, and extend its humanising influences over the most thickly populated region of the earth.

Nor is it in the matter of religion alone that the social state of the Chinese portends speedy disruption. Justice exists theoretically in China as elsewhere. The noblest of moral maxims are common to the jurisprudence of Confucius and of Gotama, but the practice and execution of justice is guided solely by self-interest, and corruption is so general that it scarcely excites an exclamation when brought to the light of day. The highest degree of skill in the magistrate and the judge is, how to circumvent—the sole object of the legal officer, how to realise the most money. The prisoner once arrested is at the sole mercy of the mandarin, who listens indeed to whatever may be brought forward in favour of the accused, but whose sentence is unshackled by any guide but his own will, and who clothes that decision in legal language as it may suit his purpose; nor is it difficult to cite such chapter and verse of the code as may appear to support his decision, however much at variance its spirit and the context. Appeals to a higher court are perfectly legal; and even the meanest individual may carry his case before the Supreme Court of Requests at Pekin; but every step of the process involves enormous outlay—an outlay altogether beyond the resources of any but the very rich, and it will probably succeed at an earlier stage by means of bribery. It is against the decisions of the just but obscure magistrates that the rich man's wealth carries the day; the wronged poor man is without redress. Those once thrown into prison may be kept there for any length of time that suits the inclination or

the interest of the magistrate; and many thus perish in gaol whose innocence is a matter of public notoriety, but whose incarceration is an object of desire to some rich opponent.

On the whole it may be safely predicted that the moral and social state of China is such at present that it must sooner or later be upset. Revolution impends from moral as well as from physical and political causes; and we may safely conclude that a people without religion, morals, or justice—a great and a comparatively refined people—must soon shake off the shackles of antiquity and enter upon a new course; leading whither, who can tell? leading to good, we all must hope.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE TULIP WREATH FLOWER-VASE MAT.

MATERIALS.—12 shades of amber, 7 shades of lilac, 4 shades of green. 4 Skeins of each colour. 5 Steel Needles, No. 14. Cardboard foundation, covered with white or amber cambric, 8 inches in diameter.

FOR THE MAT.—Knit 4 rounds of each shade of amber, beginning with the lightest. Cast on 2 stitches on each of 4 needles; bring the wool forward, knit half the stitches on the first needle; t. f. and k.* the other half; repeat the same on each of the other 3 needles; k. the next round plain; repeat these two rounds until there are 48 stitches on each needle; then cast off, and sew this on the covered cardboard foundation.

FOR THE TULIPS.—5 tulips to be knitted in 7 shades of amber, and 5 in 7 shades of lilac; 4 rounds to be knitted of each shade; 4 needles. Cast on 2 stitches on each of 3 needles; t. f. at the commencement of each needle; k. 1 plain round; pearl a round, increasing at commencement of each needle. Repeat these two rounds till there are 22 stitches on each of the three needles; then first k. 3, k. 2 +, k. 1, k. 2 +, k. 3; turn the work back, and pearl the stitches.

3rd. K. 2, k. 2 +, k. 1, k. 2 +, k. 2.

4th. Turn back and pearl.

5th. K. 2, k. 2 +, k. 1, k. 2 +, k. 2.

6th. Turn back and pearl.

7th. K. 1, k. 3 +, k. 1. 8th. Pearl.

9th. K. 3 +. 20 tulips will be required.

THE LEAVES (10 of which will be necessary).—4 shades of green, 12 rows of each; 2 needles. Cast on 3 stitches; k. plain, till before the centre stitch; t. f. and k. the centre stitch; t. f. k. the remainder plain; p. the next row; repeat these 2 rows, till there are 12 open stitches up the vein of the leaf; then k. 1, k. 2 +, k. plain, till 2 from the centre stitch; then k. 2 +, t. f. k. 1, t. f. k. 2 +, k. plain, till 3 from the end; then k. 2 +, k. 1; p. the next row; repeat till there are 8 more open stitches, that is, 20 from the beginning; then k. 2 + at the beginning and end of every other row, till the last ends in a point. Now sew the leaves round the mat by the part where the stem should be; then sew the tulips on as in engraving, sewing the leaf about 6 rows from the point on the stem of the tulip.

* K. means knit; k. 2 + knit two together; p. pearl; t. f. thread forward,

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

THE county of Suffolk has but few great men to boast of. But it may rejoice in the name of Wolsey, who was born at Ipswich in the month of March, 1471. Common report makes his father a butcher; of this we have no certain proof. The worthy and painful Mr. Groves took three journeys to Ipswich, for the purpose of acquiring information relative to the Wolsey family, but with little success. All he could gather was, that Wolsey's father's name was Robert—no very valuable addition to historical lore. Cavendish says Wolsey was "an honest poor man's son." We are inclined, however, to the belief that the common opinion was correct, and that Wolsey's father was a butcher. Actually, at this very day, there is a butcher in the flourishing town of Ipswich of the same name. A local tradition yet prevalent in his native county also strengthens this report. On the east coast of Suffolk, not far from Southwold, may be yet seen Wolsey's bridge, as it is called in memory of the cardinal. The tale is, that when a boy, driving some cattle, he nearly lost his life there, in consequence of which, when he became great, he ordered the bridge to be built. We are inclined to think that the bridge might have been built by the father, and that, by a process of blundering, common to the agricultural mind, and with which the student of history is well acquainted, what was done by the father was attributed to his more eminent son. It is highly improbable that Wolsey spent any of his time at his father's trade. At the age of fifteen we find him a student at Oxford, and already in possession of his Bachelor of Arts' degree; and before that time he certainly would not have been selected to drive cattle a distance of thirty or forty miles. A little while after, the "boy bachelor," as he was termed, became Fellow of Magdalen College (the funds of which college he appears to have misappropriated for the purpose of building its tower), and tutor to the three sons of the Marquis of Dorset. From his father he obtained his first preferment, the rectory of Lymington, in Somersetshire. There a neighbouring justice subjected him to the disgraceful punishment of confinement in the stocks, in consequence of a riot at a fair, in which our young divine took a somewhat unclerical part. Years after, when Wolsey became Lord Chancellor, Sir Amias Paulet, the justice referred to, found that Wolsey had neither forgotten nor forgiven the act. This affair we can easily imagine made Lymington a very undesirable residence for

HENRY VIII. DISMISSING CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Wolsey. Accordingly, he left it, and became one of the domestic chaplains of Archbishop Dean. On the death of that prelate he went to Calais, where Sir Richard Nanfan, the treasurer, was so struck with his talents for business, as to recommend him to the patronage of the king. The recommendation was not given in vain. Wolsey became one of the chaplains of the court. Soon after, the living of Redgrave, in the diocese of Norwich, was given him, and he obtained the friendship of Fox, Bishop of Winchester, at that time Privy Seal, and of Sir Thomas Lovell, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. The career of our hero seems to have been prosperous from the very commencement. Before some men rise they are brought down almost to the depths of despair. They have to struggle with everything that can break the heart. The great Sam Johnson walked the streets of London with an empty stomach and a yet emptier purse. So have done many of our illustrious great. Hitherto Wolsey had had no opportunity of evincing to the king his capacity for public business. An opportunity now offered. A treaty of marriage was pending between Margaret, the dowager queen of Savoy, and Henry VII. It was necessary to send some one to her father, Maximilian, the emperor. Fox and Lovell recommended Wolsey, who accordingly went. Wolsey made such haste as to return before the king thought he had commenced his journey, and reported the business of his mission with so much clearness and propriety, that he received universal praise; and when the deanery of Lincoln became vacant, it was spontaneously given to Wolsey by the king.

On the 22nd of April, 1509, died Henry VII., and his only surviving son, Henry VIII., ascended the throne. The favour shown Wolsey by the father was continued by the son. In the war with France, which was shortly after undertaken by Henry at the instigation of the restless Julius II., Wolsey accompanied his royal master in the humble but useful office of commissariat; and when Tournay yielded to the English arms, Wolsey was made its bishop. In the forty-fifth year of his age, Wolsey was advanced to the dignity of cardinal, and was installed in Westminster Abbey with more than regal pomp. About the same time the great seal was given him for life, with the dignity of chancellor of the realm. His power now became immense; in fact, he was the real monarch. Henry's will was but a reflection of his own. There were times, however, when Henry differed from the cardinal, as the reader of the first volume of "The State Papers" will soon perceive. However, when they did differ, Henry was generally in the wrong; so that we must not blame him if, with a few exceptions, he gave himself up to the pleasures of the court and the chase, and left Wolsey to direct the affairs of the state. In that dark barbarous time, men only reverenced rank and power as it was robed in splendour. To the taste of the age, in this respect, Wolsey scrupulously conformed. His household establishment was conducted on the most princely scale; according to Cavendish, it consisted of a hundred and eighty persons. No wonder that Salisbury-square, a large piece of ground on the south side of Fleet-street, takes up but a part of the ground on which at one time stood his mansion—which formerly belonged to Empson, but was given to Wolsey by the master he had served so well. Subsequently Wolsey appears to have lived in York-place, near Whitehall—a palace belonging to the see of York, *borrowed* by Henry when Anne Boleyn lived at Suffolk House, next door, and which, owing to a defect in the royal memory, has been ever since retained by the crown. Wolsey's revenues at this time must have been equal to those of his master. They were derived from the fines in the legantine court, the archbishopric of York, the bishopric of Winchester and the abbey of St. Albans, with several other English bishoprics, which were held by foreigners, but assigned to him at low rents for granting them the privilege of living abroad; together with pensions from the Spanish emperor and the French king, the emoluments of the chancellorship, the revenues of the bishoprics of Badajoz and Placenzia in Spain, with rich occasional presents from all the allies of the king, and the wealth and domains of forty dissolved monasteries. His house exhibited the finest productions of art; the walls of his chambers were hung with cloth of gold and tapestry still more precious. The sons of the nobility attended him as pages, and, as Mr. Galt says, "the daily service of the household corresponded to the opulence and ostentation of the master." Abroad he was yet more pompous and magnificent. His progress was a royal one. His daily visits to Westminster Hall, or his Sunday ones to Greenwich, where his royal master then resided, were conducted with a pomp and splendour never equalled before or since.

When Leo the Tenth died, Wolsey aspired to the tiara, but the French and Spanish cardinals joined, and Adrian, the tutor of Charles, was elected to the vacant dignity. Charles united with Henry a second time, and war was again to be declared with France; but how was the money for the war to be obtained? The feudal system was dying out, and it was to the credit of Wolsey that he introduced the financial system which has lasted in England to the present day. He met the clergy, and then the representatives of the people, and prevailed on them to pass an income tax. War with France was accordingly commenced. The campaign, however, failed of any practical result. Charles V. was fighting with more success. Henry rejoiced in his victories till he fancied the balance of power was destroyed by the battle of Pavia, when he, with a chivalry worthy a better cause, went over and sided once more with the French; but no advantage resulted from this change, and the people, heavily taxed, fearful of losing what trade they had by a war with Charles, disliking the alliance with France, began to murmur against the cardinal. Many of the nobility also, whom he had eclipsed, looked at him with unloving eyes. The clergy owed him no good will, for they felt that he had hurt them in two ways: he had endeavoured to make them bear their share of the national burdens, from which they had hitherto been exempted; and he had endeavoured to curb their gross licentiousness of conduct. Wolsey leant upon a bruised reed. His apparent power and splendour were maintained only by the single will of the king, and that king more headstrong and wayward than any man who had hitherto sat upon the English throne; that king, one whose "royal nature," as Wolsey himself said, would lead him to endanger the half of his kingdom rather than want any part of his pleasure; that king, one before whom the proud cardinal had so humbled himself, as often to kneel for three hours together, that he might dissuade him from his will, but in vain. Let but that fickle and imperious will conceive that the cardinal stood between it and the gratification of its appetites; let it but shift to some other subject; let it be but cooled down by indifference and neglect, and Wolsey's fall was inevitable and sure. Already the signs of a coming storm had loomed in the distance and blackened the horizon. Between Wolsey and his royal master more than one misunderstanding had occurred; but Wolsey, blinded by success, little understood how to avert the impending peril. The editors of "The State Papers" conjecture that the conduct of Wolsey in the election of an abbess for the monastery of Wilton occasioned a coolness on the part of Henry which was never removed; and yet within a very short time after, we find Wolsey petitioning the king for a valuable preferment for himself and his natural son. It is true that on his last embassy he seems to have foreseen the coming change; but the wonder is not that he saw it then, but that he had not seen it before. He had seen Empson and Dudley—both of whom he had known as the grasping servants of a grasping king—given up to popular vengeance. He had seen Surrey distanced by himself. He might have seen that sooner or later his hour would come. His own knowledge of human nature might have told him that the man who could be false to the wife of his bosom could also be false to the minister of his choice.

And this time speedily arrived. It was given to Wolsey to feel what others had learnt before him, the proverbial ingratitude of men who sat upon thrones. That gay and giddy Anne, for whose sake he discarded the pope's authority, and who basked a few short years in the sunshine of royal favour, till she also cloyed and was thrown away, bore the cardinal no

good will, as he would have kept her from the dangerous eminence at which she aimed. To preserve herself, she felt that the power of the cardinal must be destroyed. Hence it was, that Wolsey was banished from the royal presence, and that Henry was prevailed upon never more to see the man who had served him faithfully — who had pandered to his pleasures—who had promoted his interests for nearly twenty years. Wolsey did not long survive the blow. Late one autumn evening, a weary cavalcade stopped at the door of Leicester Abbey. "Father," said a broken-hearted, sunken man, "I am come to lay my bones among you." When the morrow's sun sank down the cardinal was no more.

Yet Wolsey deserved the honours he had won. Compared with his contemporaries he appears to advantage. He acted no assassin's part, as did Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. He plotted no treason, as did Buckingham. Oxford and the College of Physicians yet remain to show how much he would have done for the people over whom he ruled. Never was man condemned by an English parliament on lighter grounds. What he had done, he did under the cognisance of the king. His great blunder was, that he did not see what his knowledge of Henry's character ought to have led him to perceive, that to obtain Anne, Henry was prepared to violate every duty, and to burst through every moral and prudential restraint. Even here he blundered, in common with Campeggio and Clement VII., and to that blunder we owe the Reformation. Undoubtedly Wolsey was fashioned to much honour from his cradle. He had the rare skill, not only to attract men's admiration, but to retain their affections. His personal demeanour was that of a prince. The heir of a hundred kings could not have conducted himself with a haughtier mien and a more regal pomp.

Wolsey's moral character, tried by the standard of the present day, deserves the severest condemnation. Selfish, arrogant, voluptuous, in the day of his pride, he was craven-hearted in the dark hour of his disgrace. Tried by the standard of his own times, he was neither a saint nor a fiend; and he was better than most of his own class. Most of the courtiers of Henry had his vices—none his redeeming merits. It is easy for us to condemn him, but it is evidently unfair. We must not judge men of the past by the light of the present. If they walked not according to the principles of their day, let them be reproached; but not otherwise. The time does in some degree mould the man; over most it tyrannises with an iron hand. There have been better poets than Chaucer—better printers than Caxton—better statesmen than Wolsey; but we still quote their names with respect, because in their day they were each the first of their class. To Wolsey's credit it must be remembered, that those who knew him best clung to him to the last—that when he was weighed down by misfortune and disgrace, Cromwell eloquently pleaded his cause—and that to Cavendish we are indebted for the most faithful picture of his life. Wolsey was Henry's better angel, and, left to himself, Henry became that odious monster—that blot and stain upon the annals of the old country he has ever since remained. It was not till the cardinal's death that the English people really learnt the character of their imperious and besotted king. Wolsey

> "Was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
> Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
> Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
> But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
> And though he was unsatisfied in getting
> (Which was a sin), yet in bestowing
> The most princely. Ever witness for him
> Ipswich and Oxford. One of which fell with him,
> The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
> So excellent in art, and still so rising,
> That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
> His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
> For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
> And found the blessedness of being little;
> And to add greater honour to his age
> Than man could give him; he died fearing God!"

Thus writes one, whose "Henry VIII." is still worthy of study, as the best history of that time.

THE CONSCRIPT.

Ivon Marker belonged to that department of France where most of all repugnance is felt to entering the army—to Brittany; and Ivon Marker was coming back from the capital of his canton with a light heart, for Ivon had drawn a good number. Ivon Marker was not then to join a regiment. This had been spared him. The father of Ivon was weak and bent by age, his brother Ioan was not old enough to work, and his sister Bellah had Jannik to nurse. Providence, the pious young man believed, had willed it so that a mother should not be left alone to support a family and work on a farm. His two robust arms still remained to work for her.

These were the ideas of the *gars*—as all youths are called in Brittany—as he followed the path along the cultivated ground. And yet the good luck which had saved him from the military lottery did not wholly gratify him; the joy of the hour did not eradicate the cares of the morrow.

Passing nigh his father's cornfield, Ivon stopped and looked at the poor, sterile land, with here and there a blade of corn, and which, from want of sufficient labour, was invaded by the poppy, the weed, and the wild flower. A little further on, when he reached the little meadow which supplied them with hay, he was struck by the invasion of the reeds; further on still, he remarked the apple-trees in the orchard loaded with dead wood, with white moss and mistletoe. Everywhere poverty and sickness had brought on negligence, and negligence sterility. And yet the expenses of the family increased. The miller was asking for his debt, the ploughshare was not paid for, and the harness of the old horse was falling to pieces. It was of no avail that the mother worked half the night, renewing it at dawn, that Ivon ploughed so resolutely, and sank exhausted late at night over the plough: misfortune had moved more rapidly than their courage.

His joy was, then, far from being unmixed; and away he went across the fields, following in the track of the cattle.

Suddenly, as he came round a cluster of hazel-trees, he heard some one weeping and sighing, and also the voices of those who offered consolation. Approaching nearer, he recognised his neighbour Maharitte, surrounded by her relatives, and a little further on, Perr Abgrall, the miller's son, leaning sadly on his stick. This young man had, to the great despair of his affianced wife, drawn an unfortunate number. Marker advanced slowly, and began to offer his condolences together with those of the wise men who surrounded the girl; but Perr interrupted him with all the sharpness of misfortune.

"It is easy for those who have escaped from sorrow and grief to recommend courage to others," said he. "The king does not take from Ivon Marker the seven best years of his life; and he will remain within hearing of the church bell, while we go away to the sound of the drum."

"You are right, my poor friend," said the young *gars*; "in this instance my fate will be better than yours, and do not think that I forget it. If I speak of patience, it is because it is the best stick on which to lean in a long road; I learn it every day of my life by sad experience."

"And here is a *gars* who has had terrible trials indeed," said Abgrall ironically, without being moved by the gentleness of his neighbour. "What can you want in life, to talk of being obliged to be patient?"

"I want what you have got—relatives free from sickness, and the means to keep my parents in their old age free from misery. Every man has his own misfortunes."

"Verily I would change with you readily," said Abgrall, in a more friendly tone, but with a despairing gesture.

"That might be done," said Maharitte's uncle, who had remained quite still.

The two young men looked much surprised.

"Let us suppose that fortune had changed your numbers in the hat; Perr would now be in the place of Ivon. Why cannot that be done now?"

"That is to say, that Marker will be a soldier in my place," said the young miller quietly.

"And who will do the work at our house?" replied Ivon.

"As for that," said the uncle, with all the slowness of a peasant about to make a bargain, "it might be done in a friendly way; we ask nothing of you that can harm you."

"That is to say, you want to buy me," said Ivon, rather offended at a proposition which placed him on a level with what are thought to be a very degraded class of the community in France—the military substitutes.

"When one offers to buy, he fixes a price: I have promised nothing," said the peasant. "But you are so good a lad that you might do of your own accord what others would do from bad motives. After all, a man is not ruined because he becomes a soldier."

"That is true, father Salaun," replied Ivon, who was very pensive. "You have put a new idea in my head. When I saw those who love me in want of me, I could never have thought of leaving them; but if, on the other hand, my absence would be of any service to them, I would not refuse out of cowardice or timidity of character."

"Well, then, let us walk together, and we will talk; just wait a moment while I send away the women, and I will come with you."

He turned towards Maharitte, whom her mother and sisters were consoling, spoke to them in a low tone, and induced them to return towards their house; then coming back to Ivon with the young miller, they all three followed the road to the farm. The old peasant, as they went along, renewed his efforts with Marker, laying great weight on the wants of his family. He had not much difficulty in proving to him, that despite all his efforts, their poverty was advancing towards misery into which they would soon fall.

The thoughts of the young *gars* had brought him to the same conclusion, and the idea which the speaker had given him had opened to his mind a new career, into which he advanced with intense eagerness. His heart was generous and devoted. He accepted, then, the sacrifice, and did not want to bargain. He therefore endeavoured to bring the negotiation to an end, while the peasant was slowly debating.

"Come now, father Salaun, there is but one word needs speaking," cried he, stopping; "you have opened up to my view a means of safety for my family, quite new. Do not, however, lose so much time in telling me that my friends have not all they want, but tell me at once what you and Abgrall will give me for seven years of my life."

"What a hurry you are in," cried the peasant, a little taken aback at this way of doing business; with these peasants you must transact an affair as you would drink a pot of cider.

"I have not yet said that we want a substitute for Abgrall."

"Good morning, then; for nothing remains to be said," exclaimed Ivon, making a motion as if to go.

"But, young man, what a hurry you are in," replied Salaun, holding him; "before we can make serious propositions, we must know what you want for your relatives?"

"In the first place," said Ivon, with decision—for he was determined his sacrifice should be useful to them—"I want a pair of oxen for the plough and other work."

"A pair of oxen," said the peasant; "how fast you go, my *gars*; do you know that is a good bit of money?"

"I want also a three-year-old cow," said Marker.

"Again."

"And one hundred crowns to pay wages to the two farm boys, who will keep the farm going in my absence."

Salaun and the young miller protested that this was extravagant; they tried to prove to Ivon that he was asking double

DEPARTURE OF THE CONSCRIPT.

what he ought to hope to receive. The *gars* let them speak, and was satisfied with replying, that he would sell himself in the town, where some shopkeeper's son would give him, not goods, but money. After a long discussion, which lasted several hours, the family of the miller was obliged at length to yield to the conditions of Marker.

His last difficulty remained, and that was to gain the consent of his own family. If the agreement were known, he feared that some shame would attach to it among his companions, who all despised the ordinary substitute; while his family might refuse to accept comforts paid for by the liberty, and perhaps the blood of their son. Even if they did resign themselves to it, he poisoned their prosperity, and forced them to feel remorse for their very joy.

The notary who drew up the deed advised secrecy. The number which the young miller obtained by the will of Ivon, he could be supposed to have drawn. As for the money

RETURN OF THE CONSCRIPT.

which paid for his liberty, the notary could feign to have received it as a legacy from a distant relative. All was settled; Abgrall and his friends promised to be discreet, and naught remained but to break the bad news to the Markers. It was a sad moment for them, particularly for the poor mother. There was, before the departure, many an outburst of grief, which Ivon repressed with difficulty. He himself was sad unto death to quit all those who loved him, and by whom he was beloved; and yet the thought of the good he was doing, sustained and supported him. It was a comfort to him, too, that he had never betrayed the love he felt for the sister of Abgrall.

The day of separation came; while the father, weak and ill, held his hand as if he could have never left it; his mother leaned her head upon his shoulder, half fainting with grief; the young sister and the little boy wept; even the dog seemed sad to lose his master. But the conscripts are called out by name in the village; the rolling of the drum summoned the laggers; a last embrace was given, and Ivon rejoined his companions and went on his way.

All seemed right as long as the village steeple was in sight, as long as the same kind of familiar vegetation was seen, the same landscape; but soon vines took the place of apple-trees, vast plains of the little fields, surrounded by quickset hedges; white houses with red and slated roofs replaced the *granite* cabins covered with thatch. Then Marker knew that he had left his country and was an exile.

On reaching his regiment, he had to bow to new habits and divide his days between stupid exercises and idle hours. Mixed up with men who knew not his native idiom, Marker lived isolated; soon the sadness he had cast off fell upon him again like a cloud he could not escape from. All filled him with *ennui*. The fever of absence, which mines away the constitution, destroyed his energy; nostalgia, each day more intense, drove him to the hospital, where the very calmness of the existence added again to it. Everything combined to increase its force. Several months elapsed before any news came from his country. None knew how to write at the farm, and this fatal ignorance separated the absent almost as much as death.

Ivon became worse; life was fading slowly away like the rippling of the waters of a lake agitated by a faint breeze. He dragged himself about like a ghost along the court of the infirmary, following with his eye the bird that crossed the sky, or watching the man on the summit of the old wall. Flowers, man, birds, all reminded him of his native land.

One evening he was sitting sad and exhausted on a bench in the yard, thinking, as was his wont, of the old farm-house. He thought he saw the old fallows, through which, whistling as he went, he drove his lean pair of oxen; the little field crossed by the stream that turned the wheels of Abgrall's mill; the dark hills covered by black sheep; and he seemed to hear the songs of the *patours*. Such was the intensity of his

thought that memory became a living image; he saw all that he recollected, and then he heard the bagpiper without. Ivon stood up. The performer was playing the old familiar airs, which he had so often heard on the green where the boys and girls met to dance of an evening. The poor conscript ran to the gate—it was closed; he went into the barracks, and looked out of a window. The street was deserted, and there was no bagpiper to be seen.

He thought it must be a dream, when up came a sister of charity, and gave him a letter. He thanked her, and asked her to read it. It was from the notary, and written in the name of the parents to announce to the young man the fortunate change brought about by the supposed legacy. Thanks to this, they had hired workmen, bought a pair of oxen, and were doing better than they had done for years.

Marker was happy. He was rewarded. His illness vanished; and having tasted of the delights of communication by letter, he determined to learn to write. He entered the regimental school, and by hard work—very hard work it is at his age—he did learn, and at the end of a year could write a letter. Having once acquired a taste for study, he continued, and his time being taken up by the school and the regiment, the hours passed with extreme rapidity, while his good conduct elevated him to the position of sapper.

At last the seven years were up, and away went Marker. How he walked, how he took double journeys! At last, there is the village steeple—how his heart beats! He begins to feel excited beyond all control—he runs—he upsets some old friends in the market-place; the children run away frightened at his beard; his young sister starts back alarmed; but the dog knows him, and then out comes his mother to welcome her son. She is happy now, for all her children are at home.

And the restored health of his father, the comfort of the farm, the happiness of all around, are rewards enough for Ivon; especially when Abgrall tells the truth, and brings down blessings on his head. But who shall tell the gentle delight of the young man when he found that she, who had guessed his unspoken love, had waited for him? Truly happy was the man now from the sacrifice of the youth.

LETTER FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.—II.

———, 1853.

I HAVE had an opportunity of seeing the reigning sovereign of Turkey, Abdul Medjid, and I gazed with considerable interest at a man who is likely to have so great a position in history by the adventitious circumstances of the contest which is going on. He is very different in personal appearance from the reformer Mahmoud, who sat his horse like a true Turk of the old school; burley, robust, and a hardy soldier, who doubtless would have lived to a good old age had he not have given way too much to inebriety. Brandy killed Mahmoud, and it has not been without its effect on the present sovereign, who has suffered much from inflammatory disease, consequent on too little caution in the use of *raki*.

Drunkenness, which is leaving the Old World, we would fain hope, appears to have taken refuge in the East, despite the edicts and tenets of the law and the prophet. The grave old Moslem smokes now with spirits instead of coffee. Some time ago, the government, convinced of the great evil of habitual intoxication in the people, enacted a stringent law, which punished with the bastinado all persons retailing or consuming ardent liquors. It was, however, evaded and fell into disuse. A certain company of police agents made something out of it, however. They dressed up one of their number as a Copt, and placed him in a shop in a certain street, where dwelt at that time a cunning Greek who saw the house opened for the sale of *raki*. Presently, a Greek came by, and was coaxed into the shop; *raki* was offered him; the man refused, alluded to the law, but finally was coaxed to disobey the edict. He then went away, and about ten yards off was accosted by two police agents, who declared he had been drinking, the smell, they said, betrayed him, and they gave him the option of paying a sum of money, or going to the police-office, where the bastinado would be the punishment.

The liquor-loving Greek paid the fine and went his way. In the course of a few hours dozens were entrapped; but the Greek noticed with some curiosity that no Jews were caught, none ever coming that way. He sallied forth, then, to fathom this mystery, and going to the corner of the street, saw an aged Hebrew, selling rhubarb, who, whenever a Jew came up and would have turned down the street, made some sign which caused the descendant of Moses to start and go his way. Incensed that the Jews were thus able to escape, he went and told the police, who thrashed the old man, and soon caught plenty of Jews in the net. In these instances they poured the *raki* down the unfortunate men's throats.

Abdul Medjid is slight and sallow-looking, while the general outline of his physiognomy is effeminate, but pleasant. There is a sad gentleness about him, a look as if he were weary of the world, which is very touching. His eyes are habitually half closed. There can be no doubt that the Sultan is a man naturally well-disposed. He came to the throne at seventeen, surrounded by all the fearful influences which always encircle a Turkish sovereign. A harem of ignorant women, some six hundred wives, a herd of slaves, cringing and humble courtiers, are not good teachers for a royal scholar of seventeen. Abdul Medjid has unquestionably succumbed to the moral malaria, the pestilence of Turkish vice. And yet he is of a kindly and generous nature, which, in trying times, rises superior to custom and habit.

Thus he did not strangle his brother on his accession to the throne; but he confined him closely to the palace, for fear of his becoming the nucleus of a party. Then he has not been able to put down the fearful infanticides which are daily committed to prevent dangerous princes near the throne, the children of his sisters. But he has decreased capital punishments, and made justice mild and gentle in Constantinople. Executions are now very rare in this city; some years ago they were almost of daily occurrence. Macfarlane has given a very correct account of the terrible excitement which was felt in Constantinople a few years back, when a renegade was about to be executed. This man had abandoned Christianity for Mohammedanism, and then repenting, had returned to his real religion. To abandon the creed of the prophet is death, and it may be easily understood, with such laws, how difficult it is to make converts.

The man was accordingly condemned to death, and the day of execution arrived. One would have thought that the religious prejudices of the Turks would have been aroused, and that they would have flocked to see the recreant *giaour* die. Not so. They remained shut up in their houses; the soldiers refused to act as executioners; and at last it was found necessary to bribe a Nubian slave, who trembled so violently when performing his office, that he had to strike three blows before the head of the unhappy wretch fell off.

The Sultan's marked courtesy in public and private to Western Europeans and Americans is imitated by all classes of Turks. This produces very pleasing results. It is a marked change from the state of things three years ago. But everything is changed. There are now decent hotels and decent lodging-houses, and the streets are becoming safe at night, and there are not so many exactions and insolences.

But everything has to be done before this country can be called reformed. The way is paved; the eyes of the Turks are beginning to be opened. They are beginning to see and appreciate the blessings of commerce and trade, and thoughtful men from western Europe have shown them the immense advantages they may derive from cultivating their land, and encouraging agriculture by every means in their power. Agriculture has been almost null hitherto in a country governed upon the most barbarous and illogical principles. For ages the Turk lived rather by rapine and plunder than by production. He did not understand the blessings of a happy and contented peasantry, occupied in peaceably creating wealth. The *rayahs* were accordingly pillaged, taxed, ill-used in the most outrageous manner. The way these things were done was fearful.

The government sold a province to a pacha; he sold parts

of the province to *seraffs*, or Armenian bankers, at enormous profits; they again sold the villages and hamlets to police agents and tax-gatherers. These individuals went about rating people at what they liked, utterly regardless of the custom which gave to the heads of the village the right to fix the quota of taxation. As the more land a man cultivated, the more heavily in proportion was he taxed, men ceased to cultivate, except from pure necessity. Then, if a man could not raise the sum demanded, he was beaten and left for dead, his next-door neighbour paying the deficiency. The *haratz*, or capitation tax, paid by all Christians for permission to live, was collected in a barbarous way. It commenced at eighteen, and as in Turkey there are no registrars of births, deaths, and marriages, it was difficult to decide a man's age. The Greeks always denied being eighteen. The Turkish tax-gatherers in the distant provinces decided the question by measuring the man's head.

This system of rule naturally resulted in whole tracts being left desolate, in agriculture being neglected, in the country being in a most wretched and impoverished state. But in many provinces, especially the semi-independent ones, the Turks have yielded to the spirit of the age, and are showing a disposition, at all events, to relax the severity of their rule, and treat their Christian dependents like men. The vastly increased revenue, the wealth, riches, and prosperity of the country, will soon prove the importance of these relaxations and reforms.

The first attempts at agricultural reform and education were total failures, from the peculation, inaptitude, and ignorance of the men who had charge of the affair. The efforts of the few earnest and practical Europeans and Americans failed utterly before such persons as Achmet Fethi Pacha. But renewed efforts have been made, and now the agricultural schools are beginning in earnest, and a certain number of the pupils seem apt, docile, and intelligent. This, with perfect liberty of action to the active and versatile Greek *rayah*, will soon work a great and mighty change.

Hitherto, the Christians—the Armenians excepted, who are the humble and abject servitors of the Turk—have been compelled to conceal whatever little wealth they possessed. A melancholy proof of the great oppression suffered by the *rayahs* in past years exists in the fact that *every* Christian in Turkey, who has the means to do so, has purchased the protection of some foreign government—has naturalised himself a Swede, a Russian, a Greek of the Otho monarchy, an Austrian, or a Swiss. This once done, he appeals in every case of oppression to his consul, and he is sure of protection. It has been by cunningly encouraging this, making the naturalisation easy, and then giving him, right or wrong, protection of the most hearty character, that Russia has won her way with some of the Greeks.

The enlightened few among the Turks, who have influenced the government to enter warmly on a career of reform, will soon reap the benefit. Already agriculture is progressing; commerce has grown rapidly; the Christian race are beginning to feel hope and confidence; and although the undying hatred of the slave will never be eradicated as long as the religion of Mahomet flourishes above Christianity, or until an amalgamation takes place, it is quite clear that Turkey has made an onward march. It is a question whether she will ultimately be saved as Turkey; but it is clear to my mind that England cannot allow Russia to clutch this fair portion of the earth, or to erect a throne here, which would depend in the least degree on her for support.

I am more than ever struck with the natural advantages possessed by this city. In the hands of an unscrupulous and ambitious power like Russia, Constantinople would command the Mediterranean. Under Russia, the races would be amalgamated in earnest—that is, cut down to the level of Finlanders and Siberian savages. She would introduce here, probably, the serf system, fortify the city so as to render it impregnable, and deprive all other nations of a share in the commerce of the Black Sea.

The bridge which connects the two sides of the fort is a very great improvement on the old system of taking a *caique*. It appears to be a remarkably good speculation. It is a bridge of boats, part of which is moveable, so that ships of the line can pass when necessary. A company of infantry seem to make little impression on it.

There is a mighty change indeed, within five years, in the appearance of the soldiery. In 1848-9, we could at any time point out a sentry, with his gun against a wall, knitting stockings for a living; himself ill-clothed, slip-shod, dirty. But they have awaked, as it were, from a dream of ages, and the Turkish soldier is as prim, neat, and military in appearance as the Piedmontese or Swiss. I speak, of course, of the picked troops. But I fancy the best fighting men are the Kurds, Circassians, Albanians, Druses, and the wild Asiatic hordes generally, who are even now pouring in at intervals to fill the ranks of the army.

MOUZON.

The French canton of which Mouzon is the principal town is watered by the Meuse and the little river of Chiers. The land is very good for agricultural purposes in the deep valleys and broad prairies with which the department abounds; but the lofty mountains and the craggy rocks are almost destitute of verdure. Yet even these old gray hills are clothed here and there with splendid vineyards, where, beneath the cheerful influence of the southern sun, the grapes ripen rapidly and fully, and are esteemed the best in the neighbourhood. The old French proverb speaks of these vineyards in terms of flattery. "Heaven preserve to us," it says, "the justice of Omont, the bread of Sapogne, and the wine of Mouzon." Besides the vineyards on the mountains, the valleys, and wide-stretching prairies, the locality is famous for extensive forests—forests which some of our English poets have peopled with creatures of their imagination, and given by this new interest to the place.

One remarkable place is the old city of Beaumont, fortified in 1112 by William "of the white hands," archbishop of Rheims, who succeeded in securing for the people of the city certain privileges and immunities, which were afterwards known as the laws of Beaumont. Charles VII., king of France, obtained possession of Beaumont at the same time that Mouzon fell into his hands; and in 1379 Mouzon was considered the greatest of all the provinces of Champagne.

Douzy, on the banks of the Chiers, given to St. Remi by Clodoald, son of Clodimir, is the property of the bishops of Rheims. There they possess a palace and a park. In the thirteenth century the city was fortified, and surrounded by walls and a broad moat. At Douzy two church councils have been held; one in 871 and the other in 874.

Villiers, near Mouzon, formerly possessed a *château*, which, although strongly defended, was destroyed in 1536, for fear it should fall into the hands of the Leaguers during the civil disturbances which were then devastating France.

The lordship of Mouzon is of very ancient date. It was reckoned among the possessions of the famous abbey of St. Hubert, which was founded in the eighth century by the kings of France, and under their protection enjoyed a sort of independence till 1789. Every year, in the month of July, the abbot sent to the king a present of hawks and hounds. This presentation was invariably the occasion of a great festival. The king receiving them with great condescension, the men who brought them were most liberally rewarded, and alms were returned for distribution among the poor of St. Hubert.

Mouzon, described in the "Roman Itinerary" as Mosomagus, is the capital of the lordship, and formerly possessed a strong castle, which castle was burnt down by the Normans, and a monastery, or religious house, built on its site.

The church of Mouzon is one of the most important in the department of Ardennes. It was founded in the fourteenth century, and is remarkable for the regularity of its construction, the richness of the ornamental work with which it is adorned, and for the sculptured figures on the portal.

Independently of this church there was another, in olden times, dedicated to St. Genevieve, and situated in the environs of the city. The church afterwards became a convent of Capuchin friars, and the ground is now occupied by a municipal hall.

THE CHURCH OF MOUZON.

THE FALLS OF ITAMARITY, NEAR RIO JANEIRO.

The cataract represented in our engraving consists, says Sir W. G. Ouseley, from whose portfolio it is copied, of a succession of three waterfalls, subsiding into rapids, and then continuing its course as a turbulent rocky brook, working its way among the hills of the Serra de Estrella. The Falls of Itamarity are not near any high road, and have been seldom visited by Europeans. It is not possible to obtain a general view of all the falls. That which we present to the reader is taken from an insulated rock, standing opposite the second fall. The first fall has worked a basin in the rock, as in other similar sites, and, as usual, it is asserted by the natives to be of vast or fathomless depth. Below the isolated rock is a third fall of considerable size; but the rich and thick vegetation prevents much of it from being seen. On the morning that this sketch was taken, when a party visited the Falls, some negroes were sent on beforehand to cut away the underwood and parasites, and to fell trees in order to *improviser* a bridge for the nonce. The ligatures used in fastening the

THE FALLS OF ITAMARITY.

trees, and the sort of parapet railing, were made of the lianes or parasitical plants from the surrounding trees. They hang from the highest branches like ropes of various sizes, some little larger than whipcord, others of the circumference of a large cable; indeed, they are often thicker than a man's body, and frequently form spiral and intricate knots, like the writhings of gigantic serpents, à la Laocoon. The profuse variety of growth and rapid vegetation in this part of Brazil is scarcely credible to Europeans. A very few weeks, or rather days, after this path had been opened, and the bridge constructed to enable the party to visit these Falls, strangers might have passed close to them, only made aware of their proximity by the loud roar of the falling waters, the hoarse sound of which, deadened and rendered deceptive by the close growth of the forest, would be but an indifferent guide, and hardly enable them to find any approach by which to obtain a view of the Falls. The negroes and country people have alarming stories or traditions respecting vast crocodiles, differing from the common sort in their nature and habits, and unlike the alligators of the rivers emptying themselves directly into the bay of Rio de Janeiro, at the foot of these mountains. They are said to be infinitely larger and more voracious than their relations near the salt water. These monsters, they affirm, inhabit the deep pools formed occasionally in the course of the mountain rivers. Poisonous snakes are asserted to be often found in these waters. The present existence of these crocodiles seems very apocryphal; nor are serpents so often met with, even by naturalists anxious to enrich their collections, as is generally supposed. The name of these Falls, "Itamariti," or "Itamarity," signifies in the Indian language (probably that of the Guarani tribe) "the shining stones," or "the rock that shines," doubtless so called from the glittering appearance of the large mass of rock, the face of which is worn smooth by the water. "Ita" means stone or rock.

The old road over the Serra de Estrella, constructed when Brazil was a colony of Portugal, was, although much too steep according to modern ideas of engineering, infinitely better than the track dignified with the name of road, formerly leading to the Serra dos Orgaos. Being paved, it was at least safe and practicable. But the road recently opened to these heights is on vastly improved principles, and on a scale thought even unnecessarily large. The foundation and progress, however, of the new city of Petropolis, situated at the height of about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, on this route, has doubtless called for the construction of a road wider and more convenient than those hitherto made in this part of the country. The emperor has built a summer residence here, near the highest part of the road, and the court and many of the wealthier citizens of Rio Janeiro have followed the example, encouraged by his Imperial Majesty's liberal allotment of land for dwelling-houses, hotels, etc. The idea of founding this mountain city as a retreat during the great heats originated with the late emperor, Don Pedro I., who made grants of land, absolutely or conditionally, to different noblemen of his court. He was not enabled, however, to carry into effect either his plan for a city or the construction of a new road to and through the mountains. To the reigning emperor belongs the credit of practically calling into existence this thriving and healthy settlement, of which the success is now beyond a doubt. Petropolis may now be regarded as like the Royal Sitios in Spain—Aranjuez, La Granja, etc., to which the court regularly removes at certain seasons. The temperature and climate are delightful, and the annual removal to this and to other Serras is sufficient to restore to health those who have suffered from the enervating heats of the summer in the low lands around the capital. European invalids especially derive great benefit during convalescence from a few weeks' stay in these picturesque mountains. Many foreigners, particularly Germans, have settled at or near this city. To the naturalist, and more particularly to the entomologist and botanist, a sojourn in these Serras affords endless interest and employment. A railroad is now opened from Rio Janeiro to the foot of the hills, which promises great advantages to the new settlement.

NATURAL PRINTING PRESS (NATURSELBST-DRUCK).

Under this term, Louis Auer, of the Imperial Printing-office at Vienna, has patented a process invented by himself in conjunction with Mr. Andrew Worring, overseer of the same establishment, for creating, by means of the original itself, in a swift and simple manner, plates for printing copies of plants, materials, lace, embroideries, originals or copies, containing the most delicate profundities or elevations not to be detected by the human eye," etc. A pamphlet giving a description of this discovery and a series of specimens has reached us. The examples consist of an impression from a fossil fish, from agates, the leaves of trees, several plants, mosses, algæ, and the wing of a bat. These are all printed in the natural colour of the objects they represent; and it is difficult to conceive anything more real than these productions. The general character of the process is told in the following pithy manner by Louis Auer, in the introductory paragraphs of his pamphlet:—

"Query.—How can, in a few seconds, and almost without cost, a plate for printing be obtained from any original, bearing a striking resemblance to it in every particular, without the aid of an engraver, designer, etc.?

"Solution.—If the original be a plant, a flower, or an insect, a texture, or, in short, any lifeless object whatever, it is passed between a copper plate and a lead plate, through two rollers that are closely screwed together. The original, by means of the pressure, leaves its image impressed with all its peculiar delicacies—with its whole surface, as it were,—on the lead plate. If the colours are applied to this stamped lead plate, as in printing a copper-plate, a copy in the most varying colours, bearing a striking resemblance to the original, is obtained by means of *one single* impression of each plate. If a great number of copies are required, which the lead form on account of its softness, is not capable of furnishing, it is stereotyped, in case of being printed at a typographical press, or galvanised in case of being worked at a copper-plate press, as many times as necessary, and the impressions are taken from the stereotyped or galvanised plate instead of from the lead plate. When a copy of a unique object, which cannot be subjected to pressure, is to be made, the original must be covered with dissolved gutta percha; which form of gutta percha, when removed from the original, is covered with a solution of silver to render it available for a matrix for galvanic multiplication."

This process is also applicable to the purpose of obtaining impressions of fossils, or of the structure of an agate or other stone. In all the varieties of agate, the various layers have different degrees of hardness; therefore, if we take a section of an agate, and expose it to the action of fluoric acid, some parts are corroded, and others not. If ink is at once applied, very beautiful impressions can be at once obtained; but for printing any number, electrotype copies are obtained. These will have precisely the character of an etched plate, and are printed from in the ordinary manner. The silicious portions of fossil, and the stone in which they are embedded, may in like manner be acted upon by acid; and from these either stereotyped or electrotyped copies are obtained for printing from. We learn that Mr. Bradbury, of the firm of Bradbury and Evans, has availed himself of this invention, and that he is now preparing a series of botanical specimens for publication—so that, very shortly, the public will be in possession of examples of this beautiful process. It is not a little singular that the workers in German silver and Britannia metal, at Birmingham, have for some time been in the habit of ornamenting the surfaces of these metals by placing a piece of lace, no matter how delicate, between two plates, and passing these between rollers. In this way every fibre is most faithfully impressed upon the metal. We are not aware, however, that any attempts to print from those impressions have yet been made at Birmingham.

BUTTERFLIES AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS.

or long since, few things in the natural history of animals ere regarded as more interesting and surprising than the ries of changes which insects undergo in their progress om the egg to their perfect state. This metamorphosis, as it called, was until very lately supposed peculiar to the class insects; and although the researches of modern naturalists ave shown that changes perhaps still more remarkable occur the lives of many of the lower forms of marine animals, e study of the metamorphoses of insects must always resent much to excite the curiosity and engage the attention the student of nature.

In few insects is this series of changes to be observed greater perfection than in the beautiful tribe of creatures of hich we propose to give some account in the present paper. none can there be a greater difference between the first id last states—the former, a soft, crawling caterpillar, evouring the coarsest vegetable food with an insatiable appe-te—the latter, a delicate, airy being, fluttering in the sunshine om flower to flower, and drawing its sole nourishment from ie honied juices laid up in those natural receptacles. Nor an we find an instance in which the intermediate or pupa tate is more distinctly marked—in which the appearance of eath is more completely simulated, than in these creatures—hence the butterfly has in all ages been regarded as a sort of mblem of the resurrection.

Of all our British butterflies, there is perhaps none more eautiful than the Swallow-tail butterfly (*Papilio Machaon*), epresented in all its stages, in the accompanying woodcut ig. 1.). This handsome insect, the only British representation of a group of which many magnificent species inhabit the unny regions of the tropics, is met with not uncommonly in he fenny districts of this country. The caterpillar, which eeds principally upon the fennel and wild carrot, is of considerable size when fully grown; it is of a beautiful green olour, with numerous black rings looking like bands of black elvet, alternately plain and spotted with red. The body, s in all caterpillars, consists of twelve segments besides the ead, and the creature crawls upon sixteen feet—three pairs f short, jointed legs, which are afterwards converted into he long slender legs of the butterfly, being attached to the hree segments immediately following the head, and five airs of soft membranous feet, which disappear in the perfect nsect, supporting the hinder part of the body. This caterpillar presents a singular character, which serves to distinguish it at once from all other English species, although it s common to all the foreign insects immediately allied to he swallow-tail butterfly; it is furnished with a pair of ittle filaments, capable of being protruded and retracted at leasure from a tubercle situated immediately behind the ead; these form a Y- or V-shaped organ of a red colour, which secretes a fluid of a disagreeable odour, and it is supposed that the caterpillar employs them to frighten away any nsect enemies, such as ichneumons, which may chance to disturb its equanimity by their unwelcome intrusion.

When the caterpillar is full-grown it prepares to change into its second, pupa or chrysalis, state. For this purpose it seeks some suitable spot, where, during the period of deathlike lethargy through which it is now to pass, it may be protected as much as possible from the weather and the assaults of its enemies. Its choice made, it spins a small web of silk, in which it entangles the hooks of its hindmost pair of feet, which are situated quite at the extremity of the body. Many caterpillars are content with attaching themselves by one end in this manner before undergoing this important change; but the chrysalis of the swallow-tail butterfly appears to entertain some objection to swinging freely at the mercy of the wind, and the caterpillar accordingly, directed by unerring instinct, proceeds to form a loop of silk round its middle, by which, when changed into a helpless pupa, it will be kept snugly moored to its resting-place. This effected, it bursts and throws off its skin by various movements of the body, and appears in a form apparently as different from that which it is eventually to assume as from that which it has just quitted. Nevertheless, in the horny case which now encloses all the parts of the future butterfly, the positions of many of its organs are already to be recognised; we see the elevations of the surface of the chrysalis, which are afterwards to be occupied by the wings, the antennæ, and the legs; and as the creature approaches maturity, something even of the colours may be discerned through the integuments. The chrysalis of this insect is of a greenish colour, with a black band on each side. At the end of the appointed time the butterfly emerges from its case; at first soft and weak, with folded and imperfect wings, which, however, soon expand; and at length the creature springs into the air, to sport for awhile with its fellows in the bright sunbeams, to leave behind it the germs of a future generation; and having fulfilled all the ends for which it was called into being, to die, after a short but apparently happy existence, and leave its place to be occupied by others. In beauty of colour and elegance of marking, the swallow-tail yields to none of our British butterflies. Its principal colours are a beautiful sulphur yellow and a deep velvet black, the latter, however, being frequently powdered in the upper wings with single yellow scales, in the lower with similar scales of a pearly blue colour. The lower wings are also furnished with a black tail and marked with a beautiful red eye-like spot on the inner apical angle. Our figure of the English swallow-tail represents the butterfly soon after its emergence from the chrysalis and before the wings have attained their full development; but the form of the tail and the position of the eye-like spot in the hinder wings are well shown in the accompanying figure of a very nearly allied butterfly, the *Papilio Podalirius* (fig. 2.), a native of the southern countries of Europe, and long reputed a British insect.

Another very handsome insect, allied to the preceding, is the Apollo butterfly (*Parnassius Apollo*, fig. 3.), which may be found by some of our summer tourists in the Alpine districts of the continent. The ground colour of this charming insect is white; the fore-wings have each three or four black spots, whilst the hinder wings are adorned above with two, beneath with three, red eye-like spots, generally surrounded by a black ring, and furnished with a small white pupil. It is found in all the mountainous parts of Europe, and even in Siberia; but although it has been said to be an inhabitant of the highlands of Scotland, its occurrence in Britain is more than doubtful. The caterpillar of the Apollo butterfly also possesses the singular forked organ at the back of the neck, but this is wanting in all the following species.

A very pretty little butterfly, which is found in many parts of England, and is generally distributed on the continent, is the Marbled-white butterfly (*Arge Galathea*, fig. 4.). It is met with in meadows in the neighbourhood of woods, where the caterpillar feeds upon the common cat's-tail grass. Contrary to the usual practice of its relations, the chrysalis of this butterfly does not attach itself to any object, but lies upon the bare ground. The butterfly is yellowish white, spotted with black.

Several species of the genus *Hesperia* are found in this country, where they are known to collectors by the name of "Skippers," from the curious jerking motions of the animal during flight. They inhabit woods and gardens, and although their stout bodies and strong wings indicate considerable power of flight, they rarely fly to any distance, but take their rapid, jerking course from one resting-place to another. The species represented in fig. 5 is generally distributed on the continent, but is not met with in this country. Like most of its allies, its appearance is very plain; the general colour being brown; but the lower surface of the hinder wings is greyish, with about a dozen large white spots, each surrounded by a black border.

Of these butterflies the caterpillars are naked; but a great number are clothed with hairs or spines, which in some cases

serve as formidable weapons of defence. In the genus *Vanessa*, to which the well-known and beautiful Tortoise-shell and Peacock butterflies belong, the caterpillars are covered with spines, which are frequently curiously toothed. One species of this genus, the *Vanessa Antiopa*, or Camberwell Beauty (fig. 6.), is remarkable from its appearing in certain seasons in profusion in almost all parts of the country, and afterwards occurring sometimes for many years only in individual specimens in different localities. The cause of this singular phenomenon is still unexplained; but it is remarkable that several other species of the genus *Vanessa* are in the habit of appearing occasionally in vast numbers in particular localities, giving rise, from their depositing a red liquid on various objects before rising into the air, to the numerous accounts of bloody rain which are to be met with in old writers. The Camberwell Beauty is a very handsome insect; the wings are of a deep rich chocolate brown

FIG. 1.—THE SWALLOW-TAIL BUTTERFLY (PAPILIO MACHAON).

FIG. 2.—PAPILIO POLYXENES.

FIG. 3.—THE APOLLO BUTTERFLY (PARNASSIUS APOLLO).

FIG. 4.—THE MARBLED WHITE BUTTERFLY (ARGE GALATHEA).

colour, surrounded by a white or pale yellowish border; within this the wings are black, with a row of bluish spots.

The caterpillar of the White Admiral butterfly (*Limenitis Sibylla*, fig. 7.) is also armed on the back with spines; but these, instead of being long and toothed, are short and forked, and the animal is also clothed with stout hairs. The butterfly is of a blackish colour, with an irregular white band running through all the wings. It is one of the most graceful of British butterflies in its manner of flight, but is by no means common. The caterpillar feeds on the honeysuckle; it is of a green colour, with the head, legs, and spines of a rusty red; the chrysalis is green spotted with gold. Nearly allied to this species is the Purple Emperor butterfly (*Apatura Iris*), one of the most beautiful of the British species. The wings are black, with bands and spots of white arranged somewhat as in the white admiral; but the black surface in certain lights reflects a most brilliant mazarine blue or purple colour, which adds greatly to the beauty of the insect. From the great height at which it usually flies it has obtained the name of the Purple High-flier, and its great power of wing renders its capture by no means an easy matter. With this charming insect we shall take leave of our readers, assuring them that they will find in the study of the transformations and habits, even of our commonest English butterflies, a source of interest and amusement which perhaps they would little suspect.

FIG 5.—THE MIRROR BUTTERFLY (HESPERIA ARARINTHUS).

FIG. 6.—THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY (VANESSA ANTIOPA).

FIG. 7.—THE WHITE ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY (LIMENITIS SIBYLLA).

RAMBLES IN DOWNSHIRE: PORTAFERRY, AND A TALE OF '98.

"Old Portaferry in sweet County Down."—*Old Song.*

It was a splendid morning on which I reached Belfast to start by rail for Portaferry. Often had I heard of that lovely place, but, somehow or other, never had I before wended my way thither. Honest, light-hearted, brave seamen had I met frequently in various places, and coming from all parts of the world, who spoke fondly of Portaferry as their home. I longed to see it, to view its romantic scenery, to wander along its shore, and sail over its waters, on which, as is well known, some of our most intrepid and skilful mariners in childhood learnt to love the sea and were trained to brave its dangers.

Away we sped from amid the bustle and din and smoke of the busy town—the noble Athens of Ulster—as on the wings of the wind. I was alone in the carriage for a time, but just before starting two others entered—a mother and her child. She was a widow, young and in sad mourner's garb. How early had Death entered her home, and buried her affections in the grave of him she loved! Her little girl was about four years of age. She was a lovely child, fair as a lily, with bright blue eyes, and flaxen hair waving in golden curls about her face. Afterwards I heard their history. They were

highly respectable natives of the South. Several years ago the family had come from the South in straitened circumstances. During the fearful visitation of cholera in 1849, Mr. P—— fell its victim. The heart-broken widow, with her only child, continued to reside in the locality. Periodically the mother and her little daughter, I was told, visited her husband's grave. During the spring and summer months they strewed flowers on it; and while the widow sat by her dead one's tomb for hours, the child would be seen running among the graves, plucking the wild flowers and chasing the insects hovering about them, little aware of the heavy sorrow crushing her mother's heart, and of the terrible loss she had sustained in that hour—how faintly remembered by her!—when she was lifted up to gaze for the last time on the coffined dead, and was told she was fatherless.

We parted at Newtonards. God bless that widow and her fatherless child! From the railway carriage I was transferred to a seat on a one-horse car. Beside me there sat a young seaman. He was returning from a trip up the Mediterranean in a swift London clipper. He was a merry-hearted fellow. He had all the cut of a crack seaman. "His skipper," he said, "was a drunken old brazen nose, and he had quit his command right heartily." He had made, he informed me, twenty pounds by his voyage.

"You have a good deal of that sum home with you, no doubt?" I said.

"Just six pounds," was the reply. "London made a death on most of my shiners. No matter. I have what will do me for a week or two. There's no one now depending on me. The old people, for whom I used to save all, are away."

"Your parents are dead, then?" I said.

"Aye, aye, sir. The old man went off last. I would have liked to have seen him before they *hopped* up his white head under the sod. But I was on the sea. I came home, but the old home was no more open to me. I'm goin' now only to see my old neighbours and playmates. Hillo, my hearty!" addressing the driver, who sat on the opposite side, "give us a song, old boy. The road won't be so dreary, if we have a stave."

"Me sing!" exclaimed our whip. "You might just as well expect a song from a turnip. I never, all my life, could sing or whistle. Give us a stave yourself."

"Here goes then;" and in a manly, and not unmusical voice, the seaman sang "Pat's Farewell to Green Erin;" a song he had learnt, he said, in an emigrant ship. I just remember the first verse:—

> "'Twas on a fine May morning
> All in the month of *June*,
> That we set sail for Ameriky
> In the noble ship 'Neptune,'
> Our captain was a sailor brave,
> And fearless hearts the crew;
> And with sails all spread our gallant ship
> O'er the *roullin'* billows flew."

The same song I have often heard. The tune is a fine national one, however otherwise may be the sentiment and versification of the ballad. It was, as many know, a peculiar favourite of the Irish emigrants.

As the song ended we took up another passenger, a curious-looking genius. He was a regular prig, on the wrong side of sixty, and dressed out most ostentatiously. One would have fancied him prepared for a wedding. And it turned out, in fact, that he was wearing his marriage garments. Certainly, he was no beauty; nor, one would have thought, likely to have taken any woman's fancy. He was an Englishman—a cockney. He had been in the navy—a marine, probably. But he spoke of "Commander" this, and "Admiral" that, as having been his "pertikler friends—sworn brothers." Sir Charles Napier especially he claimed as his other self. They were, according to his vapid representations, kindred spirits, fast and bosom friends. I thought to myself: Oh! if the veteran Charlie heard your gammon just now, old Puff, how he would tatter your frizzed, greasy wig (his cranium bore an odious one), and rattle his stout cane over your toggery.

"You're a stranger here, I presume?" I said, addressing the old coxcomb.

"Why yes, sir; and yet here, Fate has it, I am to settle down. I have been over the world, and over the ocean too but I must say—Hireland for me! I've been here only ten days, and I've found a wife. I must say—the Hirish girls for me! Splendid creatures they are—oh, splendid! I was married yesterday. In fact, I'm just now out of the bridal chamber; and say what people will against matrimony, I must say, I don't rue."

"That's right, and I hope you never will," I could not but remark.

"I feel sure I shan't. No, I shall never rue. A fine, charming creature she is; and so fond of me! I must say, I am really 'appy! I am going to Portaferry to look for a little snuggery where we can live, and, as the Missus sings, 'enjoy love in a cottage with roses.' I shall turn hagriculturist, I think; and we shall rear all kinds of things. 'My dear,' I said to the Missus this morning, we shall live as 'appy as kings and queens. I shall beat up about Portaferry for a small cottage and farm; and we shall grow everything, and rear up——' "

"Lots of youngsters, I hope you told her," interrupted my sailor friend, who had been vastly enjoying the colloquy.

"Why, I did'nt just say so," said the bridegroom, attempting to look rather shy; "but I must say, when the dear little ones *do* come, they shall be welcome. But here's Portaferry."

I parted from both my companions, wishing the bridegroom all happiness, and receiving a squeeze (something like a crush in a vice) from the brawny hand of the warm-hearted sailor.

Portaferry is an old town. Its name is derived, some have supposed, from Porth, signifying terrible, and Ferry, that is, the terrible Ferry. Others, however, say that the very early name of the place was, the Port of the Ferry, and that in course of time, that was abbreviated into one word—Portaferry. The situation of this ancient town is beautiful. It lies on the shore of Lough Strangford—not far from the entrance of the Lough. On the other side of the ferry, and directly opposite (a distance of a mile), is the pretty village of Strangford. Standing on the shore, to the right, stretches the far-famed Lough, in which it is said there are as many islands as there are days in a year. Looking in this direction, a great variety of interesting objects attract the eye. At the time when first I saw these objects, I had an enchanting view of them. The evening was still and beautiful; the sun, amid golden splendours, was setting in the west; the waters of the Lough were as a sheet of glass; several boats were moving slowly towards, or were coming from among the islands, their snow-white sails flapping about the masts (there was hardly a breath of wind); while the richly cultivated fields and distant hills seemed covered with lustre. There is seen first the ancient ruins of Audley Castle (of which more anon); further on is the entrance to the Quoile, the river leading to Downpatrick (where St. Patrick's dust reposes); beyond, about five miles distant, appears the village of Killileagh, known as the residence of one of the most profound living scholars, Doctor Edward Hincks, and formerly the residence also of Dr. Henry Cooke, now of Belfast, the most eminent of our brilliant Irish orators and divines. My attention was next turned to the picturesque scenery directly opposite Portaferry and surrounding Strangford. Beyond that village is Castleward, the favourite residence and estate of Lord Bangor. A capital story is told of one of the late Earls of Bangor, in connexion with his Downshire property. It was believed that his mind had become disordered, and the matter came before the Lord Chancellor, who had the earl summoned to meet him in Dublin. The chancellor, to test the earl's state of mind, spoke to him of his property:—

"Would you sell your estate in Down?" inquired the chancellor.

"Certainly, yes; certainly, my lord," was the reply, "if I get my price for it."

"What might that price be?" interrogated the chancellor, fancying he was satisfactorily drawing out his man.

"Then, I'll sell it, my lord—I'll sell my ancestral estate willingly at just one price——"

"And that is?" interrupted the chancellor.

"At the rate of fourpence a load for every part of the estate—the purchaser binding himself to draw the whole away."

The chancellor was overmatched. All his questions were met as ably. The earl returned home in triumph, free of all the meshes of Chancery.

Beyond Castleward there is a fine range of mountains, bearing different names. Close to Strangford, on the left hand, is the summer residence of Mr. J. Blackwood Price, one of Ireland's best and most popular landlords. To the left is Old Court, the seat of Lord de Ros. The house is built mainly after the Elizabethan style. The grounds about it are very beautiful, but contracted. His lordship was in England during my visit. Some time ago he suffered the loss of one of his daughters, a lovely and most accomplished young lady, and universally beloved by all classes.

But the most interesting locality about Portaferry is the really romantic domain of Major Nugent, the highly esteemed and popular proprietor of the town. It is open to the inhabitants and to all strangers. It is one of the loveliest spots I have visited in any country. The grounds are extensive, and kept at all seasons in admirable order. While there I felt as in fairyland. From parts of the domain are to be obtained glorious views for many miles distant. Here you have the finest views of the lough, and of all the interesting objects on both sides of its shores. Seated, on the second evening of my visit, on one of the green slopes from which we looked down on the lough, I asked my companion if there were any traditions about the old castle of Portaferry, which stands in the town, almost close to the shore, and which is much dilapidated.

"I don't know of any," she replied. "There are five old castles in this county, all in sight of each other, and which have existed, it is said, since the days of King John. The only tale I have heard is about Audley Castle during the Rebellion of '98."

I begged her to relate to me the tale, which she did most kindly, and I give the story in her own words, as well as I can remember them. The tale may bear the title—

THE REBEL OF AUDLEY CASTLE.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '98.

Some days before the celebrated battle of Ballynahinch, a numerous band of rebels, all Ardsmen, advanced on Portaferry, resolved to take the town and sack it. They were to have been under the command of Charles Maxwell, a young man holding a small property in the Ards, and of respectable connexions. He had heartily thrown himself into the revolutionary movement; and his high character, his position in society, his great popularity with the peasantry, his energy, and his well-known brave and chilvalric spirit caused him to hold a high command under the general-in-chief of the rebel forces, with whom he was intimately acquainted. Maxwell was absent on urgent business connected with the rebellion, when the Ardsmen were induced by unwise counsels to assemble from all parts to advance on Portaferry. They were too precipitate; in the absence of Maxwell they were not under proper command; and, although they made a desperate assault on the town and sacrificed many lives, they were bravely repulsed by the yeomanry under Mr. Nugent, aided by the king's cutter, stationed at Portaferry, commanded by Captain Hopkins, who had anchored his vessel close to the Quay, and swept the streets with his cannon, slaughtering many of the rebels.

Maxwell arrived at the close of the conflict, collected as many as he could of the flying rebels, spent several days increasing their numbers, and finally marched his band to Ballynahinch. In the fiercely-fought and disastrous battle which ensued there between the rebel forces and the royal army, he bore a distinguished part; and when, after a terrible conflict, the former were put to utter rout, Maxwell, slightly wounded, escaped on horseback, and sought security near to Annalong, a small fishing village at the foot of the celebrated Morne mountains. Although unaware of any watch having been on him, yet had he been anxiously observed all the day by one who took no part in the conflict, although in the ranks of the rebels, and who bore towards him most bitter enmity. When in the thick of the conflict, Maxwell, who fought like a lion, and ever led the charges of his men, was beaten back and several times apparently cut down, the spectator referred to was unable to repress his exultation. With muttered execrations he saw Maxwell escape in safety, and following him cautiously in his flight for hours, he traced him to his hiding-place.

Two days afterwards this man might have been observed holding a close conversation with Captain Hopkins, on board the royal cutter, at Portaferry. Within an hour the cutter lifted anchor and made out to the channel.

Once across the Bar, her course was directed towards Annalong, and shortly after eleven o'clock at night she crept in close to the shore, and was anchored near the village. The object of her commander was to make a prisoner of Charles Maxwell; but he was disappointed. A half-witted creature, called Andy Moore, had been gathering shell-fish along the shore until darkness set in. He observed the royal cutter hovering about the offing, and aware of the fugitive rebel being concealed in the neighbourhood, and having been warned to be on the look-out, he at once suspected the cause of the cutter's appearance. He fled to the house, gave the alarm, and before the cutter had come to at Annalong, Charles Maxwell was away up the mountains, having Andy Moore as his guide. In this way he escaped; and, still accompanied by Moore, on the second night after his flight from Annalong, they reached Audley Castle. Maxwell was drawn to the locality of Strangford by a love affair. He was engaged to a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a most respectable farmer in the neighbourhood; and he wished to see her before leaving the country, perhaps for ever.

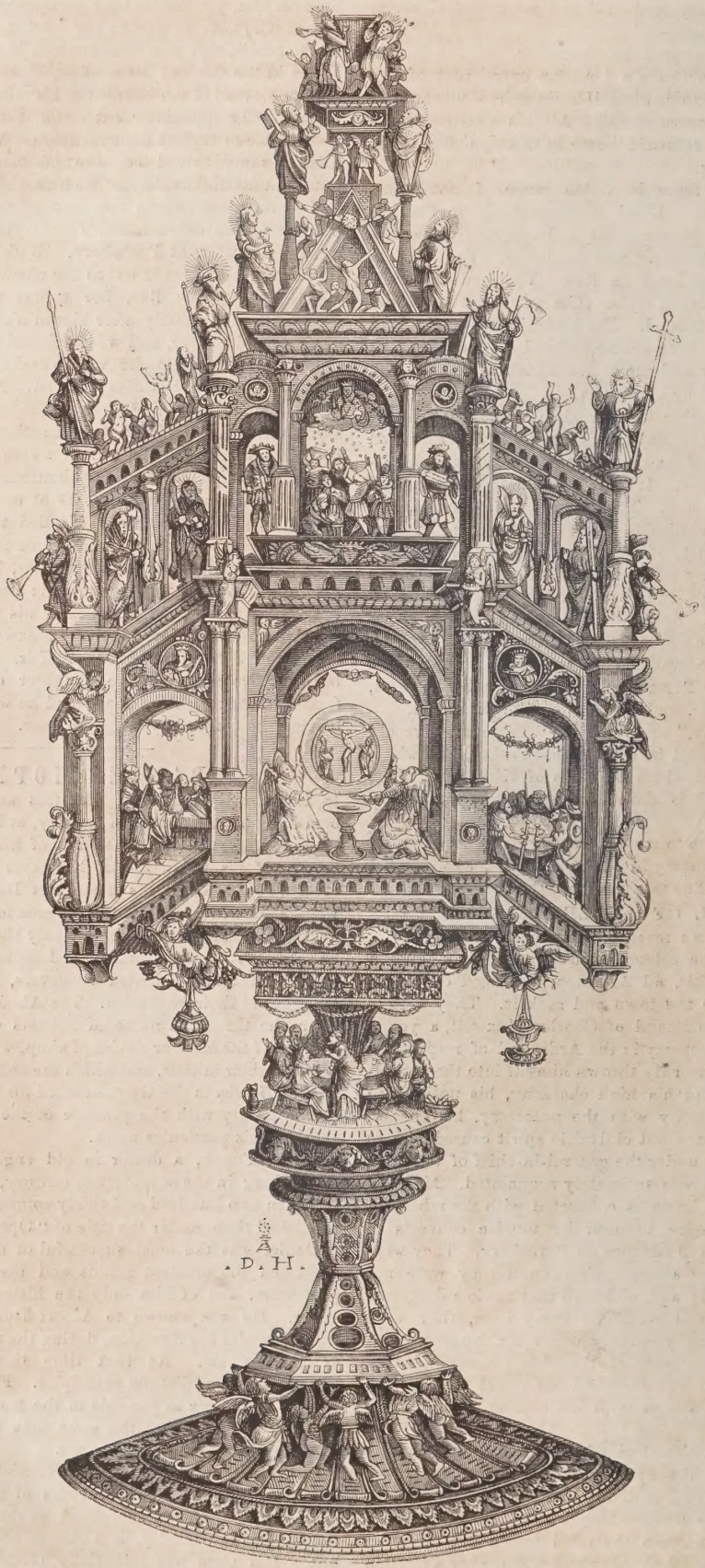
DANIEL HOPFER.

It is generally supposed that this artist was born at the beginning of the sixteenth century, at Nuremberg, the birthplace of Albert Durer. The date of his death is as uncertain as that of his birth, and it has never yet been satisfactorily ascertained whether his name was Daniel or David. Most writers, however, give the preference to the former, and from many circumstances it seems likely that they are right. He had two brothers, Jerome and Lambert, who, like himself, were skilful and talented engravers, and followed all the branches of their profession. The Abbé de Marolles bestowed upon the three the name of Masters of the Candlestick, on account of the mark or device of a hop, which was always placed between their initials, and which the abbé mistook for a candlestick. *Hopfen* is the German word for hop; and the Hopfers, in conformity with the practice of the day, adopted as their emblem this particular mark.

David Funck, a dealer in old engravings, who lived at Nuremberg in the seventeenth century, and who possessed no less than two hundred and thirty copperplates of these artists, published them under the title of "Opera Hopferiana."

Daniel was the most successful of the three brothers; he possessed the greatest genius and the greatest love for his profession, and of him only the history of art takes cognisance. He was known to Albert Durer, and for some time worked under his direction, during the most flourishing period of German art. At that time German engravers were governed by two distinct principles. First, they attempted to adhere as closely as possible to the teachings of their purely German school, but at the same time to unite with this the elevating influence of Italian art.

The merit of Daniel Hopfer consisted in uniting, in his own performances, the excellences of these two schools. To say that he perfectly succeeded would be erroneous; to say that he did so partially, is a statement which his works bear out. His taste was essentially Gothic; and many of his figures are incorrect. In ornamental work he was chiefly conspicuous. One of the most perfect and beautiful of his productions is, an engraving which represents our Saviour warning his apostles of false prophets, who are indicated by



SILVER VESSEL ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL HOPFER.

Pharisees and the ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic Church: this seems clearly enough to show that Hopfer was a Lutheran. To sacred subjects he nearly always adhered; and they are remarkable for vigour and elegance.

SPANISH SCENERY.

For many years, one great obstacle to progress in Spain has been the non-existence of roads, rendering mules and muleteers indispensable. So severely is this defect, the consequence of bad government and internal dissensions, felt, that in certain districts wine, and good wine, is consumed on the spot at one-halfpenny per quart, for want of the means of conveyance. Mules can only carry small loads, especially when these loads are to be conveyed along the break-neck gullies so common in Spain. Muleteers, then, still exist; and perhaps they are the only Spaniards who still carry the guitar on their backs. The sentimental age of serenaders has passed away everywhere, except upon the stage and in the novels of certain modern publishers, who like revivals of the antique. Figaro and Almavira are mere fanciful portraits, which no more existed than Fra Diavolo or the Charles II. of Sir Walter Scott. The muleteer alone, who often follows the most difficult and solitary roads, who often wants amusement, has kept the habit of thrumming away at his old guitar. Half lying down upon his mule, as M. Giraud shows us in his sketch of the *Sierre Neveda*, whether climbing a hill or descending a slope, he sings his couplets as he moves—those *cantarillos*, which he generally improvises and addresses to his absent fair, or even to his mules.

A SKETCH OF THE SIERRE NEVEDA.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. EUGENE GIRAUD.

The accompanying picture by M. Giraud represents a well-known scene in the Sierre Neveda. A *mozo de mulas*, a kind of muleteer, leads the little caravan, or guides it by his songs.

The slope is so rapid, and the path so narrow—we cannot dignify it by the name of a road—that we are surprised and tremble almost to see what liberty the animals are allowed. The bridles hang on their necks; and yet the abyss is there—an abyss of some hundred yards in depth, into which the slightest false step would drive them. But in the land of high mountains it is so; the animal guides the man. The mules are so accustomed to these perilous roads, that they know far better how to place their feet than do their conductors. Besides, the mule is obstinate and self-willed. If you use the spur, it stops; if you stroke it, it lies down; if you pull the reins, it gallops off: it is better to leave it alone.

The saddle is generally composed of two or three variegated blankets doubled up, and sometimes of a well-stuffed cushion to disguise the sharp back of the brute. On each side, instead of stirrups, are pieces of wood to rest your feet on. The head of the animal is almost concealed by ornaments. The guide goes before on a mule, or accompanies that animal on foot, his guitar in his hands, his gun on his shoulder, and his powder-horn close at hand. Such a journey is exceedingly amusing.

PEERS AND M.P.'S.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY.

The era of the Reformation was favourable to eloquence. It everywhere gave an impulse to the human mind and taught men to speak. Unfortunately, we have but the faintest records of that distant day. Erasmus, however, was a friend of More, and he has left his testimony to that great statesman's powers. Speaking of Sir Thomas More, Erasmus says:—"His eloquent tongue so well seconds his fertile invention, that no one speaks better when suddenly called forth. His attention never languishes; his mind is always before his words; his memory has all his stock so turned into ready money, that without hesitation or delay it gives out whatever the time and the case may require." When Pym led the house, the true tones of the orator were also heard. The speeches of the noble-hearted Eliot also do credit to his fame. Of one that has come down to us, no less a critic than Hazlitt says:—"There is no affectation of wit in it—no studied ornament—no display of fancied superiority; the speaker's whole heart and soul are in the subject—he is full of it—his mind seems, as it were, to surround and penetrate every part of it—nothing diverts him from his purpose, or interrupts the course of his reasoning." Some slight notion of the great Bacon's parliamentary success has been preserved by one of the most competent judges of that age:—"There happened in my time," says Ben Jonson, "one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more precisely, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was lest he should make an end." Still, however, much of this oratory was rough and rude, interspersed with more scriptural allusions and classical conceits than would suit the refined taste of the present age. Yet some fine things were said by the Eliots and Hampdens and Martens, whose names figure in the annals of those days.

Surely also we must not forget the orator whose maiden speech was of the flat Popery preached at St. Paul's Cross by Dr. Alabaster, and of whom Sir Philip Warwick wrote thus:—"I came one morning into the house well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking (whom I knew not), very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar; his hat was without a hatband; his stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swoln and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervour." We need not add, that this man with the swoln and reddish countenance and the sharp and untunable voice, was Oliver Cromwell, who spoke to some purpose at a later day. In the next age, the plotting and restless Shaftesbury seems to have borne away the palm. But, after all, we have to pass a long period before we reach oratory in the highest acceptation of the term, which seems to have come to us from the accomplished and versatile St. John. Yet of his speeches we have no records whatever. All that we know is, that the bitter Dean of St. Patrick—who hated every body and every thing, and who cursed the day of his birth—speaks of him in the highest terms, speaks of him as producing oratorical effects unequalled in his times. We know that that opinion was the general opinion of the age. We know that the younger Pitt, when discussing with some friends as to what he would wish, supposing it possible to restore what was wished, said, while one remarked that he should prefer one of the lost orations of Demosthenes, and another wished for the lost books of Livy, another for a Latin tragedy, that, for his part, he should prefer a lost speech of Bolingbroke. With Bolingbroke the list of lost orations is closed. From his time we have records of the parliamentary debates, at first very obscure and very imperfect, but gradually becoming more copious and correct, till in our time reporting has arrived at such a pitch, that we have everything that can be given—all but the tone and figure, which, alas! no reporter can ever give.

First in our list, then, stands the well-known name of Walpole. He was the first prime minister who sat in the House of Commons, where for years he reigned supreme. Walpole, who took his seat for Castle Rising, excited by the fame his ancient rival Bolingbroke had acquired, was not long before he made his *debût* as a debater. The subject he spoke on is not known. "At the same time," says Coxe, "another member made a studied speech, which was much admired. At the end of the debate, some persons casting ridicule on Walpole as an indifferent speaker, and expressing their approbation of the maiden speech made by the other member, Arthur Mainwaring, who was present, observed in reply: 'You may applaud the one and ridicule the other as much as you please; but depend upon it, that the spruce gentleman who made the set speech never will improve, and that Walpole will, in time, make an excellent debater.'" The prophecy was correct. Walpole grew to be the greatest man in that house. That Walpole despised all affectation and all refinement, all the resources of the oratorical art beyond its great origin and fountain—strong sense, clear ideas, anxious devotion to the subject in view, carrying the audience along with the speaker—may well be supposed from the manly and plain, the homely and somewhat coarse character of his understanding. Eminently a man of business, he came down to parliament to do the business of the country; and he did it. He excelled in lucid statement, whether of an argument or of facts; he met his antagonist fearlessly, and went through every part of the question; he was abundantly ready at reply and retort; he constantly preserved his temper—was even goodnatured and gay in the midst of all his difficulties,—and possessed his constitutional good humour, with his unvaried presence of mind, in the thickest fire of the debate. He was a lively speaker, and was a constant favourite with the house, which it was his vocation to lead. We cannot judge of his speeches from the scanty records that have come down to us. This is especially true of that celebrated one which eventually drove Bolingbroke abroad. Some of his speeches remain distinguished by a highly ornamental and figurative manner, as where, in his speech on the Peerage Bill, he spoke of the ancients having erected the temple of honour behind the temple of virtue, to show by what avenues it must be approached; whereas, we were called upon to provide, that its only avenue should be, an obscure family pedigree, or the winding-sheet of some worthless ancestor. Some

idea of his more animated efforts may be formed from the admirable exordium of his speech in reply to Sandys:—"Whatever is the conduct of England, I am equally arraigned. If we maintain ourselves in peace, and seek no share in foreign transactions, we are reproached with tameness and pusillanimity. If we interfere in disputes, we are called Don Quixotes, and dupes of all the world. If we give guarantees, it is asked why the nation is wantonly burdened. If guarantees are declined, we are reproached with having no allies."

The Opposition had some powerful men in it. Pulteney, Windham, Shippen, Sandys, were all men of weight; but not orators in the highest acceptation of this term.

A greater man than Walpole was, however, to appear upon the stage. "We must muzzle that terrible cornet of horse," said Walpole, when for the first time the tones of the elder Pitt rang through the house. That terrible cornet was not, however, to be muzzled at that time. His figure, when he first appeared in parliament, was strikingly graceful and commanding, his features high and noble, his eye full of fire. His voice, even when it sank to a whisper, was heard to the remotest benches; and when he strained it to its full extent, the sound rose like the swell of an organ of a great cathedral, shook the house with its peal, and was heard through lobbies and down staircases to the Court of Requests and the precincts of Westminster Hall. He cultivated all these eminent advantages with the most assiduous care. His action is described by a very malignant observer as equal to that of Garrick. His play of countenance was wonderful; he frequently disconcerted a hostile orator by a single glance of indignation or scorn. Every tone—from the impassioned cry to the thrilling aside—was perfectly at his command. His power was boundless. It is related that once, in the House of Commons, he began a speech with these words, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker," and then observing a smile to pervade the audience, he smiled, looked fiercely round, and in a loud and angry voice pronounced the word "sugar" again, three times; and having thus subdued the house, he turned round and disdainfully asked, "Who will laugh at sugar now?" He was the father of long speeches. Lord Brougham says: "He was anything rather than a concise or short speaker—he was prolix in the whole texture of his discourse, and he was certainly the first who introduced into our senate the practice adopted in the American war by Burke, and continued by others, of long speeches—speeches of two and three hours, by which oratory has gained little and business less." Unlike Demosthenes—of whom Plutarch tells us, that he would never speak off-hand, however often called up in public assemblies—Lord Chatham was essentially an off-hand speaker. Whenever he prepared a speech it was a complete failure. "No man," says a critic, who had often heard him, "ever knew so little what he was going to say." Yet his *hits* were most felicitous. Lord Brougham has preserved several of them. We give a few. His remark during the debate on confidence in ministers, in 1706, is well known. He said their characters were fair enough, and he was always glad to see such persons engaged in the public service; but turning to them with a smile, very courteous but not very respectful, he said:—"Confide in you? Oh, no—you must pardon me, gentlemen—*youth* is the season of incredulity—confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom." Some one having spoken of the obstinacy of America, and said that she was almost in open rebellion, Mr. Pitt exclaimed: "I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to let themselves be made slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest." His indignant and contemptuous answer to the ministers' boast of driving the Americans before the army—"I might just as well think of driving them before me with this crutch"—is well known. Perhaps the most celebrated passage of his speeches is his allusion to the maxim of English law, that every man's house is his castle:—"The honest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter—the rain may enter—but the king of England cannot enter!—all his force dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement."

Next in position to the elder Pitt is Charles James Fox. Fox, said old Sam Johnson, "is a most extraordinary man: here is a man"—describing him in terms which Boswell was afraid to give—"who has divided the kingdom with Cæsar; so that it was a doubt whether the nation should be ruled by the sceptre of George III. or the tongue of Fox." Gibbon says Fox discovered powers for regular debate which neither his friends hoped nor his enemies dreaded. His force as a professed orator was conspicuously displayed in Westminster Hall on the trial of Warren Hastings; but the triumph of his talents is to be found in those masterly replies to his antagonists, in which cutting sarcasm, logical acuteness, and metaphysical subtility, were so combined as to surpass all that modern experience had witnessed. Johnson was his bitter foe, and yet Johnson was compelled to speak of him in terms we have quoted. We next give the testimony of a friend: "Fox as an orator," said Godwin, "seemed to come immediately from the forming hand of nature. His eloquence was as impetuous as the current of the river Rhine. Nothing could arrest its course. Though on all great occasions he was throughout energetic, yet it was by sudden flashes and emanations that he electrified the heart and shot through the blood of his hearers. I have seen his countenance brighten up with more than mortal ardour and goodness. I have been present when his voice has been suffocated with the sudden bursting forth of a flood of tears." The following anecdote will set the intuitive quickness of Mr. Fox's parts in a strong light. On the day of the debate on the Test and Corporation acts, Dr. Rees waited on Mr. Fox, with a deputation, to engage his support in their cause. He received them courteously, but though a friend to religious liberty, was evidently unacquainted with the strong points and principal bearings of their peculiar case. He listened attentively to their exposition, and with an eye that looked them *through and through*, put four or five searching questions. They withdrew after a short conference, and as they walked up St. James's-street, Mr. Fox passed them booted, as if going to take air and exercise. From the gallery they saw him enter the house with whip in hand, as if just dismounted. When he rose to speak, he displayed such a mastery of his subject, his arguments and illustrations were so various, his views so profound and statesman-like, that a stranger must have imagined the question at issue, between the high church party and the dissenters, to have been the main subject of his study. Fox's test of a speech was, "Does it read well?" If so, it was a bad speech. Unfortunately, this is the case; and, unfortunately, no man suffered in this respect more than Fox himself. We have his speeches to read; they seem to us, comparatively speaking, poor. We are not fascinated with them as we are with those of Burke. We miss all that made those speeches a terror to his foes, when they were delivered in a crowded and admiring house. To speak of him justly as an orator, says Sir James Mackintosh, would require a long essay. Everywhere natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and everything around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and convictions. He certainly possessed above all moderns that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence, which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenian speaker since the days of Demosthenes. "I knew him," says Mr. Burke, in a pamphlet, written after their unhappy difference, "when he was nineteen; since which time he has risen by slow degrees to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw."

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

It is a treat for the Dutch to go into Nagasaki, though they are always so encumbered with police and guards as to be able to see scarcely anything. And yet it is a change, and one gladly embraced by men so secluded and solitary. They wander through the town, they banquet in the temple, and visit the tea-houses. They at all events by these journeys enable us to indulge our curiosity relative to the town.

Nagasaki is on a hill side, regularly built, with pleasing gardens to all the houses, which are low, with one story and a loft. The height of the houses is determined by law, and they

A kind of hut contains all the valuables not in immediate use, the stock of a tradesman, his books, pictures, etc. These warehouses are built in the same way as the houses are, but are coated with clay, and have copper shutters, while a large kettle full of mud is ready to coat the sides with in case of accident. Fires are very common, and in several fearful conflagrations these store-rooms escaped entirely without injury.

Beyond the town the scenery is beautiful, hill and dale, sea and land, lending their several charms. The people appear

THE ROAD TO YEDO, JAPAN.

are constructed of wood and mud, with chopped straw. This has a coat of hard cement over it. The windows have paper in the place of glass, with wooden shutters. There are also Venetian blinds. A portico stands out in the front of large houses, where umbrellas, shoes, and even palanquins are deposited, as mud boots are left in Constantinople. The back of the house projects in a triangular form into the garden, to ensure light and air. The view into these long gardens is pleasing, and even curious, from the effort in such a small space to make rocks, mountains, waterfalls, trees, etc., with a little family chapel.

thoroughly to appreciate this, as may be seen from their selecting the most beautiful sites for their temples. As the Turks revel often in cemeteries, so do the Japanese in certain halls of their temples, where banqueting goes on to an extent which is sometimes very disgraceful.

There are, however, tea-houses, which are licensed for drinking and music, and are the scenes of orgies even more disgraceful than those which take place in the temple gardens. Here it is that the learned Japanese Aspasias hold their courts. In Nagasaki, a town of 750 inhabitants, there are 750 tea-houses.

Religious ceremonies sometimes diversify the scene. That on the festival of the god Sawa, the patron of the town, is the most curious. It lasts several days. His temple is adorned with flags; the people are in their holiday clothes; the altar is gorgeous. A procession is a very noisy affair, but at the same time absurd; and the whole thing is, like the

JAPANESE ARCHERS.

JAPANESE ARCHERS.

civilisation of the country, in striking contrast with Christianity, and it may here be remarked, that there is really *no* civilisation

extant now, except in Christian countries. A hunting procession is something equally ludicrous and novel.

A volcanic eruption occasionally diversifies the monotony of life led by the factors. These and the earthquakes explain the character of the houses. Siebold gives the following description of a scene of terror and desolation:—At five o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th of the first month, the summit of the Wunzen suddenly sank, and smoke and vapour burst forth. On the 6th of the following month, an eruption occurred in the Brivonokubi mountain, situate on its eastern declivity, not far from the summit. On the 2nd of the third month, a violent earthquake, felt all over Kiusiu, so shook Simabara, that no one could keep his feet. Terror and confusion reigned. Shock followed shock, and the volcano incessantly vomited stones, ashes, and lava, that desolated the country for miles around. At noon on the 1st of the fourth month, another earthquake occurred, followed by reiterated shocks, more and more violent. Houses were overthrown, and enormous masses of rock, rolling down from the mountain, crushed whatever lay in their way. When all seemed quiet and the danger was believed to be over, sounds like the roar of artillery were heard in the air and underground, followed by a sudden eruption of the Myokenyama, on the northern slope of the Wunzendake. A large part of this mountain was thrown up into the air; immense masses of rock fell into the sea; and boiling water, bursting through the crevices of the exploded mountain, poured down, overflowing the low shore. The meeting of the two waters produced a phenomenon that increased the general terror. The whirling eddies formed waterspouts, that annihilated all they passed over. The devastation wrought in the peninsula of Simabara and the opposite coast of Figo, by these united earthquakes and eruptions of the Wunzendake, with its collateral craters, is said to be indescribable. In the town of Simabara every building was thrown down except the castle, the cyclopean walls of which, formed of colossal blocks of stone, defied the general destruction. The coast of Figo was so altered by the ravages, as to be no longer recognisable. Fifty-three thousand human beings are said to have perished."

The journey to Yedo to visit the *ziogoon*, or military chief of the empire, is a duty similar in character to that of the pilgrimage to Mecca. It was allowed to the president of the factory by Gongen-Sama, the usurper, as were many other privileges, which the Dutch lost by asking for them to be renewed. They were not aware that to ask the son's consent to a renewal was an insult, as a thing given once was given permanently.

The journey is the more tedious, that beds, provisions, etc., have all to be taken, while the retinue of the Dutchman is at least two hundred. He travels in a palanquin of the first class, and is in fact treated in all things like a native prince. It takes seven days to cross Kiusiu; then comes a short sea voyage, sometimes twice as long as the first part, the travellers always putting up at an island for the night. The whole time from Dezima to Yedo is seven weeks, which gives a very quiet idea of Japanese travelling. The roads are in good condition, the accommodation on the journey ample, while there are some sights well worthy of being seen.

Siebold appears in the first instance to have been struck by a Buddhist temple of the Ikko-sen sect, at Yagami, where the party dined the day they left Nagasaki. "It presented," we are told, "a rare instance of a Buddhist temple, that may be called exempt from idols, containing only a single image, designed to represent the one only god, Amida. The bonzes of this sect are the only Buddhist priests in Japan allowed to marry and to eat meat." Their faith, Siebold considers to be pure monotheism.

Another curiosity is a camphor-tree, spoken of by Kaempfer, in the year 1691. It was then celebrated for its size, hollow from age, and supposed to measure six fathoms in circumference, though from its standing on a hill it was not then actually measured. It was visited by Siebold in 1826. He found it still healthy and rich in foliage, though 135 years older. He and his pupils measured it, and he gives fifty feet as its circumference, adding, that fifteen men can stand in its inside.

A coal mine was one of the most curious of all the objects seen. It was admirably worked and very productive; so that, when opened to commerce, this country will have the means of supporting steam navigation. A river full of gold-dust, and a mountain covered by snow having been passed, the route became more varied. Soon after leaving Foesi, the Dutch deputation begins the toilsome ascent of another mountain or ridge, which must be crossed. It is called Fakone, and is said likewise to offer splendid views of mingled fertility and savage nature. At a spot presenting the most admired of these, an establishment is prepared for the reception of travelling grandees, where tea, confectionary, and other dainties are served up by beautiful damsels. Upon this mountain a second guard is stationed, for the prevention of unlawful ingress and egress into and out of Yedo; and a curious anecdote is told of a trick put upon this Fakone guard, and of the combined artifice and violence by which the extensively fearful consequences of that trick were obviated.

"An inhabitant of Yedo, named Fiyosayemon, a widower with two children, a girl and a boy, was called to a distance by business. He was poor; he knew not how to provide for his children during his absence, and resolved to take both with him. Accordingly, he dressed his daughter in boy's clothes, and thus passed the Fakone guard unsuspected. He was rejoicing in his success, when a man, who knew what children he had, joined him, congratulated him on his good luck, and asked for something to drink. The alarmed father offered a trifle; the man demanded a sum beyond his means; a quarrel ensued, and the angry informer ran back to the guard to make known the error that had been committed. The whole guard was thunderstruck. If the informer spoke truth, and the fact were detected, all their lives were forfeited; yet to send a party to apprehend the offenders, and thus actually betray themselves, was now unavoidable. The commanding officer, however, saw his remedy. He delayed the detachment of reluctant pursuers sufficiently to allow a messenger with a little boy to outstrip them. The messenger found Fiyosayemon and his children refreshing themselves at an inn; he announced the discovery made, and the imminent danger; offered the boy as a temporary substitute for the disguised girl, and told the father that when the falsehood of the charge should have been proved by both the children appearing to be boys, he might very fairly fly into such a rage as to kill his accuser. The kind offer was, of course, gratefully accepted. The wilfully dilatory guard arrived, surrounded the house, seized upon Fiyosayemon and the children, and gladly pronounced that both the latter were boys. The informer, who well knew Fiyosayemon's family, declared that some imposition had been practised, which the accused indignantly resenting, drew his sword and struck off the informer's head. The delighted guard exclaimed, that such a liar had only met his desert, and returned to their post; while the father, receiving back his daughter instead of the substituted boy, went his way rejoicing." *

The approach to Yedo is represented in our engraving (p. 428). We have also given some representations of archery as practised in Japan (p. 429).

The town of Yedo is paved with stone, with regular-built houses, shops, vast crowds, touters at the doors crying out the goods, and very much reminding one of London in its activity and bustle. It is an immense place, with, some say, 500,000, others 800,000 of inhabitants. The imperial palace takes three hours to walk round it. It is a vast town in a town, with harems, houses for functionaries and servants of all kinds, and is surrounded by a ditch. No one can give much account of the town, because of the strict seclusion in which all travellers are kept. The visit to the ziogoon appears to be a very tedious ceremony.

* Titsingh's "Japanese Annals."

ROUND COUVERETTE FOR AN EASY CHAIR OR SOFA.

"Let your" thread "be long, and your" hook "be fine,
And your hands both firm and sure;
And time, nor chance, shall your work untwine,
But all, like a truth, endure."

MATERIALS.—Brooks's Great Prize Goat's-head Crochet Cotton, No. 24. No. 3 Penelope Hook.

1st round: 9 ch., unite; 3 ch., this forms 1 l. stitch; under this circle work 24 l., that is, including the 3 ch., which reckon as "1 l.;" in fastening off this round, simply insert the hook through the 3rd loop of the 3 ch., draw the cotton through, cut it off, draw it down at the back, and tie it in a neat and secure knot.

2nd: Be careful not to begin in any row in the same place where the previous row was terminated. 2 l. into every loop of last row; there should be 48 l.

3rd: 1 l. into every loop, with 1 ch. between each.

4th and 5th: 1 l. upon every l., with 2 ch. between each.

6th: Commence upon a l. stitch, * 2 l. into 1 loop, 5 ch., miss 2 loops, repeat from * 3 times more, then 3 ch., miss 2 loops, 10 l., 3 ch., miss 2 loops, repeat.

7th: *2 l. into the 3rd loop of the 5 ch.; 5 ch., repeat from * twice more, then 10 l. on l., repeat.

8th: 3 d.c. stitches, the 1st into the 2nd loop of the 5 ch., after the l. stitches, 5 ch., repeat from * 3 times more, 12 l. the 1st into next loop, repeat.

9th: *3 d.c. the 1st into the 2nd loop of the 1st 5 ch., 5 ch., repeat from * twice more, miss 1 loop, 18 l. the 1st in 2nd loop.

10th: D.c. into the centre loop of the 5 ch., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of next 5, 3 ch., 24 l. the 1st on next d.c. stitch, 3 ch., repeat.

11th: 3 d.c. the 1st into 2nd loop of 5 ch., 3 ch., 1 l. on every l., with 1 ch. between each, 3 ch., repeat.

12th: 1 l. on l., 1 ch, repeat over the l. stitches, then 3 ch., 3 d.c. on the 3 d.c., 3 ch., repeat.

13th: 1 l. on l., 1 ch., repeat this over the l. stitches, 7 ch., repeat.

14th: The same.

15th: 1 l., 2 ch. over the l. stitches, then 3 ch., 1 l. into 3rd loop of the 7 ch., 5 ch., miss 1 loop, 1 l. into next loop, 3 ch., repeat.

16th: 7 sq., 6 l., 14 sq., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5 ch., 3 ch., repeat.

17th: 6 sq., 12 l., 13 sq., 3 ch., 1 l. on d.c. stitch, 3 ch., repeat.

18th: 6 sq., 12 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 ch., d.c. on d.c., 3 ch., repeat.

19th: 6 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 ch., d.c. on d.c., 3 ch., repeat.

20th: 6 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., 3 ch., d.c. on d.c., 3 ch., repeat.

21st: 6 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 1st 3 ch., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of next 3 ch., repeat.

22nd: 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 8 sq., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre loop of centre 3 ch, 5 ch., repeat.

23rd: 2 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 12 l., 9 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 1st 5 ch., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 2nd 5 ch., 5 ch., repeat.

24th: 2 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 10 sq., 7 l., d.c. into centre loop of 2nd 5 ch., 7 ch., repeat.

25th: 3 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 6 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 7 ch., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 7, 5 ch., repeat.

26th: 7 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 3 ch., 5 l., with 1 ch. between each, under the next 5 ch., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 5 ch., repeat.

27th: 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre ch. of 5, 3 ch., 11 l. the 1st into 3rd loop of 3 ch., 3 ch., d.c. into 5, 5 ch., repeat.

28th: 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre of 5, 3 ch., 13 l., the 1st into 3rd loop of 3 ch., 3 ch., d.c. into centre of 5, 5 ch., repeat.

29th: 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 7 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5 ch., 3 ch., 15 l., the 1st into 3rd loop of 3 ch., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 5 ch., repeat.

30th: 2 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 3 ch., 8 l., the 1st into the 3rd loop of the 3 ch., 1 ch., miss 1 loop, 8 l., 3 ch., d.c. into centre of 5 ch., 5 ch., repeat.

31st: 2 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 3 ch., 8 l., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 3 ch., 3 ch., 8 l., the 1st or 2nd d.c., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 5 ch., repeat.

32nd: 3 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 7 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 3 ch., 9 l., the 1st into 3rd loop of the 3 ch., 3 ch., d.c. on d.c., 5 ch., d.c. into same loop, 3 ch., 9 l., the 1st on next l., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 5 ch., repeat.

33rd: 10 sq., 12 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 5 ch., d.c. on d.c., 3 ch., 8 l., the 1st on 1st l., 3 ch., 5 l., with 1 ch. between each, under the 5 ch., 3 ch., 8 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 3 ch., d.c. on d.c., 5 ch., repeat.

34th: 11 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 5 ch., d.c. on d.c., 3 ch., 6 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 3 ch., 9 l., the 1st on next l., 3 ch., 6 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 3 ch., d.c. on d.c., 5 ch., repeat.

35th: 4 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 6 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 5 ch., d.c. on d.c., 4 ch., 4 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 3 ch., 11 l., the 1st into 4th loop, 3 ch., 4 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 4 ch., d.c. on d.c., 5 ch., repeat.

36th: 4 sq., 18 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 5 ch., d.c. on d.c., 5 ch., 2 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 6 ch., 9 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 6 ch., d.c. on d.c., 5 ch., repeat.

37th: 5 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 5 ch., 1 l., on d.c. stitch, 5 ch., 5 l., with 1 ch. between each under the 6 ch., 3 ch., 7 l. the 1st on 2nd l., 3 ch., 5 l., with 1 ch. between each under the 6 ch., 5 ch., d.c. on d.c., 5 ch., repeat.

38th: 7 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 5 ch., 1 l. on l., 5 ch., 9 l., the 1st on next l., 5 ch., 5 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 9 l., the 1st on next l., 5 ch., 1 l. on l., 5 ch., repeat.

39th: 7 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 5 ch., 1 l. on l., 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st into the 5th loop of the 5 ch., 5 ch., 3 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st into 6th loop, 5 ch., 1 l. on l., 5 ch., repeat.

40th: 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 5 ch., 1 l. on l., 3 ch., 1 l., into same loop, 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., d.c. on 2nd l. stitch, 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st into 6th loop, 5 ch., 1 l. on l., 3 ch., 1 l. into same loop, 5 ch., repeat.

41st: 2 sq., 21 l., 5 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 5 ch., 5 l., with 1 ch. between each, under the 3 ch., 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l., on d.c. stitch, 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st into 5th loop, 5 ch., 5 l., with 1 ch., between each, under the 3 ch., 5 ch., repeat.

42nd: 3 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 5 ch., 9 l., the 1st on next l., 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 11 l., the 1st into 5th loop of the 5 ch., 5 ch., 9 l., the 1st on next l., 5 ch., repeat.

43rd: 2 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 2 ch., 1 l., into 3rd loop, this forms another sq., and is reckoned as such in the next rows; 5 ch., 9 l. on the l., 7 ch., 11 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 11 l., the 1st into 4th loop, 7 ch., 9 l. on the l., 5 ch, 1 l., into 3rd loop, 2 ch., repeat.

44th: 3 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 14 sq., 5 ch., 9 l. on the l., 7 ch., 9 l., the 1st on next l., 3 ch., 9 l., with 1 ch., between each, under the 7 ch., 3 ch., 9 l., the 1st on 3rd l., 7 ch., 9 l. on l., 5 ch., repeat.

45th: 5 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 13 sq., 7 ch., 7 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 9 l., the 1st into 9th loop, 3 ch., 17 l., the 1st on next l., 3 ch., 9 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 7 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., repeat.

46th: 5 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 8 sq., 7 ch., 5 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 9 l., the 1st into 8th loop, 3 ch., 15 l., the

1st on 2nd l., 3 ch., 9 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 5 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., repeat.

47th: 5 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 21 l., 7 sq., 7 ch., 3 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 8 l., the 1st into 8th loop, 7 ch., 13 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 8 l., the 1st on 3rd l., 7 ch., 3 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., repeat.

48th: 6 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 8 sq., 5 ch., 1 l., into 4th loop, 5 ch., 1 l., on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into 5th loop, 5 ch., 6 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into 5th loop, 5 ch., 6 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into 5th loop, 5 ch., 1 l., on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into 4th loop, 5 ch., repeat.

49th: 10 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 12 l., 4 sq., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre loop of the 5 ch. for 4 times, 5 ch., 4 l., the 1st on 2nd l, 5 ch., 1 l. into centre loop of 5 twice, 5 ch., 9 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre loop of 5 ch. twice, 5 ch., 4 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre loop of 5, 3 times, 5 ch., repeat.

50th: 10 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 3 sq., 5 ch, 1 l. into centre of each 5, for 5 times, 5 ch., 2 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre of 5, 3 times, 5 ch., 7 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre of 5, 3 times, 5 ch., 2 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre of 5, for 5 times, 5 ch., repeat.

51st: 10 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 6 sq., 5 ch., and 1 l. into centre loop of 5 ch, for 10 times, 5 ch., 5 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre loop of the 5 ch., for 10 times, 1 ch., repeat.

52nd: 11 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 5 sq., 5 ch., and 1 l. into centre loop of each 5 ch., for 11 times, 5 ch., 3 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., and 1 l. into centre loop of 5 ch., 11 times, 5 ch., repeat.

53rd: 10 sq., 33 l., 4 sq., 5 ch., and 1 l. into centre loop of the 5 ch., 5 ch., repeat.

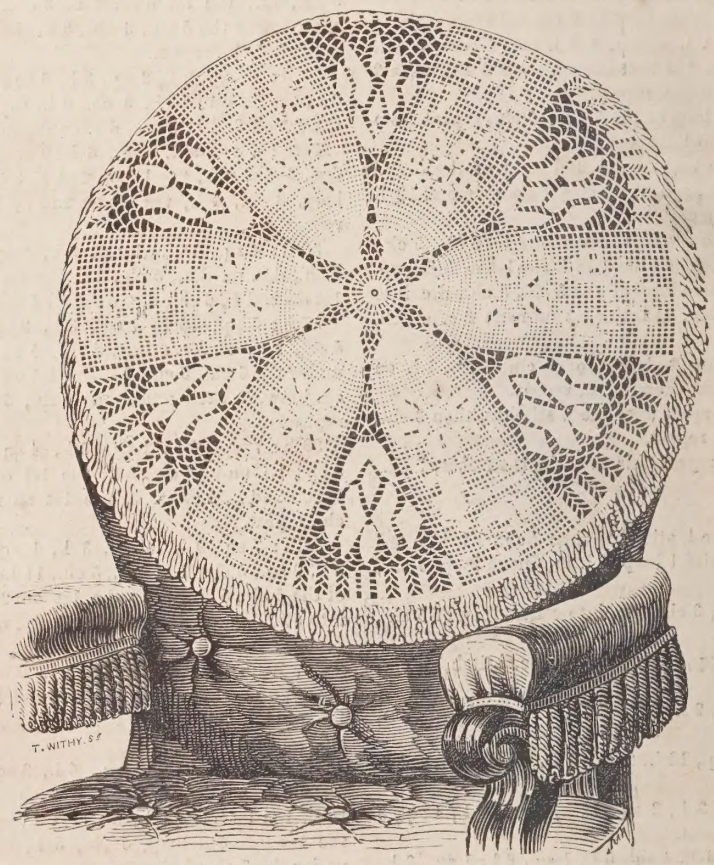
54th: 10 sq., 24 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 3 ch., 7 l., the 1st on next l., *4 ch., 1 l. on l., 4 ch., 7 l., the 1st on next l., repeat from * twice more, 4 ch., 7 l., the 1st on next l., 4 ch., 7 l., the 1st on next l., † 4 ch., 1 l. on l., 4 ch., 7 l., the 1st on next l., repeat from † twice more, 3 ch., repeat from beginning.

55th: 9 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 6 sq., 3 ch., 7 l., the 1st on next l., * 7 ch., d.c. on the l. stitch, 7 ch., 7 l. on the l., repeat from * twice more, then 4 ch., 7 l. on l., 4 ch., 7 l. on l., † 7 ch., d.c. on l., 7 ch., 7 l. on l., repeat from † twice more, 3 ch., repeat.

56th; 9 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 ch., 7 l. on l., * 4 ch., d.c. into 4th loop of 7 ch., 3 ch, d.c. into 4th loop of 7 ch., 5 ch., 7 l. on l., repeat from * twice more, 4 ch., 7 l. on l., 4 ch., 7 l. on l., repeat from the 1st *, then 3 ch., repeat from beginning.

57th: 13 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 3 l. 4 sq., 3 ch., 7 l. on l., * 4 ch., 1 l. into 2nd loop of 3 ch., 5 ch., 1 more l. into same loop, 4 ch., 7 l. on l., repeat from * twice more, then 4 ch., 7 l. on l., 4 ch., 7 l. on l., repeat from the 1st * again, 3 ch., then repeat from beginning.

58th: 16 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., now work the same as last row, only making 3 ch. instead of 5.



ROUND COUVERETTE FOR AN EASY CHAIR OR SOFA.

59th: 16 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., now work the same as last row.

60th: 13 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., now the same as last row.

61st: 8 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., now the same as last row.

62nd: 7 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 7 sq., now the same as last row.

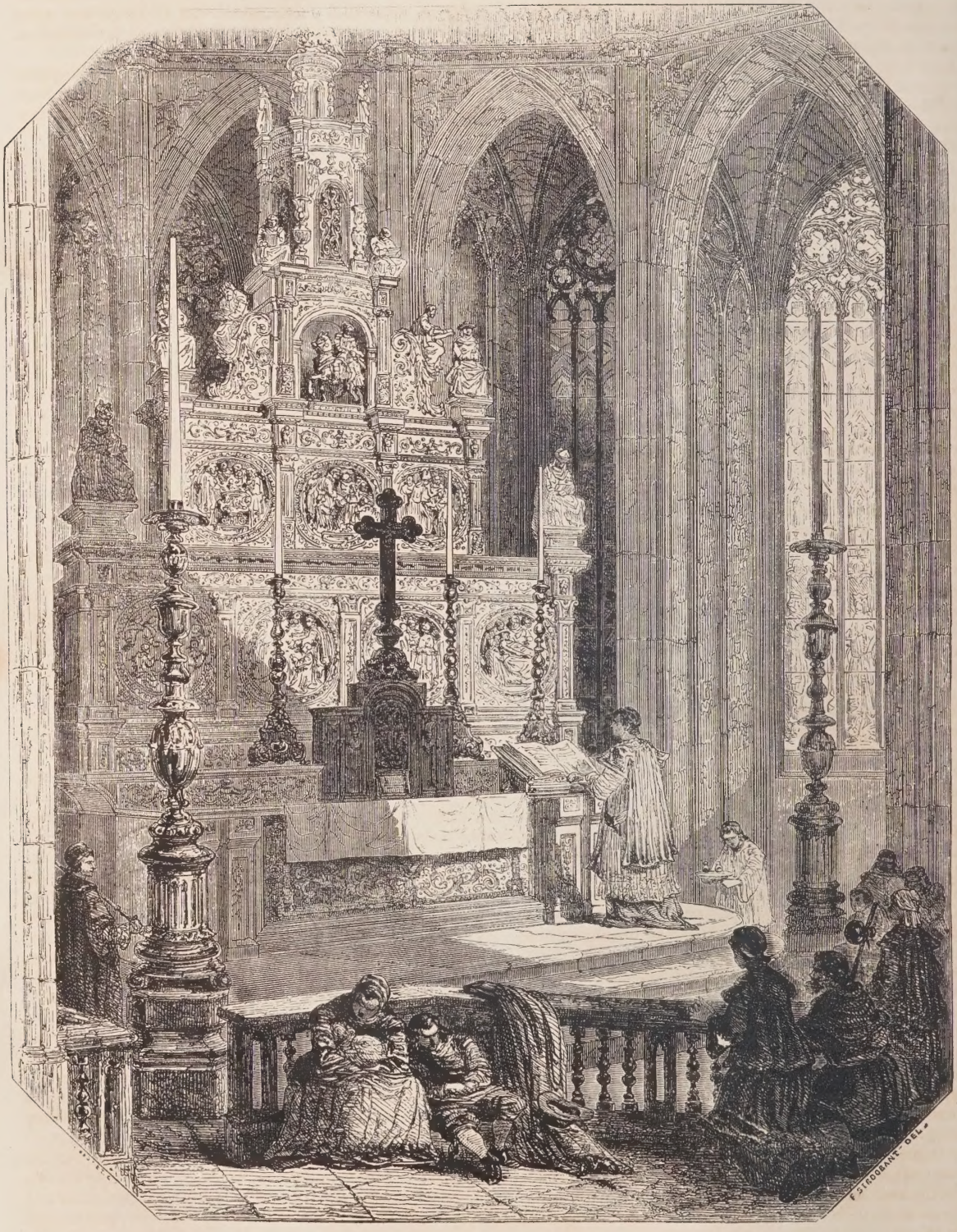
63rd: 14 sq., 9 l., 8 sq., now the same as last row.

64th: 25 sq., 3 ch., 7 d.c. over the l., * 3 d.c. under the 3 ch., 5 d.c. under next 3, 3 d.c. under next 3, 7 d.c. over the l., repeat from * twice more, 4 d.c. under the 4 ch., 7 d.c. on the l., 4 d.c. under the 4 ch., 7 d.c. over the l., repeat from the 1st * 3 times, 3 ch., repeat from beginning.

65th: 25 sq., making in these squares 3 ch. instead of 2, then d.c. over the d.c. stitches, 3 ch., repeat.

66th: A row of long stitches all round.

Fringe.—D.c. into a loop, make * 70 ch., rather loosely, miss loop of last round, d.c. into next loop, repeat from *.



HIGH ALTAR IN THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, AT HALLE, BELGIUM.

HIGH ALTAR AT NOTRE-DAME, AT HALLE, IN BELGIUM.

How little it often requires to render a thing famous, and to cause a name to roll from mouth to mouth, and thus earn universal reputation! Such is the case with the little town of Halle, in South Brabant. Though the extent of this town is too limited, its population too small, its productions too insignificant, and its historical traditions too uninteresting to insure its name a place in a schoolboy's geography, it nevertheless attracts the attention of the world, causes the artist to turn out of his road to visit it, saves the engraver's etching point many an idle day, and adds to the graceful and elegant appearance of our magazines and of our albums. And why? Because artistic genius has worked out its inspirations, and left its trace behind it; because the architect, the sculptor, and the painter, have all been there to show the world, in the legacy they have left it—a cathedral—to what a height their different arts can arise.

From what we have just said, it may be concluded that Halle owes all its celebrity to its Cathedral. Seen from a distance, however, this structure, which was begun in 1341 and terminated in 1409, appears in no way imposing from the size of its proportions; and its exterior has nothing remarkable about it, with the exception of a tower, which is square as far up as two-thirds of its height, and then becomes octangular, the whole being covered with reliefs and embrasures. The architecture of the interior is most elegant, while the decorations are profusely elaborate. The vaulted roof of the nave, which is divided into three parts, is supported by pillars, the verves of which are gracefully arranged in clusters. The choir presents the most splendid appearance: bright coloured windows, open-worked niches, statues, statuettes, and a thousand other ornaments of various kinds, there meet the eye and produce the most wonderful effect. But the part that crowns all is the High Altar, which is a perfect *chef-d'œuvre*, its general arrangement being full of grandeur, while the details are executed in the most minute and delicate manner. In the upper part of it is seen an image of St. Martin, under whose protection the church was placed at the time of its foundation. At the end of the fourteenth century, however, the name was changed to that of Notre-Dame, in consequence of certain events, which we will now briefly relate. The Countess Alix, wife of Jean d'Avesnes, had presented one of the chapels of the church with a little statue which she had inherited from St. Elizabeth of Hungary. This statue, which was an image of the Virgin, had, it was said, already worked a great number of miracles. The faithful rushed in crowds to offer up their devotions to it, and, as the miracles continued, the fame of the statue became so great, that people began to designate the church by the name of the Virgin only, until it was finally placed under her protection.

While viewing this part of the church, the mind is lost in wonder at the immense amount of patience which must have been expended on the intricate details, on the tracery, on the open work, and on the sculpture executed there. The whole, which is as imposing a work as the hand of man will ever perfect, is made up of parts, each of which is a masterpiece in itself, that fascinate the eye and engrave the name of Halle on the memory of all who visit its cathedral.

Nearly all Catholic churches possess a treasure: that of Notre-Dame at Halle is perhaps the richest that exists in Belgium. It is placed under the protection of the first magistrate of the town, and it would be almost impossible to describe the jewels of all forms and materials of which it is composed. In the chapel of Notre-Dame is seen a splendid collection of crosses, lamps, coats of mail, standards, mouxtrances, chalices, and gold, silver, and ivory figures—all presents from kings and princes of every country. One of the most magnificent objects contained in this treasure is a silver-gilt mouxtrance presented by Henry VIII., king of England, a little time before he seceded from the church of Rome.

The miraculous statue is carried in a solemn procession which takes place once a year, on the first Sunday in September, the day of the *kermesse*, by twelve delegates from the neighbouring towns which were the first to place themselves under its protection. The inhabitants of Liege also come once a year in a procession to pay a visit to the church at Halle.

In one of the side chapels may be seen a Latin inscription, in which it is stated that Gustus Lipse, the author of a book written in honour of the Virgin of Halle, bequeathed his pen to Notre-Dame.

THE REBEL OF AUDLEY CASTLE.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '98.

II.

THROUGH Moore's instrumentality the young lady got intimation of her lover's place of concealment, and visited him frequently. Upwards of a week elapsed, when one evening Moore, who had been away from early morning, reached the castle.

"Well, Andy, what's the news of the lugger?" Maxwell inquired. "Is she soon to be on the coast?"

"I was tould to tell you that she'll be in with to-morrow night's tide. She'll keep outside the bar, but her boat will be at the shore where you directed from eleven o'clock. We must part, captain, dear; but poor Andy will mind you when far away."

"God bless you, Andy! You've stood to me like a brother. If I get off and prosper, Andy, you won't want."

"Andy won't want," said the faithful fellow. "Andy never fears he'll want. The crows are fed, and so will Andy be fed; and they get their nests, and Andy won't want a bed."

"God grant it!" replied Maxwell. "Now, Andy, will you slip away when you've eaten something, and see Miss Alice? Tell her just what you have told me about my starting. Ask her to try and see me to-night. You can steal out and accompany her. But be on your guard. Don't let the servants suspect you come from this quarter; and if Miss Alice's cousin (the Spy) is in the house when you go, keep your eye on him, and don't let him see you speaking to her. Let them all think you're just looking your *bit* and *sup*."

The faithful creature reached the house to which he was sent, as a strolling beggar. He sat down by the fire, and his supper was soon put before him. The person he had been warned about—Alice's cousin—was in the house. He lived only a few fields distant. He was a tall, well-featured young man; but he had acquired dissipated habits, and was of a most violent disposition. His passions were altogether unbridled, and so that he could succeed in accomplishing his purposes, he cared not what means he employed. From his childhood he had exhibited two dark traits of character, which in manhood were fearfully prominent—namely, intense hatred to any who ventured to thwart his purposes, and extraordinary perseverance in seeking to do them injury. He was dreaded by all who knew his character. George Macoubrey—such was his name—had early resolved that Alice should be his wife, and he had all along everywhere made known his intention. He was constantly following after her; and on this account, as well as from his statements, it was generally supposed that they would be married.

Many wondered at her choice, and commiserated her lot, should she be united to a person so likely to make her life one of great wretchedness. The truth is, however, that Alice had always repulsed the attentions of her cousin. She had become deeply, although secretly, attached to Charles Maxwell, who was therefore an object of her cousin Macoubrey's most dire hate.

Macoubrey had long suspected that there was an attachment between Alice and Maxwell, and he had spoken to her on the subject, uttering the most fearful threats against his rival, should he dare, as he said, "to come between him and the girl that *must* be his wife." It was Macoubrey who had watched Maxwell at Ballynahinch, followed him in his flight, and then given secret information against him to Captain Hopkins in the manner already noticed.

Just before Andy Moore reached Alice's father's house, she had been asked by Macoubrey to speak with her in the garden. He seemed greatly excited when making the request. When they reached the garden, Macoubrey said:

"Alice, I want to ask you once more, will you consent to be my wife? I love you, and you know it, wildly. You'll be always near the old people; and I swear this night by—"

"Stop, George," said Alice, interrupting him; "don't swear. How often have I told you that I cannot do what you ask! From my heart I wish you well. But indeed I cannot consent to be your wife. Now don't be angry; don't be so excited."

"Excited!" exclaimed Macoubrey; "you drive me mad, Alice. Why won't you marry me? Have I not loved you always? Have I not always said you must be my wife? But I know why you won't be mine; you love Maxwell. Tell me, Alice—tell me, has he won your love?"

"George," said Alice, "I have no right to answer your questions. But I may now tell you the truth. Charles Maxwell you will probably not see again. You cannot now injure him. He loved his country; he has courageously fought for it; and now he is driven from its shores. He loved me, too, dearly, passionately. And, George, I may now tell you, I do love him—love him as I have never loved, and never can love another."

"Then the skulking vagabond shall die, Alice," cried Macoubrey, frantic with passion. "He shall die. He escaped at Morne; but he shall not escape me. I'll ferret him out. Nor will I have to hunt long or far. Ha! you tremble. If he's not here, yet he'll soon be about the neighbourhood. I'll watch him and his scouts."

Alice fled into the house. She had indeed trembled with terror while listening to her cousin's threats. At first she thought Maxwell's hiding-place was known to him. She was relieved a little, however, when she learnt from his latter statement that in this supposition she was mistaken. It was clear he did not know where Maxwell was. Still she was greatly excited and alarmed lest he should at once begin the search for his intended victim, and perhaps discover him before he had been warned to fly. She determined that night to give him warning. Shortly after she went into the house her cousin followed, and he had only entered when Andy Moore arrived.

"Where do you come from?" he inquired sharply, as Andy sat down by the fire.

"'Deed, sir, I'm just come from Down, where the folks are aye guid and kind to me."

"But where do you live?" said Macoubrey.

"Where do I *lieve?* 'Deed I'm like the swallows. I have no settled place, but wander about in all parts. It's lang since I could say any house was my hame."

Macoubrey ceased to interrogate Andy further. When he left the house, Alice seized on an opportunity of hearing from Andy his message. She then arranged to accompany him to Audley Castle when the family had all gone to rest and her absence would not be observed by the domestics.

We have said that Alice was a beautiful girl. She was also remarkable for a lovely disposition, characterised by great gentleness blended with resolute firmness. She was the eldest member of her family, and beloved by them all. Her parents were aware of her attachment to Charles Maxwell; and, from his high moral character, they were not opposed to it. Even his close and prominent connexion with the united Irishmen did not lead them to alter their opinion on this point, inasmuch as they, in common with many around them, strongly favoured the movement of the intended revolutionists. They deeply mourned the results of the fatal battle of Ballynahinch, and shared with their sadly-afflicted daughter in her intense anxiety about the safety of her lover. They learnt from Alice his arrival at Audley Castle, and were aware of her meeting with him there.

Alice, accompanied by Andy Moore (who had previously reconnoitered, to guard against any observing their movements), proceeded to the castle. It was a dark night, and they were obliged to move along but slowly and cautiously. Maxwell met them near the ruins.

"God bless you, dear Alice, for coming!" he exclaimed, speaking with deep emotion. "This is likely to be our last meeting. Andy has told you that I must be across the bar to-morrow night. The lugger makes direct for the French coast. Oh! how am I to part from you? My heart is crushed when I think of being separated from you—perhaps for ever."

Maxwell's feelings overcame him. The strong man, who had fought like a lion in the midst of death, was totally unarmed, and he wept passionately. Alice, too, was overwhelmed with sorrow, as she clung to him for support.

"But you'll often think of me," he continued, as he recovered somewhat from his emotion. "You'll remember that, wherever I am, till this poor heart of mine is cold in death, I am your own."

Alice had as yet only spoken a few broken sentences. An idea that had much occupied and distracted her mind since Maxwell's flight, now engrossed her thoughts. As he ended speaking, she said:

"Charles, we won't be parted. I will accompany you, if my parents do not object. Come with me this moment to the house. If they consent, the minister can come over from Portaferry, and marry us to-morrow night. I feel I cannot remain behind you."

It is needless to attempt to describe Charles Maxwell's joy as he listened to the heroic resolution of the noble girl. They had a long interview with her father and mother; at length they consented to the proposal of Alice, to be united to Maxwell and be the companion of his exile.

"God bless you both!" said the father. "It's hard to let you go from us, darling," addressing fondly Alice, "but it would be sin in us to keep you from him. Andy Moore can go across the ferry in the morning to get over the minister."

On the next evening the clergyman who officiated in Portaferry instead of the Rev. Mr. Dickson, who had been taken prisoner as a rebel, reached Alice's father's. As he left the shore at Strangford he was followed by George Macoubrey, who had noticed his crossing the ferry. While the clergyman directed his course toward the residence of his uncle, he became violently excited.

"He's going there," he muttered, "for no good. And he's to remain all night, I heard him say. I'll watch him. If that skulking villain Maxwell is about the neighbourhood, they may have a meeting when they think other people are in their beds. But they won't deceive me, if I should be cursed out of the country for what I do. Oh, how sweet is revenge, though only enjoyed by anticipation!"

The clock was just striking eleven as Maxwell and Moore reached the house. The servants had retired, but the family were waiting his coming. Moore, as a watch, remained outside in the darkness. He had crossed into an open shed to the right of the house, where he had been standing for perhaps half-an-hour, when he observed a man stealthily approaching the house and attempting to peer through the window of the lighted room where the party inside were assembled. The man then moved to the door, which he noiselessly opened and then entered. Not more than two minutes elapsed when he appeared again. Rapidly he passed the shed without noticing Moore, who saw it was Macoubrey; and as he listened for a moment he heard him rushing hastily in the direction of Strangford. Moore quickly entered into the house, and reached the room just as the marriage ceremony was begun.

"Fly! fly!" he exclaimed to Maxwell; "Macoubrey followed you into the house, and now he's flyin' like a madman to the town to raise the guard. They'll be here and on us unless we run smart for it."

Consternation overwhelmed the party; for a moment they knew not what to do. Maxwell cast his arms around his intended bride, as if to bear her off with him.

"Come, darling—come, my own Alice," he cried; "we can reach the boat in safety with God's blessing. In France you will become my wife, and till then——"

"No, Charles," said the father; "she is yours, and your wife she shall be, but not now—now you must be separated. She will remain till better days unite you; but, for God's sake, fly now—not a moment is to be lost."

Her mother used similar language.

"Father—mother!" exclaimed the agonised girl, "I cannot leave him. Let me go. Let my brother James accompany us till he sees us married, and he can return to you. But don't keep me from him: my heart will break if we're parted. I'll go with you, Charles—I'm ready."

The clergyman—who had been conversing hurriedly aside with James and Andy Moore, who left the room—here interposed:—

"It's a great extremity in which we are involved through that wretch, Macoubrey; but I think we may yet escape him, and overmatch his villanous treachery. Moore is off to act the decoy. He will lead the guard to Audley Castle, while James sets off slowly in that quarter with a light, to which Moore will attract the notice of the guard. I will accompany your daughter," he said. "For my own safety, perhaps, it is as well I should, for a time, cross over to France. Once we reach the cutter—which I hope we will without being intercepted—I will perform the interrupted ceremony. Now we must hurry forth."

We need not describe the farewell between the different parties. Maxwell and his noble-hearted companion, and the clergyman, struck at once into the fields in their rapid flight—moving away as far as possible from the way that Macoubrey and the guard might be advancing. It was a dark night, and therefore most favourable to their escape.

Leaving them hastening with trembling eagerness toward the shore, and in more imminent danger than even they anticipated, we shall follow the faithful and devoted Moore in his rapid pursuit after Macoubrey into Strangford. He reached the guardhouse just as Macoubrey, with two of the guard armed to the teeth, were leaving it.

"You're here, Maister Macoubrey!" he exclaimed in well-feigned surprise; "an' I thocht you were in your bed while I might be serving you, and makin' a trifle to my ain hand the night. Whar may you be after goin', sir?"

"You're the fellow I saw in my uncle's the other night? What do you want? Where have you been?" sharply interrogated Macoubrey.

"'Deed I'm the same you saw in your uncle's. A quiet man, and a maist kindly man he is, but weak in his way, and much overseen, I'm thinkin'. But it's the officer I want now, and I want him smart, too;" he said, pushing into the guardhouse. "I'm thinkin' I can tell him whar mair than the birds are lyin' the night—for a trifle."

Macoubrey, though boiling to be away, suddenly drew to Moore.

"The officer is not here," he said, "he's not returned from Portaferry; but here's his substitute," pointing to the man in charge of the guard; "tell him and me what you've got to say. Be quick now."

"Then if a body could tak' you to the den of as big a rebel as ever sconced from a hempen cord, what might he get for his trouble? Aye—an' I know whar's the boat that's to tak' him and the silly lass that's been made his wife the night. 'Deed"—giving a sudden start as if the thought had just struck him—"nae doubt they're makin' to his den this minute before they tak' to the boat."

"A hundred guineas is the reward for the man you speak of," cried Macoubrey. "But we know where he is, and will have the bird caged presently. Come along with us, and you'll not want reward."

They pushed on at a rapid pace into the country, Macoubrey, in silence, taking the lead. After about a quarter of an hour's walk Moore quickly drew up to Macoubrey.

"See you yon, maister? Don't you see the movin' light yonder?"

"What is it?" quickly asked Macoubrey.

"'Deed, it's the bridegroom and his bonnie partner; an' they don't think we're so near. Ha! ha! ha! it's to the auld castle they're hurryin' from her father's whar they've been married. I left the house as they were made man and wife. I heard everything through the floorin' of the room I was in, and then run for the guard. I'm thinkin' I'll surely be well feed for my wark this night. Will I, maister?"

"To be sure, to be sure you will. But let us into the fields, men, and after them," said Macoubrey, dashing at once into the direction of the supposed fugitives.

"Tak' a fool's advice, maister," said Moore, "and let us divide. You're weel armed, an' I've a guid freen in this soncy thorn of mine. Let these ither men gang away nearer the shore, lest the party yonder beat us in the race an' mak' off in the boat which is lyin' opposite the castle."

"The man speaks right, sir," said one of the guard; "it would be best for us to separate."

Accordingly they parted. Moore followed closely Macoubrey, who, frenzied to madness, dashed on, pursuing the light. He was about making a spring over a ditch, when in an instant Moore struck him senseless to the earth with a powerful blow from the huge staff he carried.

"You'll lie quietly there, you murderin' spy, afore you push on further the night. If I kilt you outright, you'd only be gettin' a good reckonin' for your villany. Noo I maun to warn maister James with the light."

He then drew from his breast a pistol and fired it—a preconcerted signal between him and Alice's brother. As the report reached the ear of the latter, he extinguished his lanthorn and swiftly returned to his father's house. Outside the house Moore waited for him.

"Maister James," said he, "all is right. You did your part bravely, and my soncy thorn did its part weel, too, by the villain that's lyin' ayont, and who'll lie there for a while. Gang to bed noo, and let a' be quiet when the guard may come. By this time our freens are safe, I hope, in the boat. I maun look to my ain safety too. I'm off to Annalong, and they'll be handy chiels that grip Andy Moore there."

The young man warmly wrung the hand of the faithful fellow as they separated.

Meanwhile, Maxwell and the companions of his flight reached the shore without interruption. Thanks to Moore, Macoubrey and the guard were far from their path. The boat lay waiting for them, and urged on by four powerful rowers, it sped fast towards the bar. All was darkness on the waters, and no noise was heard save the quick plash of the oars, or the whispers of the fugitives who sat close together in the boat.

Suddenly the steersman bent his ear eagerly towards the Portaferry side of the shore.

"Ease, men; ease a moment. Hist!" he exclaimed, in low tones.

A boat not fifty yards distant was fast approaching them. It was Captain Mathews in his barge, crossing from Portaferry to his vessel. He had run out a little way towards the bar on a tour of inspection and was now returning.

The advance of the lugger's boat was noticed by Captain Mathews, just at the time her crew were alarmed by the appearance of the cutter's barge. He hailed the boat as she shot ahead with redoubled speed.

"Boat ahoy! Who are you? Where are you going?"

"Say we're the 'Fanny,' making out to fish at the bar," said Maxwell to the steersman, who gave the answer accordingly. At the same time the oarsmen continued their vigorous efforts, and the boat, like an arrow, sped along. Now it so happened that the real "Fanny" had reached Portaferry just as Captain Mathews was leaving, and this fact, together with the haste of the boat to get out of his way, convinced him all was not right. He therefore again hailed the boat:

"Hillo, friend, I fancy you've mistaken your name. Pull up till I speak a word. Refuse to ease your oars at your peril, I say."

The boat sped on. The oarsmen pulled now for life and death. There was a sudden flash from the barge, and a report. Captain Mathews was firing on the boat. Instantly Alice lay down in the boat by the direction of Maxwell and

his companions, while shot after shot followed them in their flight. Fortunately the lugger's boat had got out of pistol-range. The chase had continued for more than half an hour, when Maxwell, who had been watching with intense anxiety for the appearance of the lugger, uttered a joyful exclamation:

"Hurrah, boys! there's our lugger. We're safe, thank God!"

A triumphant cheer burst from the lips of the exhausted oarsmen. In a few minutes after, the fugitives were on board the smuggler. Meantime the brave Captain Mathews held on the pursuit until he came within sight of the lugger. The skipper hailed him as he advanced:

"Hillo, Captain Mathews! do you hear? Advance another boat-length, and I'll blow you out of the water. We have old scores to settle; but to-night you're no fair odds against us, and we spare you."

Fortunately, there was no occasion to fulfil this threat. The anchor of the lugger was quickly weighed; her expanded sails caught the freshening breeze from land, and, dashing through the waters, she was soon far distant from her pursuer, and reached the French coast. On the day of landing, Charles and his affianced devoted bride were united in marriage He entered the French army, and afterwards became distinguished as a gallant and able soldier. General Maxwell and his wife still live, highly honoured, in the land of their adoption, and blessed in the midst of a happy and united family.

THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

RAFT ON THE OHIO.

THERE is no parallel in European history to the tale of the growth and progress of such American states as Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, which have sprung up as if by magic. Less than ninety years ago, not a white man breathed within the limits of places which soon were to be covered with cities and the signs of cultivation. Wondrous have been the changes since that day. The rude exuberance of nature has yielded to the patient labour of the woodsman; peaceful flocks and herds are seen, where then were the wild animals of the forest; the busy hum of business is heard, where the yell of Indian warriors but yesterday seemed to awake the echoes. All is changed save the watercourses, the hills, and the traditions which still hover over the land like a mantle of romance and mystery.

The red-skins, the prowling Indians, who claimed a sovereignty over these dark deep forests—a sovereignty they strove to maintain by the exercise of every cruelty which the mind can conceive, by the display of a patience, an indomitable energy which might invest them with permanent interest but for their barbarism—are gone; and we can little regret them. It has been truly said, that "pity, which the Indian can feel at another moment as deeply, perhaps as benignly, as a white man, seems, and is, during the torture, entirely unknown—as much, indeed, as if it had never entered into his nature." His mind is willingly given up to the intoxication of passion, and cruelty, in its most atrocious and fiendish character, reigns predominant. The familiar of a Spanish inquisition has sometimes moistened the lips of a heretic stretched upon

the rack—the buccaneer of the tropics has relented over the contumacious prisoner gasping to death under his lashes and heated pincers; but it is said that there is no instance of an Indian when torturing a prisoner at the stake, the torture once begun, being moved to compassion, or to regard with any feelings but those of exultation and joy the agonies of his victim.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that, after a struggle of some fifty years—bloody, fearful, perilous, full of suffering and horror—they have disappeared; nor that this happy region should now, when it is smiling and prosperous, still retain, in memory of its early history, the strange appellation of the Dark and Bloody Ground.

Those were terrible days, when no man could go from home without expecting that, in his absence, the red men, who

FARM ON THE OHIO.

spared neither age nor sex, might come down like a wolf on the fold, and deal death on all hands; when, day after day, the colonists were compelled to leave the hoe and the plough, and, clutching the rifle, do battle for their homes and families from behind palisadoes and logs, or, uniting in large bodies, go forth and fight, with varied success—with fearful loss and slaughter sometimes, as at the Blue Licks.

There is scarcely one spot now inhabited and cultivated on the banks of the Ohio which has not its tale of woe and massacre to tell. To give a faint idea of what this part of America was in the early days of its settlement many tales of massacre could be told. One narrative will, however, suffice. It happened in 1787, at the house of widow Scraggs. This person occupied a double cabin in a very lonely part of the country. One room was inhabited by the old lady herself, together with two adult sons, and a widowed daughter with a baby at the breast; the other room contained two girls between sixteen and twenty, and one about eight.

It was eleven o'clock at night. One of the unmarried daughters was busy at the loom. All the others, one son excepted, were asleep. Some signs of strange import had alarmed him. Owls had cried to each other from the adjoining wood most mysteriously. The horses in the pound, near the house, had snorted and shown uneasiness, as if some terrific object were near at hand. The young man felt very much inclined to wake his brother, but he was not certain, and he waited. Suddenly, however, he heard steps in the yard, followed by several knocks at the door, with the usual expression, "Who keeps house?" in plain English. The young man immediately supposed that it was some benighted settlers, and advanced to the door to open it. But the widow Scraggs sprang from her bed, and declared from her long experience of the frontier that they were Indians. She then awoke her other son, and the two young men taking their rifles prepared to do battle.

The Indians now began to thunder with more violence, no longer concealing their true character. A shot from a loophole, prepared for the purpose, started them, however, to cover. But they soon found the door of the other cabin containing the three daughters, and upon this the rifles could not be brought to bear. Some nails from the yard fence enabled the red-skins to force the door off its hinges, and the three girls were at the mercy of the Indians. One, who was in bed, was secured; but the eldest, who had been working at the loom, fought with a knife, and killed an Indian, before

she herself was tomahawked. The little girl, meanwhile, who had not been noticed by the Indians, ran out into the yard, and might easily have effected her escape, had she taken advantage of the darkness and fled; but, instead of so doing, the terrified little creature ran round the house, wringing her hands, and crying out that her sisters were killed. The brothers, unable to hear her cries without risking everything for her defence, rushed to the door, and were preparing to sally out to her assistance, when their mother threw herself before them, and calmly declared that the child must be left to her fate, that the sally would sacrifice the lives of all the rest, without the slightest benefit to the little girl. Just then the little girl shrieked, then moaned, and then all was over. Then the crackling of flames was heard, with a fierce and terrible yell from the Indians, a cry of triumph at their having fired the division of the house inhabited by the daughters, of which they were masters.

The position of the colonists was now fearful in the extreme. The whole house, which was dry and inflammable, was in flames; and it became necessary to abandon it or perish. There was a chance of escape in the one instance, while in the other their fate was certain and terrible. The rapid approach of the flames cut short their momentary suspense. The door was thrown open, and the widow, supported by her son, tried to cross the fence at one point, while her daughter, carrying her child in her arms, and attended by the younger of the brothers, ran in a different direction.

The blazing roof shed a light over the yard but little inferior to that of day, and the savages were distinctly seen awaiting the approach of their victims. The old lady was permitted to reach the stile unmolested, but, in the act of crossing, received several balls in her breast, and fell dead. The son, more fortunate, by extraordinary agility effected his escape. The other party succeeded in reaching the fence unhurt; but in the act of crossing were vigorously assailed by several Indians, who, throwing down their guns, rushed upon them with their tomahawks. The young man defended his sisters gallantly, firing upon the enemy as they approached, and then wielding the butt of his rifle with a fury that drew their whole attention on himself, gave his sister an opportunity of effecting her escape. He quickly fell, however, under the axes of his enemies, and was found scalped and mangled frightfully in the morning. The elder brother, the married sister and her infant, were all that escaped; for those who went in chase of the girl of sixteen, taking unfortunately a bloodhound with them, gave the alarm to the Indians, who slaughtered the unfortunate creature. Not one of the Indians, however, escaped to tell the tale.

Few rivers exhibit more pleasing characteristics than the Ohio; the *Belle Rivière* as it is called by the French. In the early days its pellucid waters, smooth and glassy, glided amid endless forests, vast solitudes and cane-brakes, dangerous indeed to the traveller. But soon signs of life and civilisation were noted. Men in rugged coats and of wild mien landed at tempting spots and began to lay open the forest. The water began to be covered by men moving along in various ways. There was the Alleghany skiff, the *dugout* (formed from a single tree), the *pirogue*, the keel-boat, the covered sled, the flat-boat, and every other kind of transport which the ingenuity of man could devise. The broad-horn was one of the most original. It was a kind of floating house, as broad as it was long, with rooms for man and beast, for cattle and horses, and dogs and pigs. It had neither bow nor stern, neither starboard nor larboard, so that if it struck the shore and was pushed off, it was always ready for a start.

There was much travelling on the Ohio, and in spring the scene was delicious. Gigantic sycamores, the growth of ages, trees of varied leaf and hue lined the way, except where, here and there, some little receding cove, some little prairie, covered by wild flowers, varied the scene. There was not a living soul to be seen for hundreds of miles. And yet behind these trees, lurking in these beautiful prairies, were hordes of wild men, troops of savage beasts; and many a terrible adventure might be recorded, of which that river was the theatre. The roving bands of Indians were constantly hovering upon either bank of the Ohio, and were in the habit of decoying boats ashore under various pretences, and murdering or taking captive all who were on board. A sharp look-out was therefore kept, and if the smoke of a fire was seen ascending in thick wreaths above the trees, or floating in thin masses over the bed of the river, that spot was avoided. But the Indians were so cunning that all the precautions in the world did not suffice entirely to defeat them. They would set white prisoners on the bank, who, to save their own lives, would delude others to captivity and death.

Many traders ventured long journeys along the Ohio in boats, and escaped unhurt, but only by persevering in their determination to resist all temptation. But the Indians were not the only dangers of that wilderness of woods and waters. Inundations were common, and it was considered a good joke on the Ohio when Zeph Hagg told of his tying a boat to a tree, and awaking in the morning with himself fifty feet up in the air, the inundation having fallen and left the lofty tree bare. The inundations of the Ohio were very heavy sometimes. The gigantic trees on the bottoms, as they are called in the language of the West, stood midway in the waters; the banks of the river could nowhere be seen; and then, when the subsiding of the waters came, the scene was serious indeed.

It became then a matter of much difficulty to manage the broad-horns. The increased velocity of the current, the eddies, the whirlpools, the new currents caused by the force of the pent-up waters, made them unmanageable. If a village was seen, it could only be distinguished by the chimneys and roofs peering above the waters, while boats were moving to and fro, removing women and children and all valuables to the hills. Those who have witnessed the periodical inundations of the Nile will scarcely form a just conception of the overflowing of an American river bordered by immense forests.

Often a fleet of boats, encouraged by numbers, would go some distance inland, and anchor over some cane-brake or hollow, a good distance from the river, and then encamp on a little hill until the waters showed some sign of subsiding. This scene would present features quite novel to us. There would be seen boats, with pigs and sheep for New Orleans, cargoes of emigrants for Bois Brulé, loads of boards and planks, of cider and whiskey. A fair was knocked up on these occasions, and "a deal of traffic" was done; so that between fighting, drinking, gambling, and trading, the time would pass pretty swiftly. Sometimes they would have a dance, or they have been known to improve the occasion by hearkening to some zealous preacher about to establish himself in the dark backwoods. Then the wooden trumpets would sound, as a signal that the inundation was abating, and away these strange customers would go on their several journeys.

How the scene has changed! Look at that quiet farm-house represented in our engraving (p. 437). That spot was once a thick and tangled wood, the lair of the panther, the hiding-place of the Shawnee. But no more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard in the land. Boats still float on the Ohio, but in peace and tranquillity. Village spires, thatched roofs, open fields, roads, cultivated grounds, and large and populous cities, now stand along the banks of the Ohio; and the sound of village bells, the lowing of cattle, and the bleating of sheep are heard, where the shriek and horrid cry of the dark man of the woods was once so frequently distinguished.

Instead of the broad-horn, the steamer now hurries up and down the stream, while merrily sing the boatmen of the Ohio, on the great wood-rafts which they thus convey to the large towns and sea-ports below. The change is pleasing, satisfactory, and agreeable. A fierce and terrible battle-ground has become the abode of peace and plenty; civilisation and her handmaid Christianity overspread the land, which now feeds and supports millions of men, instead of barely giving life to some few hundreds of yelling savages.

The fate of the red man is sad, but it is inevitable. Where

he has accepted civilisation, as in the case of the Cherokees, he is saved; he has government and education; he cultivates fields, and wanders no more; and his villages, once the scene of torture and violence, are inhabited by men who, once savages, are now civilised, with churches, preachers, books, newspapers—all the work of their own race. But when the red-skins stick obstinately to their traditions, defend every inch of land to the last—kill, scalp, burn, and destroy the colonists at every opportunity, and play, in fact, the part of wild and savage beasts—they must perish. The creation of new states, where the wearied millions of Europe may find new life and independence, cannot be checked because the Shawnees, Creeks, and Comanches wish to stick to their old habits. They may resist on the frontiers for a while, while fighting against only one or two men, like Boone, or Harrod, or Wurtzel; but they must soon yield as population progresses, and in the course of time their old land shall know them no more, and every fertile and likely spot of land on the great continent of North America be as safe, as civilised, as progressive, as rich, and as productive of men and things, as are now the shores of the "Beautiful River"—the banks of the great Ohio.

The state of Ohio is about as large as the kingdom of Portugal. It contains hills, mountains, plains, woods, forests. Its climate is colder in winter, and warmer in summer, than England. It produces Indian corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, tobacco and cotton, English fruits, grapes, and wine. Bears and deer are numerous. Its population is nearly two millions. It was only permanently settled in 1788. Its capital is Columbus, on the Scioto river, on a spot which in 1812 was covered by trees. Its great city is Cincinnati, where a great trade is carried on; its excellent University of Athens is celebrated in America. It contains some ruins very much like those found by Stephens in Yucatan.

ORCHIDS.

The orchid tribe are, if we may so say, the most eccentric of all the vegetable kingdom. Almost everything about these plants deviates from the usual types and ordinary habits of vegetation. Some—and indeed the greater number—live as parasites on the bark of large trees in the forests of inter-tropical regions. These are called epiphyte orchids; the others, which derive their nourishment from the soil, are called terrestrial orchids.

The epiphyte orchids are the most beautiful ornament of those arches formed by the gigantic trees of the hottest countries in the continents of the Old and New World. The shade and moist warmth are particularly favourable to their mode of growth. In all the cold and temperate climates of the European continent, the oaks and beech-trees of our forests cover their bark with mosses and lichens; in tropical climates, on the contrary, trees of every variety of form and size are covered with orchids, forming, immediately after the rainy season, which takes the place of winter, lovely garlands rich in colour and delicious in perfume. These charms, of which nothing in Europe can give any adequate idea, last unimpaired for several months.

The splendid flowering of the orchid tribe is an object of admiration even to the savage tribes of the New World. When the Spaniards penetrated for the first time into the thinly-peopled districts of Central America, they were struck to see the huts in the villages covered with magnificent orchids principally belonging to the genius *Lælia*, the flowers of which are very much elongated; and this kind of decoration subsists at the present day. Many orchids are provided with particular organs which are neither branches nor roots, but are called aerial roots, because they strike out into the air in all directions and derive part of the nourishment of the plant from the atmosphere. The long duration of the flowering of orchids arises from the tardy action of the reproductive organs. Fertilisation is carried on very slowly; indeed it is often not fully accomplished at all. The corolla, which constitutes what is generally the coloured part of the flower, does not fade until fertilisation has been completed, and when this is not done the corolla may last two or three times the length of the ordinary time. Thus in European green-houses it is sometimes rather difficult to get orchids to flower; but when this is effected, all efforts are amply repaid by the extraordinary duration of their flowering time. When cultivated in hot-houses under the influence of a very warm and at the same time moist atmosphere, orchids rarely produce fertile seeds; yet instances of multiplication by seeds produced under such circumstances have occurred within a few years both in this country and in Ireland. The greater part of orchids can only be propagated by the separation of their rhizomes, which are bulbous stems rooting into the ground and each capable of producing a complete plant. When we consider the numerous difficulties and dangers involved in penetrating wild forests and unhealthy regions to obtain new orchids, it is not surprising that these beautiful plants should always fetch a high price in Europe. There are some wealthy amateurs in this country who pay enormous sums for them.

A year or two ago, Mr. Henderson, the horticulturist, succeeded in getting an orchid, of the genus *Cattleya*, to flower for the first time in Europe. A noble and wealthy duke went, according to custom, to inspect his conservatories, accompanied by a young lady of his family, who was passionately fond of flowers, and whose admiration was riveted by the new *Cattleya*, which surpassed anything of the kind she had ever seen. The duke, going to Mr. Henderson, pointed to the flower, and asked the price. In vain did Mr. Henderson protest that he did not wish to sell it at any price, that it was the only thing of the sort in Europe, and that he was unwilling to part with it to anybody till he had first propagated it. The imperturbable duke, holding out a pocket-book full of bank-notes, replied to all his protestations by simply asking the price. At length the horticulturist, weary of the contest, consented to accept a large sum and allow the duke's fair companion to carry off the plant. We do not feel at liberty to state the exact amount; suffice it to say, it was as much as it would take a clever workman several years to earn.

Though travellers had for many years spoken highly of the singular organisation, beauty, and fragrance of epiphyte orchids, it was not till thirty years ago that horticulturists in this country knew how to cultivate and propagate them with success. One of the first to overcome the difficulties in the way was the late Mr. Cattley, from whom the plant just mentioned derived its name. British skill and perseverance soon met with their due reward, and orchids are now raised by cultivation to a degree of perfection altogether surpassing that which belongs to their natural condition. While before 1820 scarcely any English garden could produce twenty distinct species of this tribe, some of the nurserymen near London can now exhibit more than a thousand. What cultivation has done for roses, dahlias, tulips, and other flowers, has been accomplished with equal success in the case of this remarkable and beautiful tribe. They have been rendered much more productive, so as to contain twenty or thirty blossoms on a cluster, while in their natural state they bore only two or three. They have also been made to assume much larger proportions, a richer fragrance, more glowing colours, and a more beautiful aspect altogether.

The plant represented in our engraving (p. 440) is, as the reader will see, an *Acinetum*, an orchid only lately introduced into Europe, and still rare even in the finest collections. Like many of the genera *Dandrobium*, *Stanhopæa*, and the *Aerids*, the flower-stalk of the *Acinetum* does not spring upwards from below, but in the contrary direction. In its native region its flowers hang in garlands all along the trunk of the tree on which the plant lives as a parasite.

One advantage of cultivating orchids is, that, as they flower at various seasons, the possessor of a moderate collection may

THE ACINETUM—A SPECIES OF THE ORCHID TRIBE.

expect always to have some in flower, no matter what is the time of the year. Hence it is not mere caprice that renders them objects of so much favour among opulent amateurs. They are worthy to be prized on several accounts, especially the care and skill required to preserve them in a flourishing condition.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

STATUE OF SIR ROBERT PEEL, BY GIBSON, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It is seldom that an impartial estimate can be formed of the character of those who have played a prominent part on the arena of politics until a considerable time has elapsed after removal from the scene of their labours. They are viewed in their own day through the coloured glass of faction, and it is only when time has tempered the fury of the passion engendered by party zeal and antagonism that the real worth of their labours can be discerned and appreciated. But with

Sir Robert Peel the case is otherwise; his measures were of so thoroughly practical a character that common sense is sufficient to form an estimate of them; and this is, perhaps, the highest meed of praise that can be awarded to an individual who labours for the present generation as well as for posterity.

Sir Robert Peel was the eldest son of the first baronet of the name, and grandson of Mr. Peel, of Peel Cross, in Lancashire. The former was a cotton manufacturer at Bury, in that county, and realised a large fortune in business, chiefly by his success in bringing into operation the machine known as the "spinning-jenny." Having strenuously supported the political and commercial system of Mr. Pitt, and presented the government with the munificent gift of £10,000 for the purposes of the war with France, he was, in 1801, created a baronet; and in the following year he introduced a bill into parliament to ameliorate the condition of apprentices employed in the cotton and woollen trades. He was the largest manufacturer of cotton goods in this country, employing no less than fifteen thousand hands; and the fortune which he accumulated enabled him to place all his children in a position of affluence long before his death, which took place in 1830, at the age of eighty.

His eldest son, the subject of this memoir, was born Feb. 5, 1788, and received his education at Harrow and Oxford, at both of which places he was distinguished by the diligence with which he pursued his studies, and the invariable decorum of his manners. At the university he took the degrees of M.A. and D.C.L., and on leaving it, at the age of twenty-one, he was returned for the borough of Cashel, then a pocket constituency, and still notoriously corrupt. His father's wealth and the favour of Pitt caused the young M.P. to be selected to second the address on the opening of the session of 1810, the tendencies of which may be inferred from the political character of a ministry headed by Perceval, Liverpool, and Sidmouth. His talent for debating and his capacity for public business were soon perceived, and in 1811 he was appointed Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, the post now filled by his second son, Mr. Frederick Peel, member for Bury. In the following year he became Chief Secretary for Ireland, a post which he held for six years, his policy being in strict accordance with the despotic and bigoted government which then prevailed, and of which his colleague, Castlereagh, was the congenial representative.

In 1817 he was elected one of the members for the University of Oxford, a constituency to which the ultra-high church and extreme conservative views he then held were recommendations more valuable than any others; and in the following year he resigned the Irish Secretaryship, and undertook the chairmanship of the Bank Committee, in which capacity he introduced his bill for the resumption of cash payments, generally known as Peel's Currency Bill, though the chief merit of the project belonged to Mr. Horner. This measure has been much assailed, both in and out of parliament, during the period that has since elapsed, but its principles have been adhered to by every successive administration. In 1822 he succeeded Lord Sidmouth as Home Secretary, with a seat in the Cabinet, and being regarded as the champion of the anti-Romanist party, he, to a certain extent, divided the leadership of the House of Commons with the celebrated Canning. Among many other excellent measures which he brought forward during this period of his parliamentary career, his admirable and humane plans for the reform of the criminal code, which were carried in 1826, must not be forgotten.

Previously to this, in 1820, Mr. Peel had entered the matrimonial state with the daughter of General Sir John Floyd, who was second in command at the storming of Seringapatam; and by this lady he had five sons and two daughters, the eldest of the former, who succeeded to the baronetcy, having been for several years attached to the Swiss embassy. On the dissolution of the Earl of Liverpool's administration in 1827, and the succession of Canning, at that time the brightest star in the political firmament, to the premiership, Mr. Peel and five of his colleagues retired from office, through open and avowed hostility to the views entertained by that eminent statesman on the question of Roman Catholic emancipation. Canning, after a very brief enjoyment of the sweets of office, died in August of the same year, and was succeeded by the weak and equally short-lived administration of Lord Goderich; which again gave place, in January, 1828, to the stronger government of the Duke of Wellington. This cabinet must be regarded as representing the school of Sidmouth and Castlereagh, from which Canning was a seceder. Mr. Peel was appointed to the Home Office under the great duke, and almost immediately received from Lord John Russell, then an active leader of the Reform party, a signal defeat on the Test and Corporation Acts, the repeal of which the government, however reluctantly, were obliged to concede. Peel, indeed, opposed but a feeble resistance to Lord John's measure; and it is probable that he already saw the necessity to his future fame of a departure from those worn-out dogmas which had hitherto governed the country, and to which he had thus far closely adhered. In 1829 the Catholic Disabilities Bill was introduced by the government,—not apparently from changed convictions on the subject, but, as the Duke of Wellington stated in the Upper House, to prevent the horrors of civil war. In the House of Commons, Mr. Peel expressed himself in a similar manner:—"He should follow the example of the pilot," he said, "who did not always steer the same course to guard his ship from danger, but a different course under different circumstances as they arose, in order to save the vessel from the very dangers which the captain and the crew most dreaded."

The bill was carried, and the excitement produced by it throughout the country was immense. It was a rare and striking instance of a measure of justice and amelioration being brought into operation by a government in opposition to public opinion. The ultra-Protestants laboured to raise the spirit of bigotry, and relume the torches that fired the metropolis in 1780; they accused Peel of having betrayed them; and so great was the dissatisfaction expressed by his constituents at Oxford, that he felt himself called upon to resign his seat. He again presented himself as a candidate, however; but men's passions were too fiercely excited for the voice of reason to be heard, and he was rejected for Sir Robert H. Inglis, who kept the seat till the present session of 1854. By an arrangement with Sir M. Lopez, uncle of the baronet of that name who lately represented South Devon, he was returned for the close borough of Westbury; but his father dying in 1830, he succeeded to the representation of Tamworth along with the baronetcy, and continued to sit for that borough till his death. The outbreak of the French revolution gave such an impetus to the cause of parliamentary reform, that the ministry saw that resistance to the popular demand, weakened as the conservative party was by the divisions created by the Catholic emancipation question, would be ineffectual; and, to avoid facing it, the Duke of Wellington conveniently took occasion, from a defeat on Sir H. Parnell's question for a revision of the civil list, to retire from office.

Sir Robert now became the acknowledged leader of the conservative party, which arrayed itself for the great struggle of parliamentary reform. His opposition to the Reform Bill introduced by the Grey administration, which had succeeded that of the Iron Duke, was able and persevering, but fruitless; the popular cause triumphed, because the people were united and had confidence in their leaders. That confidence was betrayed, and partial success divided one section of the people from the other; for each class becomes conservative as it acquires its share of political power. Grey and Brougham took office in the zenith of their popularity, the latter in particular having enunciated opinions during the Reform agitation that he would now denounce as anarchical and subversive. These men have never been surpassed in violence of declamation while the field was yet unwon; but no sooner were they in possession of the Treasury benches than they began to prevaricate, to belie their solemn promises, and to initiate a reactionary policy. Retribution speedily followed: they were expelled from office in 1834, and Sir Robert Peel was sent for

from Rome to form a new administration. He had reconstructed his party on the basis of the altered constitution of the House of Commons; but ability and organisation did not prevent it from being outvoted on the first night of the session, on the election of speaker; and being thrice defeated on the Irish Tithe Bill, the Peel administration went out in April, 1835, and was succeeded by that of Lord Melbourne and the Whigs. In May, 1839, the ministry were defeated on the Jamaica Bill, and retired for a time from office; but Sir Robert having stipulated that her Majesty should dismiss the Whig ladies of her household, as necessary to his independent action, a feminine conspiracy was formed against him, which obliged him to resign the reins of government almost as soon as he had grasped them. Melbourne and the Whigs returned to office, exulting in the success which had resulted from the machinations of their ladies, but so damaged in reputation, that the conservative leader rose more rapidly in popular estimation as chief of the opposition than he probably would have done at that time as head of an administration.

The retrogressive tendencies and administrative incapacity of the Whigs speedily became so glaring, that when Sir Robert proposed his vote of want of confidence, in May, 1841, a debate of eight nights resulted in their discomfiture—the division giving them a majority of *one*, in a house of 625. Parliament was dissolved, and the Conservative party prepared for a hard struggle to regain the power of which the Reform Bill had deprived them since 1830. Their active efforts in the registration courts, the ruined fame of the Whigs, and the short-sightedness displayed by that party in proposing a fixed duty of eight shillings per quarter on corn, combined to give Sir Robert Peel a large majority in the new parliament; and he immediately availed himself of the advantages of his position to initiate measures which have been of great benefit to the country, and which placed him at once at the head of all the statesmen of the day. In his address to the electors of Tamworth, on his accepting office, he made some observations which shadowed forth his future policy, though their practical drift was not perceived at the time. He said: "If necessities were so pressing as to demand it, there was no dishonour or discredit in relinquishing opinions or measures, and adopting others more suited to the altered state of the country. For this course of proceeding he had been censured by opposite parties—by those who, upon all occasions, thought that no changes were required; as well as by those who, in his opinion, were the advocates of too violent and sudden innovations. He held it impossible for any statesman to adopt one fixed line of policy under all circumstances; and the only question with him, when he departed from that line, should be, Am I actuated by any interested or sinister motive? Do I consider the measure I contemplate called for by the circumstances and necessities of the country?" That Sir Robert was *not* actuated by interested motives is apparent from the fact, that three-fourths of his large property consisted of land; and that Free Trade *was* imperatively called for by the exigencies of the country must now be obvious to all. In 1842 he commenced the changes he had resolved upon by the most extensive revision of the tariff that had ever been made—a measure which gained him the confidence of the party of Cobden and Villiers, and the approbation of the country, in proportion as he lost that of his own party and a large section of the aristocracy. His administration divided upon the question of opening the ports to foreign corn, though famine was then threatening the country; and in December, 1845, the secession of Lord Stanley led to a resignation. Lord John Russell attempted to form a cabinet, but was prevented by disputes among his own followers, and Sir Robert was recalled, as the only hope of the nation, unless, indeed, her Majesty had sent for Mr. Cobden.

Shortly after the opening of the session of 1846, the minister announced his intention of complying with the prayer of the people by entirely repealing the obnoxious corn-law. This announcement created, among his followers and the landed aristocracy, as much confusion and dismay as the emancipation of our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen in 1829. Again was the minister accused of deceiving and betraying his party and the country; but to all these charges and reproaches he replied with calm dignity, repudiating that inflexibility which is sometimes supposed to constitute consistency, and defending his measures on the ground of their imperative necessity. He persevered, in the most praiseworthy manner, against the bitter but unavailing opposition of the Protectionists; and his policy triumphed in both houses of parliament. Almost simultaneously with the abrogation of the corn-laws, Sir Robert resigned office, an anomalous coalition of Whigs and Protectionists having defeated him on the Irish Coercion Bill. The Whigs succeeded him in the government, and received his support in all of their measures that deserved it; but he always declared that, from that time, he had no wish to resume office. The last time he spoke in the house was on Friday, the 28th of June, 1850, on the foreign policy of the government. On the afternoon of the following day, while riding up Constitution-hill, his horse started and threw him over his head, falling heavily upon him. He was conveyed home, and medical assistance was immediately procured; but all the appliances of science were unavailing; he sank gradually, and expired July 2nd, lamented by all who had experienced the beneficial effects of his commercial and fiscal policy, or admired and respected him as an upright and gifted statesman, and a lover of truth and justice. The most accurate estimate ever expressed of his capacity is, perhaps, that in the Biography of Lord George Bentinck, by the Right Hon. Member for Bucks. According to that great authority, in person, Sir Robert Peel was tall and very good-looking; his forehead was high and broad, indicating mental faculties of no common order, and the general expression of his countenance was mild, grave, and dignified. Endowed by nature with a comprehensive and vigorous mind, his powers of application were aided by a memory remarkably retentive, and the communication of his ideas by a clear and fluent elocution. Method and tact were his in a large degree, two qualities invaluable to a parliamentary debater, in which character he has, perhaps, never been excelled. His memory had accumulated a vast amount of political information, in the use and application of which, and in adapting it to the immediate end in view, he was extremely happy. But successful as he was as a debater, he was far from being a first-rate orator; his style was lucid and fluent, but he had very little imagination, and his speeches were impressed with the manner of the lecturer rather than of the advocate. He had a fine voice, and, with more imagination and warmth, would have been one of the best speakers in the house; as it was, he was inferior as an orator to Canning, O'Connell, Disraeli, and other men of less ability.

What most strikes the observer in glancing over Sir Robert Peel's parliamentary career, is the fact that he was always in a state of transition. He was always learning, and as fast as new ideas became impressed upon his mind, he applied them in the administration, and converted them into realities. Hence the apparent inconsistency of his conduct as a politician. Though long the head of the Conservative party, his tendencies were, in many respects, more towards progress than those of many who stood in the front ranks of the Opposition. He was deficient in foresight, however; and this occasionally led him into error, and made his transitions more marked and palpable than they would otherwise have been. But as soon as he detected the fallacy that had led him astray, or became convinced that the altered circumstances of the country required a change of governmental policy, he shaped out a new course with promptitude and decision. The explosion of 1830 showed him that the system of Castlereagh and Sidmouth could no longer be continued; and from that time he acted more independently of his party than any leader had ever done before. His mind seemed to expand as he advanced; and as soon as he saw his way clear, he acted on his new convictions with a disregard of personal consequences which is rarely met with in the atmosphere of party.

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY LANDSEER.

The name of Sir Edwin Landseer is so illustrious, is in so many mouths, is met with in so many books, that the world forgets that he has family connexions as other men—that he had a father and mother just like common people—that he had a brother just as that steady-going, long-haired under-secretary, Mr. Frederick Peel. Yet, strange to say, such actually is the case, and we are guilty of no great breach of confidence in stating the fact. But the fame of the one brother had thrown that of the other, comparatively speaking, into the shade. Such invariably is the case. A man has no chance against his brother. Take another name—get the world to believe that you have no connexion with the artist over the way—and you may do something; but with the same name you have no chance. The one will be successful, and the other for that picture of "Spaniels at Play," which was the gem of the Exhibition last year, and which one young lady said was nice, and another was charming, whilst another termed it exquisite, and another said it was divine.

Thomas Landseer is the brother that the world does not make much of. It may be that, like Uriah Heep, he is "an 'umble individual"—that he does not aim high—that ambition does not run in his veins—that his blood is cooler than that of Edwin. One thing is certain, that he paints but little, that he follows his father's career, and contents himself with the calling of an engraver. Still he can paint and he does paint, and he has his brother's skill for painting animals. We have already given our readers two engravings illustrative of that fact; we now give them two more. Let us begin with

POLITICAL DOGS.

neglected. The world is a hard world. Its sympathies are sparse and difficult to be got at; it is frugal of admiration; it is getting old now, and, like all old people, it grows cynical and severe. Hence, if it can be got to admire one of a family, it stands to reason that it will have but little of its favour to accord to the rest.

Thus, by the side of his brother, Mr. Thomas Landseer is almost an unknown man. We don't read in the *Court Journal* that he has painted a pug for the Prince of Wales, or a poodle for the Princess Alice. We don't hear that he has been down to shoot with Lord Verisopht on his Norfolk estates, or that he was at the Marchioness of Broadstairs' delightful *déjeûner à la fourchette* last week; nor that that rich old banker, Mr. Jones Smith, has given him a cheque for a thousand pounds

POLITICAL DOGS.

Pardon us, good sir, for referring to them. The race is nearly extinct now. They have been banished with other vermin off the face of the earth. Men and dogs are now learning the wholesome lesson, that they can be bettered by no Society for the Universal Emancipation of Rascaldom, by no theory of government, but only by their own genuine and honest worth and will. But there were snarling, snapping, ill-conditioned curs, like those our artist has portrayed, that at one time thought otherwise. Ill born and bred, they were a terrible nuisance in their time, always wrangling and interfering, and minding everybody's business but their own. The whole lot, we'll be bound to say, are not worth a rap; not worth even

stealing, unless by a skilful artist, who could touch them up a bit; paint here a little black and there a little brown, crop their ears and caudal appendages; add here a little and there a little; give them a faint air of fashion, and so fit them for Regent-street. Otherwise they are fit for nothing; and when doctored for the market, are, like Peter Pindar's celebrated razors, only fit to sell. You can't trust them. They are as deceitful, fickle, untrustworthy, unprincipled, as it is possible for dogs to be. As to principles, they have not the faintest idea of them. All they care about is the pickings of place. Give them a bone, and they will rush to it from all sides. They realise, "where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." That wild and wondrous tale, told by sage nurses in our younger days, ere we had tasted of the world's wickedness and ways—whilst we yet believed that the London pavements were all of gold—that tale of

> "Old Mother Hubbard,
> Who went to the cupboard
> To fetch the poor dog a bone,"

which proceeds to tell us how

> "When she got there
> The cupboard was bare,
> And so the poor dog had none,"

could never have been true of your political dogs, who would have soon found out the destitute condition of Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and would have been off with the celerity of express trains to more hospitable and better-appointed quarters. The only exception we would make, would be in favour of that right honourable gentleman—we beg his pardon, we mean dog—upon his legs. He is a dog of substance and of weight; but he is in a hopeless minority, and the opposition have got Hansard to quote against him. But why? Has not a dog a fair right to change his opinions? Do we not alter every day and every hour, and can our creed always remain the same? Who is to stereotype a dog's political opinions? To say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and beyond this shall canine intelligence never advance?" The attempt is preposterous. Times change, and we with them. As an illustration of this, take

THE PAUPER'S DOG.

Are there such dogs now? Candidly we confess there are not. But there were. The renegade Alp saw them:

> "He saw the lean dogs o'er the wall
> Hold o'er the dead their carnival;
> Growling and gorging o'er bone and limb,
> They were too busy to bark at him.
> From a Tartar's skull they had peeled the flesh,
> As ye peel the fig when the fruit is fresh."

But we don't see them now-a-days; they are gone with the political dogs, of which they were the cause. Reform is a question of eating and drinking. All rebellions, as Lord Bacon says, are rebellions of the belly. It is with your lean and hungry dogs as it is with your lean and hungry men; they are always dangerous to the state — always on the eve of rebellion — always plotting treasons, stratagems, and wars. At one time they were a common sight in our land. They were present everywhere as birds of evil omen, and the

THE PAUPER'S DOG.

cry and need of reform came from them. The workhouse and reform had a close connexion. It was the want of the one which helped to create the other. The man who could get no work was compelled to bury his poverty and his sorrow in the workhouse, and the poor dog, that had been the companion of his happy hours, had to starve, and moan, and die at its doors. The pauper's dog! What a miserable life! Always sorrow and want, like a dark shadow on his path, with now and then a faint ray of sunshine—but brief, and scant, and rare! He and misery were companions, and all around him were starved and wretched as himself. Howl, poor brute,—howl, with what power there is yet left in thy lean carcase. With thee are our sympathies. Not nature's laws, but man's perversion of them, have made thee the ill-fashioned thing thou art. Happily thy howlings have not been in vain: the pauper tribe is vanishing. Man, all the world over, has ample scope for his energies and powers. He has now breathing-space and vantage-gound; industry has triumphed, and he has come forth from his house of bondage. He is no longer in chains, but free.

PEERS AND M.P.'S,
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY.

From Fox the transition to Fox's guide, instructor, and friend, till the impulsive nature of Burke led him to leave the party with whom he had always acted, is very natural. "The mind of that man," says Dr. Johnson, "is a perennial stream. No one grudges Burke the first place." When Burke entered parliament he burst at once into celebrity. He spoke, and fame at once gathered around his name. He had not, as some men, to woo the coy goddess through many arduous years. The first speech he could be prevailed upon to publish was that on "American Taxation." It is equal in beauty to any speech Mr. Burke ever composed, and in nerve and force—in all the essentials of eloquence—surpasses them. Of his elaborate speech on the subject of American conciliation, Mr. Fox said: "Let gentlemen read this speech by day and meditate upon it by night; let them peruse it again and again, study it, imprint it on their minds, impress it on their hearts. They would there learn that representation was the sovereign remedy for every evil." His speech respecting Lord Pigott's recall from India "excited," we are told, "such sudden and extraordinary bursts of approbation as were not warranted by the usual practice of the house." Of his speech in moving, in 1778, for certain papers relative to the employment of Indians in the American war, no memorial whatever remains; but a competent judge has said of it, that "he who had not heard that speech, had not witnessed the greatest triumph of eloquence within memory." Burke was the greatest master of metaphor the world has ever seen. As an orator he can never be ranked among the very first masters of the art. He was too philosophical and too imaginative for an orator, whose sole aim should be the conviction and persuasion of his audience. His speeches were precisely the same with his pamphlets. They all read well. Many of Burke's most celebrated auditors admit that the very speeches they had listened to with such doubtful interest in the House of Commons inspired them with the most enthusiastic admiration in print. The very fact that Burke's speeches are read with such interest now is an argument against his being placed in the first rank of orators.

Humour has been denied Burke; but that he had some is clear enough. One day, as Mr. Hartley was prosing, and the benches became emptier every minute, he unfortunately asked that the Riot Act should be read. Burke had long been expecting in agony the conclusion of his harangue. It was beyond mortal patience to endure it longer. Suddenly starting up, he exclaimed, "The Riot Act, my dear friend! the Riot Act! To what purpose? Don't you see the mob is completely dispersed?" Another instance of Burke's wit has also been preserved. On one occasion, seeing Lord North asleep—an indecorum of which that nobleman was frequently guilty—just as Burke was tracing certain Scottish tumults to the indifference of the government, he exclaimed, "Behold what I have again and again said; government, if not defunct, at least slumbers; brother Lazarus is not dead, only sleepeth." Yet Burke's wit sometimes failed him in the hour of need. In the new house which met after Mr. Fox's India Bill had been passed, on which occasion Burke delivered another of his celebrated speeches, when Pitt had reduced a formidable majority on the opposition side into a formidable majority for himself, Burke found himself among strangers, and met with a reception as humiliating as it was cold. No sooner did he rise to speak, than the house resounded with coughing and other equally disagreeable noises. So systematic and persevering were the attempts to put him down, that they often disconcerted and sometimes absolutely silenced him. On one occasion, he parenthetically remarked, that he could train a pack of hounds to yelp with more melody and equal comprehension. An amusing anecdote, illustrative both of the character of the opposition that was manifested, and the want of temper and coolness on his part to meet it, may be related here. He had just risen, on one occasion, with a formidable roll of papers in his hand, when a country gentleman had the impudence to get up and express the modest hope that the honourable member did not mean to read that large bundle of papers and bore them with a speech into the bargain? Burke was silenced; but it was not the silence of contempt, but indignation. He rushed out of the house, unable to utter a syllable. "Never before," said George Selwyn in relating the story, "did I see the fable realised—a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass." Erskine, who himself failed in the house, said: "Burke's delivery was execrable. I was in the House of Commons when he made his great speech on American conciliation—the greatest he ever made. He drove everybody away; I wanted to go out with the rest, but was near him, and was afraid to get out, so I squeezed myself down and crawled under the benches like a dog until I got to the door without his seeing me, rejoicing in my escape." When we read this and remember Fox's thick utterance and ungraceful figure, and Sheridan's Irish brogue, we are almost inclined to suspect the eulogies of those men which have come down to us; yet of Burke's wonderful power, at any rate, there can be no doubt—that fact is clear. Gerard Hamilton, when at variance with him, protested that Burke understood everything but gaming and music. Goldsmith, speaking of Johnson, asked, "Does he wind into his subject as Burke does?" Lord John Townshend, after hearing one of his early speeches, exclaimed, "Good God! what a man is this! How could he acquire such transcendent power?" Lord Thurlow is reported to have expressed an opinion, that he would be remembered with admiration when Pitt and Fox would be comparatively forgotten. Fox himself, on more than one occasion, confessed, that all he had ever read in books, all that his fancy had imagined, all that his reasoning faculties had suggested, or his experience had taught him, were not to be compared to one of Burke's speeches; and Dr. Johnson, than whom no man knew Burke better, said of him on different occasions: "Take up whatever topic you will, Burke is ready to meet you; if he were to go into a stable and talk to the ostlers for a short time, they would venerate him as the wisest of human beings;" and "no person of sense could meet him under a gateway to avoid a shower, who would not go away convinced that he was the first man in England." Gibbon says: "Mr. Burke's reform bill was framed with skill and introduced with eloquence. Never can I forget the delight with which that diffusive but ingenious orator was heard on all sides of the house, and even by those (Gibbon himself as a member of the Board of Trade was one of them) whose existence he proscribed."

We now turn to Burke's countryman, Sheridan—an inferior man, and to us, who can only read his speeches, an inferior orator. In his time, however, he produced unparalleled effects. Unlike Burke's, Sheridan's *début* was unsuccessful. "It is in me, and by —— it shall come out," said he to Woodfall, and for once he spoke the truth. He took pains; he altered his style; he dropped the tawdry rhetoric with which he commenced, and became flippant and smart. One of his best encounters was that with Mr. Pitt, in which the young and audacious minister for once got the worst. Mr. Pitt, says the parliamentary report, was pointedly severe on the gentlemen who had spoken against the address, and particularly on Mr. Sheridan. "No man admired more than he did the abilities of that right honourable gentleman, the elegant sallies of his thought, the gay effusions of his fancy, his dramatic turns, and his epigrammatic point; and if they were reserved for the proper stage they would no doubt receive what the honourable gentleman's abilities always did receive, the plaudits of his audience, and it would be his fortune *sui plausu gaudere theatri*. But this was not the proper scene for the exhibition of those elegancies." Mr. Sheridan, in rising to explain, said, that "on the particular sort of personality which the right honourable gentleman had thought proper to make use of, he need not make any comment. The propriety, the taste, the gentlemanly spirit of it, must

have been obvious to the house. But," said Mr. Sheridan, "let me assure the right honourable gentleman that I do now, and will at any time he chooses to repeat this sort of allusion, meet it with the most sincere good humour. Nay, I will say more—flattered and encouraged by the right honourable gentleman's panegyrics on my talents, if ever I again engage in the compositions he alludes to, I may be tempted to an act of presumption—to attempt an improvement on one of Ben Jonson's best characters, the character of the Angry Boy in 'The Alchemist.'" Sheridan's crowning effort was that celebrated Begum speech, whose effect upon its hearers has no parallel in the annals of ancient or modern eloquence. Mr. Burke declared it to be the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition. Mr. Fox said, all he had ever heard, or that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapour before the sun; and Mr. Pitt acknowledged that it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed everything that art or genius could furnish to agitate and control the human mind. Tributes of a less distinguished character are common enough. Sir William Dolben immediately moved the adjournment of the house, confessing that, in the state of mind in which Mr. Sheridan's speech had left him, it was impossible for him to give a determinate opinion. Mr. Stanhope seconded the motion. When he entered the house he was not ashamed to acknowledge that his opinion inclined to the side of Mr. Hastings; but such had been the wonderful efficacy of Mr. Sheridan's convincing detail of facts and irresistible eloquence, that he could but say that his sentiments were materially changed. Mr. Montagu confessed that he had felt a similar revolution of sentiment. Perhaps the best testimony to Mr. Sheridan's eloquence on that occasion is the following:—"The late Mr. Logan," says Mr. Bisset, in his "History of the Reign of George III.," "well known for his literary efforts, and author of a most masterly defence of Hastings, went this day to the House of Commons, prepossessed for the accused and against his accuser. At the expiration of the first hour he said to a friend, 'All this is declamatory assertion without proof;' when the second was finished, 'This is a most wonderful oration;' at the close of the third, 'Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably;' the fourth, 'Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal;' and at last, 'Of all monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings.'" Such sentences as the following must indeed have told with tremendous power. Speaking of the Indian Company, Sheridan said:—"Alike in the military and political line could be observed *auctioneering ambassadors* and *trading generals;* and thus we saw a revolution brought about by *affidavits*—an army employed in *executing an arrest*—a town besieged on *a note of hand*—a prince dethroned for *the balance of an account.* Thus it was they exhibited a government which united the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre and the little traffic of a merchant's counting-house—*wielding a truncheon with one hand and picking a pocket with the other.*"

With one other great name we close this chapter—William Pitt. The heaven-born minister, as his admirers deemed him, had great advantages over his rivals, Fox, Sheridan, and Burke. While Fox was remarkably deficient in all the external qualities of oratory, Pitt was amply endowed by nature with a dignity which seemed to verify the statement of one of his friends, that he was born to be a minister. Like his illustrious relative, the immortal Chatham, his manner was as powerful as his tongue. When Erskine made his maiden speech, Pitt's coolness was too much for him, and the barrister broke down. Pitt, it is said, took a sheet of paper and a pen when Erskine rose, as if he expected to find in the latter a formidable foe. For the first few minutes he was all attention; in a short time his attentive air vanished, he threw down the pen and paper with a scornful smile, and shortly after left the house. Poor Erskine was unnerved by such treatment.

Pitt's *début*, in 1781, was very happy. As the son of the great Chatham, much was expected; and the young orator of twenty-two was equal to the occasion. In the progress of his speech, Sir W. Wraxall tells us, he gave vent to a kind of witticism in which he did not often indulge afterwards, but which derived its strength from a pride of manner and spirit that never quitted him. Lord George Germaine having some verbal communications to make to Welbore Ellis, who sat near him, they entered into a conversation in whispers, which irritated the young orator. Looking round the house, which was all ear, he said, in a tone more impressive than the manner of the reproof, "I shall wait till the Agamemnon of the present day has finished his consultations with the Nestor of the Treasury bench." The effect was electric; even the haughty and supercilious Lord George was cowed, and both he and Ellis sat down in confusion and became silent. As a speaker, Pitt possessed extraordinary powers. He was clear, fluent, and singularly correct in his diction, unimpassioned, and seldom rising into flights of eloquence. His argumentative powers were of a high order, and the clearness and precision of his mind fitted him admirably for those minute financial statements which formed an important part of his official duties. His voice, though wanting in variety, was sonorous and impressive in an extraordinary degree; his action, though awkward and ungainly at first sight, was not unpleasing nor unsuited to his discourse. If we doubt whether he was "the pilot who weathered the storm," we must all admit that he had the coolness and nerve requisite in the nation's pilot in those times of difficulty, of danger, and distress. "Pitt," said Mr. Windham, "could speak a king's speech off-hand." As an orator, he deserves far higher praise. Lord Brougham thus describes him: "With a sparing use of ornament, hardly indulging more in figures or even in figurative expression than the most severe examples of ancient chasteness allowed, with little variety of style, hardly any of the graces of manner, he no sooner rose than he carried away every hearer, and kept the attention fixed and unflagging till it pleased him to let it go, and then

> 'So charming left his voice, that we awhile
> Still thought him speaking, still stood fixed to hear.'

This magical effect was produced by his unbroken flow, which never left the hearer in pain or doubt, and yet was not the mean fluency of mere relaxation requiring no effort on the speaker, but imposing on the listener a heavy task; by his lucid arrangement, which made all parts of the most complicated subject quit their entanglements, and fall each into its place; by the forcible appeals to strict reason and strong feeling, which formed the great staple of the discourse; by the majesty of the diction, by the depth and fulness of the most sonorous voice and the unbending dignity of the manner, which ever reminded us that we were in the presence of more than an advocate or debater,—that there stood before us a ruler of the people." The speech on the war in 1803 is supposed to have been his best speech. In his reply Fox said, "The orators of antiquity would have admired, probably would have envied it." Of his printed speeches, that on the Slave Trade, in 1791, was the most admired. Wilberforce tells us, that its effects on Mr. Fox were manifest during the whole of delivery, while Mr. Sheridan expressed his feelings in the most hearty and even most passionate terms; and we have it from Mr. Windham, that he walked home lost in amazement at the compass, till then unknown to him, of human eloquence. A friend of Mr. Pitt's, in the "Quarterly Review," says of his oratory: "Every part of his speaking, in sentiment, in language, and delivery, evidently bore the stamp of his character. All communicated a definite and varied apprehension of the qualities of strenuousness without bustle, unlaboured intrepidity, and severe greatness. The deportment and bearing of Mr. Pitt in debate might not inaptly be compared to those of his countryman, Marlborough, in the field. His courage, always unconquerable, was never busy, impatient, or passionate, and seemed totally independent of the ebullition of mounting spirits or fermenting blood." Daniel O'Connell once heard Pitt, and he spoke of him as having the most majestic flow of language, and the finest voice imaginable.

THE FATES.

THE cuts we give are a specimen of that grim French wit which often lies behind so impenetrable a veil that we cannot comprehend it. The Bonnarts, during the reign of Louis XIV., published a number of full-length portraits of living personages under allegorical denominations. "The Three Fates," published about 1692, are supposed to be portraits of three well-known court ladies, to whom, as to the famed goddesses, some verses written under them were supposed to apply.

The Parcæ, or Fates, were, in the ancient mythology, goddesses who presided over the birth and life of mankind. They were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Nox and Erebus. Clotho, the youngest, presided over birth and held a distaff; Lachesis spun out the story of our lives; and Atropos cut the thread when our time was up. An ancient verse thus describes their attributes:—

CLOTHO.

"Clotho colum retinet, Lachesis net, et Atropos occat."

The power of the Parcæ was great and extensive, Jupiter alone having control over them; even he, as in the instance of Patroclus, being supposed to yield at times to their sway. In fact, the belief was, that they were the sovereign arbitresses of our fate, ruled our lives, and sent us to the shades below at will. By some they are represented as spirits of heaven, by others as something very different. Pausanias gives them other names — Venus Urania, the goddess of birth, Fortuna, and Ilithyia. A fourth was afterwards added—Proserpina, who divides with Atropos the honour of cutting the thread of life.

These goddesses, though supposed to be immutable, were reverently worshipped by the imaginative Greeks. Black sheep were sacrificed to them. They are represented as three old women, with the attributes given in our engraving. Singularly enough, they are considered by Hyginus as the inventors of five letters of the alphabet.

The rare engravings from which the above

LACHESIS.

ATROPOS.

are copied bear the following inscription: "Chez H. Bonnart, vis-à-vis Les Mathurins, ou Coq. Avec privil." They are found in the valuable collection of M. Hennin.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

The history of the House of Brandenburg has been one of the most spirit-stirring in modern history. In a short space of time we find a little province figuring as one of the principal powers of Europe. This result was brought about by its princes. They were all energetic and determined men; one of them especially was conspicuous for the possession of these qualities—the one whose portrait we have given, and who, in the language of his time, was called the Great. Now men's judgments are better than they were. War we have learnt to think a fearful ill, and the men who create it we deem guilty of enormous crime. But the world did homage to the warrior generally called Frederick the Great. And in truth the title was not undeserved. He was something more than a soldier. He had sound economical views. He did much to improve his country. He had liberal and tolerant aims. He was a statesman as well as a soldier—a man of the pen as well as a man of the sword. He made his country great. Prussia had scarcely an existence till his time. It made great advances in civilisation under him. Though he was a despot and a soldier, Frederick felt that it was the duty of a monarch to make his people as happy as possible; and thus, in spite of arbitrary laws and army flagellations, a certain degree of liberalism made its way into the national heart. His father, notwithstanding his savage temper, had bequeathed to him well-regulated finances and an example of severe attention to business; but he had left the people half-barbarous still, as they had been in ruder ages, oppressed by ignorant government officials—in fact, but little better off than Russian serfs at the present time. The reform Hardenburg introduced in 1818, by which the peasantry of the country became proprietors of the

soil—a change which has been productive of unmixed good—was attempted to be introduced by Frederick. The age, however, was not ripe for it; but the fact shows that he was something better than a fighting monarch,—that he sought to win more permanent laurels,—to achieve a more enduring fame.

Frederick was born on the 24th of January, 1712, in the palace at Berlin. His mother was a daughter of our first George. Though his father was German to the backbone, he received a French education. His first governess was a Frenchwoman. He was initiated from earliest infancy into the French language as his mother-tongue. His food and dress were of the simplest kind. He was kept long in petticoats; and as he himself said, in the last years of his life, he "was brought up on beer-gruel." His constitution was extremely delicate; he was frequently ailing, and his parents, having already lost two infant sons, felt the greater anxiety on his account. The state of his health, no doubt, affected his disposition and manner. In his childhood he was remarkably quiet and dull. On entering his seventh year, Frederick was removed from the tuition of females. His tutors were commanded to make him a Christian, and to pay the strictest attention to his morals. They were commanded not to teach him Latin, but, on the other hand, were to make him master of French, German, and modern history, and, above all, were to excite in him a genuine love for the military profession, and to impress upon him that, as "nothing in the world but the sword can confer honour and glory on a prince, he would be despised by the whole world if he did not love it and seek in it his only glory." Everything that could be done to make him a soldier was done. The king formed a company of cadets, of which the young prince was commander, who was not exempted from any of the duties of his corps, he having frequently to stand sentry before the palace, with his musket and cartouch-box, like any other private soldier. The king strove in other ways to inspire his son with an interest for the military profession. Thus he had a large room in the palace of Berlin fitted up as an armoury, with all the instruments of war. At fourteen, the prince was a captain; at fifteen, major; at sixteen, lieutenant-colonel; and in these ranks he had to do the same duty as any other officer. Never had poor prince a more wretched time of it. His father's harshness and cruelty almost drove him mad. At one time he started for England, but was recovered and brought back. When he became marriageable, his situation was a little improved; but of course the match was a mere state affair:—he married the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of one of the petty German dukes, so numerous till the French Revolution; and when he became king, he never seems to have gone near her Majesty at all. But more attractions awaited Frederick elsewhere.

In 1734 he served in his first campaign, in connexion with the Austrians against the French, who had seized Lorraine and Bar. The prince gave excellent promise, but he seems not unreluctantly to have returned home to write poetry, and to study Bayle and Voltaire till 1740, when the death of his father summoned the prince to take his place. Frederick began his career well. The courts of justice needed a sweeping reform, and he introduced it. The judges were no longer elevated to their places by purchase—the torture was abolished as inhuman. But in the mean while, war, which he had learnt as a profession, was not forgotten—in a few months he was in Silesia, with an army of 28,000. The first great battle he won was at Mollwitz, where 7,000 Austrians were killed and wounded. At Chotersitzo, fought thirteen months after, he was again victorious. When peace was restored, the king found that the war had resulted in adding to his dominion a province comprehending nearly 13,800 square miles, with a million and a half of inhabitants, and yielding a revenue of 3,500,000 dollars. Before entering on his second Silesian war, Frederick found himself still further enriched by the peaceful annexation of East Friedland, in consequence of the extinction of the princes of that line. In 1744, we again find Frederick at war with Austria. The campaign was disastrous; but Frederick was not disheartened. He raised more money, and commenced afresh, and with better success—Silesia was re-conquered. But Austria burnt with revenge, and was determined to strike off his name from the roll of kings. In the hour of danger, however, Frederick was undismayed, and after sixteen months, the second Silesian war terminated as favourably for him as the first. The years of peace were not wasted by Frederick in idle and useless pleasures. His attention was steadily directed to the encouragement of those pursuits which render a state strong and flourishing—to the improvement of agriculture, manufactures, arts and commerce—and to the creation of a military adequate to any contingency. But the time thus devoted did not last long.

In 1756, Frederick again commenced his Austrian war. The battle of Prague was fought in the following year, as was also that terrible one of Rossbach. But, as years rolled away, Frederick found himself growing weaker. England refused further subsidies, and his forces had dwindled away. Greatly depressed by the ruin of his country, he spoke very little and took his meals alone. The reader need only turn to the poems which he wrote at this period to see how deeply he was impressed with the idea that it was impossible for him to escape the fate which Cæsar's victory at Thapsus brought upon Cato. Frederick, however, persevered, and triumphed; but the poison which he carried about with him at the time was found still unpacked after his death. It consisted of five or six pills in a narrow glass tube. But in 1762 peace was made, a peace that left all the parties precisely as they were; yet this second war had cost Frederick 180,000 soldiers, and the allied powers 850,000. This bare statement gives but a faint idea of what war does. Achenholtz, the historian of the war, and an eye-witness of the miseries it inflicted, says: "The sufferings of a great part of Germany were immense. Whole provinces had been laid waste, and even in those that were not, internal commerce and industry were almost annihilated, and this, too, in spite of the large sums which France, England, Russia, and Sweden, had scattered over them through their armies or by means of subsidies. Great part of Pomerania and Brandenburg was converted into a desert. There were provinces in which scarcely any men were to be found, and where the women were therefore obliged to guide the plough. In others women were as scarce as men. At every step appeared extensive tracts of uncultivated land; and the most fertile plains in Germany, on the banks of the Oder and the Wesel, looked like the wilds of the Ohio and Oronoko. An officer affirmed that he passed through seven villages in the Hessian dominions, and met with only a single individual—the pastor of one of them." Such are the results of war. It is time now that the world should refuse to call the man who brings about such results, great. On the 30th of March, 1763, Frederick returned to his capital, which he had not seen for above six years. Still Frederick was not unwilling again to have recourse to arms. In 1772 Maria Theresa was compelled to consent to the partition of Poland. The share of Prussia, though inferior in extent and population to that of the other two parties, was of immense importance, as it connected the province of East Prussia with the king's German dominions, and, by giving him possession of the mouth of the Vistula, rendered the trade of Poland tributary to him.

In 1779 Frederick again set his army in motion to prevent Bavaria from being swallowed up by Austria. The campaign was short, but it was not in vain.

Frederick died in 1781. With regard to his personal appearance, Dr. Moore, who saw him in his old age, says: "He was below the middle size, well made, and remarkably active. There was spirit and determination in his look. He had fine blue eyes and an agreeable countenance. He had a slight stoop, and his head was a little on one side—as was the case with Alexander the Great, as all children know well. He was fond of snuff, of lively repartees, of music, and of the company of philosophers, though he might have had a better companion than Voltaire. Frederick made Prussia great. He made himself a name. For years all England admired him. Still he would have done better had he been less fond of war, and more of a philosopher."

MOTHS.

The butterflies, of some of the principal forms of which, and of their transformations, we gave a short account in a recent article, furnish a very excellent illustration of the order of insects to which they belong. These insects are called *Lepidoptera*, or scaly-winged insects, from one of their leading characteristics, the possession of four filmy wings, thickly covered with minute scales, to which the beautiful colouring of the butterfly's wing is due. This, however, is not the only common character by which these creatures are at once united amongst themselves and distinguished from other insects: the great completeness of the metamorphosis which they undergo, from a crawling caterpillar to a creature whose life is spent almost entirely on the wing, with an intervening state of perfect repose, is another distinction, which, although by no means peculiar to the *Lepidoptera*, yet serves to separate them from several other orders of insects, in which the difference between the form of the creature on emerging from the egg and that which it is destined to acquire is much less. A more important character than the scaly covering of the wings is presented by the peculiar structure of the mouth, which in these insects consists of a long tongue rolled up in a spiral form between a pair of hairy organs, called *palpi* or feelers. Different as these delicate organs appear, at first sight, from the powerful jaws by which the caterpillar gnaws his destructive path through the produce of the garden and the field, the same parts, modified indeed in form, may yet be recognised in the perfect insect that existed in its crawling, worm-like, preparatory state. The strong biting jaws have become very small, although in most cases they are to be found concealed under the other organs of the mouth. But the second pair of jaws, with which the caterpillar masticates his food, have undergone a wonderful transformation—it is from these that the long spiral trunk has been formed. These, in the perfect insect, as in the caterpillar, are jointed organs; but in the former the terminal portion of each is drawn out into a long filament, furnished on its inner surface with two narrow ridges, which fitting exactly to those of the other filament, form by their union a long slender tube, piercing the trunk through its entire length. The lower lip of the caterpillar also shares in the changes undergone by all the neighbouring organs. In the preparatory state it is furnished with a pair of minute feelers and with a fine tube, the orifice of the silk apparatus, by means of which the creature, when ready to pass into the chrysalis condition, attaches itself to some point of support, or encloses itself in a silken bag, in obedience to the instincts implanted in it by nature. This tube, being of course useless to the insect in its last condition, is then no longer to be found; but the little *palpi* or feelers acquire an enormous development, and form the hairy bed in which the trunk is nearly concealed when coiled up in repose. The antennæ, also, which in the caterpillar are very small, are converted in the perfect insect into long organs of very various forms; and the organs of vision, instead of consisting of a few little black points on each side of the head, are developed into those beautiful globular structures which may be seen to constitute the great bulk of the head in any of our common butterflies.

The most striking general difference between the two great groups of *Lepidoptera*, butterflies and moths, is to be found in the form of the antennæ, which in the former are always clubbed at the tip, whilst in the latter they are thread-shaped or tapering, or sometimes thickened towards the end, but afterwards tapering to a fine point. Another distinction, which is of still more importance in a scientific point of view, is that, in the moths, the wings of each side are united during flight by a small bristle attached to the anterior margin of the hind wing, which passes through a little loop formed on the hinder margin of the forewing; this arrangement is wanting in the butterflies.

In the sphinxes, which from their great power of flight are generally known by the name of *Hawk-moths*, the antennæ are always thickened beyond the middle, but taper afterwards to a fine point. Some of these have trunks of great length, by means of which they extract the nectar of flowers, whilst hovering over them in the manner of a humming-bird. From this habit, and its size and general bird-like appearance when on the wing, one of the commonest of our native sphinxes has received the name of the Humming-bird Hawk-moth (*Macroglossa stellatarum*). A nearly-allied and very beautiful species is represented in the accompanying woodcut (fig. 1). This is the Drone-bee Hawk-moth (*Macroglossa fuciformis*), an insect only occasionally found in this country, but which appears to be common on the continent. The general colour of the body is a bright olive green, yellowish at the hinder extremity, where there is also a black tuft of hair on each side; across the middle of the body there is a dark brown band; the wings are transparent with a dark brown border, and the anterior pair have an olive-green patch close to the body. In the Humming-bird Hawk-moth, the wings are covered with scales throughout, but in form and habits the two insects very closely agree.

In the Death's-head moth (*Acherontia atropos*, fig. 2), which also belongs to the group of Hawk-moths, the trunk, instead of being very long, as in the preceding insects, is reduced to comparatively small dimensions, being scarcely longer than the head of the moth, whilst in the Humming-bird Hawk-moth it exceeds the whole body in length. The Death's-head moth is the largest of European moths, measuring sometimes upwards of five inches in expanse of wing; its general colour is a blackish-brown; the fore-wings are irregularly clouded with dull orange, and have a white spot near their middle; the hinder wings are dull orange with two brown bands. The body is banded with orange and black, and the appearance of the insect is rendered exceedingly remarkable by the very singular marking of the thorax. This bears a large dull orange patch, within which are smaller blackish spots, producing on the whole a by no means indistinct representation of the popular "death's head." This peculiar mark, coupled with the generally funereal character of the coloration of the insect, has on some occasions obtained for it an unenviable position in the popular mind, as its appearance in larger numbers than usual has been regarded, in some places, as portentous of an approaching pestilence. Singularly enough, in the year 1733, it appeared in great numbers in Brittany, simultaneously with a very fatal epidemic disease; and so completely did the weaker and more ignorant of the country people consider the insect as the cause of the distemper, that the sight of one was sufficient to produce the greatest fear in the beholder, who regarded it as the messenger of approaching death. The Death's-head moth possesses another curious faculty, which no doubt conspired with the symbols of death with which it is ornamented to raise a feeling of superstitious dread in the minds of those whose attention was called to it for the first time; when irritated or handled, it emits a little plaintive cry or squeak. This circumstance has long been known, but although several eminent naturalists have endeavoured to explain the mode in which the sound is produced, they do not yet appear to have arrived at any satisfactory conclusion on the subject. The faculty of emitting a sound is probably connected with a singular habit of this insect, which renders its multiplication in unusual numbers an object of real and well-founded dread to keepers of bees. The moth has a most gluttonous taste for honey, and is one of the most inveterate plunderers of bee-hives. The bees, on its entrance into their domicile, generally disperse immediately, as though in dread of the gigantic intruder, who is thus left to surfeit himself at his ease upon the sweet stores which these industrious creatures had laid up for their winter store. "It is singular," says Mr. Westwood in speaking of this circumstance, "that a creature, with only the advantage of size, should dare, without sting or shield, singly, to attack in their stronghold these well-armed and numerous people;

and still more singular, that amongst so many thousands of bees, it should always contend victoriously." It has been supposed that the thick fur with which the moth is covered prevents the stings of the bees from reaching its body, but it seems far more probable that it employs its power of emitting a sound, and perhaps some other means, to spread terror amongst the ranks of its assailants. The caterpillar of this moth is, as might be expected, of great size, measuring sometimes as many as four inches and a half in length, and two-thirds of an inch in thickness. Like all the other caterpillars of the Hawk-moths, it has a longish horn attached to the back of the eleventh segment. It has also, in common with most of its near allies, the habit of raising the anterior segments of the body, supporting itself by adhering to the branch on which it rests by the membranous feet of the hinder segments. In this attitude these caterpillars present to a fanciful mind a slight resemblance to the sphinx of the Egyptians, and this induced Linnæus to apply the generic name of *Sphinx* to the whole of these moths. The caterpillar of the Death's-head moth lives principally upon the potato, and the chrysales are frequently turned up in digging up potatoes in autumn. The moth generally appears in October, but rarely flies by day.

Another very beautiful species of hawk-moth, very common in this country, is the Lime Hawk-moth (*Smerinthus Tiliæ*, fig. 3), so called from its caterpillar feeding principally upon the common lime-trees. This moth has the fore wings much notched at the tip; it varies greatly in colour, but in the variety most generally met with the wings are of a fawn colour, with a broad band at the tip, and two spots, about the middle of the fore wings, olive-green. In this moth the trunk is even shorter than in the Death's-head moth.

The antennæ in the hawk-moths are generally more or less toothed like a comb on the inner surface; but this character is by no means so striking in them as in some other moths, in which the antennæ, at all events of the males, are toothed or pectinated on both sides; the little filaments forming the combs being frequently of such a length as to give the entire antennæ the appearance of a delicate feather. An instance of this is presented by the male of the insect here figured, the Gipsy moth (*Hypogymna dispar*, fig. 4), which occurs not uncommonly in some localities in England. In appearance the two sexes of this moth differ considerably from each other; the male is much smaller than the female, and is of a grayish colour, with some blackish lines and spots on the fore wings, whilst the female is white with dusky lines, describing much the same pattern as in the male. The caterpillar feeds on fruit-trees. A very common and beautiful British insect, nearly allied to this, is the great Tiger moth (*Arctia caja*), which is produced from the large hairy bear-like caterpillars, often seen feeding upon nettles and other hedge-side plants

FIG. 1.—THE DRONE-BEE HAWK MOTH (MACROGLOSSA FUCIFORMIS).

FIG. 3.—THE LIME HAWK MOTH (SMERINTHUS TILIÆ).

FIG. 2.—THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH (ACHERONTIA ATROPOS).

The *Chelonia pudica*, (fig. 5) is another very beautiful species, nearly allied to the two preceding. The ground colour of the wings is a pinkish white, the hinder wings, especially in the female, being of a delicate pink colour. The fore wings are nearly covered with a number of black spots, and the hind wings have two or three similar spots of variable size. The body is spotted or banded with rose colour and black.

FIG. 4.—THE GIPSY MOTH (HYPOGYMNA DISPAR)

FIG. 5.—CHELONIA PUDICA.

FIG. 6.—THE LAPPET MOTH (GASTROPACHA QUERCIFOLIA).

The feathered structure of the antennæ is also observable in the male of the Lappet moth (*Gastropacha quercifolia*, fig. 6), the caterpillar of which feeds on various trees. This and some allied species of moths have received from collectors the name of Lappet moths, on account of the curious fleshy appendages attached to the sides of the body of the caterpillar and which completely conceal the feet. These caterpillars

FIG. 7.—NEST OF PROCESSIONARY CATERPILLARS (CNETHOCAMPA PROCESSIONEA).

FIG. 8.—FIDONIA PLUMISTARIA.

are very hairy, and when handled the hairs penetrate the skin and produce considerable inflammation and itching. The moths are also called *Eggers*, from the chrysalis being enclosed in a very smooth, fine, egg-like cocoon. The Lappet moth (*Gastropacha quercifolia*), represented in the annexed cut, is rendered further remarkable by the curious position assumed by the hinder wings during repose; these, instead of being concealed by the upper wings, as is the case in other moths, project on each side in the form of rounded notched leaves, giving the creature a very singular appearance. The general colour of the insect is a deep reddish brown, marked with blackish lines. The silk-worm, with the manufactured produce of whose beautiful cocoon we are all familiar, is the caterpillar of a moth (*Bombyx Mori*) belonging to the same group as the Lappet moth; and many of our common moths also weave cocoons in which to pass their season of repose in the chrysalis state. But the most singular application of this power of silk-spinning is exhibited in the history of some moths, also nearly allied to the preceding, whose caterpillars live together in numerous societies, retiring, after feeding, to a capacious nest of tolerably firm texture, woven by themselves from the materials afforded by their own bodies. Some of these, as the Processionary caterpillar (*Cnethocampa processionea*, fig. 7), quit their nest, which is generally attached to oak-trees, in a regular and well-ordered procession; one caterpillar takes the lead, and is followed by others in single file generally for a space of about two feet; they then come in pairs for a time, then three, four, and five abreast, and so on, until they sometimes march ten or even twenty in a row. All the movements of the leader are faithfully copied by those who follow.

Another species, the Pine processionary (*Cnethocampa pityocampa*), attaches its nest to pine-trees, and both these insects have been said to occur in Britain, although upon very doubtful authority. The principal enemy of these moths is the larva of a large and very voracious beetle, the *Calosoma sycophanta*, which breaks into their nests and commits vast havoc upon the defenceless inhabitants; one of these savages is represented in our cut, just seizing his prey in the interior of a nest, which is supposed to be torn open. Occasionally, however, the tyrant pays dearly for his feast; for when gorged, he is no match for more active and hungry members of his own species, who, disappointed perhaps by the vacant nest of their expected prey, feel no scruples about taking it at second-hand by an act of cannibalism. Nearly allied to these, and especially to the silk-worm moth, is the gigantic Atlas moth (*Saturnia Atlas*), which inhabits the East Indies and China. This moth measures between eight and nine inches in expanse of wing; and other species nearly as large are found in several tropical countries. Many of these insects—some of which furnish a silk which is used in manufactures—have singular transparent spots in the centre of the wings, looking as though pieces had been cut out and replaced by fragments of talc.

Of the remaining groups of moths our space will not allow us to say much, and we shall only refer to one of the most interesting and numerous of them—the family of *Geometers*, the caterpillars of which are known to collectors by the name of *Loopers*. This name, as well as the scientific one (*Geometræ*), is derived from the singular mode of locomotion adopted by the caterpillars. These, possessing only a single pair (and that the hindmost) of the membranous feet on which other caterpillars support the greater part of the body, are unable to crawl like their more fortunate brethren; accordingly, in walking, they stretch the body out to its full length, when they attach themselves by the anterior feet, and then, drawing up the body in the form of a loop, bring the hinder feet close up to the others, attach them, and repeat the process until they have attained their desired position. Hence they appear to be constantly measuring the distance over which they travel; and from this circumstance the name of geometric caterpillars has long been applied to them. They have also a singular habit of adhering to a branch by their hinder feet, and stretching out the rest of the body in such a manner as to present a very close resemblance to a dead twig: and thus, no doubt, they often elude the vigilance of their enemies. The moths produced from these caterpillars, one of which is represented in the annexed engraving (fig. 8), are of a much slighter make than those already described; their bodies are slender, their wings soft and weak, and their flight irregular and fluttering. They are mostly truly nocturnal insects, very few of them being ever seen in the day-time. Space, unfortunately, forbids our entering upon the history of the vast numbers of smaller moths which form the concluding groups of the *Lepidoptera;* but their economy presents much to attract the attention even of the most careless observer; and the singular habits of the leaf-rolling and leaf-mining caterpillars will afford a never-failing source of interest to any one who will take the trouble to study them.

AMERICAN SCENERY—SAVAGE AND CLASSIC.

There is, if we do not dream, something more than poetry in the prophecy of the hills and rivers. There is an educational power in the substantial forms of a country, far surpassing that of the finest sculpture. It is only the Peter Bells that see hills and woods and rivers in our earthly patrimony, and no more. Of only such a one can we say—

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

We are free to confess that the scenery of a country is nothing less in our estimation than the furniture of man's temple home. Instead of being the circumstances, or conditions, or even the complements of the national character, it forms at once its elements and model. No people has ever been so creative and independent as to rise above its suggestions and studies. Scenery has an intellectual import and mission. It is a grand and harmonious assemblage of substantial symbols, through which the Almighty instructs men, and the imagery of which forms all that is grand, beautiful, and permanent, in the languages, traditions, and literature of the world. The mountains have been the nurseries of religious myths and liberty: the sources of rivers have fostered the gratitude of natural piety in all ages.

The free influences of nature have not waited for the tardy awakenings and recognition of the soul. They antedated consciousness and all human education. They came to the cradle, they floated about our homes, and bathed the awaking heart in mystery and sweetness; and when we were able to walk alone against the winds, and drink in the wonder and the joy that live in the face of inanimate things, they aided us in giving birth to the beauty and grandeur of human conception. They became part of our being. Nature, we feel, has a varied language, which is admirably indicated by Sydney Smith.

"I, for one," says he, "strongly believe in the affirmative of the question, that nature speaks to the mind of man immediately in beautiful and sublime language; that she astonishes him with magnitude, appals him with darkness, cheers him with splendour, soothes him with harmony, captivates him with emotion, enchants him with form; she never intended man should walk among her flowers, and her fields, and her streams, unmoved; nor did she rear the strength of the hills in vain, or mean that we should look with a stupid heart on the wild glory of the torrent, bursting from the darkness of the forest and dashing over the crumbling rock. I would as soon deny hardness or softness, or figure, to be qualities of matter, as I would deny beauty or sublimity to belong to its qualities." This is a truthful utterance of a great man—one that is to have a meaning beyond the graphic indications of the words by which it is known, in the experience of the American people.

The influences and instructions of nature, the lessons of her

scenery, as thus viewed, are far superior to art. Her schools are more charming and effective than those of the state. Her galleries of the picturesque far transcend, in all the elements and combinations of beauty and power, those of the nations. Like the approach of spring, so happily sung by Schiller, she forbids all familiarity, preserving a sacredness and dignity, while she teaches, caresses, and bestows gifts upon all classes of men—the sullen and gloomy Indian as well as the delighted white man. The secret of all this is strangely overlooked. We speak of mind as being the most powerful agent to influence mind, and wonder how it is that we feel on the top of a mountain such lofty emotions. We forget or strangely overlook the fact, that the Infinite is influencing us in natural scenery, and, in the presence of mountains and lakes and rivers, lending, through the sense of the Infinite, something of His own grandeur to the soul.

Instances that illustrate and confirm what we have said cannot be wanting to any well-informed mind. The character and literature of the Goths, their history and religion, are imbued with the spirit of northern regions—storms, mists, and the dread ocean mingle in all. The Greeks found the elements of their civilisation in their native valleys and on their native hills. The climate that hung upon Olympus and Pelion, and shaded the groves of Academus, yielded to their minds the clear medium through which they pictured oreades on the distant hills and created gods out of remembered heroes. Their philosophy and poetry both partook of the sharpness and distinctness of their scenery, its variety and lovely magnificence. As seen from the Parthenon, it is the physical counterpart of all that Greece has been. "There is no mixture of light and shade, no half-concealing, half-revealing, as in the symbolical cathedrals of the Christian faith. There are no rays of divine darkness, running along the side of the rays of light, and sinking into the ground beneath, the altar of the East. All is open to the unbounded blue ether above, and the vertical rays of a noon-day sun, and the trembling visitations of the unimpeded moon-beams—a very house of light, unstained by painted glass, undarkened by vaulted roofs, unintercepted by columns and arcades, and with the instantaneous perception, unmarred by the cruciform shape." Here is the source of the Hellenic religion and song as known to us. If any additional evidence were wanted to illustrate or confirm the influence of national scenery upon national character, it is furnished in the language, traditions, and character of the American Indians, in which aged forests have left their impressions as manifestly as in the colour and temper of the red-man. Evidences may be gathered up on every hand. The Atlantic slope, the snowy cotton-fields of the South, and the grand West, have given their distinctive features to the American people; each division has its own type of character.

A few instances of the influence of scenery in the formation of individual character will bring the subject more immediately within the reach of all. Artists, poets, and philosophers, have freely acknowledged it; and, indeed, if they should be so ungrateful to the Creator as to deny it, all that we should have to do, to brand them as the ungrateful guests of the Almighty, would be to reclaim the imagery and the thoughts they borrowed from the earth. "There is," says Beerus, "scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know how I should call it *pleasure*—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of the wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and roaring over the plain. It is my best season for devotion." Solger, long accustomed to inland scenes, gives us a fine illustration of the influence of scenery on the mind, in speaking of his first sight of the sea. "Here," says he, "for the first time, I felt the impression of the illimitable, as produced by an object of sense, in its full majesty." The works and characters of Humboldt and Audubon are rich in such illustrations. Goethe, whose whole character and writings wear an inland impress, and seldom, if ever, afford an instance of a well-defined sense of the infinite, was conscious of the formative power of scenery and its distinctive influence. "Perhaps," says he, "it is the sight of the sea from youth upwards, that gives English and Spanish poets an ascendancy over those of inland countries."

Musing on the influence of physical scenery in the formation of national and individual character, we find ourselves looking out over the New World. The savage and classic scenery of America, and especially that of the United States, awaken mingled emotions in our minds. They have a goodly heritage; but few, if we except artists and poets and moralists, are prepared to acknowledge it in its scenic aspect, and lend themselves to its cultivation. The division of labour, the multiplication of inventive skill, and the isolation of men in the absorbing pursuit of one idea or one aim, abandon it to neglect, or, worse still, subject it to the despotism of their utility. Business is engrossing, and daily commits wholesale robberies on the hearts and homes of men. Railroads are marring the picturesque, and mills are drying up their cascades and cataracts. The falls of Paterson are nearly effaced. Even Niagara has been threatened in their daring progress. The terror of his power alone guards his majestic reign.

But what is American scenery? The fact that it is destined to play an important part in the history of that people, and, by the constitution of things, must lend its forms and meaning to their thoughts, invests it with an enduring interest. The historian who forgets this, and stops at the landing of the Pilgrims, the Saybrook Platform, or even the landing of Columbus, as their first historic antecedent, stops short of one of the grandest in their history and character, the physical scenery of America. The character of New England is greatly indebted to New England soil. This is pre-eminently true of the West. Its recognition by statesmen and educators would be a new compromise, and form one of the finest conservative elements in the unity of the country; its improvement by government would be a national benefaction, far surpassing the favours conferred on certain localities by special grants. They need some measure by which the savage and classic scenes of their country shall appear in a national gallery, and be preserved as the true archives of the nation—divine archives.

We return to the question—*What is American scenery?* Its diurnal and seasonal dress wins attention. The howl of winds in the clear winter-sky, the magic verdure of spring, the glowing heats of unclouded summer weather, and the play of dissolving autumn tints in its dreamy haze, as they succeed each other and crown the varied year, give to the broad and bold land-and-water features of the country an unusual richness in picturesque effect.

In such a contemplation, we feel that there is little in the name American. It has not for the people, as Anglo-Saxons, even a historic antecedent. The name is little; the significance of the thing is all. It is unquestionably a grand national inheritance. American scenery is a bold and varied language of substantial forms; and in order to understand it and translate it into the speech of man, it is necessary to examine its structure, distinctive objects, and their disposition in the local landscape and national territory.

American scenery is not the complement of Asia and Europe, but the excellence of both. Its composition is a simple but grand arrangement of the distinctive features of the Old World. The scenery of Asia, like the vast outline of that almost unbroken mass of the earth, presents a massive but little varied unity. Europe, on the other hand, exhibits an endless variety. Europe, by this characteristic, as seen in its contour and relief, performed a noble part in the diverse development of the human race. American scenery repeats the distinctive features of both, and in happy accordance. The structure of the continent is eminently simple, but imposing; its contours and reliefs are favourable to the most extended enterprise, and the disposition of its parts such as secures the union of beauty and utility in an unusual degree. Fertility allies itself to natural loveliness: the farmer plants and reaps in companionship of a friendly grandeur.

The distinctive features of American scenery, as a whole, are,

ITASCA LAKE, THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

DELAWARE WATER-GAP. A RIVER SCENE.

in our opinion, the unity of its variety, and the variety of its unity. None of those elements, so necessary to the idea of excellence, is permitted to reach an extreme. This feature, so peculiarly North American, forces upon us the not unnatural thought, that the country is admirably adapted to become the home of a people whose civilisation is to be

PRAIRIE NEAR THE ARKANSAS RIVER.

ESOPUS CREEK.

distinguished by its care of the individual, and the restoration of liberty and union to the human family. Here it is necessary to take into consideration the vastness of the scale on which this feature is exhibited—a scale extending from the Atlantic slope to the sea-board of the Pacific; and in all its range—whether we consider the northern chain of lakes, the mountain ranges, the wonderful scenery of the Potomac, the head-waters of the Mississippi, the peninsula of California, the far-reaching region extending between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, or the wonders that line the banks of the far-off Columbia and the Willammate, wandering for hundreds of miles through an unsubdued but fertile wilderness—it presents a singular unity and variety of all that is necessary to constitute the territory of the greatest of nations.

But it is not the contemplation of the whole that benefits the soul by awakening a well-defined admiration, so much as the nearer study of its distinctive parts. The lakes, rivers, mountains, forests, and prairies of North America are the theme of an ever-renewing wonder.

The American lakes are generally regarded as one of the distinctive features of that country. Their magnitude is such as excites the astonishment of Europeans. They lie along the northern frontier like a chain of inland seas. They spread out their waters on the bosom of the middle states, deep and broad enough for contending armaments. Their magnitude, however imposing, is by no means their most effective feature. Their haunts are more impressive to the mind—the mountain and forest scenery in which they echo to the voice of stormy winds, or, burnished by the unmitigated summer-noon, gleam like silver plains through the umbrageous forests that encircle them. Schroon lake, dear to the fine arts, lies embosomed in wild and picturesque haunts. The bases of the Adirondacks are beautified by lakes, quiet and lovely in their leafy solitude. Lake George is a household word of picturesque beauty. Its bold and jutting shores, rampart hills, pure waters, garniture of islands rising like emeralds on its breast, and its bold relief in an atmosphere singularly subject to change and the agitations of violent storms, furnish us with a true picture of loveliness and its antithesis.

American rivers exist in harmony with her lakes. Some of them are vast; others are beautiful; all, with few exceptions, picturesque. They flow for the most part through the fulness of forest scenes, and, in many cases, enliven the almost oppressive terror of mountain gorges by the dash of their waters. Their banks are crowned, in some places, with bluffs, rising occasionally to the magnitude of mountains; in other places they are lined by the waving grass of the far-reaching prairie; and in most places ennobled by wild dispositions of rocks, or the solemn forest. The head-waters of the Mississippi are rich in studies for the artist. The Hudson has already been made glorious in tradition and song and on the canvas. Cooper has spoken of one river as "the mighty Susquehannah, a river to which the Atlantic herself has extended her right arm to welcome into her bosom." Buneau, a tributary of Bear river, runs through a fearful chasm for the distance of some hundred and fifty miles—a chasm more than 2,000 feet deep, and only a part of a country that is little less than an indescribable chaos. The scenery of the main river, in the language of Irving, is truly grand. "At times," says he, "the river was overhung by dark and stupendous rocks, rising like gigantic walls and battlements; these were rent by wide and yawning chasms that seemed to speak of past convulsions of nature. Sometimes the river flowed glossy and smooth, then roaring amid impetuous rapids and foaming cascades. Here rocks were piled up in most fantastic crags and precipices; and in another place they were succeeded by delightful valleys." We add only another instance of river scenery. We only indicate it, and in the language of Jefferson. "The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous scenes in nature."

The river scenery, which we have indicated, although noble and richly diversified, yields, in many points, to the scenery of the creeks. In saying this, it is necessary to add, that the creeks are not European creeks, but rivers in almost any other country than America. The scenery through which they flow, and of which they form the life-like current, are exceedingly varied and pleasing. Now we stop to gaze upon rocky bluffs rising up in front of receding woods, and then ascend an eminence to behold the stream winding through rich valleys and approaching hills. This hour, we are admiring the outline of islands and the pleasing contour of the banks; and the next, looking up the rocks and wood-girt avenue of water to the cascades that sparkle and foam in the distance. As an instance of rich and beautiful creek scenery, we may mention Esopus creek. The accompanying engraving is a view of that creek, and was taken from a study by E. W. Durand, a young artist of great promise, as one who is to give a truthful and vigorous rendering of the lessons of nature.

The mountains of America are, in many respects, the most varied and striking objects in its scenery. They are not, as a whole, so grand in their outline and effect as the mountains of Southern Europe, but they are richer in studies and the details of the picturesque. Their sides are thick in choice recesses, where the artist may find rocks and trees and cascades in imposing dispositions.

The chasms are often terrible, the defiles vast, and the wooded sides always impressive, especially under the influence of an autumn atmosphere. The Cattskill raises its blue height some three thousand feet, full of wild and wonderful scenes. The White Mountains furnish many noble rocky views. The Alleghanies are never monotonous. The Rocky Mountains abound in all the elements of savage scenery. The Adirondacks, with their cone-like peaks, jagged ridges, wooded sides, echoing along which is heard the sound of numerous cascades; and the lakes that repose in wooded solitudes at their bases, form a noble feature in our northern mountain scenery. The Adirondack Pass—a gorge between two mountains, filled with huge rocks surmounted with green trees, and the precipice rising on one of its sides to the height of a thousand feet—is a wild and dreadful scene.

Rocks form a feature in the scenery of America, which the lover of nature and the artist cannot very well overlook. They appear solitary or associated, wild or beautiful in the mantling mass of centuries. We do not speak now so much of the solid pyramidal pile, or the crags that range the upper summits of the mountains, as those that guard the gorges and passes of mountain chains, or lie deep within the woods that clothe their sides. There are almost endless recesses in American mountains, and in these, unseen and untold studies for the artist. The gnarled and knotted roots of the maple, big with age, spread out their folds among huge fragments of the rent peaks, now clothed with lichens or moss in their fall, or washed by the playful cascade fringed with inimitable green. Among our fallen rocks, thus beautified and rendered picturesque, there are innumerable haunts and walks of wisdom. There is another class of rocks which the genius of the people, and especially the Puritan descendants in New England, have ennobled by associations.

The prairies are, perhaps, the most distinctive feature of the scenery. They are altogether unlike the steppes of Russia, dreary and cold; the gloomy brown heaths of Great Britain; and the slanos of South America, ever subject to the dreadful dominion of floods or torrid heat. The grassy, the timbered, and the undulating prairies of the West, are vast desert gardens, where the wild flowers flaunt in gaudiness, and unnumbered animals find a playground.

> "These are the gardens of the desert, these
> The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
> For which the speech of England has no name—
> The prairies. I behold them for the first,
> And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
> Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
> In airy undulations, far away,
> As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
> Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
> And motionless for ever. Motionless!
> No, they are all unchained again."—*Bryant.*

THE UNCLE'S RETURN FROM ABROAD.

Some years ago, before this country was so thickly interlaced with trunk lines and branch lines of railway running in all directions, there lived in a small village, not far from Liverpool, a farmer's widow named Stedman, who had been visited with heavy misfortune. Her eldest son had been lost in a shipwreck, leaving four younger brothers and sisters to her care. This unhappy event had postponed and apparently broken off the marriage of her daughter Constance, while it had injured the prospects of her son Martin, who was obliged to leave school before his time in order to work on the farm.

But amid the anxiety and depression into which the family were plunged, a ray of hope suddenly burst forth. A letter, written at Liverpool, announced that a brother of Mr. Stedman's, who went abroad twenty years before, had just arrived in that port, with some natural curiosities from India. The letter gave rise to all sorts of conjectures. Though it contained no precise information, Martin thought he detected, in the easy style in which it was worded, undoubted evidence that his uncle had come back with his pocket well-filled and his heart well-disposed towards the family. "Ah," said the widow with a sigh, "if my poor Walter had been alive, he would now have had a valuable friend." Martin was sure he should have no difficulty in obtaining the post of steward to a neighbouring nobleman through the powerful influence of his rich uncle; for the letter said he would be with them the following day with all he possessed, which, as Martin read it, meant that he would take care not to forget them.

Preparations for the arrival of the expected nabob were commenced forthwith, on a scale of unusual liberality. Scarcely were they completed when one of the children, who was on the watch outside, ran in, crying out,

"He is come! he is come!"

"Who?" shouted the rest.

"Uncle Stedman, to be sure," was the answer; and at the same moment a clumsy, uncouth-looking man stood on the threshold, with a green parrot on his left hand, and a sort of monkey fastened to his right.

The little children ran in terror to hide themselves behind their mother, who herself could not help shrieking with alarm. The rest of the family were stupified with astonishment.

"What!" said Stedman, smiling; "are you afraid of my little menagerie? Come, shake hands—you have nothing to fear. Yours is a dusty road, and I have had rather a long walk to find you out."

"You don't mean to say you have walked all the way from Liverpool?" replied Martin. "What have you done with your luggage?"

"Luggage! you don't suppose a man like me goes about with more luggage than he can carry on his back."

"But your letter said you had come to reside permanently among us, with all that you possessed."

"Well, you see all I possess," cried Stedman, "my monkey and my parrot."

"What! is that all?" shouted the whole family.

"With a light heart and a good conscience, I want nothing more. But as I am rather hungry after my walk, and I see you have plenty to eat, I will begin at once, if you please, without any ceremony."

Thereupon he commenced operations with a degree of zest that was anything but gratifying to the widow and her family, who looked at each other in mute astonishment. In the course of conversation, which Martin carried on with his uncle during his hearty meal, the latter stated that he had spent twenty years in India, and had now come home without any other possession than a good temper and a good appetite. The effect of this announcement was immediately visible in the look and manner of every member of the family. One of the little ones having been chased round the room by the mischievous monkey, the mother ordered it to be sent to the stable; and the parrot having ventured on to the table, to pick up what he could get from the dishes, Martin exclaimed that this sort of thing could not be tolerated any longer. Constance and Julia said nothing, but went off out of the room.

The uncle, left alone with Martin who scarcely disguised his sullen disappointment, after emptying his glass for the third or fourth time, stuck his elbows on the table, and looking his nephew quietly in the face, said: "There seems to be a sort of north-east wind in your house. You all look very coldly upon me, and nobody has yet said a kind word. Is this the way you receive an uncle who has been absent for twenty years?"

Martin replied rather sharply, that they had given him the best reception they could with their slender means.

"But at any rate," said his uncle, "you need not have looked quite so sour and behaved so coldly. However, enough upon this disagreeable subject; but mind what I say, you will repent of this by-and-by.

With that he cut another large slice of meat, and began eating again, as though he had not tasted a morsel. Martin was struck with his last remark, which he turned anxiously over in his mind. "My uncle would never," thought he, "have adopted this free-and-easy manner with us, if he really possessed nothing more than this nasty monkey and that screeching parrot. He is only playing a trick to put us to the test. We must immediately try if we cannot retrieve our fault. Full of these thoughts he ran to his mother and sister to communicate his surmise. They both hastened back to the room with smiling looks, and began to pay the uncle all sorts of kind attentions. The latter, gazing attentively upon Constance, who had taken a seat opposite to him, said in a pensive tone: "Ah, how much you are like my poor brother George. This is not my first acquaintance with you. Your name has often been mentioned in my hearing."

"By whom?" replied the astonished girl.

Before her uncle could answer, a voice was heard crying, "Constance!" She turned round in amazement, but saw no one

"Ah! you don't know who it is that is calling you," said her uncle.

"Constance! Constance!" repeated the strange voice.

"It is the parrot!" exclaimed Martin.

"The parrot!" answered his sister; "but who could have taught it my name?"

"Somebody who has not forgotten it," slily rejoined her uncle, at the same time winking his eye in a very knowing way.

"Was it you, uncle?"

"No, my dear; but a young man born in this village."

"What, Mark?"

"I believe that is his name."

"Have you seen him, then, uncle?"

"Yes, I came home in the same vessel with him."

"And he has spoken——"

"Of you," said her uncle, divining her thoughts, "and often enough, as you see, for the parrot to remember your name."

Constance blushed with delight, and her mother could not conceal her satisfaction, for she had always favoured the proposed match between Mark and her daughter. They were still more gratified when they heard that the young lover was only detained at Liverpool by necessary formalities, and would, in all probability, be with them the next day. Constance could no longer restrain herself; she flew to her uncle's arms in a transport of joy.

"Well, now we are friends, I suppose," said he, smiling. "That you may not be tired of waiting for your beau, I will give you my parrot, which will talk to you about him."

She again kissed her uncle with a thousand thanks, and took the bird, which jumped upon her shoulder and said plainly: "How do you do, Constance?"

The whole family roared with merry laughter.

"You have made one happy, at any rate," said the widow.

"I should be glad to do the same for you," replied her brother-in-law, in a serious tone; "but I am afraid of awakening a painful recollection in your mind."

"You mean with regard to my son Walter," said she, with all a mother's promptitude and fondness.

"I do," he rejoined. "When he was shipwrecked, we were unfortunately separated. If we had happened to have been on board the same vessel, who knows but I might have saved him again, as I did once before?"

"It is true, you did once save him. I ought never to have forgotten it."

"Never mind about that; it was no more than my duty. But this time it was impossible to repeat the service. When our ship came up, Walter's had been wrecked a fortnight. All I was able to do for him was to find out where he was buried, and erect a frail memorial over his grave. I managed, however, to find out where his watch was; and here it is for your acceptance."

With these words he offered her a handsome silver watch,

"No," was the reply, "certainly not. I have brought him up and kept him ever since he was born. He is my servant and companion wherever I go. I would not sell him for ten times his value. But who wants to buy him?"

"A nobleman's son, who was passing just now, saw the animal, and was so pleased with it that he desired me to purchase it, and take it to him."

"Tell him I won't part with it for any money."

"But consider, uncle, what disappointment you are causing by this refusal. The nobleman has promised to make me his steward, and I should be very sorry to disoblige his son."

"Yes, indeed," said his mother; "if Martin can only obtain that situation, he is made for life."

"Then take him, and welcome; only be sure and say I hope they will use him well."

THE UNCLE'S RETURN FROM ABROAD.

which she seized with passionate eagerness, and kissed again and again. All the female members of the family wept. Martin himself was deeply moved, and his uncle was obliged to cough in order to conceal his emotion. The coldness and restraint which was before exhibited, completely melted away. He assured them he had come back as poor as he went out, and that, in telling his nephew they would one day repent of their coolness, he merely meant they would regret having unkindly treated a good-natured relative. Yet both mother and daughter continued to lavish upon him those attentions which they had previously paid from mere motives of interest. Just as he was about to bid them adieu, Martin, who had gone out for a minute or two, came back and asked him whether he would sell his monkey.

Martin ran off with his prize, and presented it to the young lord, who prevailed upon his father to make the appointment of which he had long spoken. The joy of the whole family, on hearing this intelligence, may be easily conceived. To atone for her fault, the widow candidly confessed the interested views by which she had been influenced when she first received her brother-in-law's letter. He laughed outright at the joke of their expecting so much from him, when he had brought only two useless animals.

"You are mistaken," said Constance, mildly; "you have brought three invaluable treasures; for, thanks to you, my mother has now a memento of her lost son, my brother has a good situation, and I," she added, hesitating and blushing, "I have—hope."

THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA.

One of the most celebrated buildings in the Turkish capital is the Mosque of St. Sophia. Everybody there goes to see it. Some are stricken with astonishment, and come away deeply impressed with the grandeur of the whole design, and the solemnity of the venerable place; some are disappointed—they have thought it greater and grander than it really is, have pictured to themselves a realisation of old Arabian stories, a building that seemed as if it had been erected at the spell of the wonderful lamp—and the reality being surpassed by the ideal, they come away to grumble, and to jest at white-washed walls and Moorish carpets. But whatever may be the result of the visit, the visit is sure to be made. St. Sophia's Mosque is the lion of the place, and really well deserves its proud position.

THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA.

The original structure was built by the Greeks, and is the largest and most magnificent church ever erected by them. After the emperor Constantine had seen the blazing cross in the air, had shaken off his paganism, and adopted the creed of Christians, and had found that by the cross he conquered, he determined to build at the capital, which had been christened with his name, a splendid structure in honour of the new faith. So he erected a basilica, and dedicated it to the wisdom of God. After this, one or two emperors added to the edifice; but it fell into bad repair, as it was not properly cared for. When the Arians, in a riot about Chrysostom, set it on fire, it was suffered to remain in ruins, and even after Theodosius had begun to see to its restoration, the work again fell into neglect. There was more sedition, and another fire, and then came the terrible event of the circus, in which about thirty or forty thousand people perished.

The erection of a really splendid building—a building such as Constantine intended, Constantius contemplated, and Theodosius dreamt of—was reserved for the emperor Justinian, who determined, so say the chroniclers, to "erect the most magnificent monument that had been raised since the creation." East and west, north and south, the emperor looked for help. Every country was to be put under tribute; every land was to send some decoration; the emperor would search the world for its treasures and have but one altar for the offering. The church of St. Sophia was to rival Solomon's temple; the satraps of Asia and the governors of provinces were to make careful search for marble for columns, and sculptures of every kind which might prove useful in the new building. "Art," says Mr. Christie in his paper on Mosaic work—to which we are indebted for some of these particulars—"was then at a low ebb; they had lost the art of design; they were obliged to steal their brooms ready made; and soon the spoils of temples, baths, and porticoes, which ornamented the Asian and European continents, and even isles in the sea, poured into Byzantium." Ephesus sent the spoils of her beautiful temple of Diana; Baalbec surrendered the glories of its Sun temple; heathen magnificence poured out its treasures before the Christian temple; and along with the trophies of ancient art came workmen from all parts of the world, ten or twelve

thousand men were engaged, and two Greek architects set to work to build the last great wonder of the world—more marvellous than an Egyptian labyrinth, durable as Pharaoh's pyramids, gigantic as the walls of Babylon—more sacred than the tomb of Mausolus or the Jupiter Olympus, and more astonishing than the brazen Apollo—the colossus of Rhodes. It was said, an angel had communicated to the emperor the exact size of the building, had given him an actual, tangible, mathematical ground-plan; so he devoted himself to the work with great earnestness, pressed on the labour with becoming expedition, had a gallery especially erected, from which he might behold the busy scene at his ease. But not content with this, he took an active part in the erection. Peter the Great worked bravely in our dockyards—a timber for a throne, an adze for a sceptre—and in this Justinian somewhat resembled him. His royal hands were busy with the rest; his body clothed in a linen tunic, with a napkin round his head.

When the foundation had been cleared, there was a high and solemn feast. Thousands and tens of thousands of people assembled. The patriarch invoked a solemn blessing on the work, and the emperor put the first mortar to the stone, and so the work began.

There was to be a splendid dome, the final achievement of all architectural glory. It was to surpass everything that ever had been seen, to be for ever the one unapproachable model of all excellence; the admiration of the world was to be aroused, perhaps envy—but impotent envy—that might hope in vain to equal or approach this high triumph of art. How carefully every brick was to be made! how watchful were the emperor's confidants to be that nothing was omitted in their manufacture which could in any possibility contribute to their durability and beauty! This was why Troiloes, Bazilius, and Coleoquintus started for Rhodes to superintend the brickmaking. Every brick bore this inscription:—"It is founded by God; God will give help." Between every layer of bricks sacred relics were placed; and at intervals the workmen ceased their labours, and prayer and praise were offered. All this went on for a long time; no expense was spared, enormous sums were spent, barbarians were spoiled, coffers were emptied, taxes vexatiously increased, salaries omitted to be paid, lands and houses sold, property seized, even the leaden pipes of the city fountains melted down. Money must be had, and there was a woeful want of it. Tertullian, with respect to the prodigality of dress, says:—"A great estate is drawn out of a little pocket; a weak, slender neck can make shift to carry about whole woods and lordships; vast sums of money, borrowed of the banker, and noted in his account-book, to be repaid every month with interest, are weighed at the beam of a thin slender ear; so great is the strength of pride and ambition, that even the weak feeble body of one woman shall be able to carry the weight and substance of so many pounds taken up at usury." Something like this was the condition of the church of St. Sophia. The lamps that swung in the church, with their delicate golden chains, and the elaborate ornamentation of the six thousand candelabra of purest gold, all represented so much shameful pillage, so much fair land pledged, so many woods and palaces sold out and out. Every lavish expenditure was prodigally flung around the building, and £200,000 were paid before the walls were a yard high.

After sixteen years the Basilica was finished. It was a high day in Byzantium. After the fashion of the "good piece of flesh," 2,000 oxen, 10,000 sheep, 600 deer, 1,000 pigs, 10,000 hens, 10,000 chickens, with 30,000 measures of wheat, were distributed to the people. In great pomp the emperor rode on his car of state to the Hippodrome, and then marched to the temple. As he drew near, the doors were thrown back, and as the long magnificent vista met his gaze, the walls and roof covered with gold and mosaics, and so many lamps and candelabra that the place seemed one vast sea of fire, he cried out: "Glory to God, who has thought me worthy of this work! I have conquered thee, O Solomon!"

As a specimen of the magnificence of the place, it may be mentioned that the holy table, or communion table, was, by the emperor's order, made of something which they esteemed more precious than gold. It was a mixture made of pearls and diamonds, of gold and silver, of tin and copper, all of which were melted together. Cedrenus says, the altar was made of gold and silver and every sort of precious stone, of wood, of metal—in fact, of everything that could be produced by sea or land, and every material that the universe could furnish. The ground on which it rested was laid with plates of gold, and the table itself was supported by four golden columns. Forty large columns—a mysterious number, says Von Hammer (hence "The *Forty* Thieves")—separated the nave on the south and north from the aisles. The pulpit was of precious marble covered with gold and jewels.

When the Turks—so goes the legend—took possession of Constantinople, and the old streets of Byzantium echoed to the cry, "God is God!" the Sultan Mahomet II. entered the church of Santa Sophia on horseback. The Christians were at worship, a priest was celebrating mass, surrounded by deacons and acolytes, when the pavements of the church rang to the hoofs of the horse, and the Turk with his broad scimitar dashed into the holy place. The Christians, panic-stricken, fled, and the priest escaped by a door in one of the galleries; as he disappeared, there was a noise like thunder, and the door was supernaturally closed by a stone wall. The Turks add, when the Christians retake Constantinople, this gate will re-open of itself, and the priest will appear to finish his mass.

The modern condition of the building, although remarkable in general effect for beauty, is marred and spoiled by latter-day inventions. The beautiful marble pavement is concealed under immense carpets; the mosaics which decorated the walls are pitilessly whitewashed once in two years; a beautiful figure on the cupola is taken away, and a verse from the Koran put in its stead—"God is the light of heaven and earth." While the inside of the church has undergone these alterations, the exterior has been strengthened with enormous buttresses and piers. A crescent surmounts the cupola. In the mosque is the superb tomb of the emperor Constantine, for which the Turks have the highest veneration. The dome of the mosque is 113 feet in diameter, and is built in arches sustained by pillars of marble.

The mosques are the principal curiosities of Constantinople, and that of St Sophia is the principal mosque. Franks are permitted to enter its stately walls on obtaining an order or licence for so doing—not otherwise. The traveller applies to his ambassador, the ambassador delivers the name of the applicant to the diplomatic agent, and a firman is granted, the required sum, varying from three to twelve pounds, has to be paid—this, of course, will be considered sufficient for a party of thirty or five-and-thirty persons—and in company with the deputed official you start for the mosques and the other sights of the city. The mosque of St. Sophia is in the form of a Greek cross. It is about the same length and breadth as St. Paul's Cathedral. The present dome did not form part of the original structure, that having been thrown down one-and-twenty years after its erection. Besides the chief dome there are two others of considerable dimensions, and six smaller ones. The principal dome is of an elliptical form, "much too flat to be externally beautiful, its height not exceeding one-sixth part of the diameter. Twenty-four windows are arranged around it, and it rests upon four strong arches." Four minarets, but each of a different shape, have been added by the Mahommedans. The building has been outwardly so patched and propped up in different ages that it has lost whatever beauty it may have originally possessed, and is now a heavy, unwieldly, and confused-looking mass. It is entered on the west side by a double vestibule about thirty-eight feet in breadth, which communicates with the interior by nine broad doors ornamented with bas-reliefs. The interior is spacious and imposing, not being broken by aisles or choirs—the building is said to contain 170 columns of marble, granite, *verd antique, etc.*"

The mosque of the Sultan Achmet, and that of Solyman the Magnificent, are preferred by many travellers to the mosque of St. Sophia. Many of the mosques, like the latter, have formerly been Greek churches. Their incomes are very large.

THE MOLDAVIAN HELEN.

The poet very properly asks, "What laid old Troy in ruins?" To this question but one answer can be given—a woman did it all. What mischief has the sex not done in its time! To please a woman Alexander set fire to his capitol, and Anthony made war with the conqueror of the world. To avenge the wrongs of a woman, monarchy was abolished in Rome; and at a later day they usurped the wealth and power of Spain. Anne of Austria frowned on the libertine addresses of Buckingham, and the result was a war with France. The Duchess of Marlborough ruled Queen Anne, and in consequence we won the laurels of Blenheim and Ramilies. Mrs. Masham became Anne's favourite, and the protestant succession was in such jeopardy, that if Anne had not suddenly died, the Revolution would have been nullified, and James III. would have ascended the throne from which his father had been righteously expelled. Women, then, have done considerable damage. The author of the "Frontier Land of the Christian and the Turk" has given us a new instance of this old saw.

"Moldavia," writes a native historian, "like the Troad, offered the spectacle of a bloody war fought for a princess; she was as beautiful as Helen, and more innocent." The lady thus referred to was Roxandra, the daughter of Basil Luper, Prince of Moldavia, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and of a Mahommetan slave of Circassia, whose marvellous beauty had captivated the Christian prince. The daughter was still more beautiful, and five kings and sovereign princes of Eastern Europe disputed her hand. The father preferred the great warrior, Prince Coributh of Poland; but the daughter declared she would consent to no matrimonial arrangement till she had first seen and spoken with her betrothed. Soon after, she was at the church of the Three Saints on Palm Sunday, when it is the practice for every one to carry the branch of a tree. A youth of noble mien, in the disguise of a humble merchant, approached and gave her the branch he held in his hand, at the same time gallantly saying, what every polite young man would under the circumstances, that the fatigues of his long journey were amply repaid by a glance of her bright eyes. The lady, of course, after such a flattering speech, took the branch—it was the least she could do—and on looking at it, she found on it a piece of paper bearing these words: "He, who burns to win thee, swears to succeed or die." The fair Roxandra concluded this burning youth could be no other than Prince Coributh, and gave him a smile which sent him away happy. Poland was then at war with the Cossacks, and being beaten, was compelled to sue for peace; but the Cossacks required, as the first condition for treating, the delivery of Prince Coributh into their hands. The young prince escaped into Moldavia, where he assumed the name of Argyrius. Here, under this assumed name, he became known to Prince Luper, who took him into great favour, and became known to the beautiful Roxandra, to whom he made love without declaring his real name, and by whom he was rejected on the ground that she would never marry any one but Prince Coributh. Meanwhile the Cossack hetman, after humbling the pride of Poland, returned to the Ukraine to consolidate his power, and to demand the hand of Roxandra for his son Timush. The young lady would not hear of a Cossack husband. The hetman grew furious, and invaded Moldavia: Luper was compelled to yield. But now the scene again changes. The war broke out again; Coributh returned to his country, and by his presence gave new courage to his troops. Fortune was unfavourable to the Cossacks, who were driven back to the Ukraine. The Prince of Moldavia then considered himself at liberty to retract his promise to marry his daughter to the hetman's son, Timush, which she implored him to do; and he now offered her hand to the victorious Coributh, whom she professed to love. The Polish suitor advanced with a numerous and warlike retinue to claim his bride. Timush armed his Cossacks to avenge the breach of faith of the Moldavian prince. The rivals met on their way to Jassy; a long and bloody battle ensued, and Coributh was killed. Bitter were the tears Roxandra shed, and still more bitterly did they flow when Timush summoned Luper to keep his word and to give him his daughter's hand. Roxandra, on her knees, besought him not to do so. Her heart was in the grave with Coributh; she never, never, could be another's. On the other hand, the boyards, fearing the country would be ravaged by the Cossacks, called on her father to save his country by sacrificing his child. The prince was in a terrible dilemma—he knew not what to do. He wished his country well, but he loved his child. At length, however, the crisis terminated, and he resolved to sink the father in the prince. Palm Sunday again came round, and the reluctant bride again went to the church of the Three Saints in procession, and prayed for a miracle to come to her assistance. As she reached the church, she was shocked by seeing those horrid Cossacks again—the very men that had slain the loved one of her heart. Timush advanced from amongst them, and presented the branch he held to the princess, who was considered a patriotic, broken-hearted victim, and who did not dare to raise her eyes from the ground. He said,

"I have won thee, and I claim thy hand."

It was the voice of Coributh, of her brave, and beautiful, and lost one. She looked up and saw, instead of a fierce and savage Cossack, the handsome youth on whom she had bestowed her heart a year ago, who, in the humble guise of a merchant, had made so lasting an impression upon her susceptible bosom.

"You are Coributh," she exclaimed.

"I am Timush," was the reply.

Timush or Coributh, she married him. It seemed that all along it was with Timush she had been in love. Coributh she had never known, not even when he was at her father's court; for he had kept his name secret, in the hope that he would soon return victorious in his real character. The story goes on to say, that when the remains of the Polish prince lay in state before interment, and the features of Argyrius were recognised, she wept for her friend thus suddenly cut down, but less bitterly than she had done for her lover. It is to be hoped that she had no reason to regret his loss. It is to be hoped that Timush made her a good Cossack husband, and that she made him a good wife. If Moldavia had had its Homer, the world would have been familiar with her charms. As it is, her name has long been buried in the forgotten past. All that we know of her is, that she was beautiful, and that for that beauty men fought and died. Nor is it necessary that we know more; imagination will do all the rest.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND JULIUS II.

Painters have never wearied of subjects connected with the history of their own art, which the more they study it, the more their minds are elevated and made capable of rendering their ideas with truthfulness. Sometimes the story selected is a great historical scene in the history of a great painter and of his great patron. In the present instance, however, the picture is an historical imagination, in which a real event, in the life of Michael Angelo, is developed by the painter's ingenuity into an episode of romance. We have already* described the circumstances of the quarrel that took place between Pope Julius and the great artist, who afterwards wrought the sculpture at that pontiff's tomb. We have noticed the scene of their reconciliation, to which a lively writer of French fiction has added a story about his holiness ordering a prelate to be thrown out of the window for daring

* Works of Eminent Masters, vol i. p. 334.

to insinuate an animadversion on the conduct of the very man, who, until that moment, had been in disgrace. However, whether Julius did or did not permit himself to be hurried into this excess of anger, or whether his threat was not altogether an affectation, it is certain his method of patronising art was entirely peculiar to himself. If the artist of the picture we have engraved has not adhered to historical exactness—which, as an artist, who is a poet, or ought to be one, he was by no means bound to do—he has delineated faithfully the characteristic features of the pope, of the painter, of the holy Roman dignitaries assembled round the board, of the attendants, and even of the chamber in which the incident took place. There sits the vain Julius, the haughtiest, the most discontented, the most pretentious, and one of the least noble of the Medici family. Age has heightened the force of his passions; he is angry when any one expresses an opinion before he has spoken, even though that opinion be consistent with his own; he reverses an unuttered determination, lest he should seem to be influenced by others. His large handsome face is lustrous with the fierceness of his mind, and he bends on Michael Angelo the look of an imperious master satisfied with his vassal's submission. At his feet we see the poorest spectacle that human nature can present—of genius kneeling at the feet of power; of a free, aspiring, generous man, humiliating himself, in a servile attitude, before a pretender to infallible authority. The ecclesiastics and statesmen who sit around gaze on the drama enacted before them.

It was the custom of Julius II., as of all his family, to be excessively patronising to men who consented to yield them complete submission. This, which has been called magnanimity, was, as it appears to us, the most ungenerous policy. He used to visit *incognito* the studios of various painters, ascertain their sentiments towards his own person, and treat them accordingly. In public dispensations, also, his conduct was animated by a similar spirit. One pope had given a gorgeous roof to a particular chapel; another had filled a gallery with rare and precious sculpture; another had added a splendid wing to the papal palace in Rome; some had employed artists to raise monuments and memorials of their reigns, on a scale of imperial magnificence, in the hope that their works would never be eclipsed; and it was a maxim with all the Medici, that they should never be eclipsed by the past or by the future. Accordingly, the chisel of the sculptor, the brushes and the colours of the painter, were encouraged lavishly to adorn the public edifices of the Italian capital with the triumphal trophies of art. But Julius II. and his successors were pre-eminently fortunate in having the command of such a painter as Michael Angelo. He was the star of their reigns;

POPE LEO. X. AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

and we doubt if any victory, material or spiritual, obtained by Clement, bestowed such lustre on the period of his rule as the execution of "The Last Judgment." Julius was, perhaps, less sensible of his privilege than Clement, or, at least, was too vain to confess his appreciation of it; for he trifled with the painter, and wasted his heart by empty promises, when he might have been encouraging him to proceed with works that would have conferred immortal honour on the artist's and the patron's name. It is said that he once reproached him with the ambitious character of a painting, the design of which he had conceived. "I paint the portrait of my mind," replied Michael Angelo. He also doubted sometimes whether there was not too poetical a tinge in his delineation of sacred subjects; but this was not one of his serious thoughts, for, with all their errors, the Medici were never ignorant or tasteless enough to be bigots to mere mechanical reality.

SWORD PRESENTED TO GENERAL CHANGARNIER.

GENERAL CHANGARNIER'S SWORD.

Some men win honours, some men have honours thrust upon them. Of the latter is General Changarnier, one of those young African soldiers of France who were brought home in 1848 to serve the Republic, in company with Lamoriciere, Cavaignac, and others. For a time he took no very important part in public affairs; but at last both he and most other soldiers of fortune of the hour saw hope of advancement and of war in the advent of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte. When the latter was elected president, Changarnier placed his sword at his disposal.

The republican party took alarm. It was believed that if Louis Napoleon were allowed to last four years he would betray his oath, and overthrow the government the people had fought for. A large section thought that the time was come to move. The secret societies were re-organised. But this was a great mistake. The fearful June insurrection, which was got up by the Buonapartist and Legitimist parties, to destroy sympathy with liberty, had cost Paris so dear, that there was not a shadow of a chance for an insurrection. The blood of the 20,000 slain in June, 1848, was yet scarcely cold; and though dissatisfied, and fully aware of the intentions of Louis Napoleon, the masses were not disposed to do battle again. A certain party of leaders thought otherwise, and determined to hurry on the catastrophe. Small meetings were held in different parts of Paris, arms were collected, an organisation commenced, and at last a day was fixed.

But the insurgents insisted upon having well-known men at their head. On other occasions they had fought, won the battle, and returned to their homes, leaving men who were quietly at home to reap the benefit. This time they wished those they fought for to come and place themselves at their head. Ledru Rollin was asked to do so. He told the men of the barricades that the time was not yet come. The old insinuation of coward was at once hurled at him, and in an unfortunate impulse of pique and anger, Ledru Rollin resolved to appear as the man of the insurrection before it commenced. The co-operation of a certain portion of the artillery of the national guard was certain, with Colonel Guinard at its head.

On the 13th June, then, Ledru Rollin and one or two other deputies, followed and supported by some national guard and artillerymen, marched through the streets to a public building in the centre of the district usually the first to make barricades. It was intended that the members of the late Provisional Government should sit at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*, while the insurrection thundered around. But there they sat; not a barricade rose, not a mob collected, which was the less surprising, that barricades are seldom commenced, except under great excitement, at any time but dawn. The people were not prepared to do battle with the future emperor; and after a short time, the representatives sitting at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers* were compelled to disperse ingloriously and seek safety in England.

Meanwhile General Changarnier was winning his sword. A great crowd had collected on the Boulevards, when it was known that there was an insurrection afloat. Near the Rue de la Paix were congregated a mass of men, women, and children, talking of the rumours afloat; some regretting the news, some hoping there was going to be a battle, but all talking, as in the pit of a theatre between the acts. Suddenly up charged the valiant general Changarnier, at the head of a brilliant staff, and a regiment of guards and lancers. The crowd were alarmed at the wild way in which the cavalry rode about, and the chairs which line this part of Paris, were hastily cast across the street to stop the horses, and the crowd fled. The general and his officers and men charged, and cleared "the barricade," as it was described in the *Moniteur;* after which they galloped in all directions, taking many prisoners, and alarming several old women and some nursery maids and children very much. Having executed this manœuvre, the general and his army of observation rode round to the head-quarters of "the insurrection," which, however, was nowhere to be found. Nevertheless, it was declared that the general had that day saved society, and the sword portrayed in our engraving was presented to him as a memorial of the exploit. The subsequent career of General Changarnier is familiar to all. He is well known to be a royalist, and when he saw that Louis Napoleon meant to cut the Gordian knot of dispute, by taking the crown himself, he left him. When the *coup d'état* of the second of December burst upon the amazed and deluded Paris public, General Changarnier was arrested and sent into exile, there to ruminate on the proverbial gratitude of princes.

MARRO, THE HINDOO GROOM.

It has been justly observed, by more than one recent writer on India, that the Europeans do not treat the natives of that country with anything like the kindness and benevolence which should characterise the conduct of men leaving a highly civilised community to live amongst a semi-refined, but extremely observant and imitative people. Much as the religion of the Hindoos leads them to put their faith in caste, and to neglect or ignore all higher feelings and aspirations than those presented to them or exhibited in the lives of the "sacred" Brahmins, yet they keenly mark the actions, and listen to the words, of the *Sahebloke*, as they call the Europeans, and this with a view to imitate the one and reproduce the other as soon as possible.

Lieutenant Crawley had left England at an early age to enter the military service of the Hon. East India Company, and, as good fate would have it, he was posted to the Bengal presidency. Calcutta being the head-quarters of government and of Indian fashionable existence, is naturally regarded with more favour by the incipient soldier than Madras and Bombay. Arrived at Calcutta, Ensign Crawley, with a company of other youths of the same rank, was handed over to the tender mercies of an aged major, who took care of the boys on landing, prevented them, when he could, from falling into the hands of sharpers, and in due time posted them, like letters, for the particular station in the Upper Provinces to which they might be ordered.

Crawley soon obtained a second lieutenancy in the 123rd regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, then stationed at Dinapore, a considerable distance from Calcutta up the Ganges, and in due time was delivered there by the steamer—the cranky old major having himself seen him off. The young officer had escaped from Calcutta with as little loss of reputation and money as could have been expected. It was discovered, indeed, that he knew nothing of riding, and this reputation of his preceded him of course to his regiment; and, secondly, he had only become indebted to an old Hindoo merchant for about twelve thousand rupees (£1,200). As to his unsavoury reputation, he hoped soon to remove it by zealous devotion to horse exercise, until he thoroughly mastered its difficulties and dangers; and as to the second, he knew that many other young men were far worse off than he, and that, by paying forty rupees a month, he would be able to keep down the interest, whilst he hoped soon to be able to pay off the principal by the remittances from the "governor," for which he had earnestly written, strongly urging upon his venerable parent that the cost of his uniform was far greater than either of them had anticipated, and that travelling expenses in India were unconscionable.

Arrived in Dinapore, Crawley began, of course, like all second lieutenants, by purchasing a horse—all the officers rode, and he must ride too. A horse necessitated a groom, and for a groom Crawley hired a big mountaineer, who happened then to be in Dinapore in want of service, and who had previously served the deputy-governor of Bengal.

One day he had been out at dinner, and returned somewhat earlier than usual, vexed and annoyed at the jokes which had been passed upon him. When he arrived, therefore, at the

stables, it was in no pleasant mood, and, as Marro did not happen to be there at the exact moment when he was wanted, the young officer was still more vexed at having to call for him two or three times. At length Marro came running to the spot; he had not expected his master home so soon, and was standing in the immediate neighbourhood chatting with a friend or two who had come into the cantonments to see him, when Crawley rode up. A few trees had prevented the swarthy groom from seeing his master, but he recognised the well-known voice at once, and sprang forwards to seize the bridle.

"Why weren't you here, sir," asked Crawley sternly, "when I rode up?"

"Master come home plenty soon to-day," urged Marro meekly. "I not see master come in."

"Well, sir, another time look sharper," said Crawley, who now stood on the ground, having dismounted, "and this, perhaps, will make you remember to do so." So saying, he brought his riding-whip down upon the bare shoulders of the groom three or four times with all his might.

"Master not hit me," said Marro, standing erect, his fine form swelling with indignation, whilst the blood mantled deeply in his cheeks.

"What, sir, are you going to be insolent?" asked Crawley, coming up again. "Take that, and that, and that." And so saying, he brought his whip again and again into contact with the quivering flesh of the tall Hindoo.

Marro, however, offered no opposition; the first flush of resistance and opposition over, he stood motionless and silent, not the less determined, however, to be revenged. His friends witnessed the assault from the parade-ground, and the colonel of Crawley's regiment—a humane man, bent on putting an end to such scenes—saw the whole transaction from his window above.

The colonel sent for Marro next morning. "Go before the magistrate, my man," said he to the groom, "and state your case. Don't be afraid. I'll get you another place, and I'll be a witness."

This was precisely what Marro had intended to do. He went to the magistrates; Crawley was duly summoned, the witnesses attended, and the young officer was fined fifty rupees (£5) for the assault. He returned to his quarters vowing vengeance against all Hindoos in general, and against Marro in particular.

"It's a shame—a thundering shame," said Captain Basin, whom Crawley had met in the verandah, and to whom he detailed the transaction. "It's a thundering shame; we shall be at the mercy of these niggers at this rate."

"It's infamous," said Lieutenant Spoon, joining the pair; "I never heard of anything more disgraceful. Why, you didn't get half the worth of your money."

"I did not," said Crawley firmly; "I certainly did not."

"I should like to see any of my fellows hauling me over the coals—I should," continued Spoon.

"Why, what would you do?" asked Crawley eagerly.

"What would I do?" repeated Spoon; "why I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd take him back into my service, and I'd catch him some time when he had no witnesses, and I'd give him a flogging that he shouldn't forget in a hurry—I would."

"An excellent idea, 'pon my life," said Basin, taking his cigar out of his mouth, and examining it leisurely as he held it at arm's length between the two first fingers of his left hand.

"A capital idea," ejaculated Crawley, rubbing his hands together; "that's just what I'll do."

A servant was forthwith despatched for Marro, who came, unconscious of the trap that was laid for him.

"I am not at all offended with you, Marro," said Crawley soothingly, "and I don't want you to leave my service on that account. You will stay with me, won't you?"

"If master like, I stop," said Marro, wondering at the young officer's clemency and making a profound salaam.

"O yes, of course you will; you're a very excellent groom, and I don't think a bit the worse of you for what you have done," said Crawley. "There now, that'll do; go to the stable."

Marro, thrown off the scent by this unexpected kindness of manner, had no idea his master had determined that a notable example should be made of him—an example all the more striking and impressive from his size and strength.

The opportunity for this notable example was at length found. Marro was working in the stable; the other servants were out of the way. Crawley resolved forthwith to have his revenge, whilst his two comrades were to assist by keeping everybody out of the way, and leaving the coast clear for their friend. Whip in hand, Crawley advanced into the stable, and shut the door behind him.

"Now," said he, advancing in a threatening attitude to Marro, "now you scoundrel, there are no witnesses, and I'll take the worth of my fifty rupees." He shook the riding-whip ominously as he spoke, bringing it now and then into contact with his boot.

Marro joined his hands before him, after the manner of his class, and bent his body in a deprecating way to the wrathful Crawley. "Master, forgive all," urged Marro. "Master not hit his slave now?"

"Yes, I forgave all till I had an opportunity to revenge—no longer," said Crawley, bringing his horsewhip down upon the bare shoulders of the big groom. "But now," he continued, "I have taken care you shall have no witnesses; and I'll pay you off, thoroughly."

Blow after blow descended upon the naked shoulders of the muscular Hindoo; but there is a limit to human endurance, and even a Hindoo will sometimes rebel. Without saying a word more, Marro sprang upon his assailant suddenly, and, seizing the horsewhip, speedily disarmed his master; for there was no comparison between the physical force of the two combatants.

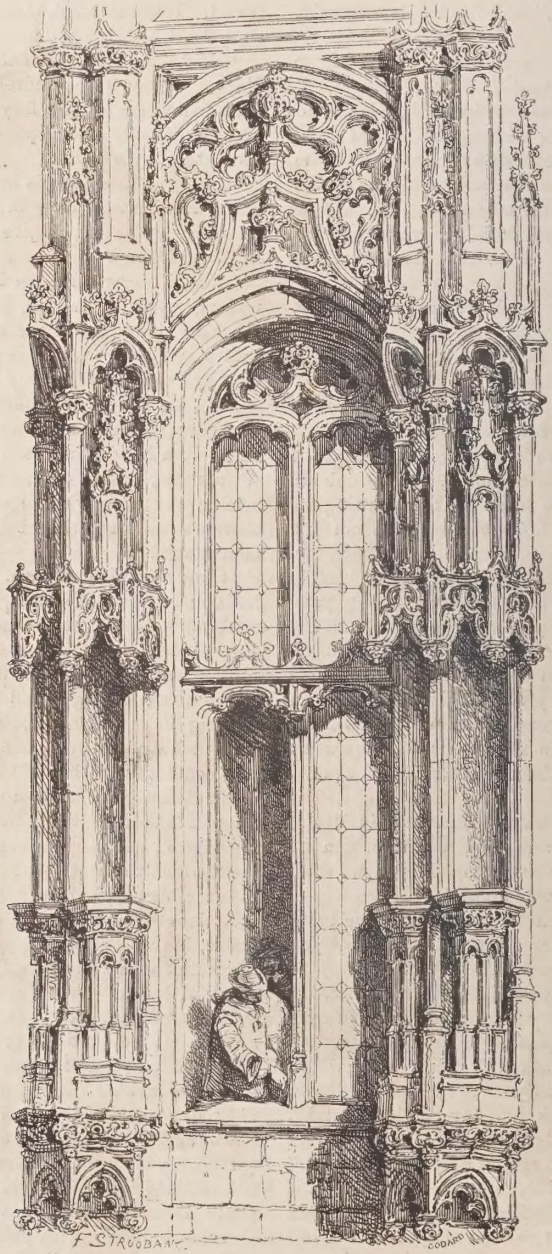
It was now Marro's turn. Holding Crawley with one hand, he brought down the other, with the horsewhip in it, vigorously upon the shoulders and legs of the tyrant-master. An Englishman, however, even of Crawley's stamp, will not quietly suffer himself to be flogged by any Hindoo, big or little. There was a struggle, and Crawley fell beneath Marro, who, holding his master down, plied the whip more vigorously than ever, making it resound as he brought it rapidly and repeatedly into contact with the body of his prostrate foe. The friends of the defeated officer heard the sounds of a struggle and even the words of Crawley, as he swore energetically at the labouring Marro; and they congratulated themselves on the punishment which the obstinate groom was receiving for having dared to bring his master before the magistrate.

At length, having left the riding-whip behind him in the stable, Marro made his appearance, flying away from the scene of conflict as fast as his legs could carry him. "He has learnt a useful lesson," said Basin, as he watched the retreating groom. "Crawley has to thank me for giving him that idea," said Spoon, congratulating himself on his acuteness. They advanced together towards the stable, from which Crawley emerged, looking most unlike a conqueror—looking, in fact, most like a man who had been thrown down upon dirty straw and a dirtier floor, and who, instead of punishing his antagonist, had been punished himself. "Why, what has been the matter?" asked Basin. "The scoundrel has assaulted you," said Spoon. "I slipped," replied the crest-fallen Crawley, smarting with pain and indignation, "and the villain took advantage of it." It was all that Basin could do to restrain his laughter—it was all that Spoon could do to preserve his gravity. That evening, at the mess, there was no other theme of conversation but Crawley and Marro, whilst the Colonel could not refrain, when he heard of the transaction, from giving "Marro" as a toast after dinner.

Crawley had learnt a lesson that he did not soon forget, and, for a long time, he took heed not to use his horsewhip for any other than its legitimate purpose. As for Marro, he was never heard of again at Dinapore. Thinking he had committed a grievous crime, he fled to Benares, and there, under an assumed name, lived happily and prosperously.

THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT GHENT.

This vast edifice exhibits on its various *façades* the genius of epochs far distant in point of time and altogether diverse in character. The most recent contains nine or ten stories of square common-place windows; another is adorned with classic colonnades of the seventeenth century. The north *façade* is one of the grandest specimens of the Gothic style. One single window, in the pointed style, richly adorned with trefoil-work, rises from the base to the summit of the building.



ONE OF THE WINDOWS OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT GHENT.

As far back as the thirteenth century, the powerful municipality of Ghent possessed an Hotel de Ville, which then bore the modest title of the court-house. It was rebuilt in the following century; but the new edifice, with regard to the architecture of which we have few particulars, was remarkable neither for its magnitude nor any other circumstance, having lasted only about a hundred years.

The first stone of the present Hotel de Ville was laid on the 4th of July, 1481. Two architects who then enjoyed high repute, Dominique de Waghemakere and Rombaut Keldermans, had prepared the plans for it. The civil commotions which agitated the city of Ghent in 1488 and 1540, besides other obstacles, frequently interrupted the building, which was entirely suspended at the time of the religious wars. From 1580 to 1618 the work of construction was carried on without interruption; but as the pointed style of architecture was, under the influence of the classic reaction, considered barbarous, and had consequently fallen into disrepute, the more recent portions of the structure were built in the Romanic style, and even the part of one of the pointed *façades* which yet remained incomplete was finished in that style. This hybrid mixture of two such different styles of architecture is offensive to the eye of a tasteful observer. The ancient portions are in the florid or tertiary style—the richest, but at the same time the most forced and the least pure. As their ornamentation is executed in soft stone, it has suffered greatly from

the effects of time, and it would be no easy matter now to restore it to its original beauty. The *façade* opposite the butter-market, and in the modern style, is about a hundred and thirty feet long and forty in height. There are three rows of rectangular windows with stone cross-bars, fifty-four in number, separated by Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns. Classical in arrangement, pure in style, and imposing in magnitude, this *façade* has no other defect than an excessive uniformity, which gives it a cold, monotonous aspect.

In the interior of the Hotel de Ville the principal object of attraction is the chapel, which was completed in the year 1533. What is called the throne-room is of large dimensions and richly adorned. In another hall there is a very interesting collection of antiquities relating to the place. The archives of the city abound in ancient documents, some of which belong to a remote antiquity extending as far back as the eighth century—among others, a charter bearing the signature of Eginhard, secretary to Charlemagne.

VIEW OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT GHENT.

THE EXHIBITION PICTURE.

Artists and authors have ever been prone to make their first efforts for the attainment of fame and fortune in attic altitudes; a choice which not only offers the advantage of cheapness, but precludes all annoyance from lodgers overhead, to say nothing of unpleasant visits from the landlady underneath, especially where the house happens to be three or four stories high, and the proprietress suffers under the affliction either of asthma or rheumatism. Doubtless, it was for the purpose of securing either one or other of these advantages, that our young artist, Reuben Jessop, took up his abode in the three-pair-front of a house in the retired locality of Myddelton-square, Pentonville. Waiving all ceremony, let us introduce him at breakfast, seated before a scanty fire, suffering his toast and coffee to grow cold while absorbed in scrutinising the merits and imperfections of a half-finished painting that rests on his easel, near the window. It is a fancy sketch, portraying a young female of exquisite beauty, standing at a window open down to the floor, looking out upon a lawn from an apartment elegantly furnished, and displaying a breakfast-table laid in a style that exhibits the most exquisite taste and refinement. It forms a picturesque and fascinating little scene of domestic comfort, rendered doubly interesting by the charming attitude and expression of the female, in whose countenance the artist has happily and strikingly depicted the fond and anxious gaze of a young bride, looking for the return of her loved companion from his morning's ramble. What a contrast to the discomfort and desolation of the poor artist's attic! But such evils were almost entirely overlooked or forgotten by Reuben, whose soul was absorbed in the pursuit of his profession. It was to him a world of beauty and delight so enthralling that he was scarcely conscious of existing in any other. With this intense devotion, the young artist combined an anxious yearning for fame that impelled him to unwearied study of the rules of his art, which he pursued with an ardour so unremitting as scarcely to allow himself sufficient time for rest; and as "the labour we delight in physics pain," he never felt the want of relaxation. "What a life! and buried in an attic!" some of our readers may, perchance, exclaim—and no wonder; for there are but few persons who can appreciate that purely mental existence known only to those who are able to create a world of their own and live in it. It mattered not to such a man as Reuben whether he was badly lodged in a desolate attic or enjoyed all the cheering and comfortable appliances to be found in a well-furnished first floor. All the external circumstances of his condition were things entirely apart from the man himself. He was so enthralled by his art, so given to abstract fits of musing, that even a meal to which he had sat down was frequently forgotten or neglected, especially when engaged on any fancy sketch such as that we have already described—now suddenly lit up by a golden burst of sunshine. It reveals to us one of those depictions of perfect loveliness which seem to have had no prototype, unless, indeed, it should happily bring to mind some fairy-like vision which has become daguerreotyped on our memory so strongly that it can never be entirely forgotten—a remark which reminds us of the incident that had impelled our artist to his present labour.

It was on a beautiful day in autumn, when the lingering sunshine, like the farewell of an old friend, seems to console us with the assurance of only temporary absence, that a group of gazers, who had been drawn together by the arrival of a wedding *cortége* at Marylebone church, were clustered together on the pavement waiting to see the bridal party return to their carriages. Twelve o'clock struck, and the number of idlers had increased to such a crowd that many respectable persons stopped also; some because they did not choose to be jostled among a mob, and others in the hope of beholding one or more of those glowing impersonations of female beauty, commonly to be found among the daughters of our gentry and aristocracy. The expectant crowd, among whom was Reuben, had not to wait long ere the wedding party made their appearance. First came the bride and bridegroom, the former so heavily veiled that not only her face but the greater portion of her dress was completely hidden. She was leaning on the arm of her husband, a fine, noble, handsome young man, attired in full military uniform, and accompanied by a veteran officer, the bride's father, a bluff, hearty, jovial-looking old gentleman, whose countenance evinced such delight as fully showed how completely the marriage met with his approval. And now came a troop of bridesmaids, all, not only elegantly attired, but more or less possessed of personal attractions; one especially, the last of the train, a dark, bright-eyed damsel, displaying a countenance so strikingly beautiful as to excite the intense admiration of all the by-standers, and particularly of our artist, who, the instant he beheld the maiden, involuntarily expressed his delight by exclaiming rapturously, "What a perfect Hebe!" There he stood, his eyes intently fixed upon her, as she took her seat in the bridesmaids' carriage, and still he remained rudely staring, and endeavouring to get a parting glance at his idol as the vehicle drove off, a rudeness for which the offender was to be excused by his having found, in that enchanting face and figure, almost a perfect specimen of the style of beauty which constituted one of the most delightful of his artistic idealities. Scarcely conscious of anything around him, our dreamer pursued his course homewards, and the instant he entered his "eyry home," hurriedly snatched up his sketch-book, and having dashed off a reminiscent outline of the morning's vision, threw himself into a chair, with the dissatisfied feelings of a man who has involved himself in a difficulty beyond the means of extrication; he distrusted his ability to give such a depiction as would be worthy of the original. True, he had long resolved to exert his utmost skill, and endeavour to rise above the rank of a mere portrait-painter; to produce a picture that might raise him above his present poverty and obscurity, by gaining a purchaser among the *virtuosi*, and winning the favourable opinion of the public. He had often thought of making such an effort, but never could decide upon a subject. This arose from a secret consciousness that his ideas were far too great for the embodiment of one who was, at present, a mere tyro in his art, and he felt that to fail in a first attempt might be fatal. Great judgment would be required even in a design of a less aspiring nature. It must be something that would find a response in the hearts of the million, while it admitted full scope for the most masterly exercise of his pencil; a subject of a domestic nature, which, it now struck him, he had found in the scene of the morning, and he resolved to attempt it. The result was the little cabinet picture we have already described.

Despite, however, of his having commenced the work, there were moments when a distrust of his ability to give a full and faithful depiction of the beauty of the original he intended to represent as the young bride, came so strongly upon him that he was almost inclined to abandon his attempt; and it was in one of these moods that we find him at the opening of our narrative—suffering under a sad misgiving, amounting almost to a fit of despondency, from which he was aroused by some one knocking at the door of his apartment.

"Come in!" cried he, and, on turning round, beheld the fat figure of Mrs. Sniggins, his landlady, standing before him.

"Have the goodness to take a seat, madam," said Reuben; in compliance with which invitation, the lady, panting with exhaustion, sank into one of the dilapidated chairs which, in conjunction with a ricketty table, and broken-legged bedstead, constituted the chief furniture of the attic.

"Them stairs is such a height!" muttered Mrs. Sniggins.

"They are, madam," replied Reuben, in a tone of sympathy, though at the very moment he was wishing that they were at least a story higher.

"And your rent is a running up so, Mr. Jessop," continued his visitor, "and there's the collector threatening to seize upon me for taxes."

"Dear me! what, seize upon you!" exclaimed Reuben, scarcely able to suppress a smile at the idea of so daring a capture.

"Yes; such an exposure to the neighbours, you know,

sir," continued Mrs. Sniggins; "when do you think you will be able to let me have some money, sir?"

"Soon after that painting you see yonder is finished, I hope, madam."

"That's a very uncertain chance, I'm afraid, sir; for people has no money to lay out on pictures. But maybe you've got a customer for it already?"

"I wish I could say I had, madam; but I hope to procure one."

"Well, I hope you will, I'm sure, and soon too, though I really cannot wait for that; you must let me have some money this week—you must indeed, if it's only a trifle."

"I'll endeavour, madam."

"Pray do; if you can get me half-a-sovereign, it will materially help me in making up the man's money."

Reuben promised; and saying she should fully rely upon his word, Mrs. Sniggins took her departure. Here was the pressure of poverty, of which he was too prone to be unmindful, stimulating him to the completion of his task; for, in order to keep his promise to Mrs. Sniggins, he would be compelled to borrow from a friend who had kindly offered to assist him with his purse, that he might not be harassed while the picture was in progress.

It was intended for the Royal Academy's ensuing exhibition; and, by slightly availing himself of his friend's generosity, he was enabled to devote so much time to the work, and bestow such great pains upon it, that it was not only completed before the required time, but received the highest encomiums from several first-rate judges of art to whom he submitted it for inspection. Within the time appointed for receiving the contributions of exhibitors it was sent in, and shortly afterwards Reuben received an official communication from the Academy, informing him that it had been accepted.

With feverish anxiety he looked forward to the opening of the exhibition; and when at last the day came, he was delighted to find that those whose office it was to superintend the hanging of the pictures had disposed of his in such a manner as to admit of a fair judgment being passed upon its merits.

In the course of the season he made frequent visits to the exhibition, chiefly for the purpose of studying the perfections of those who far exceeded him in his art; though sometimes, with the natural vanity of a youthful aspirant for fame, and elated as he was with the high praise that was lavished upon him by the press, he found himself not only gazing upon his production, but eagerly endeavouring to overhear any eulogium that strangers might pass upon it. Thus again his ambition was gratified; he had gained the first step to fame, and perhaps fortune. During all this time, however, the poor artist, unwilling further to encroach upon the kindness of the friend who had enabled him to complete his task in peace, was secretly suffering such extreme penury as not only to render his meals, dinners especially, very intermittent, but to involve him in the liability of expulsion from his lodging, his landlady having become so importunate that, to avoid her perpetual intrusion, he spent whole days out of doors, which might have been more advantageously employed at home. His only consolation was the daily hope of relieving himself from all such annoyances by the sale of his picture; but day after day passed by without any offer being made for the purchase, and the time was fast approaching when the exhibition would close.

One afternoon, returning from a long morning ramble, he happened to look in at Trafalgar Square, when the exhibition was so thronged with visitors that it was impossible to avoid the occurrence of an occasional crush among the double stream of persons passing up and down the grand staircase. As the hour of closing approached, the crowd thickened, and just as Reuben had managed to squeeze himself through the open door of the exhibition room leading to the landing, he caught a glimpse of something that was lying on the ground in a corner of the door-way. He managed to pick it up, and on examining it as soon as he had reached the street, found it to be a hair-bracelet, set with precious stones in a very costly manner, and having a magnificent ruby in the centre. The back of the clasp was engraved with the initials E. S. B, and a lock of hair, gleaming like silver, was curiously concealed in the gold casing. Reuben was perplexed to know what to do with the trinket, which, on his road home, he ascertained to be worth a considerable sum, and as he had not the means of advertising it, resolved to await the probable announcement of its loss in one of the public journals. The only step he could himself take for its restoration was to leave his address with the porter at the door, in case any inquiry should be made by the owner, who would, of course, be able to give an exact description of the bracelet.

He was preparing to leave home on the following day, when he was met at the door of his room by an elderly gentleman, to whose inquiry for her lodger Mrs. Sniggins had replied by desiring the stranger to walk up, and thus taken by surprise, Reuben was compelled to receive him in his attic. He was a gentlemanly man of about fifty years of age, and having briefly stated the nature of his errand by informing Reuben that his daughter had lost a bracelet at the exhibition only the day previously, proceeded to give an exact description of the one in our artist's possession, adding that it was a trinket she prized, even far beyond its pecuniary value, simply because it was a keepsake from her uncle, who had been absent many years in India, and whose age rendered his return to England, though he had long intended it, extremely improbable.

"I am delighted that it has fallen to my lot to be the means of restoring to its owner so treasured a gift," said Reuben, handing his visitor the bracelet.

"And I," replied the stranger, "esteem it a most fortunate occurrence that the trinket should have fallen into such honourable hands. Had I failed to gain information at Trafalgar Square respecting it, I should have lost no time in inserting an advertisement in the newspapers, offering a handsome reward for it."

"A very annoying and unprofitable species of expense," observed Reuben.

"I should have thought nothing of it," replied the stranger; and then, opening the cavity in the clasp of the bracelet, he added, "this little lock of hair alone we value far more than all the jewels, and I account myself greatly your debtor, sir, for restoring it. In fact," continued he, with the hesitation of a man who was fearful of wounding the pride of a gentleman, evidently in very impoverished circumstances, "I shall be delighted if you will allow me to offer you the amount which, to-morrow, would have actually been due to you by reason of my advertisement."

THE TURKISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

The Turks, it seems, have a copious literature of their own. M. Von Hammer enumerates two thousand Turkish poets. Till lately, however, they have been almost unknown to the western nations. The most select Turkish poets, says Mr. Morell, are Achih Pasha, Cheikhi, Baki, Nefi, Meschiky, whose "Ode on Spring" was translated by Sir W. Jones, Kemal Pasha, Zadi, amongst the ancients; and the first moderns are, Nebi Effendi, Rhayhyh Pasha, Seed Reefel Effendi, Aini Effendi, Peitery Effendi, Kiahia Bei. Contemplation and mysticism are the characteristics of Turkish as of Persian poetry. It is almost always adorned with a gentle philosophy, resigned to destiny, and with a wise spirit calmly estimating the shortness of life, and admiring the wonders of creation. Before Constantinople was taken, the Turks had distinguished themselves in literature; and since that period, historians, astronomers, geographers, travellers, poets, moralists, and economists, have greatly enlarged the boundaries of their literature. There are even in Turkish many Ottoman histories, not written after the manner of our histories, but presenting a connected picture of events, rigorously observing a chronological order. One of the most valuable points in their histories is, that they preserve numerous specimens, in the speeches of their viziers and

generals, of that manly eloquence whose inspirations once used to electrify the sultan's hosts. The Turkish tongue contains, besides, many valuable translations from the Persian and the Arabic; and some of the manuscripts are said to be much improved in the process, as many hold the "Wallenstein" of Coleridge better than that of Schiller himself. It must be admitted, however, that the Turks, as compared with the Arabians or the Persians, have but few distinguished authors—that they have not one poet comparable to Ferdousi, Saadi, or Hafiz—no philosopher to approach Averroes or Anicenna—that they can boast no discoveries or observations in the exact sciences—and that their literature is chiefly confined to theology, Ottoman history, geography, medicine, and some romances in prose or verse, mostly translated or imitated from the Persian.

As regards the Turkish language, it may be here briefly stated to be a dialect of the Tartar imported to Constantinople by the Ottomans in 1453. Since that period it has become greatly enriched by a large number of expressions derived from the Arabic and Persian, introduced by the Mussulman religion, the necessities of commerce, or the frequent wars of the Turks in Asia. But, instead of modifying its new acquisitions, as the other European languages have done in similar cases, the Turks have received the foreign words without mutilating them. These acquisitions and additions are naturally more frequent amongst the educated than amongst the vulgar, and more common in the written than the spoken language. It is almost indispensable to have some slight acquaintance with Persian, and particularly with Arabic, in order to speak and especially to write Turkish correctly. The latter language is under great obligations to the Arabic. It has borrowed from that its alphabetical characters, system of numeration, and all words expressing religious and moral ideas, as also those relating to science, letters, and art. According to Kieffer and Bianchi, three-fourths of the ingredients of the present Turkish tongue are Persian or Arabic. Mr. J. R. Morell says:—"Regarded in itself, and in connexion with the origin of the nomades who first spoke it, it is clear that it has no greater affinity to Persian and Arabic than Hungarian has to French; but though we may admit that it is inferior in some respects to the noble tongue of Mohammed, yet it greatly surpasses the Persian in number, harmony, and elegance, and it is one of the most beautiful, and undeniably the most majestic, tongues in the East."

In its favour much may be urged. It is of the greatest moment in a diplomatic point of view, being the only diplomatic language used in the Levant—the only tongue used and spoken in the remotest parts of the empire by public officials—indispensable to all commercial enterprise in European and Asiatic Turkey, in the western provinces of Persia on the banks of the Caspian—even at the court of Teheran, where the shah, the ministers and agents of the Persian government, speak little save Turkish—and lastly, without oriental hyperbole, it may be safely asserted that the traveller can make himself understood in Turkish from Algiers to Candahar on the frontiers of India. A tongue so widely spread must be subject to variations of idioms; hence the Turkish spoken in Roumelia differs much from that of Anatolia, and especially from that spoken in the country watered by the Halys, in those provinces traversed by the Araxes, and near the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates. Yet this difference is incomparably less than that between the different idioms of France. It must also be observed that in Turkey, and in all the regions where these semi-barbarous conquerors penetrated, the language of the aborigines still lives. Thus the masses speak Arabic at Algiers and Tunis, in Egypt and in Syria—various dialects of the Sclavonic in Bosnia, Illyria, Servia, and Bulgaria—Wallachian beyond the Danube—and lastly, Armenian and Kurdic in Asia; yet in all these countries you cannot meet a man with any pretensions to education who is unable to speak Turkish. But at Constantinople, the heart of the vast empire, and especially among the court ladies, the softest, purest, and most elegant Turkish is spoken. In England, this language now promises to be a fashionable study.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On the 15th of August, 1771, Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh. The house stood at the head of the College Wynd, but was pulled down to make room for the new college. At the age of eighteen months, it was discovered that he had lost the use of his right leg, and he was despatched to Sandy Knowe, his grandfather's residence, to see if fresh country air would do him any good. "It is here," wrote Sir Walter, in his Diary, or outline autobiography, "that I had the first consciousness of existence." Here he had a narrow escape from a crazed maid-servant, who was tempted by the evil one to kill him. Here, various remedies were used for his lameness, but in vain—one was, that whenever a sheep was killed, the little fellow should be stripped naked and wrapped in the reeking hide. Here he learnt the ballad of "Hardyknute," much to the annoyance of old Doctor Duncan, the parish parson, who used pettishly to exclaim, when Walter interrupted his sober converse by shouting out his favourite lay, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is." Sandy Knowe failing to remove the lameness, Walter, under care of aunt Jenny, was despatched to Bath, where he mastered the rudiments of reading, and for the first time went to a theatre. The play was "As you like it." Walter was scandalised that Orlando should quarrel. "What, an't they brothers?" asked Walter, to the amusement of his neighbours. From Bath, Walter returned to George's-square, Edinburgh, where the family now resided. Glimpses of childish intelligence now became common. A Mrs. Cockburn chatted with him one day. "Aunt Jenny," said he at night, "I like that lady." "What lady?" asked Aunt Jenny. "Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a *virtuoso*, like myself." "Dear Walter," said Aunt Jenny, "what is a *virtuoso?*" "Oh, don't you know? Why, it is one that wishes and will know everything." Another lady remembers the child sitting before the house when an emaciated beggar came to the door. The servant told Walter how thankful he should be that he was placed in a situation which shielded him from such want; the boy looked up with a wistful incredulous expression and said, "Homer was a beggar." "How do you know that?" asked the other. "Why, don't you remember?" answered Walter,

> "Seven *Roman* cities strove for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

The reply was smart for a child of seven. From Edinburgh, Walter went to Preston-Pans for sea-bathing. But as he gets older, it is decided that in his ninth year he goes to school; and accordingly he returns home. Despite the rigours of the Sabbath, that Edinburgh home was a pleasant one. Here was brother Robert, afterwards a midshipman; John, who was a soldier, and died a major in 1816; and "unfortunate sister Anne," an invalid the whole of her twenty-seven years of life. Thomas, who died in Canada, was the favourite. Brother Daniel seems to have been a reprobate and worthless from his very birth.

The High School in Edinburgh, when Walter entered it, contained some remarkably clever fellows. He was three years in Mr. Fraser's class, and then, in the ordinary routine, was turned over to Dr. Adam, the rector, and well-known author of the "Roman Antiquities." Walter's school-life was meteoric. His place in the class was everywhere—as often at the top as the bottom. His successes seem to have depended more upon his ingenuity than his scholarship. "What part of speech is *cum?*" once asked Dr. Adam of an incorrigible dolt. No answer was returned. "*Cum*," continued the doctor, "means *with*. Now, what part of speech is *with?*" "A substantive," quoth the dolt, and the whole class burst into laughter. "Is *with* ever a substantive?" said the rector. The whole class was silent, until the question came to Scott, who instantly replied, in the words of Scripture: "And Samson said unto Delilah, If they bind me with seven green *withs* that were never dried, then shall I become weak and as another man." Another triumph, not so creditable, Walter shall tell in his own words:—"There was a boy in my class at school who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day after day came, and he always kept his place, do what I could; till at length I observed, that when a question was answered he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button on the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil hour it was removed with a knife. When the boy was again questioned, he felt for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it: it was no more to be seen than felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, nor ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of this wrong." In the usual sports of boyhood, Walter Scott, despite his lameness, took his share. He could run, jump, and "climb the Kittle Nine Stanes" with anybody. When he first made his appearance in the play-ground, he was engaged in a dispute with a boy, who scornfully replied, that it was "no use to hargle-bargle with a cripple." But Walter said that, if he might fight mounted, he would try his hand with any fellow of his inches. An elder boy proposed to lash the two little shavers face to face upon a board; which was done, to the delight of Walter, who ever afterwards, in sets-to, adopted this fashion. The boys of the upper classes in Edinburgh, in Scott's time, had regular pitched battles with the boys of the democracy of that fine old town. In these contests Scott did his part. Yet Scott made progress, and read and appreciated Cæsar and Livy and Sallust, Virgil, Horace, Terence. From Edinburgh, for change of air, Scott went to Kelso, where he read Spenser and Percy's "Reliques," the novels of England, and the romances of the South. Here he began the art which led on to fortune. He used to say to James Ballantyne: "Come, slink beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell ye a story."

At the age of thirteen Walter commenced his student life at the Edinburgh University. Here he seems to have made but little progress. The Latin professor had no influence, and the Greek class were far beyond Scott, who was too indolent to overtake them. At this time we find him dangerously ill, and miraculously recovering. In 1786 Scott was articled to his father, an advocate, for five years. These years seem to have been pleasant ones. He disliked, it is true, the drudgery of his office, and detested its confinement; but he felt a rational pride and pleasure in being useful to his parent. He became a great walker—a great antiquarian—became intimate with Jeffrey and other men worth knowing, and for the first time felt the sweetness and the power of love's young dream.

In 1792 Scott put on the advocate's robe, and a few hours after his admission some friendly solicitor retained him. His love of border legends, however, became a passion, to gratify which many an excursion was planned and many a week devoted. Nevertheless, our young advocate belonged to a club, of which, as usual, he was the master-spirit. On one occasion a certain Rev. Mr. M'Naught, being accused of habitual drunkenness, dancing at a penny-wedding, and singing lewd or profane songs, entrusted his defence to Scott, who grew so free in the description of the penny-wedding that he was called to order. This so damped his ardour, that when he came to quote a verse of the song spoken of, he was scarcely audible. The club, which had crowded in the gallery to encourage him, shouted, "Hear! hear! Encore! encore!" and were immediately turned out of court. Our advocate got through very little to his own satisfaction, and his client lost his case. In 1796 Scott published his translation of Bürger's "Leonore," which, except in his circle of personal friends, proved a failure. At this time there were fears of French invasion, and Scott became an officer in a volunteer troop of horse. Next year a still more interesting incident occurred. Riding in the vicinity of the English lakes, Scott and his companion encountered a lady on horseback so wondrous fair that they followed her—met her at a ball in the

evening; she turned out to be a Miss Carpenter, anglicised from Charpentier, and in December, 1797, became Mrs. Scott.

In 1797 Scott's father died, and his income was comfortably increased thereby. In December of the same year he was made sheriff of Selkirkshire—an office worth about £300 a-year, which at once set him at ease with regard to his family, and relieved him of the drudgery of his profession. Henceforth literature became the sole aim and business of his life. The result is, in 1799, a translation of Goethe's "Von Berlingen," which Matthew Lewis sold to a publisher for twenty-five guineas; in 1802 and 1803, "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which brought in Scott £100 for the first edition, and the copyright of which he sold for £500. He was now fairly committed to his life-work. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was nearly completed, and Scott became a contributer to the "Edinburgh Review," just established by Jeffrey and Sydney Smith.

Scott had no faith in literature alone—if he had, he might have been saved the sad catastrophe of his later years. Accordingly, he entered into partnership with the Ballantynes as booksellers and printers, and looked out for some easy birth which would increase his income with but little trouble. Such a situation he soon obtained, as one of the clerks of the Session, with £800 a-year. This rendered a journey to London necessary. Of course, he became a lion, but that did not spoil him. He amused himself as well as he could, and when he saw that he was expected to roar, would sit down and tell stories and recite ballads, to the delight of all. Already fifty thousand copies of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" had been sold, realising to the author between seven and eight hundred pounds. He returned to Scotland to work at "Marmion," and bring out his fine eighteen-volume edition of Dryden and other books. In 1810 appeared the "Lady of the Lake," the copyright of which brought him in 2,000 guineas. The next year made an agreeable change in his position. As one of the clerks of the Session his salary was made £1,300 a-year; and Scott became a Tweedside laird by the purchase of Abbotsford. Whilst building and planting, and buying and selling, he was still, however, busy with his pen. "Rokeby" appeared in 1813, and the "Bridal of Trierman" two months afterwards; but, as a poet, he had reached his zenith. Byron had appeared, and Scott was deposed. Tom Moore had also hurt the sale of "Rokeby," by writing in his "Twopenny Post-Bag," that Mr. Scott,

> "Having quitted the borders to seek new renown,
> Is coming by long quarto stages to town;
> And beginning with 'Rokeby' (the job's sure to pay),
> Means to do all the gentlemen's seats by the way."

But Scott had only to shift his ground. If he could be no longer monarch of song, the realms of romance might be his own. He wisely retired from a rivalry in which it was vain to engage, and wrote "Waverley," which appeared in 1814. Scott was now a prodigious lion; he went to London and dined with the Prince Regent. In a few months afterwards we find him at Paris with the Duke of Wellington, the Emperor Alexander, and other heroes of that fearful war which terminated in the downfall of Napoleon and the peace of the world. A little while after, Washington Irving visited Abbotsford. He thus describes him: "In a little while the lord of the castle himself made his appearance. I knew him at once, by the descriptions I had read and heard, and the likenesses that had been published of him. He was tall and of a large and powerful frame. His dress was simple and almost rustic. An old green shooting-coat with a dog-whistle at the button-hole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen some service. He came limping up the gravel-walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moving rapidly and with vigour. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray stag-hound of most grave demeanour, who took no part in the clamour of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception. Before Scott had reached the gate, he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand. 'Come, drive down to the house,' said he. 'Ye're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see the wonders of the abbey.' I would have excused myself on the plea of having already made my breakfast. 'Hout, man,' cried he, 'a ride in the morning, in the keen air of the Scottish hills, is warrant enough for a second breakfast.'" Such was the hearty, energetic welcome of a hearty and energetic man. As Scott was now in his prime, we must again quote from Mr. Irving, who says, his "conversation was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. During the time of my visit, he inclined to the comic rather than the grave in his stories, and such, I was told, was his general inclination. He relished a joke or a trait of humour in social intercourse, and laughed with right good will. He talked, not for effect nor display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigour of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narrative, and his narratives and descriptions were without effort, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture. His conversation reminded me continually of his novels." The best yet remains. "His nature would not allow him to be a satirist. I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation, any more than there is throughout his works." This was Scott's happiest time. His income was not much less than twelve or thirteen thousand pounds, his literary exertions alone producing him nearly ten thousand pounds. Friends, riches, fame, had gathered around him. The honour of the baronetcy, which was conferred on him in 1820, added nothing to his lustre. The child of genius has a blazonry of his own. For such, the shows of the world are weak and vain and "of little worth." Had Scott cared less for them—had he been free of the conventional desire to found a race of lairds, which made him toil and pour out his heart's best blood, and rendered dark and dreary his latter days—he would have been a wiser, and a better, and a stronger man. But he hastened to be rich, and fell into a snare. The publishing house with which Scott was connected fell, and in the fall, Scott fell never to rise again. On January 21st, 1826, the crash came. Scott writes: "Naked we entered the world, and naked we leave it. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Again he writes: "I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad news. I have walked my last on the domains which I have planted,—sat the last time in the halls which I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them." In vain they told him it was the usual mercantile course to become a bankrupt—that Constable would pay but 2s. 9d. in the pound, and Hurst and Co. but 1s. 3d. He was not a merchant, and if God gave him health and strength he would pay all. Nor was this the only trouble. From his pleasant house he had to wander forth alone. From the wreck of his fortune he could not save even the wife of nine-and-twenty years. They bore her to rest in the vaults of ancient Dryburgh, and the gray-haired knight returned to fight the battle of life with decaying strength and a breaking heart.

The remainder of his story is soon told. Friend after friend departed, yet he worked gallantly. In two years he had gained and paid over to his creditors nearly £40,000. "Now, I can sleep," he writes, "under the comfortable impression of receiving the thanks of my creditors, and the conscious feeling of discharging my duty as a man of honour and honesty. I see before me a long, tedious, and dark path, but it leads to stainless reputation. If I die in the harness, as is very likely, I shall die with honour; if I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned and the approbation of my own conscience." And again: "I am now restored in constitution, and though I am still on troubled waters, yet I am rowing with the tide, and less than the continuation of my exertions in 1827 may, with God's blessing, carry me safe into port."

The port was nearer than he dreamt. He complained of loss of memory, of being nervous and bilious, and, finally, of a vile palpitation of the heart, that *tremor cordis*, that hysterical

passion which forced unbidden sighs and tears. In 1830, on his return from the Parliament House, he found an old lady friend waiting to show him some MSS. He sat down for half an hour, and seemed to be busy with her papers; then he rose, as if to take leave of her, but sank down again in his arm-chair, and a spasm convulsed his face. In a minute or two, however, he got up and staggered to the drawing-room, where his daughter Anne and Mrs. Lockhart were sitting. They rose to meet him; but before they could cross the room he fell heavily forward at full length upon the floor, and remained speechless until the doctor arrived and bled him. Renewed depletions and strict regimen were used, and he slightly rallied; but as soon as he recovered a little strength, he again returned to his toil. That toil was soon to be over for ever. We have already reached the beginning of the end. His eye failed—his hand staggered. He was compelled to employ an amanuensis. But work he must and would. Mr. Lockhart begged him to take repose. Sir Walter replied, "I understand you, and I thank you from my heart, but I must tell you at once how it is with me. I am not sure that I am quite myself in all things; but I am sure that in one point there is no change. I mean, that I foresee distinctly that if I were to be idle, I should be mad. In comparison to this, death is no risk to shrink from." Yet he might have lived comfortably if he would. He resigned his clerkship, and had a pension of £800 a year, and his creditors had unanimously passed the following resolution: "That Sir Walter Scott be requested to accept of his furniture, plate, linen, paintings, library, and curiosities of every description, as the best means the creditors have of expressing their very high sense of his honourable conduct, and in grateful acknowledgment for the unparalleled and most successful exertions he continues to make for them." In 1831, Sir Walter gave to the world his last novels, "Count Robert of Paris," and "Castle Dangerous."

It was hoped the feeble flame of life might be kept alive, and the advance of the last enemy destroyed, by foreign travel. Accordingly, in a frigate kindly placed at his disposal by the king, Sir Walter wended his way along the storied waters of the Mediterranean, and amongst scenes fruitful in poetry and romance. He could see Malta, Naples, Pompeii, the city of the dead; Rome, the mother of large empires; Florence, the beautiful; the land of Tell, and the hoary cities and castles of the Rhine. It was all in vain. Death followed on his steps. He could not escape the pursuer. Apoplexy threatened him at every stage. He returned to London, where he lay, speechless and with little motion. One night, Allan Cunningham found a host of workmen standing at the corner of Jermyn-street, and one of them said to him, "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?" But he longed for home—for the woods of Abbotsford—for the perfume of heath-flowers—for the breezes and mountains of his own loved land. It was there, not in London, he wished to die. Accordingly, they prepared to retrace their steps. Half-dressed, in a quilted carriage, he was lifted into the street. He was more like a corpse than a living man. The hushed and reverent crowd that saw him go felt that the decree had gone forth, and that vain was the help of man. As he neared home, he revived a little. As they descended the Vale of Gala, the old beloved scenes aroused him; he murmured: "Gala Water—Buckholme—Jorwordle;" and when they rounded the hill at Ladthorpe, and the outline of the Eildon hills arose before him, his heart leaped up within him; and when, in a few more moments, he saw the towers of his own Abbotsford, he sprang up and uttered a cry of joy. The river was flooded, and not being able to cross the ford, they were forced to take the longer road round by Melrose Bridge. When he came within sight of his home, it took the strength both of his son-in-law, Lockhart, and the doctor, to keep him in the carriage. Past the bridge, the road loses sight of Abbotsford for a couple of miles, and during these he relapsed into a state of torpor; but when they reached the bank that looked upon his home, his excitement returned, and he became almost ungovernable.

Home, sweet home, could not save the victim from his fate. In a day or two he was better. One day he asked Mr. Lockhart to read to him. "From what book, Sir Walter?" "Need you ask?" said the old man: "there is but one—the book in which the Master tells his mourning flock: 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.'" At the very last, the old instinct came back. He returned to his study and work. Starting up, a few days before his death, and flinging the plaid from his shoulders, he said, "This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my room, and fetch me the keys of my desk." So they took him there. He smiled, and thanked them, adding, "Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." His daughter put the pen into his hand, and he strove to close his fingers upon it; but the work of those fingers was finished; they refused their office—the pen fell from the hand that could no longer wield it, and dropped upon the paper. He sank back in his chair, and wept big, heavy tears.

But he grew feebler still. They laid him on the bed which he was never more to leave alive. His mind wandered. Sometimes he seemed administering justice as sheriff, sometimes he was planting; but generally his mutterings were holy words—words in conformity with his position—words from the Bible or the Prayer-book—the old Scotch psalms of his youth—or portions of the magnificent hymns of the Roman Catholic church. Often the watchers heard the solemn cadence of the "Dies iræ," and, last of all—

> "Stabat mater dolorosa,
> Juxta crucem, lachrymosa,
> Dum pendebat Filius."
> "Broken-hearted, lone and tearful,
> By that cross of anguish fearful,
> Stood the mother by her son."

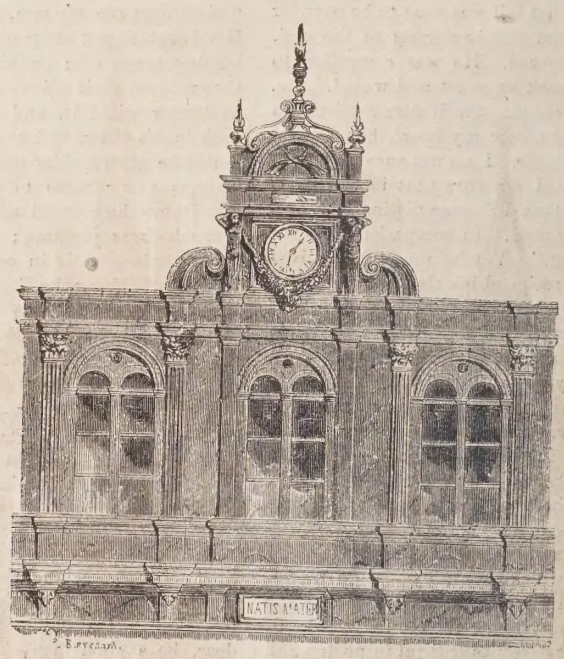
September came, and the end drew nigh. Often he blessed his children and bade them farewell. His last words were: "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and his son-in-law asked if he would see his daughters. "No, don't disturb them," was the answer. "Poor souls, I know they were up all night." He never spoke again. His sons arrived, but too late to be recognised; and so they watched and watched him till he died. On the 21st of September, 1832, all that remained of the great Magician of the North was the memory of his kindly heart—of his stalwart presence—of his rare honour, and his genius, rarer still.

On a cold autumnal day they bore Sir Walter to lay down beside his wife and amid the ashes of his fathers in Dryburgh. His old servants carried the coffin to the hearse, sobbing as they went. His children and kinsmen bore the pall. Thousands and thousands of spectators, nearly all in black, and with their heads uncovered, watched the mournful procession. "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity." It was no peculiarity in Scott's case. All his fond hopes of founding a family, for which he toiled and struggled throughout the whole of his life, and which led to his sad reverse, have been signally frustrated. His son Walter, who entered the army, did not long survive him, and more recently his grandson, a son of his daughter, Mrs. Lockhart, also died, leaving no other male representative of the poet. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Man proposes, but God disposes. What Scott did he did valiantly and well; but when he stepped out of his path and sought to be the chief of a clan, he fought with destiny and failed. The result was ruin, and now none live to bear the name. Nor has the world any great cause to grieve. As poet and novelist, his name will endure as long as his own

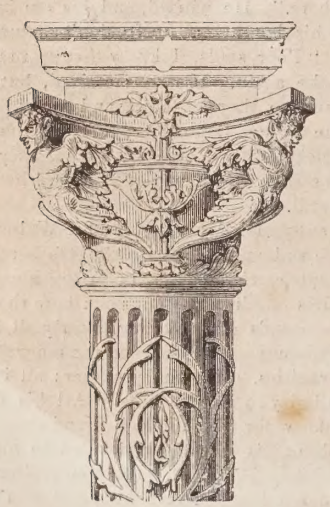
> "Caledonia, stern and wild,
> Fit nurse for a poetic child."

THE CHATEAU OF BOURSAULT.

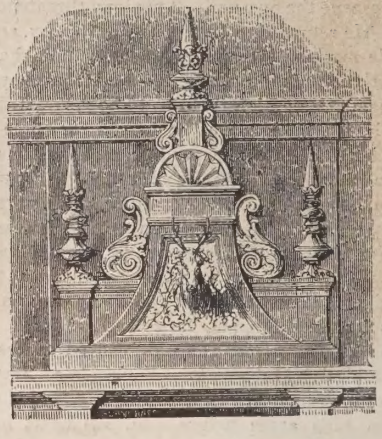
It is related that in the time of the crusades, a French lord having fallen into the hands of the infidels, begged permission to go to France and obtain his ransom. Relying on the high sense of honour for which the *preux chevaliers* of those days were so renowned, and of which such striking instances are given by the old chroniclers and romance writers, they granted him a year's liberty, on condition that, before the expiration of that period, he would either send them the stipulated sum or return to captivity. He crossed the seas, went to Champagne, and appealed for assistance to every knight or baron in the district, from whom he had any reason to expect a favourable hearing. But all his efforts were fruitless. The sum he had engaged to pay was considerable, and the nobility had exhausted all their resources; first, in building churches, through fear of the end of the world, which was expected about the year 1000; and secondly, in maintaining religious wars. Meanwhile, time wore on. The brave knight, seeing the close of his respite fast approaching, began to prepare for his return to captivity, from which there appeared no prospect of any other release than death—a death without any of the solaces of religion or friendship, and not improbably embittered by every kind of indignity, if not aggravated by barbarous cruelty. Neither the tears of his wife and family, nor the urgent remonstrances of his friends, who suggested all sorts of excuses for violating his promise, had any power to shake his firm resolve. Like the heroic Regulus, so celebrated in Roman annals—who, having been taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and allowed to go to Rome, on condition that he should either induce his countrymen to make peace with Carthage, or go back to captivity, urged them to refuse all pacific proposals, and then tore himself from the embraces of his family and friends to fulfil the promise he had made—he turned a deaf ear to all entreaties, and hastened to surrender himself once more into the hands of his implacable foes. It appears that the sultan—unlike most of his race—was not destitute of the milk of human kindness, nor without some appreciation of noble conduct. Having never expected to see his prisoner again, he was the more struck with the loyal fidelity to his word which he displayed. More generous than the Carthaginians, who put Regulus to death with horrible



CHATEAU OF BOURSAULT—THE TOP OF THE SOUTH FACADE.



CAPITAL OF THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE LARGE SALOON.



ORNAMENTATION OF THE WINDOWS.

torture, he at once granted him his liberty, begging him, henceforth, to add to his christian name that of Saladin. With this wish he could not refuse compliance, and his descendants, who were long after in possession of the barony of Boursault, in the department of Marne, continued to bear this name as a family title.

A drawing of the year A.D. 1000, represents the ancient château of Boursault in all its strength and glory, with seven towers, a keep, portcullis, moat, and drawbridge. There seems little doubt that it was destroyed by some conflagration, in 1848. It is situated on the brow of a hill amid living springs and beautiful trees, and commands a fine view of the road to Paris, the Strasburg railway, the lovely valley through which the Marne winds its way, and, at a distance, the town of Epernay. On the *façade* is this brief inscription: "*Natis mater*" (a mother to her children); and it was in order to collect her family near her that a lady, whose name is well and honourably known, had this rich and elegant villa erected after the plans and under the superintendence of M. Arveuf, the able architect to whom was entrusted the task of restoring

VIEW OF THE CHATEAU OF BOURSAULT.

for on the soil which was covered with its ruins, a large quantity of cinders and ashes have been discovered. In the course of time, other edifices were raised on the same site, or close by; but among all these, none was so worthy of the original château as that of which a view is given above. It is not, however, a monument built by some nobleman of the court of the magnificent Louis XIV. after the design of a Mansard or a Lepautre. It belongs to an age when, despite the greatest possible merit, châteaus and architects do not easily win admiration—that is to say, the present.

The chateau of Boursault was begun in 1843 and completed the cathedral of Rheims. The style, as a whole, resembles that of the Renaissance. The ground floor may rival in magnificence and taste the most graceful works of the sixteenth century, which adorn the charming borders of the Loire. The principal dining-hall is decorated with splendid modern tapestry and richly carved wainscoting. In the saloon, which is octagonal, is a monumental chimney-piece of Burgundy stone, upon which a magnificent chronometer is placed. All the sculptures are the productions of the most distinguished Parisian artists. A beautiful avenue leads from the front of the building across a large park to the Epernay road.

THE EXHIBITION PICTURE.

PART II.

ALTHOUGH we must here confess that Reuben had been far from unconscious of the fact that the sale of the trinket, should the owner not be found, would prove a positive source of wealth to a man in his desperately needy condition, and that he had been rather inclined to hope for such a contingency, yet his pride, which had prevented him from entertaining the idea of keeping secret possession of property that did not belong to him, now prompted the refusal of his visitor's offer, which he thankfully but unhesitatingly declined. The stranger said no more, but pocketing his restored treasure, dismissed the subject by entering into a conversation on the Fine Arts; the remarks which he made, upon painting especially, evincing such a refined taste, and so high and just an appreciation of the ennobling nature of the art, that Reuben was quite delighted with him, and allowed himself to be led, almost unconsciously, into a familiar chat respecting the difficulties attending the pursuit of the profession, the course of study he had adopted, and the first attempt he had made, by the painting that had been sent to the exhibition, to test his proficiency and ability.

"I never miss visiting the exhibition every year," said the stranger, "but I have not been yet. I intend going, probably to-morrow, and shall have the pleasure of examining your picture, if I can get my daughter, who wishes to pay a second visit and has come to town almost solely for that purpose, to go early. The day she went there, and lost her bracelet, the throng was so great, in consequence of the lateness of the hour, that she was not able to see a quarter of the paintings. By-the-bye, I shall be glad if you will favour me with the number of your picture."

"Allow me to offer you my catalogue," replied Reuben; "I have it somewhere at hand—oh, here—but you will excuse its being disfigured by pencil-marks,—little notes to remind me of the perfections of the best artists."

"A capital guide, sir, for a mere amateur like myself. You will want these notes though, and therefore I shall do myself the pleasure of returning it quickly. But you have not told me the number of your painting."

Reuben named it; his visitor set a mark against it, then began looking over the catalogue, and after a few desultory inquiries respecting some of the pictures, rose, and handing Reuben his card, whereon was engraved, "Mr. I. R. Benningfield, Bryanstone-square," gave him a pressing invitation to dinner any day that he was not better engaged, assuring him that he would be extremely glad to have the pleasure of his acquaintance; "but," continued he "I shall most likely take the liberty of paying you another visit, if only to return this catalogue and let you know what I think of your picture."

"I shall be extremely glad," replied Reuben; "but bear in mind, as regards the picture, that it is really little more than a portrait—a sketch from memory of an extremely lovely countenance that I caught sight of for an instant in the street—in my opinion, a close approach to perfection; so much so, indeed, that the critics have all given me credit for a very poetical fancy."

"I shall let you know what I think of it when you favour me by complying with my invitation, if not before; for I have a slight idea that, perhaps, I can render you some little service in your profession."

Reuben expressed his thanks, and Mr. Benningfield departed. A few mornings afterwards, our artist was called down stairs to receive a packet from the hands of a footman, who said that he had been ordered to deliver it to Mr. Jessop personally. On opening the parcel, Reuben found it to contain the returned catalogue, and something more—a note enclosing a cheque for £100, which the writer said he hoped would secure him possession of the painting as soon as the exhibition closed, although the price he had taken the liberty of fixing upon it was far below its value. The note concluded by naming a day for Reuben's visit, which the writer said would be far more gratifying and satisfactory to both than any written communication.

Highly delighted, not only with the munificence thus displayed, but with the manner in which it was exhibited, Reuben immediately wrote a reply acknowledging the receipt of his friend's very handsome remittance, and accepting his hospitable invitation. The day arrived; our artist hastened to keep his appointment, and was received by Mr. Benningfield in so cordial a manner as to leave no doubt of the very friendly feeling he entertained towards him. The picture had excited his warmest admiration; he spoke of it not only as a work of art that showed both taste and talent, but said that he regarded it as a positive treasure, of which he esteemed himself most fortunate in becoming the possessor.

Dinner being announced, Mr. Benningfield ushered his guest down into the dining-room, where he apologised for the want of a more social reception by stating that his family were out of town, his daughter having been in London only occasionally for a day or two. She hoped, ere long, to have the pleasure of thanking him personally for the return of her bracelet. When Mr. Benningfield and his guest had finished their repast, and were seated over their wine, the former gradually led his young friend to divulge the present position of his affairs, evidently with a view of being able to ascertain what prospect he had of overcoming the difficulties that were opposed to his advancement in his profession. This led our artist to unbosom himself so freely that, before they rose from table, Mr. Benningfield was in full possession even of Reuben's private history—that of one who had early been bereft of his nearest relatives—and the youth was delighted to find, from the warm-hearted sympathy the details excited, that his confidence was not likely either to be unappreciated or misplaced. The correctness of such surmise was, in fact, speedily proved by Mr. Benningfield's expressing his willingness to render him any service that lay in his power.

A few days afterwards he visited Reuben in a new abode, which the handsome price he had given for his picture had enabled him to procure, and afterwards made him a present of sundry additions to his furniture, without even apprising him of any such intention. Scarcely a day passed without his calling; sometimes spending the whole morning in the artist's studio, and finally insisting upon taking his *protégé* home with him to dinner.

It so happened that a number of days now transpired during which, to his great surprise, our artist saw nothing of his patron; and at last, thinking he might be ill, Reuben determined to make a morning call. His face was so familiar to the footman who opened the door, that the latter, dispensing with the formality of a card, hastened to acquaint his master, and returned in an instant to conduct Reuben into the drawing-room, where he was received by Mr. Benningfield, and introduced to a party of ladies, amongst whom he instantly recognised the lovely original of the bridesmaid whose portrait he had so faithfully depicted. While he was yet bowing, stammering for something to say, and looking so exceedingly confused that the young lady could scarcely suppress a smile, her father suddenly turned the tables by introducing the bashful youth as Mr. Reuben Jessop, the artist to whom she was indebted, as well for the restoration of her bracelet, as for the honour he had conferred upon her by making her the subject of his talented pencil.

"A presumption for which I most earnestly entreat the young lady's pardon," observed Reuben.

A smile that lit up the dazzling beauty of the maiden's countenance to a height that might have baffled even the pencil of Titian, conveyed to Reuben the full assurance of his having in no wise offended; and in this he was confirmed by the damsel's father, who, as if to break the awkward pause that now ensued, exclaimed—

"Oh, you need not be at all afraid, my dear sir, of having given any offence; on the contrary, we are all very much obliged to you; but perhaps you will have the goodness to inform us when and where you took that young lady's likeness."

"It was impossible," replied Reuben, "to forget the features of a bridesmaid who far excelled even what a poet might have depicted in describing the beauty of a bride."

"The bridegroom," said Mr. Benningfield, "being a fine young fellow in regimentals, and the marriage taking place at"—

"Marylebone church, sir," interrupted our artist, "where I had the good fortune to arrive just in time to see the wedding party return to their carriages,—an incident I shall ever remember with the utmost delight."

"It only shows to what a trivial circumstance a man may be indebted for exciting him to the display of talent which otherwise he might have been unconscious of possessing," sagely observed the old gentleman, whose *protégé* was puzzling himself for a reply that might render the conversation less personal. He was fortunately relieved, as he fancied at the moment, by the sudden entrance of a very elderly and remarkably yellow-faced gentleman, attired in a morning-gown of an extremely showy oriental pattern; but the intrusion of this personage proved only a source of fresh trial to Reuben's diffidence.

"Allow me, my dear brother," said Mr. Benningfield, "to have the pleasure of introducing you to my young friend, the talented artist with whose admirable likeness of Emily you have been so especially gratified. Mr. Jessop—my brother Robert, whose sudden and most unexpected arrival from India has prevented my intrusion into your studio during the last few days."

"Give me your hand, Mr. Jessop," said Uncle Robert; "I'm delighted to see you. I could never have anticipated such a gratification, sir, as you have afforded me by that life-like portrait yonder," and he pointed to the picture, which, till now, had escaped Reuben's notice, though mounted in a handsome frame, and hung in a conspicuous place near the window. "I never saw such an admirable likeness in my life, sir, never; and permit me to assure you that, from what I have heard of you from my brother, to say nothing of the high admiration I entertain for your talent, I anticipate much pleasure in your acquaintance. I have returned to England to spend the remainder of my life with my family, and save them from being plagued with the sale of my estates in India after my decease, although," added he, casting a facetious look at his niece, "I have not the least idea of dying for a number of years yet, I assure you. No, I am only in my prime at present; and by-the-bye, sir, now I think of it, you shall paint my portrait. I have a host of friends and acquaintances, and if you make a good likeness, it may be of service to you. You shall begin to-morrow." The artist bowed his assent.

Reuben presently took his leave, but repeated his visit on the following morning, when the old gentleman had his first sitting for his portrait, and thus our artist became a complete *habitué* of the house, and so ingratiated himself with all, especially with the original of the portrait (which proved an excellent likeness), that he at last ventured to make an avowal to Emily of the passion he had long cherished, and was delighted to find himself favourably received.

Reuben had just finished a family group, containing the likenesses of two young ladies who had been Emily's schoolfellows, and was submitting it to her uncle for inspection, when the latter exclaimed: "I think it is high time, young man, that you made your fortune, and I have long intended to give you a substantial lift. My friends, however, do not patronise you so handsomely as I could wish, and therefore," added the old gentleman, "I advise you to try something else besides portrait-painting."

"Something else, sir!" exclaimed Reuben, with a look of amazement so excessive that his friend could hardly refrain from laughter.

"Yes; but you need not look so perplexed; it is nothing at all extraordinary that I have to propose to you, though it has been both the ruin and the making of many. What do you think of matrimony?"

Reuben made no reply, but his look was sufficient to convince the inquirer that his intended offer would be rapturously accepted.

"I can see very clearly," continued the latter, "that you and my niece are far from being averse to each other. If I give her ten thousand pounds for her marriage portion, I am sure you will have no difficulty in obtaining her father's consent; and then I think you may make matrimony a sort of helpmate to portrait-painting, without having to plague yourself with such yellow-ochre-looking old fellows as I am."

We think our readers will agree that the correctness of the proposition thus laid down was perfectly undeniable. It was thankfully accepted, and although many years have elapsed since it was carried into effect, it has been found to answer so well, that the friends of the married couple are unanimous in declaring it to have proved a golden idea, by which the greatest possible happiness has been realised.

THE IMPERIAL THRONE OF RUSSIA.

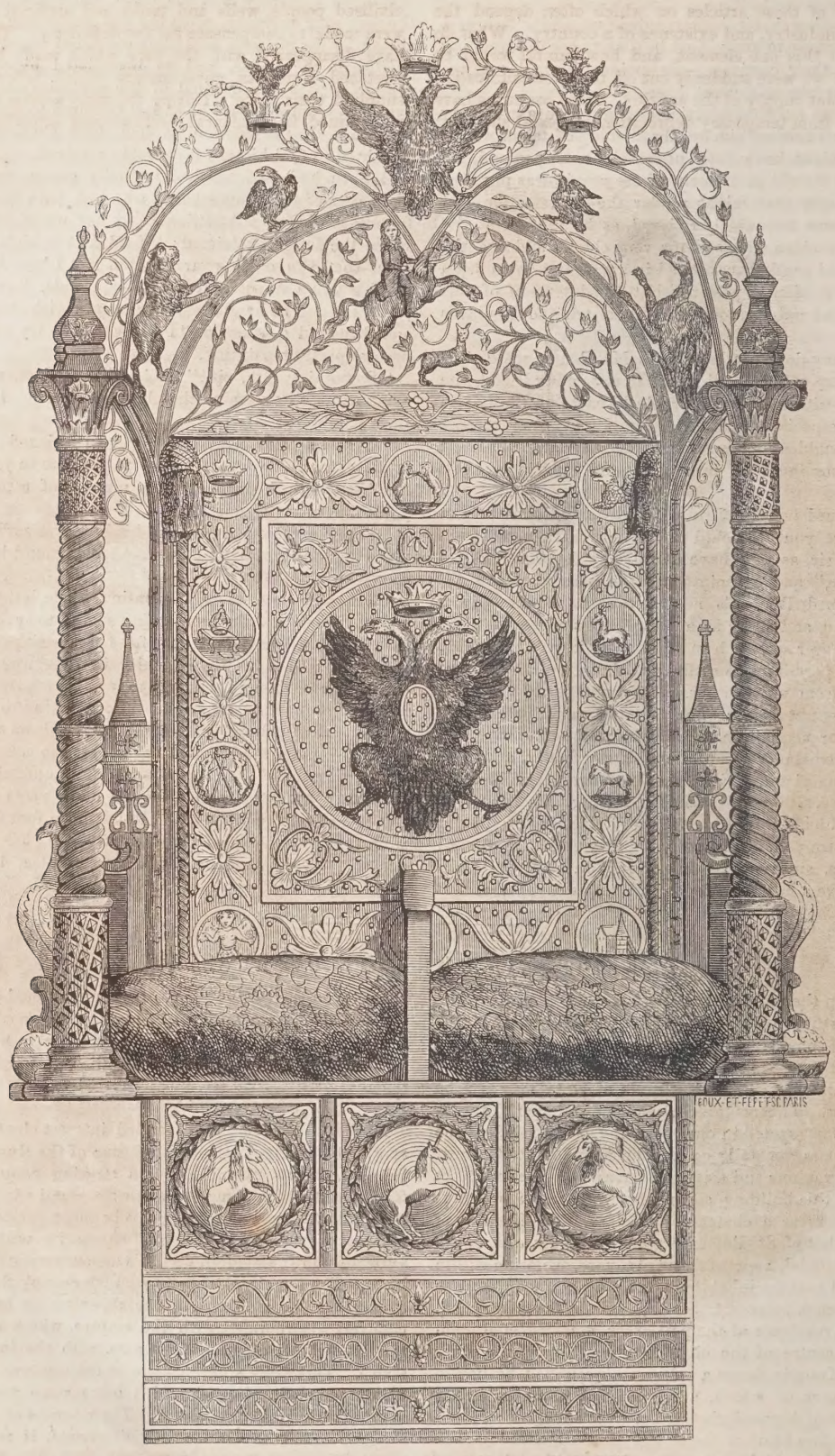
At a time when the crooked policy of the Emperor of all the Russias has disturbed the peace of Europe, checked the beneficial growth of commerce, and put a stop—for a brief period only, it is to be hoped—to the onward march of human progress, some particulars respecting his throne of state may not be without interest. This magnificent emblem of imperial authority, which is represented in our engraving, is in the hall of the Kreml, or, as it is generally called, the Kremlin, at Moscow. Nearly all geographers and travellers have made great mistakes with regard to this building, some representing it as a monument, and others as a chateau or a palace. The Kremlin of Moscow, like that of St. Petersburg and other Russian cities, is an immense citadel, a sort of fortified square, enclosing within its precincts all that the inhabitants hold most sacred; such as churches, convents, palaces, treasures, arsenals, the holy synod, the senate, the residence of the patriarchs, etc. Erected upon a hill, in the centre of the city, on the banks of the river Moskwa, the Kremlin forms a polygon surrounded by boulevards, the largest of which, a magnificent promenade, has borne the name of Alexander's Garden since 1822.

Let us enter this heart of the city of Moscow, noticing each portion in detail; make our way through the cluster of churches, convents, and palaces; and penetrate to the Granovitaia Palata, or angular palace. It is so named because its exterior is cut into a great number of faces. The Muscovites regarded it as one of the wonders of the world two centuries ago. In the present day, however, it is little more than a curiosity in their estimation—though a national curiosity, and preserved with something like the sacredness of a palladium. This strange palace is composed of a singular hall, supported in the centre by an enormous pillar, towards which the portions of the roof technically called voussures, or covings, descend and converge.

Historical associations of varied interest cluster round this spot. On the right we see the throne of the Russian emperor, forming, by its magnificence, a striking contrast with the feeble light which comes through the small windows. It has been erected within a comparatively short period in the place of that of ancient emperors. Hence its ornamentation is altogether in the modern style. Our engraving represents the back. The ten circular devices which occupy the sides of the square are the emblems of the states which have been successively incorporated with the empire, which is denoted by the two-headed eagle in the centre, with the imperial crown above. This eagle appears again at the top, over the figure of St. George or St. Michael, which bears some personal resemblance to the present emperor. The richness of the columns, the arabesques, and other embellishments, is rendered sufficiently apparent by our illustration.

It is upon this throne that, after the ceremony of consecration, the czar receives the homage of the clergy, the court, and the dignitaries of state. Thence he goes forth to the grand festival, where, according to ancient usage, he is waited upon by his most distinguished officers and chamberlains. This

throne is to the Russians the symbol of both temporal and spiritual power; for the czar is at once their emperor and pope—the sovereign of their bodies and their souls. Towards this throne, as towards a double sun, the eyes of forty millions of Slavonians turn with reverence, while they await the day in which their emperor shall be the sovereign and pontiff of the whole modern world, just as the Romans of old, after having found a skull in the foundation of the Capitol, looked from century to century for the universal domination of their empire.



THE IMPERIAL THRONE OF RUSSIA IN THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

CAVERN WELLS OF YUCATAN.

WATER is one of those articles on which often depend the whole wealth, industry, and existence of a country. What do we not owe to this one element, and how painful would be our position if we were suddenly cut off from communication with an abundant supply of the article? Some countries have suffered much from temporary deprivation of genial showers; drought has brought maladies and devastation; but rarely is there remarked so total an absence of the element as in portions of modern Yucatan. This remarkable seat of ancient empire, this field of ruined cities, where aqueducts and water-tanks are often found, is singularly wanting in natural supplies of water. In past times, when the country was inhabited by a civilised people, wells and tanks and artificial water-courses were made to compensate for the deficiency. These resources have disappeared with the race which made them, and the wretched European governments which followed have not supplied their place. During the rainy season a small supply is obtained from natural hollows and artificial tanks; but, this over, they would be entirely destitute, were it not for those vast reservoirs which nature has provided in the very bowels of the earth, whence, by the exercise of immense labour and exemplary patience, a scanty supply can be obtained. The difference between a country in the hands of the energetic Anglo-Saxon race and one possessed by the

THE CAVERN WELLS OF YUCATAN.

effeminate Mexicans, is illustrated by a comparison between the great Croton aqueduct and the primitive resources of the Yucatanese.

Mr. Stephens informs us that the village of Telchaquillo is wholly supplied with water from a cave round which the houses of the village have been built, the origin of the hamlet being probably the fact of the existence of the cave. From a little distance the spot appears level and flat, and the traveller is often startled to behold women walking across the square with cantaros on their heads, and disappearing as if by a stage trick. A closer inspection, however, shows a vast orifice, like the mouth of a cave, and down this five hundred steps, descending beneath a huge arched roof, sixty feet high, to the water, are discerned. The whole is illuminated from the entrance. The well is apparently exhaustless, but never rises or falls, except a little during rain. Women, who in savage and semi-savage states are always the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, are continually ascending and descending to supply the wants of a whole community. Swallows fly in and out, and give additional life to the scene.

At the ruins of Xcoch, there is a well, even more curious, which was, it is believed, the sole dependence of a large and populous city. The people in the neighbourhood knew little of it, but described it as a vast subterraneous structure, adorned with sculptured figures, an immense table of polished stone, and a plaza with columns supporting a vaulted roof; and it was said to have a subterraneous road, which led to the village of Mani, twenty-seven miles distant. Stephens visited it, and brought a true account. In the centre of a grove of trees, so thick as to be close and sultry, without a breath of air, is a great circular cavity or opening in the earth, twenty or thirty feet deep, with trees and bushes growing out of the bottom and sides, and rising above the level of the plain. It was a wild-looking place, with a fanciful, mysterious, and almost fearful appearance. This cavity was the entrance to the *pan*, or well. At one corner was a rude natural opening in a great mass of limestone rock, low and narrow, through which rushes constantly a powerful current of wind, agitating the branches and leaves in the area without. This is the mouth of the well; and so violent is the wind as to cause the incautious intruder, who is unprepared, to be driven back gasping for breath. Long strips of the castor-oil plant are used to visit it. The entrance is about three feet high, and four or five wide, descending at an angle of about fifteen degrees; and it must be entered on your hands and knees, with this strong current of air against you, like the crocodile mummy pits of Egypt. A single track in the floor, worn inches deep by the treading of thousands and thousands of the citizens of the ruined city, and the roof blackened by myriad torches, prove the well to have been, at one time, the only watering-place of ancient Xcoch. A hundred and fifty feet in advance, the passage widens, and rises to twice a man's height, while the air is still and the temperature warm. Vast stalactite pillars round a huge vaulted chamber succeed, after you have passed many passages, and a stone the Indians call a *mesa*. Further on, you climb a high broken piece of rock, and then crawl through a long narrow fissure, leading to a rugged perpendicular hole three or four feet in diameter, with steps worn in the rock, where the heat is terrific. Descending this, you reach a ledge of rocks, with a yawning chasm on the left. Some rude logs, laid along the edge, with a pole for a railing, serve as a bridge; crossing this, the passage turns to the right, narrowing to three feet in both height and width, and descending rapidly. The air is now close and faint. The labour, fatigue, and exertion, are awful. At the end of fifty feet it again doubles, contracts, and descends to a spacious cavern, after which there is another perpendicular hole, leading, by means of a rude and rickety ladder, to a steep, low, crooked, and crawling passage, descending until opened into a large broken chamber, in which is a deep hole or basin of water, with a pole over it to lean on to fill the gourds. This watering-place is now not used, as there are no inhabitants in Xcoch, but there are two others in daily use quite as extraordinary.

The first visited is that of Chach. We have said that women in Yucatan draw the water. But in Chach the labour is too great for the fair sex. You first descend a hole by a perpendicular ladder, at the foot of which is a great cavern, then a second almost perpendicular descent, a resting-place, then a hole two hundred feet deep, then a low narrow passage which enlarges and contracts, a great chasm, another perpendicular hole, another low crawling passage, and then a basin of water, which is the well. The toiling Indians bearing their torches, some above and some below in the deep hollow-sounding shafts, give the place a strange unearthly appearance. The whole length from the mouth of the well is fifteen hundred feet, and the water-carriers having to crawl, do not carry the calabashes on their shoulders, but suspended from their heads. This well was the sole means of obtaining water in Chach.

At Bolenchen (*Bolen*, nine, and *chen*, wells), the population during the rainy season is supplied from nine circular openings of no great depth in the rock, which have collected the population around. But in the dry season there is no resource but the great well of which we give an engraving (p. 481). The entrance to this cavern is broad and lofty, under a bold ledge of rock, following which for about sixty feet by torch-light, you descend twenty feet by a ladder. All light from the entrance is now lost, but the edge of a vast perpendicular descent is reached directly, to the very bottom of which a strong body of light is thrown from a hole in the surface. A huge ladder, of the most primitive description, descends to the bottom of the shaft. It is seventy feet by twelve, and fashioned of the trunks of young pines, lashed together, and supported all the way down by horizontal trunks, fastened to the rock. The ladder is double, having two sets or flights of rounds, divided by a middle partition, and the whole fabric is lashed together by withes. "It was," says Stephens, "very steep, precarious, and insecure. Our Indians began the descent, but the foremost had scarcely got his head below the surface, before one of the rounds slipped, and he only saved himself by clinging to another. The ladder having been made when the withes were green, these were now dry, cracked, and some of them broken." Mr. Stephens soon reached the foot of the ladder, as represented in our engraving, but this is only the beginning of the cave. We now quote the words of one who himself visited the place since Stephens, and on whom we can fully rely:—

"We are as yet but at the mouth of the well, which is called Xtacumbi Xunan (La Señora Escendida), and here we must pause to explain these words. Every year, just as the nine wells are at their last gasp, the ladders undergo a thorough renewal, which done, a great *fête* is held in the cavern at the foot of this ladder. The walls of a lofty chamber, with overhanging roof and level floor, on the side leading to the ten wells, are ornamented with branches and hung with lights, and the whole village comes out with refreshments and music. Now be it told, that in the town of Bolenchen dwelt, many years ago, an Indian lady of great wealth and many possessions, who had, however, above all, a pretty and interesting daughter. Of course many fell in love with the lady, and, equally a matter of regular occurrence, the most ardent lover and the most favoured suitor on the part of the damsel was a poor fellow of the name of Saebeg, who had naught save a handsome face to trade with. The mother would not even speak to him, and forbade her daughter holding any communication with Saebeg. The village *fête* of *cuera* came round; Saebeg and his fair mistress were of course present, but at the close of the day these persons were nowhere to be found. For a whole month they were sought in vain, at the end of which period Saebeg presented himself very gravely before the angry mother, and asked permission to marry her daughter. It was given, and, at Saebeg's request, the lady and the priest went with him to the cave. In a secret chamber which Saebeg had discovered they found the bride, with just enough provision left for one day. They were married on the spot."

On the side of the cavern is the opening in the rock, which leads by an abrupt descent down another long and trying

ladder; this past, and moving along by a slight ascent over the rocks, at a distance of about seventy-five feet, you come to the foot of a third ladder, nine feet long; two or three steps beyond, one five feet high, both of which you go up; and six paces further, a fifth descending, and eighteen feet in length. A sixth is passed, and then comes a seventh. This is laid on a narrow sloping face of rock, protected on one side by a perpendicular wall, but on the other open and precipitous. You then follow a broken winding passage two hundred feet long, and descend a ladder, eight feet long, at the foot of which is a low stifling passage. Crawling along this on your hands and feet, at a distance of about three hundred feet you come to a rocky basin full of water, fourteen hundred feet from the mouth, and five hundred feet perpendicular in the earth. This basin is the Chacha, which means *aqua colorado*, or real water.

From the open chamber above alluded to, several passages diverge, and following one of these, by a weary and tiresome way, you reach the *paduelha*—a basin of water that ebbs and flows like the sea. It recedes with the south wind, and increases with the north-west, and the Indians add, that when they go to it silently they find water; but when they talk or make a noise, the water disappears. The Indians also say, that forty women once fainted in this passage, since which they have not allowed them to go alone. The third basin, in another part of the cave, is called *sallah*, which means spring; the fourth *akahba*, on account of its darkness; the fifth *chocoha*, because it is always warm; the sixth *osiha*, which means milky; the seventh *chimaisha*, because it has insects called *ais*. This is the only watering-place of a city of seven thousand inhabitants. Nothing better than this can explain the difficulties under which the inhabitants of this part of the world labour.

BEAR HUNTING.

Bear-hunting is a favourite amusement both in the Old and the New World. In Europe it is made rather a matter of mere fun and merriment than anything else; but in America the animal is hunted also for the purpose of procuring nutrition and favourite food. "Bear's meat" is well known on every border. It is eaten with rare gusto by the hardy borderers, who, give them venison, bear's flesh, corn-juice, and tobacco, are as happy as the day is long.

Bear-hunting has some time been unknown in this island; though every now and then we are made to believe that the animal is not so rare as we fancy, by the exuberant announcement of some speculative hairdresser—or, to speak in more modern style, of some *coiffeur*—that another bear has been slaughtered. We may occasionally also see one of these animals in a show; or, if we pay a visit to the valuable Gardens of the Zoological Society, we may also gaze on one or two fine specimens. All the great polar travellers, Ross, Parry, and the ever-memorable Franklin, demonstrate the way in which the Arctic Regions are peopled by these brutes. They are there apparently at home, and many a deeply-exciting narrative of adventure, recorded in the journals of these adventurous sailors, proves how dangerous such creatures are to man. The great polar bear, however, is very different in his characteristics from the black bear of the German forests, of the Pyrenees, of Bohemia, and other places, where they still linger in spite of the progress and advance of civilisation.

Dogs that would fight the bear were wont to be great favourites with chase-loving monarchs; but for a good, hearty, genuine bear-hunt the reader must go to America. Some of the virgin forests of that vast and even now half-unknown region contain so large a collection of these animals, that there are men who devote their whole existence to bear-hunting. They are not found in such plenty and with such ease as they were in the days of Boone, but still the hunt is tolerably productive to the persevering hunter.

On the borders of Tennessee and Kentucky was once a place rich in bears—it was a perfect paradise of bruins. Passing over a country of a level character, rich and lovely, dotted here with flowers, there with Indian corn and tobacco, the traveller soon reaches a wilder country, a perfect wilderness, with cliffs and gorges and streams. Nowhere—and we speak advisedly—nowhere is scenery of a more striking character to be seen than round the Pilot Knobs of Kentucky.

The keen lover of sport would start up to this cold and desolate region, camp out beneath a tent under a tree, or perhaps take refuge in a cabin built by one of the old class of hunters. A fine pack of dogs, fit for either deer or bear, ready for a peccary pig at a pinch, were collected, and with these and a rifle, the young men would go forth as of old, with horn and hound to the wild and exciting chase.

The favourite time for hunting, among the gentlemen of Kentucky, is when the first snow-storm is on the ground. Then their enjoyment is in perfection, for they are sure of their game, and that game is in a goodly condition—as killers of another sort, in more civilised regions, would say. It is very singular to follow the game, the panting hounds driving them out upon the soft snow, in which you sink over your ancles at every step. The difference of such sport from that pursued in this island by more scientific sportsmen, is the subsequent result. No warm house, no groaning board, with good things of every kind smoking and shining, no soft voices to welcome the huntsman home. But the camp fire has its charms. It is pleasant at even, when wearied and exhausted with the day's work, to see its warm glow amid the distant trees; it is pleasant to sit with your comrades around it, and enjoy with a zest—only known on such occasions—the broil, or the roast, or the stew, cooked with a hunter's skill and consumed with a hunter's appetite; it is pleasant, when eating and smoking and talking are over, to lie down before the genial fire, and rest and sleep the heavy sleep of the woodsman. There is something of the excitement of the bivouac about it, without any of the terrible, sad, and ruthless images which are attached to the picture of war, that fearful scourge which civilised man submits to only from sheer necessity.

Up one starts then at early morn, as the first streak of dawn falls warm upon the tree tops, and snatching a hasty meal, away we go, over hill, over dale, over plain, over stream, there, where the dogs lead us. The dogs are far a-head, away in some barren or rich bottom. Hark! as they open. Man and beast are equally eager for the fray. The dogs which have been far a-head have turned the prey, and nearer and nearer they come with a louder and louder wail, and the excited huntsman starts as he catches the glimpse of some huge black bear, bowling by at a pace and in a way which would be ludicrous to a dispassionate spectator. But the hunter only sees the game. His rifle is discharged, the beast is wounded; if slightly, to make it move quicker; if severely, to induce it to seek a tree. The hounds, now wild with excitement, dash at it, and it disappears from sight. But its pace slackens, and the hunters are near it again.

It is up a tree. The able author of the "Hunter Naturalist" informs us, that it has been known to roll into a ball, drop among the dogs, and make away. But in general, when once it is treed, it is all over with it. Nothing can stand against the rifle of the Americans. A few shots and it is down, and the chase is over.

In America and in Europe, it very often happens that the animal will turn at bay. It is then a scene of terror. Such clamouring, such noise, such growling, such yelling. The dogs will fasten on the brute, and only let go their grasp with death—they fight until dashed to the ground sprawling and helpless. The contest is now a fearful one. The weight of the bear gives him a great advantage. He crushes the hound in his horrid hug; he tears them with his teeth; he dashes

them to the ground with his paws; he tosses them almost as a bull would, until they fall around. Our engraving represents rather the episodes of a European bear-hunt, just when the dogs fasten on the animal, and one already has paid the penalty, and while the hunters are yet distant, than one of those with which we are personally familiar. But the scene is very similar in character, differing only in the usual way in which events are unlike, from the nature of the country and the people.

A BEAR ATTACKED BY DOGS.

In Europe, bear's hams are celebrated among many epicures, and few persons deny the utility of a bear's skin; but the meat is not in such general use as it is in America, where in some places it is so favourite an article of food that pork has been palmed upon the buyer for the genuine game of the forest and hill. Texas, up towards the frontiers of Mexico, where there are rocks, gorges, and hills, is a famous place for this sport, which is much prized by the Indians. These people, before fire-arms were much known amongst them, were as much afraid of a great black bear as the inhabitants of Algiers were of lions, until Giraud, the celebrated lion-hunter, made such havoc among these animals. The claws and skin of the bear were marks of bravery and naturally of rank among the red-skins, who selected their chiefs rather for their personal qualities than for their names. But now the rifle is common with the copper-coloured natives also; and in the most memorable bear-hunt we recollect, the Indians, by their knowledge of locality and the signs of the forest, played by far the most important part. We have, however, said sufficient, without narrating a personal adventure, to give our readers an outline and idea of this very favourite, though somewhat dangerous, amusement, all bear-hunts not being so comic as that of poor Friday in "Robinson Crusoe."

HUNGARIANS.

Although the brave struggle for Hungarian independence, which about five years ago attracted the attention of Europe and enlisted the sympathies of many ardent spirits, is now a recollection of the past, fading into oblivion through the all-absorbing interest of a yet mightier conflict, nevertheless a few words with reference to the Magyar race may not be altogether unacceptable to our readers. The illustration which we present to their notice is descriptive of a class belonging to what may be termed the working population of that race, and it is to this class that we shall chiefly confine our observations. It must not be supposed that there is any essential distinction between the noble Magyar and his less wealthy fellow-countryman. However diverse their present condition, their origin is the same, and their character radically identical. Of the two, the poor Magyar possesses even more interest for the traveller, as retaining more completely the traces of his original condition. He is a recollection of the ninth century living in the nineteenth. He has preserved the national costume—in all its purity, we were going to say—but it would be more correct to say, in all its barbarism and primitive impurity. Ten centuries have passed over this people without materially affecting their character. The Magyar of the present day is a worthy son of the ancient barbarian. His physiognomy, like that of his ancestor, is hard but full of expression. It combines nervous energy with great physical insensibility. Like his forefather, he wears his hair long and well greased, and for dress has a vest made of polished leather, which often serves him instead of a shirt, large trousers, and a sheepskin of many colours, called a *bunola*, which he wears with great dignity. Hardy and careless, he despises the population of cities, and would consider himself guilty of effeminacy if he were to avail himself of the various conveniences which modern improvement has introduced. He is the *lazzarone* of the desert, accepting thankfully the life which Providence has given him, and sleeping wherever he can find a resting-place—in a shed, under a waggon, or exposed to the sun, wind, and rain.

The poor Magyar can only be a tiller of the ground, a shepherd, a soldier, or a fisherman. For every other employment he has a profound contempt. He regards the soil with veneration and cultivates it with pride. As a shepherd, he passes whole months without going under cover. He may be seen wrapped in his large white cloak, seated Tartar-fashion by the side of the road, following with his eye the smoke as it ascends from his pipe, stroking his long moustaches, and leading a most contemplative sort of life. He has all the dignity of the oriental character. Like the Turk, he is grave in exterior and manner. Nothing short of a dance to the sound of his national music, or a plentiful potation of the wine of the country, is sufficient to excite him to activity. It is not, however, till after the cares of matrimony press upon him that he exhibits this gravity in perfection.

"In the East," says Madame de Stael, "when they have nothing to say, they smoke together, and bow to each other from time to time, with their arms crossed over the breast to testify their mutual friendship." The Hungarian acts in a similar manner. He is sober in his language, and never free with strangers; but he is frank and faithful, and if he finds a friend in you, will open his heart without any reserve.

HUNGARIAN BOATMEN.

LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.—III.

——, 1853.

It is really wonderful to hear the details with which one is favoured on all hands in relation to the Russians in this city. Their cunning, their foresight, their intrigues, must have been something truly Machiavellian. The Russian embassy appears to have been a centre of operations of a very singular character. Money was no object. The minister had unlimited power of action, his subordinates looked upon him as a kind of deputy majesty. They were very numerous and existed under all forms. Russia never asked who a man was; all she required was, that he should be capable of doing her dirty work. Poles, Jews, Greeks, Italians, Maltese, Franks, were employed without scruple. They lived in every corner of the town. Their duty was to wheedle, to coax, or to buy over the officials, to get influence at any price, to seem to be the great protecting power, and to force weaker nations to appeal to her. The stories told of her duplicity and crawling patience are really incredible.

That the Turks gave her plenty of occasion to use her cunning, is no defence. If the Turks were weak, and had only made slow progress in the arts of civilisation, that could in nowise justify the acts of Russian agents.

The Turkish custom-house, based on the French principle, was an admirable institution for the Muscovite to work upon. Redschid Pacha, the head of the French party, had brought with him from France several notions by no means advantageous to the country or wise in themselves. He imported passports, a censorship, and an *octroi*. He it was that organised the custom-house. Like all other Turkish institutions the custom-house is badly managed, because its clerks are ill-paid. It is almost impossible for them to live on the pittance they receive. Here then was an opening for Muscovite fraud and cunning. The Russian embassy became at once the centre of operations of bands of smugglers and contrabandists. The Russian agents bought over certain officials, and by their connivance 4,000 bales of silk were passed as 400 bales of cotton, and other such nefarious practices carried on, to the great personal advantage of certain merchants, custom-house clerks, and Russian officials. Even during the festivals of Beizam and Ramadan, they could get goods passed with ease. Their influence was such, that the importation of Protestant Bibles was almost impossible. The censorship over books in the customs was held by a low Armenian, as no Turk could tell one book from another. The consequence was, that bibles, prayer-books, etc. were stopped, while immoral French novels, and all kinds of trash were permitted freely to pass.

The lower order of Turkish officers made money openly by fees, which they insisted on. A merchant who had just taken up his residence in Constantinople, once consigned a cargo of 447 bales of cotton to Alexandria. Before the ship could leave port, it was necessary that a *teskere*, or declaration that the description of the goods exported was correct, should be signed by some clerk. The merchant came to the custom-house, found the proper officer, and addressed him:

"Abdallah," said he, "here is my declaration. It's all right."

"Is it?" replied the Turk, taking it in his hand and looking at it upside down.

"I am quite sure of it," continued the merchant.

"Allah kerim! God is great! Think over it again, Christian. It's all wrong."

"I assure you, Abdallah, you are quite mistaken."

"I have said," replied the Turk, smoking his pipe with profound gravity.

The merchant went away in a great hurry, overhauled his cargo, obtained the written declaration of captain and mate, and rushed back. Near the bridge he met a friend. In his hurry he nearly knocked him down.

"Whither away so fast?" said the other, laughing.

The merchant briefly explained, and his friend laughed heartily.

"What is the matter?" asked the new arrival in Stamboul.

"My dear fellow, you will find, if you are not careful, that it is still all wrong. Did you give him a present?"

"No!"

"Then make haste and do it. That was all he meant. He was too much of a diplomatist to ask for it; but you give it, and try the effect."

The merchant thanked his friend, and entered the custom-house with a grave and solemn step.

"Abdallah," said he in a low tone, "you were right. There is something wrong; but I am in a great hurry, and cannot remedy it now. If you will look over it this time, why I will be more careful next."

And he dexterously slipped a small paper parcel into the man's hand.

"Mashallah!" said the Turk with profound gravity, after examining the amount with great coolness, "did I not tell you there was something wrong?"

The loss to the treasury by this system is immense; but now a searching examination promises to probe the evil and lead to a remedy. The coming of so vast a body of civilised Europeans to this place is producing its effect; and as Russian gold and Russian corruption are no longer at work—at all events so far as we know—there is some hope of a better state of things.

Passports, in a country where, out of Stamboul, scarcely a native official can read, are very provoking things. I have found them unpleasant enough in France, Italy, and Austria; but they are even worse here. The officials all pretend to be able to read them, and it is ludicrous to see a grave old Turk in a small village looking at your document upside down. On the road between this city and Adrianople, the soldiers of the guard-houses used to make a good thing out of them. They started coffee-shops in the guard-house. Under pretence of examining the passport, the traveller and servants were summoned inside. An order for coffee smoothed all difficulties, and you were allowed to proceed unmolested. Turkey, however, will now be opened up to the eyes of thousands of civilised travellers, and their suggestions will have weight with the government, which, I must say, seems decidedly to mean well, and would be far more liberal if it could. The priests of its religion, however, stand in the way of everything. The sacerdotal power is very great, and the ulemas, muftis, and others, by unfurling the flag of the Prophet, and giving money to aid the war, have gained singular popularity. This new power will be used to oppose everything enlightened, especially everything emanating from a Christian country.

But a large number of the Turks have seen through the delusions of the Koran, and only keep its outward observances because of the danger they would incur were they not to do so. There is a strange fact, which I have on the highest authority, and which explains many things. One or two influential Turks have, by the unscrupulous use of gold, been bought by Russia. Base men will be found in all countries, and though the Turk is generally strictly honourable and veracious, this may yet be believed. They, of course, pretend to work with the reformers one day, and with the conservatives the next, as Russia orders.

Turkish society is divided into the "Old Turbans," who still wear flowing garments, and are wedded to prejudice, hatred of the Christians, and every old idea of Islamism; and the "red caps and tight trousers," who wish to advance on the road of reform. In Stamboul they are pretty equally divided, though one day priestly influence gives predominance to the one, while the next, Western diplomacy raises up the other. There can be no doubt that recent events will give ultimate victory to the radical party in this country, and the radical party is that which will give equality in every form to the Christians. The right to hold property unmolested, is the one boon the Christians ask in the first instance. This will probably be conceded and carried out. It will double the wealth of Turkey. Now every Christian who makes money goes away. There is little doubt that when the projected reforms are carried out here, that Turkey will be able to defend herself, unaided by the Western powers. All she wants is a pure executive, good laws, and a wise system of finance.

PEERS AND M.P.'S,

OR,

LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY.

We now come nearer to our own times. We have been with the giants of English oratory—men whose names are familiar in our ears as household words. Our notices now must necessarily be scanty. We have already passed by many names well known in parliamentary annals. We can say nothing of Lord North, of Wedderburn, of Murray, of Windham, of Dundas, of Percival, of Wilberforce, of Tierney, of Lords Holland and Grey, and of Earl Wellesley, because these men, though they were statesmen, were not orators. They do not stand in the first rank. It was theirs to win honour in their age; it was theirs to command the applause of listening senates; but they have done their work and gone. Posterity will not ask for them again. We make an exception in favour of George Canning. Fortune favoured Pitt and Fox at their very birth; we now speak of a man who made a position for himself, who, born in an obscure rank, became the first man in parliament, and won that position by his splendid oratorial powers. Canning's humour was irresistible. Wilberforce went crying home with laughter, after his account of Lord Nugent's journey, to lend the succour of his person (Lord Nugent was not a light weight) to constitutional Spain. The passage is a capital specimen of the best-humoured political raillery. We give it entire. "It was about the middle of last July, that the heavy Falmouth coach (loud and long-continued laughter) that the heavy Falmouth coach was observed travelling to its destination through the roads of Cornwall with more than its usual gravity (very loud laughter). There were, according to the best advices, two inside passengers (laughter); one a lady of no considerable dimensions (laughter), and a gentleman who, as it has since been ascertained, was conveying the succour of his person to Spain (cheers and laughter). I am informed—and having no reason to doubt my informant, I firmly believe it—that in the van belonging to the coach (gentlemen must know the nature and uses of that auxiliary to the regular stage-coaches) was a box more bulky than ordinary, and of most portentous contents. It was observed that, after their arrival, this box and the passenger before mentioned became inseparable. The box was known to have contained the uniform of a Spanish general of cavalry (much laughter); and it was said of the helmet, which was beyond the usual size, that it exceeded all other helmets spoken of in history, not excepting the celebrated helmet in the Castle of Otranto (cheers and laughter). The idea of going to the relief of a fortress blockaded by sea and besieged by land, with the uniform of a light cavalry officer, was new, to say the least of it. About this time the force officered by the honourable gentleman, which had never existed but on paper, was in all probability expected; I will not stay to determine whether it was to have consisted of 10,000 or 5,000 men. No doubt, upon the arrival of the general and his uniform, the Cortes must have rubbed their hands with satisfaction, and concluded that, now the promised force was come, they would have little more to fear (laughter). It did come—as much of it as ever would have been seen by the Cortes or the king; but it came in that sense, and no other, which was described by a witty nobleman, George, Duke of Buckingham, whom the noble lord opposite (Lord Nugent) reckons among his lineal ancestors. In the play of 'The Rehearsal' there was a scene occupied with the designs of two usurpers, to one of whom their party entering says:—

> 'Sirs,
> The army at the door, but in disguise,
> Entreats a word with both your majesties'

very loud and continued laughter). Such must have been the effect of the arrival of the noble lord. How he was received, or with what effect he operated on the councils and affairs of the Cortes, by his arrival, I do not know. Things were at that juncture moving too rapidly to their final issue. How far the noble lord had conduced to the termination, by plumping his weight into the sinking scale of the Cortes, is too nice a question for me just now to settle." Loud cheers and laughter greeted this conclusion. Yet Canning's wit, while it sparkled and amused, seldom offended. Lord Nugent was long afterwards one of his warmest supporters. "Canning's drollery of voice and manner were," says Mr. Wilberforce, "inimitable. There is a lighting up of his features and a comic play about the mouth, when the full force of the approaching witticism strikes his own mind, which prepares you for the burst which is to follow." Neither Pitt nor Fox had this quality of humour. Mackintosh said of Canning, that he incorporated in his mind all the eloquence and wisdom of ancient literature. He thought Canning and Plunkett the finest orators of their time, and that Canning especially excelled in language. Johnson, speaking of Burke's *début*, says that probably no one, at his first appearance, ever obtained so much reputation before. "His immortality," said Grattan, "is that which is common to Cicero or to Bacon, that which can never be interrupted while there exists the beauty of order or the love of virtue, and which can fear no death, except what barbarity may impose on the globe."

Canning's speech on the North American Provinces was an era in the senate, wrote an M.P., applying what was said of the eloquence of Chatham, "It was an epoch in a man's life to have heard him. I shall never forget the deep moral earnestness of his tone, and the blaze of glory that seemed to light up his features." That fine sentence, in which Canning spoke of the part he had acted, must be familiar to our readers, "I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old." Canning took his stand not only between contending nations, but contending principles, in that marvellous speech. In its delivery, we are told, his chest heaved and expanded, his nostrils dilated, a noble pride slightly curled his lip; and age and sickness were forgotten in the ardour of youthful genius. All the while, says an observer, a serenity sat upon his brow that pointed to deeds of glory. Canning's remarks in vindication of himself, after the Liverpool election in 1816, ought never to be forgotten. "There is," said Mr. Canning, "a heavier charge than either of those that I have stated to you. It is, gentlemen, that I am an adventurer. To this charge, as I understand it, I am willing to plead guilty! A representative of the people, I am one of those people, and I present myself to those who choose me only with the claims of character, be they what they may, unaccredited by patrician patronage or party recommendation. Nor is it in this free country, where in every walk of life the road of honourable success is open to every individual—I am sure it is not in this place—that I shall be expected to apologise for so presenting myself to your choice. I know there is a political creed which assigns to a certain combination of great families a right to dictate to the sovereign and to influence the people, and that this doctrine of hereditary aptitude for administration is singularly enough most prevalent among those who find nothing more laughable than the principle of legitimacy in the crown. To this theory I have never subscribed. If to depend directly on the people as their representative in parliament; if, as a servant of the crown, to lean on no other support than that of public confidence—if that be to be an adventurer, I plead guilty to the charge, and I would not exchange that situation, to whatever taunts it may expose me, for all the advantages which might be derived from an ancestry of a hundred generations." Canning rose, wrote Eliot, the Corn-law Rhymer:—

> "He rose—a veteran proud of honest scars;
> He stood—a bard with lightning in his look,
> He spoke—Apollo had the voice of Mars;
> His form all hope from phalanx'd faction took,
> While flashed his satire like a falchion bared
> On all who meanly thought or basely dared:
> He spoke and died."

THE SPANISH DILIGENCE.

The days of diligences on the continent, like those of stage-coaches in this country, have well-nigh passed away for ever. Those cumbrous vehicles—which were a heterogeneous compound of coach, van, and waggon, and looked as if they were made up of a brougham, half an omnibus, and a coach all stuck together, with a sort of canopy over the whole—are now things of the last generation, and will soon become antiquarian curiosities. They have disappeared to make way for a much more rapid means of conveyance. Instead of the French diligence, with its *coupé*, *interieur*, *rotonde*, *imperiale*, we have the first, second, or third class railway carriage. But in Spain, the march of improvement is far less speedy. There, the antiquated mode of travelling still exists, not merely in mountainous and unfrequented districts, but along the principal roads through the country. Our engraving

A SPANISH DILIGENCE.

gives a good representation of diligence travelling in Spain. Those of our readers who may have gone from Boulogne or Calais to Paris in the old days of diligences will observe that, though we have here mules instead of horses, yet the general aspect of the vehicle, the postillion and the driver keeping up a constant gallop, and the clouds of dust rising on all sides, together make up a scene with which they are quite familiar. The following extract from the letter of a recent traveller, contains a lively and amusing sketch of the characters which figure in it.

"The names of the travellers have been called over; the postillion has mounted the foremost mule; the *mayoral* and the *zagal* have shared the box between them; the smack of the whip is heard, and we are on our way towards Aranjuez. The road is dreary, we cannot see a single tree, and as we are obliged to put up the windows to keep out the dust, which is thick enough to suffocate one, I will take the opportunity of describing our equipage. In the first place, we have eight, ten, and sometimes twelve mules, without guides, two and two. On one of the first pair sits the postillion; on the box is the *mayoral*, who drives the two wheelers; and by his side is seated the *zagal*. The *zagal* is the attached friend of the *mayoral*—like Pylades to Orestes, or Euryalus to Nisus. He is his right-hand man—his aide-de-camp. If a trace is broken, the *zagal* is down from his seat in an instant. If a mule falls or turns aside, or if it is necessary to whip the team and get them into a gallop, the *zagal* is the man for the emergency. He follows the mules, runs by their side, whips them, hollows at them, and addresses speeches to them, such as Automedon, the charioteer of Achilles, delivered to his horses. He calls them by name, puts them upon their honour, encourages and reproves them. At one time we hear him crying out '*Capitana!*' at another, '*Coronela!*' and when he has once got them into a gallop, he catches hold of the traces, jumps up at a single bound to the box, and takes his seat beside the *mayoral*, who has observed all he has done with a majestic impassive silence. The *zagal* is peculiar to Spain, and flourishes in no other soil. He is generally little, vigorous, and active. He spends his life in jumping up, getting down, and running along by the side; and I question whether, since the days of the Olympic games, when the wrestlers rubbed themselves with sand, it has been possible to meet with any one more dusty, more dirty, with the hair more firmly clotted by sweat and dust, than he is when, panting and exulting, he mounts the box, after running with the mules for a quarter of an hour."

LORD ABERDEEN.

Has our kind reader ever been in the House of Lords? If he has not, we must for once place him there. We will not detain him long—the lords meet for the despatch of business at five, or a little after, and generally break up a little before six. Generally a dozen lords make a good house, and half-a-dozen speeches are considered a very animated debate. On the benches on the left, are seated the Earl of Derby and Lord Malmesbury—on the opposite side are ranged half-a-dozen middle-aged gentlemen. These are her Majesty's ministers; there is nothing very wonderful in their appearance. They are very solid-looking men. Disraeli makes one of his lords say, the House of Peers looks like a "house of butlers." We don't go quite so far as that; but, certainly, if you imagine a lord is a much superior-looking and talking person to ordinary men,

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

you will be very much disappointed. Perhaps in the course of the evening, after chatting with the red-haired youthful Scot, known as the Duke of Argyle, an elderly, plainly-dressed, sedate gentleman, in excellent preservation, with a massive frame and head, will say a few words in the coldest and most unimpassioned manner imaginable, and you will see the reporters taking down every sentence as if it was worth its weight in gold. You are naturally anxious to know who the speaker is. If you ask, you will be told that he is George Hamilton Gordon, fourth earl of Aberdeen, and First Lord of the Treasury.

Statesmanship and longevity seem quite compatible. At any rate, they are so in his lordship's case. He was born in Edinburgh in 1784, educated at Harrow and at St. John's College, Cambridge, where, in 1804, he took the degree of M.A. But before then, his lordship had tasted the pleasures of foreign travel. Having succeeded to the title by the death of his father, while yet a minor, the young earl, in 1801, proceeded on a tour through the classic lands of Greece. That he drank deeply of the inspiration by which he was surrounded is clear from the fact, that when he returned, he founded the Athenian Society, the fundamental condition of which was, that no one should be a member who had not visited Greece. His lordship did more than this, he wrote a review in the *Edinburgh* of "Gell's Topography of Troy," creditable alike to his learning, to his power of observation, and his taste. This was enough for Byron, who was preparing to avenge himself, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," for the wrong he had received from the *Edinburgh*, and was doubly delighted thus to have a chance of gibbeting a rival author and a brother peer. Accordingly in his burning satire we read:—

> "First in the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen,
> The travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen!"

Aberdeen, however, did not take much harm from the ill-natured couplet, for in 1806, we find him elected as one of the sixteen representative peers which Scotland, by the Articles of Union, is entitled to send to Parliament. This honour he held till, in 1814, he was called to the British peerage by the title of Viscount Gordon.

Lord Aberdeen's *début* in public life was not a very brilliant one. For five years he was a silent supporter of Mr. Perceval. It was not till 1811 that he ventured to address their lordships, when he made his maiden-speech, by moving the address in the House of Lords, in answer to the Prince Regent's speech. Two years after we find him engaged in diplomacy. We were then at war with France. It was desirable, if possible, to get Austria on our side. This was a task of some difficulty, and Aberdeen was sent to Vienna to negotiate; for a long time Austria hesitated, but at length the councils of Aberdeen and Metternich prevailed. The former remained with the Austrian emperor till the conclusion of the war, and accompanied the advance of the Austrian army to Paris, where he signed the Treaty of Peace on behalf of England, on the first of June, 1814. Nor was this the only negotiation in which he was engaged. It was thought Murat, whom Napoleon had seated on the throne of Naples, could be weaned from the man to whom he owed so much. Aberdeen was employed to detach him, and succeeded. We have already mentioned the diplomatist's reward—he was made a peer of the realm.

Peace accomplished, his lordship retired from the stage. For this absence from public life two reasons may be assigned—his retiring disposition and his attachment to domestic society. Soon after he became of age he married the daughter of the first Marquis of Abercorn. That lady died in 1812. It may be, that to dissipate his grief and to obtain change of scene he entered upon public life. In 1815 he again became a married man, the object of his choice, this time, being the widow of Viscount Hamilton, and mother of the present Marquis of Abercorn; and possibly he may have preferred the language of the domestic hearth to the applause of listening senates. It was quite as well that his lordship thought so. Liberal principles were abroad, and his lordship was not prepared to support them. The people demanded—justly and respectfully demanded—reform, but his lordship was not prepared to grant it. An accursed alliance—blasphemously calling itself "holy"—had been established by Austria, Russia, and Prussia, for the purpose of keeping down their respective peoples by brute force, and it was understood that his lordship heartily supported it. Canning, as it was, had sufficient foes to contend against in that bitter struggle which ended in his death; and when Canning was deserted by the Tories, Aberdeen went into opposition with the rest. When the Iron Duke took office, with "No surrender to the liberal tendencies of the age" for his motto, Lord Aberdeen entered upon official life. This was in 1828. At first he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; but that office he did not hold long. He soon became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

At that time considerable interest attached to foreign affairs. The battle of Navarino "an untoward event," as the ministry termed it, had just been won, and the Turkish fleet, for a time, completely destroyed. Don Miguel had seized upon the throne of Portugal, and when appealed to by the friends of Donna Maria, Lord Aberdeen refused to avenge her wrongs. More to his credit, however, was his non-interference, when the three days of July swept from the throne of France the Bourbons, to place whom there we had so lavishly poured out our treasure and our blood. This was right enough. But it was felt that the English foreign minister was too closely connected with the promoters of the Holy Alliance to sympathise with the people of the continent in their onward struggle for right and might. Whatever might have been his prejudices as regards the continent, his lordship, however, was compelled to bow to the spirit of the age at home. As a Presbyterian, we can imagine he shed no bitter tears over the abolition of the Test and Corporation acts; and though a Scotchman, he supported Catholic Emancipation, when it was found dangerous longer to refuse the boon. So far he deserved well of the country; but the time was coming when that country was about to refuse confidence in him. The question of reform had reached its maturity. Men were clamorous for it from one end of England to the other; a House of Commons pledged to it had been returned. The Duke of Wellington quailed, and Earl Grey became premier in his stead; of course, Lord Aberdeen went into opposition, but his opposition was not of a very active character. However, when the question of foreign policy was discussed, Lord Aberdeen was a severe critic of Palmerston and the Whigs. It is not clear that his lordship was altogether wrong. It is not clear the non-interference in the affairs of other states, for which he contended, was not the proper course to pursue. It is not clear that Palmerstonian policy always shines when contrasted with his own. These matters, however, must be reserved for graver pages than ours. Let us pass on to another incident in his political career.

In 1837, or thereabouts, the Church of Scotland was in a crisis. She had two great difficulties to contend against. Her machinery was unequal to the overgrown population of her towns, and her people were deprived of the power of choosing their own ministers. The church had asserted that right. The General Assembly of 1834 enacted, that while the lay patrons of churches should retain their right to present ministers, the communicants in a parish should have a right to say whether they approved of the choice or not; and if they dissented, their dissent, without cause, should be conclusive as to that particular appointment. That right had, however, been contested by the civil courts. But the assertion of it had won over the people to the side of their national church. The ardent and eloquent Chalmers fanned the rising flame. The people became zealous. Everywhere churches were erected. Government was asked to endow the churches thus liberally built; government, instead, issued a commission, which ended in a vague and unsatisfactory report. The Earl of Aberdeen took the matter up in the House of Lords. In a speech of considerable skill, evincing perfect knowledge of the subject in all its details, he set forth the claims which the Church of Scotland had upon the government, and strongly and pointedly censured the evasive course which the government pursued. But we must now return to the Veto question. The civil courts, one after another, had decided against the church; the House of Lords had been referred to as the final court of appeal, and that also had given a similar decision. In her distress and dismay, the Church of Scotland turned to Lord Aberdeen. It was true that, as a conservative and a patron, he had been opposed to the passing of the Veto law in the General Assembly; but his opposition had always been courteously conducted, and he had taken no part in the legal proceedings by which the nullity of that act was pronounced. Besides, he had shown his interest in the church by the speech which he had already made in the House of Lords. Accordingly, his lordship was requested to act the part of a mediator. His lordship undertook the task, and a long negotiation ensued. However, he might have saved himself the trouble. It appears the church leaders misunderstood him and he them. They went down to Scotland asserting that the reasons of the majority of communicants were in all cases to be valid, even though—to use his lordship's own illustration—the only objection they could urge against a man was that he had red hair; but when, in 1840, his lordship's bill actually made its appearance in the House of Lords, loud and bitter were the complaints his lordship's conduct had excited. He had betrayed the church, was the universal cry. Instead of allowing the majority of communicants to decide, the bill decreed that the presbytery were to be the judges, and might, if they saw fit, set aside the reasons given by the communicants as frivolous, and ordain the presentee, however ungrateful to the majority that act might be. The church leaders in the General Assembly declared that his lordship had deceived them. He, in his turn, defended himself in the House of Lords. The bill was scornfully rejected in the General Assembly, and was allowed to drop. It was well that it was so: one of the most glorious acts of modern times was the result. On one day, led by Chalmers, seven hundred ministers, consisting of the very flower of the Establishment, abandoned its altars, dear as they were to them, and became the Free Church of Scotland. The act was heroic. It was a

fine thing to find the old grand heart of Scotland beating as true to conscience and to God as ever. Far and near men sympathised and applauded and thanked God. When the question had lost its interest, Lord Aberdeen succeeded in carrying a bill founded on that of 1840; but it was too late, the partition had taken place, the national church had been rent in twain.

In the meanwhile Lord Aberdeen had again resumed official life. In 1841 a vote of want of confidence in the Whigs—the Whigs never seem to have confidence reposed in them—was carried by a majority of about ninety. Sir Robert Peel came into office, and Lord Aberdeen again became foreign minister. The result was a good understanding with France, with which country we had been on the eve of war, and the memorable visit to Eu, where Louis Philippe bestowed upon our foreign minister the flattering epithet of "*Ce bon* Aberdeen"—a phrase afterwards applied in irony to its object, when it became manifest that the wily old monarch, in marrying his son to the sister of the Queen of Spain, had overreached the English cabinet. While Lord Aberdeen was in office, he was also successful in bringing the Chinese war to a close, though he had disapproved of the steps which had led to the rupture. Another question, more important, was the definition of the boundary line between the British possessions in North America and the United States, both on the north-east and the north west. To settle the first, Lord Ashburton—better known as Alexander Baring, of the house of Baring and Co.—was despatched to the United States, with full power to conclude a treaty, by which it is to be hoped this question has been set at rest for ever. The north-west boundary, or Oregon question, was settled in an equally satisfactory manner. There was considerable bluster on the part of American statesmen at first; but at length a treaty fairly providing for the rights of all parties was happily negotiated, the ratification of which arrived in this country in 1846, just as Sir Robert Peel's ministry were quitting office.

We must say one word on this crisis. In 1846 the Anti-corn-law agitation became irresistible. Sir Robert Peel felt that it was in vain to oppose it. Accordingly, he resigned office; but as Lord John Russell was not prepared to form a cabinet, the Peel ministry, with the single exception of Lord Derby, returned to power, merely for the purpose of carrying through the repeal of the Corn-laws. Lord Beaumont, in the Lords, undertook to ask Lord Aberdeen how he could explain the anomaly of noblemen and gentlemen resigning office one day rather than carry through a particular measure, and the next resume office for the express purpose of carrying that measure. Lord Aberdeen stated that, as far as he was concerned, he had long been anxious to have the Corn-laws repealed. This reply so astonished their lordships, that they let the matter drop. The repeal carried, his lordship again retired into private life.

From 1846 to 1853 we seldom read his name in the entertaining columns of Hansard. Lord Aberdeen rarely spoke except when foreign affairs were debated. In 1850, on the Don Pacifico affair, he delivered a powerful speech against Lord Palmerston's intermeddling and mischievous and exasperating policy. The next year, when all England grew delirious with the fear of the Pope—when old ladies thought St. Paul's would be used for the celebration of the mass, and the fires of Smithfield would be again relit—he objected to legislative interference, and strongly opposed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. When, in consequence of their conduct in this matter, the Whig cabinet was *in articulo mortis*, Lord Aberdeen was sent for, with a view to the formation of a new one. In his speech in the House of Lords, February 28th, he stated that, in obedience to the commands of her Majesty, he had met Lord John Russell and Sir James Graham, and had discussed the basis of the proposed cabinet. On some questions they agreed entirely; on others, there was a probability of their accommodating their sentiments to each other; but there was one to which he had an invincible repugnance, namely, any penal legislation against the Roman Catholic subjects of her Majesty in respect to the prohibition of ecclesiastical titles. To any legislation of that kind he was opposed. No doubt the noble lord had proposed certain modifications; but all legislation of such kind must necessarily be inefficient. For two hundred years they had tried by persecution to limit the numbers of the Roman Catholics, and the only effect had been to increase them. But while deprecating legislation on the subject, he had not been the less sensible of the arrogant assumption of the pope and cardinals, though he did not think that afforded any grounds for legislative interference with the religious liberties of our Roman Catholic fellow subjects; and, therefore, he and Sir James Graham had declined to join Lord John Russell in the reconstruction of the ministry. Her Majesty had then requested him to form an administration; but when he considered that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was before the other House of Parliament, and had been approved of by a large majority, and that it would most likely meet with the approbation of a majority of their lordships, he felt that he must decline the task which her Majesty had been graciously pleased to impose on him, but to which he had never felt himself equal. Perhaps his lordship felt that the pear was not ripe, and that he could bide his time. At any rate he was wise in doing so. Lord John soon went out of office. Lord Derby then came in, and after his administration was utterly broken up, Lord Aberdeen became the head of the new cabinet.

The history of his administration has yet to be written. Composed of nearly all the ablest statesmen of the day, and based upon the broad principles of safe progress at home and peaceful policy abroad, it entered upon the responsibilities of office under most auspicious circumstances. Public feeling was strongly in its favour, every political section—save only the followers of Lord Derby—being represented in the government. The highest expectations of future improvement were indulged. That they have not yet been completely fulfilled, is rather matter of regret than surprise. No ministry ever yet succeeded in gratifying the wishes of all their adherents, and, in the present instance, untoward circumstances have occurred which no one could have foreseen or prevented. Against his will Lord Aberdeen has been plunged into war. It does not seem clear that his lordship's attachment to peace has materially impeded the successful prosecution of the war. But it does seem clear, that the fact of Lord Aberdeen's assumption of office was deemed by the Czar a favourable time for him to put forward claims, founded on fraud, and to seek to gratify an ambition not more disgraceful to himself than ruinous to the best interests of the world. It is to be hoped that Nicholas misunderstood the Premier. But his lordship is so calm and impassive a man—sits so still and says so little—that he is almost as much a mystery as the Sphynx of old. The real truth is, that, after all, it does not much matter who is the leader of the cabinet in the House of Lords. England is a democracy, with oligarchical institutions. The cabinet is but the National Executive. Your great statesmen often come from the democracy, as Peel and Canning did. It is, in the estimation of many, a misfortune to a statesman to be born a peer, and now Lord Aberdeen is too old to get over that defect. Why did Sir Robert Peel always refuse a seat in the Lords? Why was it the great Sir Robert Walpole said to his old opponent, Pulteney, whom he had pitched into the upper house: "Here we are, my lord, the two most insignificant men in the United Kingdom?" Why is it that Chatham shines on the historic roll as the great commoner? One answer does for all. The House of Commons is that which determines the decision of the senate. The House of Lords does little more than register that decision.

We may add here in conclusion, that Lord Aberdeen has never been unmindful of the claims of science and art. In 1812, he was elected president of the Society of Antiquaries, which office he resigned in 1846. In 1823, he appeared before the world as the author of a work on "Grecian Architecture," in which he criticises Burke's theory of the association of ideas in his celebrated "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful." As lords are but rarely authors or critics, this of itself is something in his favour, though Burke still retains possession of the place of honour.

THE CHIMPANZEE.

Monkeys, from their human-like form and the ease with which they mimic many human actions, have attracted the attention of mankind in all ages. Nay, there have not been wanting those who, pretending to the title of philosophers, have maintained that man himself is only, as it were, a better sort of monkey, or at all events merely a creature produced by the more perfect development of the type of structure presented by the highest of these animals. The Chimpanzee, say the supporters of this doctrine, is by no means so far removed from the negro as to render the conversion of the one into the other at all impossible. But if we compare this creature, which is admitted by all zoologists to make the nearest approach in its structure to the physical conformation of man, with the very lowest and least intelligent of the human race, we shall find the differences so great, as vastly to outweigh the resemblances and render several intermediate gradations of development necessary, before we can arrive from the most man-like monkey at the lowest and most ape-like of human beings.

HEAD OF THE CHIMPANZEE.

HAND OF THE CHIMPANZEE.

FOOT OF THE CHIMPANZEE.

Like other monkeys, the Chimpanzee possesses four hands, that is to say, the hinder feet, instead of being fitted as in man for walking on the ground, are converted into hands to assist him in climbing trees, his ordinary place of abode being amongst the branches. He progresses, in fact, very awkwardly when in an upright position, as the sole of his foot cannot be brought flat to the ground, and he is obliged to walk merely on the outside of it, with his toes drawn up in a very cramped and uncomfortable position. The thumb of these hinder hands is by no means so perfect as that of the true hands of the anterior members; but even these, when compared with the same organs in man, will be found very inferior in point of perfection. The thumb is much shorter and incapable of being brought into those varied relations with the other fingers which enable the human hand to perform such a vast variety of operations with so much delicacy and precision. In the form of the head, too, the difference is, perhaps, even still more striking. Instead of the large cranium required to contain the brain of a human being, the adult Chimpanzee, like his congeners, has a flat retreating forehead, with a large ridge over the eyes for the attachment of the strong muscles of the jaws. In the young animal the forehead is higher, and the ridge just mentioned far less distinct, so that the creature has then a much more intelligent and amiable aspect than at a later period of its existence; and as most, if not all, the specimens which have been brought alive to Europe have been young, a false impression of their intelligence and docility and also of their external resemblance to the human race has

been produced, for it appears that when arrived at maturity they acquire, along with great powers of mischief, every inclination to employ them.

The Chimpanzee (*Troglodytes niger*) is a native of the west

THE CHIMPANZEE (TROGLODYTES NIGER).

coast of Africa, where it is said to attain a stature equal to that of man. Travellers who have visited these countries relate many curious stories of the chimpanzees. They are said to live in large societies in the forest, to walk erect, build huts to protect them from the burning heat of the tropical sun and from the violent rains which are equally characteristic of those regions, and to make use of heavy sticks or clubs in their combats among themselves or with the other inhabitants of the forests. They are also said occasionally to carry off negro women and children into the woods, and instances are related in which the people so abducted were detained amongst them for a considerable time. Most of these

extraordinary tales are probably, however, to be ascribed entirely to the imaginations of the natives, who would be very likely to invest an animal so nearly resembling the human race in appearance, with many of the attributes of humanity, and would certainly be by no means reluctant to relate these marvellous stories, perhaps with some extemporaneous embellishments, for the edification of credulous strangers.

Two thousand years ago, Hanno, a Carthaginian voyager, brought with him, on his return to Carthage, the skins of three specimens, either of this, or of the newly-discovered nearly-allied species, the Gorilla (*Troglodytes Gorilla*).* Under the name of "wild women," they, no doubt, made a great figure in the "yarns" of Hanno's sailors; and it is curious to find nearly the same term applied to them even in England in the present day; for a specimen, which was exhibited some few years since in this country, was honoured by its owner with the appellation of "The Wild Maid of the Desert," and doubtless endowed by him with many wonderful qualities.

It would appear from the evidence of trustworthy authorities that the Chimpanzee does not live in large communities, forming rude villages, but rather in pairs, building a rude habitation in the trees, at a height of thirty, or even forty feet from the ground. They feed on fruits, and on the bunches of young succulent leaves in the centre of the heads of palms, known as the "cabbage" to English settlers in warm climates. They climb with great ease, swinging themselves from branch to branch with astonishing agility. Their human-like form does not prevent their being eaten by the negroes, who regard a well-cooked Chimpanzee as an exceedingly palatable food, in spite of a tradition which is said to prevail amongst some of them, that the Chimpanzees were once members of their own tribe, but were expelled for the filthiness and depravity of their habits.

The Chimpanzee is thickly clothed with long black hair on the back of the head, the shoulders, and back. All the fore parts of the body are very thinly clad. The face is brownish and nearly naked. The limbs are covered with shorter hair than the back, and the hairs of the fore-arm are very curiously turned back towards the elbow. The arms, although long, are not so disproportionate to the size of the animal as those of some of the nearly-allied apes. The hands in the Chimpanzee only reach the knees when the animal stands upright, whilst in the Orang-Outang and the Gibbon, or Long-armed ape, they nearly, if not quite, touch the ground. The animal is quite destitute of a tail, and possesses only a trace of those callosities on the buttocks which form so prominent and disgusting a feature in many monkeys, especially the baboons.

In the adult Chimpanzee the canine teeth are very large and strong, and although not nearly so powerful, in proportion to the size of the creature, as those of some of the large baboons, they constitute most formidable weapons of offence, and an unarmed man would stand but a poor chance in a contest with one of these animals.

In captivity, especially when quite young, the animals are exceedingly docile, and imitate many human actions to great perfection. They will take their food with knife, fork, and spoon, and sometimes even appear to prefer using these implements, to conveying the food to their mouths with their hands. They drink from a cup or glass, like a human being, and occasionally evince a very human predilection for intoxicating liquors.

THE READING-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

If the reader is of an inquisitive turn of mind, and has passed along Montague-place, Russell-square, he cannot fail to have observed a small iron gateway, with a sentry-box attached, through which gateway were constantly passing individuals of both sexes, some of them exceedingly seedy. These individuals are principally engaged in literary pursuits—that is, in the composition of new books by tremendous appropriations from old ones—and the place to which they resort is the Reading-room of the British Museum. Fortunately, there is no resurrection of old authors—once dead, they never again can be restored to life—so modern writers pillage without fear or shame.

Supposing for once you have got a ticket of admission—which is generally granted for six months, and which is easily procured from Sir Henry Ellis, the principal librarian, upon your written application, with a recommendation from some gentleman, whose position in society, reputation, or public appointment may serve as a guarantee for your respectability—you are at liberty to follow the individuals to whom we have already referred. The gateway passed, a few steps bring you to a door, which you enter, where you are civilly requested to deposit your walking-stick or umbrella, as the case may be. Having done this, and received a ticket for the same from the attendant Cerberus, a short flight of narrow steps, ending with a glass-door, at once conducts you to the Reading-rooms. They are two in number, and of considerable dimensions, measuring respectively 55 feet and 62 feet in length, by 36 feet in breadth, and are lighted from above, and warmed, during the winter season, by means of pipes. The tables, twenty-six in number, are arranged in such a manner as to leave a free passage down the centre and round the sides of the room; chairs are placed for the accommodation of eight visitors at each side of the table; and bookstands, pens, ink, and blotting-paper are gratuitously furnished for their use. The walls are lined with presses, containing a large and valuable collection of books of reference. The catalogues are placed upon shelves at a moderate height from the floor, those of the manuscript collections being kept distinct from those of the printed books. These rooms are open every day, except Sundays, Ash-Wednesdays, Good Friday, Christmas-day, and any Fast or Thanksgiving-day ordered by authority; except, also, between the 1st and 7th of January; the 1st and 7th of May; and the 1st and 7th of September, inclusive. The hours are from nine till four in the months of November, December, January, and February; from nine till five in the months of September, October, March, and April; and from nine till six in the months of May, June, July and August, with the exception, that on Saturdays in these last months it closes at five.

The Library owes its origin, in common with the Museum, as our readers are aware, to Sir Hans Sloane, of Chelsea, in 1753, and three years after was established in Montague House. It is said—but probably the statement is somewhat exaggerated—that Sir Hans Sloane collected together 54,000 volumes and manuscripts. Of these, 4,100 were manuscripts, consisting principally of medical and alchymical treatises, with the addition of a small collection of rolls and charters. In 1756 were added the magnificent libraries formed by Sir Robert Cotton and Lord Harley, together with the royal collections, extending from the time of Henry VII. to that of George II.; and from time to time constant additions have been made. The manuscript library has been pronounced by competent judges to be the most numerous, and probably the finest, in the world; the number of volumes at this time amounts to 34,434. The printed volumes, in May, 1851, were 435,000—by this time we may fairly suppose that their number has very considerably increased.

The first room appropriated to the readers was situated in the basement in the west corner of the building. Here they continued to assemble till 1810, when they were transferred to a larger and much more commodious apartment upon the second story, at that time forming part of the manuscript department. This state of things continued till 1827, when another transfer took place to two rooms situated at the southern extremity of the east wing of the new building, which were temporarily devoted to the service of the then rapidly increasing body of readers. In 1838, the erection of the north part of the present structure was brought to a completion, when the third and last change in the situation of the Reading-room was effected. Better rooms it is impossible to

* See Illustrated Magazine of Art, vol. i. p. 124; and Historical Educator, vol. i. p. 3.

have, though they are sometimes inconveniently crowded, and the bustle occasioned by the presence of so many persons makes one glad to get away, and gives to one's own quiet closet or studio, as the case may be, a double charm. How the public appreciate the advantages of the Reading-rooms the following returns show :—

	Number of persons admitted.		Number of persons admitted.
1843	70,931	1848	65,869
1844	67,511	1849	70,371
1845	64,427	1850	78,533
1846	66,784	1851	78,211
1847	67,525	1852	72,226

Such are a few facts and figures connected with what has been facetiously termed our "National Workshop." We cannot do better than close this short sketch with the following extract from the late Sir Harry Nicholas :—"The Reading-room of the British Museum," wrote that gentleman, "is in truth an establishment of which every Englishman has reason to be proud. It does honour to the country, and in the liberality of its regulations, as well as in the facility and continuity of access to its contents, it challenges a comparison with the public libraries of any other nation, and serves as a model, by which all public institutions in Great Britain, containing materials for the illustration of British history, ought to be regulated; but to most of which, however, it forms, alas! a striking and melancholy contrast."

AMERICAN SCENERY—SAVAGE AND CLASSIC.

In the contemplation of American scenery, we may, with advantage, turn aside from the consideration of its distinctive objects and features, to meditate upon the condition of its scenes, as affected or unaffected by the encroaching steps of man. We may regard them as savage, or classic, and examine their efforts separately in the formation of character. In doing this, we may pass the barrier of eternal frost and barrenness, or retrace the steps of civilisation till we cross its bounds. History and art, happily for us, have been faithful to their trust, and have done much to preserve the natural features of our country. It is to be hoped that art will do more, and receive and transmit fresh impressions of the West to posterity, before the hand of culture shall have changed the native face of things.

The savage scenes of America are varied and vast. Neither in the valley, nor on the mountain sides, nor yet on the prairie, has the toil of busy and all-subduing man broken up the solitude of wild nature. Savage scenes abound. When we speak of such scenes, we use the word "savage" in its natural sense—the unshorn earth. In doing so, however, we do not wish to be understood as saying, that by savage scenes we mean wild and terrible ones — such as would please the dark pencil of Rembrandt. They may be beautiful —spots where "the culprit fay" might find a seducing loveliness. They are the uncultivated places of the land—the untamed wastes of the earth.

Savage scenes, as thus defined, are rich and varied within our national domain. There is scarcely a river-head that does not know them. They line the banks of the rivers, they cluster along the margin of the lakes, and as noble studies, allure artists to the mountain-side. They have a noble mission, and like the solitary audience-chamber of prayer, are admirably fitted to cherish the sense of God in the heart, impress one with the mystery of being, and withdraw man from inordinate devotion to business and art. A gallery of them would do much to give grandeur to the American character. It would be a noble benefaction to the people.

The transition of savage scenery to classic, is, in that country, a pleasing object of study. It is gradual, and is made through the walks and hunting-grounds of the Indians. We cannot look upon them as an element of the classic. They are not the antecedents of the Americans. Neither do they belong to the savage. They are elevated above such scenes by human associations.

Indian scenes, as thus viewed, present some striking points of interest. They are peculiar, and belong to a transplanted Asiatic civilisation. The historic traditions that invest them, the wars that give them a bloody character, and the singular and strong sympathy that subsists between the Indian character and the primeval forests, furnish studies of no common interest for the statesman, the artist, and the educator. The Indian and the wilderness deserve a higher place in literature. The primeval homes of the red-man, rich in the traditions of his simple and daring life, are instructive subjects for freer pencils and pens than those that have yet touched them.

Thus, we are introduced to the *classic scenes* of America —scenes in which it is by no means poor, although they are a young people. Links of startling associations connect the cradle-homes of the States with savage and Indian spots, hallowed by endurance, stern faith, and the indomitable Saxon will; and the national birth with a patriotism and heroism almost free from the stains of wrong and unnecessary outrage that have marked the convulsions of the Old World.

When we speak of classic scenes in this connexion, we mean something more than a cultivated valley, or a garden reared on the hill-side. Culture alone does not make a scene classic. The savage scenery on the Willamete would not be changed, so as to assume this new character, by the addition of a hut, or even a mansion, adorned with all the appendages of comfort. A classic scene is one that has been raised above rude nature, and the walks of ordinary men, by noble deeds or associations—the deeds or associations of representative men, or those dear to fame. Such scenes have an instructive significance, and do much to form the character of a people. Plymouth Rock is a tower of strength, and to it the descendants of the pilgrim fathers will turn, as the Jews turned to Moriah. The birthplace and family residence and grave of Washington have a classic interest for them, which Stratford-upon-Avon never can have for England, nor Abbotsford for Scotland.

The classic scenes of that country, like all its other features, are distinctive. They are fresh, and gather about them, not the memories of extinct or crumbling institutions, but the associations of the first noble deeds of a free and hopeful people. Few traditions overshadow them in a cold and gloomy atmosphere of wrong and outrage. Few deeds of cruelty people them with the dread spectres of blood and superstition. Wyoming, and the fancies of witchcraft, and the trails of Indian warfare, are little more than the incidents that waited on their national birth. They are ennobled by deeds of heroism and the lives of true and honest patriots; by free and promising institutions, and by the recorded and living elements of a civilisation, in which individual man has gained his long-sought position, and is the central interest of the state. Humanity takes to itself institutions as things made for it, and goes forth in "freedom, loosened from the world," to render classic the scenes of its encampments.

At this point the principle with which we opened our remarks, and which pervades their several parts and illustrations, returns upon us. There is a formative power in the physical scenery of a country that impresses itself upon the hearts of the people, and imparts its distinctive features to their character.

This, we feel, is the point of greatest importance to the statesman and educator, and, if we mistake not, the point which the artist, in self-forgetfulness, should render prominent in all his lessons. For what are lakes and hills and forests, or their varied disposition in the wilds of nature, or on the canvas, unless they have a meaning for us—unless they represent to us the character of beauty and grandeur and power and happy relations impressed by God on our country and affected by our climate?

But how is the principle to be defined, and its application studied in America? We confess there are difficulties here. She has no historic antecedents to which she can look. The notions of the Old World grew up from barbarism, in the scenes which witnessed their subsequent civilisation. They grew up, too, in the gloom of spectral and crushing traditions, more hurtful to the mind than the malaria of untilled marshes to the body. They grew up in passive subjection to the forces of nature, and, in the early stages of their existence, peopled the woods and mountains with terrors that have ever haunted them like passions. Our cousins, on the other hand, entered upon their inheritance as a civilised people, armed from their cradle with scientific power to subject the forces of nature. They have grown up in free mastery over mountain and stream. The frame saw-mill is reared on the upland plateau, and beside the mountain torrent prepares timbers for the thunder-

A MANDAN VILLAGE. AN INDIAN SCENE ON THE UPPER MISSOURI.

ing car. As a natural consequence of this state of things, and the relation of their national character to their national inheritance, when they entered upon it, they are a people unusually free with nature. The rich, bold, varied, fertile, vast, and picturesque scenery of the country is transferred at once to the mind and heart, and is used with a restle s and inventive activity in building up a character strikingly distinguished by free, daring, individual action. The man and the resources of the man are about to be developed on a scale that will unite the distinctive features of Europe and Asia, and perfect them by the restoration of unity to the human race.

This train of thought, which we now draw to a close, we do not wish to be regarded as a descriptive survey of American scenery, or a critical comment upon its beauties and grandeurs. It is no more than an indication of these things—an introductory lesson on the influence of physical scenery in the formation of national and individual character. Definite and discriminated scenes are to be brought to view, as illustrations of this great subject.

We desire to preserve, at least, the memories and associations of American scenery as it has been, and enable subsequent generations to see the written and pictured shadows of the scenes in which the national character was formed. The childhood of a nation, like the childhood of an individual, originates its distinctive features. And as with the individual, the influence of external objects is greatest in infancy, so nations are most open to impressions from surrounding scenery in the earlier stages of their history. Nor can it be doubted that natural scenery is at all times operative upon national character, and generally for good. The truant heart of a people may be recalled from the engrossing cares of business and the sensuous shows of humbled and debased art, to their first love for the rivers and lakes and mountains of their native land, so much and so long forgotten.

> "O my native land,
> How should'st thou prove aught else but dear and holy
> To me, who, from thy lakes and mountain hills,
> Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
> Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
> All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
> All adoration of the God in nature,
> All lovely and all honourable things,
> Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
> The joy and greatness of its future being
> There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
> Unborrowed from my country."

These truthful sentiments of Coleridge cannot be read without emotion.

THE RAPIDS OF THE NIAGARA, ABOVE THE FALLS. A SAVAGE SCENE.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, MOUNT VERNON. A CLASSIC SCENE.

THE WATER-CRESS HOLLOW.

BY SILVERPEN.

It is a March day: after cold winds and drenching showers, the sun shines forth towards the afternoon, and throws a softened yellow light upon a little, furzy, solitary hollow. Round it runs a shallow rivulet fringed with trees, which flows into a pool half-hidden by budding alders and a dense hedge-row. A picturesque country lane leads to this hollow, and in it, midway, is a cottage.

It is a Saturday afternoon. The door is open to let in the sunlight, and a young girl sits by it at needlework; and in the distance, partly shaded by a tattered green baize curtain, is a bed, in which lies a poor bedridden old woman. Everything about her is exquisitely clean, and the content and cheerfulness on her serene face read like a text of Scripture wrought in human clay.

But that of the girl is full of sadness. She knows that the five shillings her brother Ben will bring home at nightfall will not suffice for a third of their wants. He is but a lad of nine years old, and the farmer who employs him will give him no more; her own necessitated attendance on her grandmother keeps her from earning more than a few weekly pence by washing and mending for the farmers' servants round. Thus they are very poor. To hide her tears—they are the deeper that her grandmother never murmurs—she takes up her work and goes out of doors, mechanically towards the Water-Cress Hollow. Even *she* thinks it beautiful; she sits down on a stone, and sees that the primroses begin to peep, and that the water-cresses grow fast in the limpid pool.

As she sits she hears a horse gallop down the lane, and stay before the cottage door. She hastens back, and finds it to be one of the ducal servants from the great abbey near. He is a decided Plush of the first water, and throwing his horse's bridle over the garden wicket, has already entered and ensconced himself in an easy chair.

"Miss," he says, addressing her as she enters, "part of the family be at the abbey, and cresses is wanted for a salad. Gardener says there be some hereabouts. If so, get them, and be quick, for dinner's early to-day."

"Yes, sir," replies the girl, "there are plenty. I'll get them directly, sir."

Mr. Plush likes to be sirred, and takes snuff with great complacency. The girl departs, and soon returns with a plentiful bunch of cresses.

"Shall I carry them to the abbey for you, sir?" she asks.

"No, no, thank you. Our cooking monsure is, as usual, in a hurry. But you *can* paper them, or put them in a small basket, if you like. A gentleman doesn't like to carry *such* things in his hand."

A very small basket is found, into these they are crushed, and Mr. Plush asks what is to pay. The girl is about to say that he is welcome; but Mr. Plush, thinking he may as well behave aristocratically—for the "sir" has mollified him immensely—throws down a shilling and takes his departure. But when he has ridden a few yards, he returns for an instant.

"Girl," he says, "you might be looking up our way every morning whilst the family is here. Unlike me, they have a taste for them things."

The shilling is an El Dorado, and confers marvellous happiness. The bedridden grandmother will now have her ounce of tea, some fresh butter, and a rasher of bacon, for they have been too poor to keep a pig the past winter.

"Grandmother," says Nan; for that is her name—"I did not know gentry cared for these poor sort of things."

"Oh, yes, my dear; cresses be partic'lar good in salad. Why, if we lived anywhere nigh Lunnon, that pool 'ud be a fortin to us. For poor and rich buy 'em there—and folks as be gardeners, grow 'em in ponds, nigh all the year round."

"What, do poor folks like 'em?"

"Ay! that they do, Nan. Many's the pen'orth I've seen—when I lived in sarvice in Lunnon—working men carry home to their wives on passing by from work at evening time—partic'lar a night like Saturday."

"Well, they dunna buy and sell 'em i' these parts."

"No; I supposen none 'a thought it worth their while to take things to market as be had for gather'n. Though I canna see how the pit and forge folks a' time to be seek'n places like our hollow. Ay; it be a pretty place as any for miles; and thy grandfay'ther as built this cottage on the waste, was nigh ask'en my Lord Duke to let it go with the holding."

A thought has struck Nan, and she at once proceeds to make it practical.

"Grandmother," she says, "I think, as I 'an time to-night, I'll go down Oaken Gates way for thy bit o' tea, for Timmis's i' th' shop be so bad. I'll make the fire, and put the kettle by, and Ben can make thee a cup o' th' leaves i' th' pot, if I ba'int back before thee need it."

The old grandmother dissents at first, for the Oaken Gates lie some miles off; but presently remembering how cheerfully Nan assents to all *her* desires, she bids her go. The kettle is, therefore, soon on the hob, the tea-cups set, her shawl and bonnet on, and she is off. She has said nothing about her real intention, but taking a large basket from an out-house as she passes by, she proceeds at first to the water-cress hollow. Here she partly fills it with cresses, plucks carelessly a lovely tuft of primroses as she passes by—for she is very fond of flowers—and then returning quietly up the lane, proceeds with rapid steps on her way. As she expects, she meets her brother Ben, tells him her intent, and bids him "keep grandmother easy if she be a bit late, but not to tell her errand."

When she gains the great pit and forge district, forming a part of Ketley, and so running on for miles, the men are beginning to stream homewards from work; lounging as they come; most of them disappearing in the beer or truck-shops, whilst others stay to make purchases *at any price*—so that they have a luxurious meal on the morrow—at the shops, and stalls, and carts, which line the endless street of dirty-looking houses. There is a crowd everywhere; men and lads, women and children; all are thronged together in the lurid blaze cast down from the forges and the paler gas-light. The girl takes her stand with her basket in the quietest spot she can find, but where people pass to and fro to butchers' carts and hucksters' flaring stalls. She is soon noticed; children crowd round to see what her basket holds; pitmen's wives on their way to the truck-shops, stop to question her, and the men joke as they pass by.

"This be something new to bring to market," says a forgeman's wife.

"Ay," cries a black-faced collier, "they be a bit cold, I take it, and would n'a do for me." But some buy; some stop to look at her comely face; some drop a penny in her hand, but take no value. In a short time Nan has a heap of coppers in a corner of her basket.

"Well, lass," says one young collier, who is about to step into an adjacent beer-shop, "thee'st coome far, I reckon."

She tells him she has; and by degrees, as he questions her, goes on to speak of Water-Cress Hollow.

"Well, gi' me thy last cresses, for thou has n'a many I see, and I'll take'm home to my old woman—aunt she is—in m' han'kercher; and here, tak' this, a bargin's a bargin."

Nan refuses, for the money is sixpence.

"Nay! tak' it, lass. It'll only go o'er the bar o' the Red Lion if thou hasn'a it; but if thou hast, both on us'll be the better for't. Nay, tak' it, and let me hav' thy posy." He gathers up the scattered primroses from the bottom of the basket as he speaks.

"But ain't it a pity," she says—for she likes his good nature—"that thou goest to the Red Lion at all? Grandmother says that beer-shops be the ruin o' th' pit folks; for there they spend their money and learn the road to sin. So go home wi' thy cresses, and keep thy money."

"Not to night, lass; there's Jones and Smith, and our butty, Harris, 'spectin' me." So saying, he nods and departs. Nan, weary, now prepares to go, for her basket is

empty, and she has cleared two shillings. She purchases the tea and bacon, and pays the first weekly instalment towards a blanket her grandmother has so long wanted, and which, as she is known, she is allowed to take home. It is late when she reaches there; but joy and surprise soon banish anxiety.

Now, week by week, Nan attends the Saturday night's market, as well as supplies the Ducal Abbey with cresses; but in a little while her supply in the hollow begins to get scant. She is in some consternation, for the weekly pence brought in have proved quite a help and blessing. Another bright thought at last crosses her mind. So she mentions the matter to one of the under-gardeners at the abbey, an intelligent Scotchman, whom she has often encountered in going thither.

"Can you read?" he asks.

"Yes, sir; father was one of the Duke's colliers, though killed i' th' blast of a pit, and so I went to my lady Duchess's school, till grandmother needed me."

"I'm glad of it, for I can lend you a book where you will see how gardeners, near London, keep cresses in stock nearly all the year. What's more, if you want a bit of help at any time, come to me."

But she does not like to trouble anybody; so she puzzles the matter out for herself; dams up the rivulet here, lets it flow there, sets shoots in the moist earth, attends to them whenever her grandmother can spare her, and, by good luck, has soon a fresh crop ready.

She has been absent from the Saturday night's market for some weeks; she now goes again. She misses the young collier, and, whilst selling her cresses, inquires after him.

"Oh! he's bin in jail these three weeks; and h'an just got a sentence for six more. The matter came out on a brawl at th' Red Lion, for he's a sad chap to drink. Ay, it be a pity; his aunt takes sadly on about it, for his bit o' pay be all she h'an to keep her."

"Where does she live?"

The collier, whom Nan has thus questioned, points to a gully down the narrow street in which they stand.

Here, in a miserable tenement almost destitute of furniture, she finds a better sort of old woman, cheerful, clean, but very poor. The girl's visit is made under the kind plea of taking her a few cresses, and they talk, as a matter of course, of the absent man.

"Eh! it be a pity, for Dick's a good lad, and earns a deal of money; but the drinking spoils him. If it were na' for th' beer-shop, he'd be sich a lad as ain't i' these parts. But I'm hoping th' gaol 'ill be teaching him a lesson; for he took on mightily to go, most because not o' seeing thee, these Saturdays."

"Me?" interrogates Nan.

"Ay, thee; he says he loves thee as he never loved afore."

"Well," replies Nan, "if I did think anything o' marrying and leaving Ben and grandmother—which I don't—it wouldn't be to him, as wastes his money in drink."

"Thee art right, lass; but Dick does love thee, and may be thou'lt hearken a bit to him, if only for the sake o' making him better."

Nan makes no promise; but she never comes to market with her cresses but she visits the old woman, and takes her some trifling present. When Dick is liberated, he is ashamed at first to meet Nan's honest gaze; but by-and-by, as he gets to work, he takes courage, and at last tells his love.

"Nay," replies Nan, "I'll have nothing to do wi' thee whilst thee drinks and wastes thy money in beer-shops."

"I won't, I tell thee again, though I must h'an a pint sometimes."

"No, that won't do—one pint begets another. Let me see thee save thy money afore thee talks of marrying."

She is firm, and will have nothing further to say to the young collier. He can bear this no longer than a few weeks; so on Saturday nights he brings part of his wages, and bids her keep it for him—it is the part he would otherwise spend at the Red Lion. She does so with beautiful and quiet faith, and her good influence grows: there seems reason to think that Dick will eventually become a sober man.

In the meanwhile, the rector of the parish and his wife—both of them enlightened and excellent Christians—hear of the young girl's industry, in trying to cultivate the Water-Cress Hollow. They have already noticed, in visiting her grandmother, her modest and excellent conduct. Without saying a word, they drive over to the Water-Cress Hollow and inspect it for themselves, and are astonished at the skill and industry with which she has cultivated the little marshy brooklet. Dining some few days afterwards at the Duke's table—for the ducal family, inclusive of Mr. Plush, are again at the abbey—they mention this little fact to the Duchess, who repeats it to the Duke. His Grace, who is an excellent landlord, and likes to give encouragement to his tenantry, sends down his steward to inspect the Hollow; and the result is, that both it and the adjacent strip of land, which joins it to the cottage garden, are let to Nan at a merely nominal rent, and a gardener is employed to dig, trench, and make it fitting for the growth of such vegetables as are likely to meet with a ready sale among the collier and forge population. But the Hollow, much to Nan's delight—for it is a lovely spot—is left in its primitive state, save for the better cultivation of the brooklet cresses. It is impossible to describe the girl's delight, or that of her grandmother—more especially as there will be work enough at home for Ben now, and with some few hours to spare each evening, so that he may go to the night-school of the district.

A year passes by. Nan and Ben have worked hard, and the produce of their large garden is now carried twice a week to market in a donkey-cart. It meets with a ready sale, for Nan has become known and is a favourite.

Dick, in the meantime, has grown steady, though he *does* break out now and then, and Nan has saved several pounds of his heretofore wasted money. Its value is now seen. There is a terrific explosion in the pit in which he works, and he is seriously injured; and for many weeks lies a cripple on his bed. The little money which the girl has saved, she now returns with noble faith; and when it is spent, assists him and his poor old relative with some of her own. When Dick does recover, it is found that he is no more fitted for pit work; but the good rector places the matter before the Duke's steward, who gives him work of easy superintendence at the mouth of the pit, and promises him a better place if he will keep steady, and add, through attending the adult school, further to his knowledge of reading and writing.

Matters thus progress for two years more. Nan's garden is wonderfully productive, and she has been enabled to save money. Dick, too, has become thoroughly steady, has improved his little learning, and been promoted to the place of overseer to several pits, at good wages. There is nothing now to defer his marriage with Nan, excepting that the Duke has promised to build them a good cottage on the prettiest upland of the Water-Cress Hollow. This is done—and they are married.

The old grandmother and aunt are now both dead; but young children, well trained, supply their place. Ben is unmarried, and lives happily with Dick and his sister, and has become quite a scientific gardener.

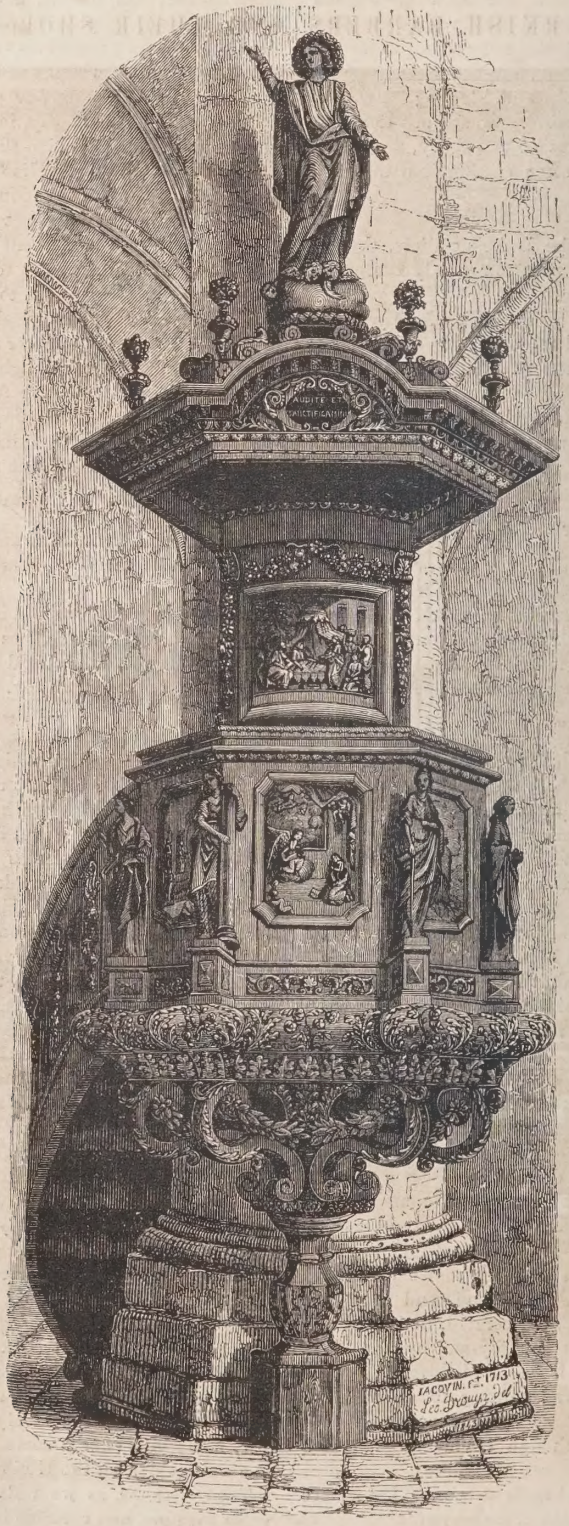
Indeed, reader, if you were here with me in this region of coal-pits and forges, I would take you with me to the Water-Cress Hollow. We would go in the evening of these sweet spring days, just when Dick has returned from his work—a long walk of five miles; when Ben sits reading in the sunny porch, and Nan prepares tea. We would take a cup. We would walk round the lovely garden and gather some daffodils, some violets, and some polyanthus; and wait to see the sun sink golden on the Hollow.

Then, perhaps, as we walked homewards, you would converse with me, and coincide in my idea that sobriety is one of the great practical wants of the working population; that as it increases, their moral and physical blessings will progress too; and that no object, however humble, is to be despised, for industry and knowledge may find in it the means of honest and honourable independence.

THE PULPIT AT LIGNY.

One of the beautiful specimens of art to be found in Roman Catholic churches is the pulpit represented in our engraving. It is in a church at Ligny in France, and is of carved oak.

On the top is seen the Virgin Mary borne by angels, representing the Assumption. The four statues which adorn the angles of the pulpit are about two feet high. They appear to represent



PULPIT AT LIGNY.

The carver was Jacquin of Neufchateau. It is sexagonal in form, vigorous in style, and about seventeen feet in height.

Prudence, Power, Justice, and Plenty. On the panels are six bas-reliefs, portraying the history of the Virgin—her birth the Presentation in the temple, the Annunciation, the Visita-

tion, the Presentation of the Saviour in the temple, and the woman bruising the serpent's head. It is to be regretted that the heads of these bas-reliefs are mutilated and three statues of angels destroyed, one at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and two others near the Virgin, to whom they were presenting a crown. The remaining statues are in good condition, but the whole pulpit appears to be hastening to ruin. It has been found necessary to prop it up with iron bars.

TURKISH BARBERS AND THEIR SHOPS.

INTERIOR OF A TURKISH BARBER'S SHOP.

Barbers' shops in Turkey are coffee-houses, but these coffee-houses are no more like ours than their occupants resemble our Figaros. Four walls without paper, sometimes ornamented with arabesques, but more frequently whitewashed; a large high window-frame; a wooden ceiling with mouldings and designs in a strange style; an inlaid floor covered with mats to wipe the feet; a wooden bench running along both sides of the shop for persons of greater consideration; or an elevated

platform at the end covered with cushions and carpets; or sometimes small wooden seats before the door, from which the customer may get a good view of the country and what is going on outside; in the way of furniture, a stove where are prepared the coffee, sherbet, and other drinks allowed by the prophet; a collection of chibouks, pipes, narguillehs, and perfumes; a small fountain playing in summer, and a chafing-dish with a heap of coals burning in winter; the master of the place calmly setting an example to the smokers and drinkers; and his Armenian assistants attending to the customers with the utmost possible deliberation—such are the principal objects and characters which together make up the scene usually presented to an observer on entering a Turkish barber's shop.

Some of these establishments are distinguished by greater splendour and importance, and are really elegant models of Byzantine architecture. This is the case with that depicted by our artist, but such instances are exceptions to the general rule.

On entering a Turkish barber's shop, the first thing to be done is to take off one's shoes or slippers. You then squat down on a mat or climb up into a stall of the wooden seat which runs along the sides of the shop, and is covered with cushions. They bring you a pipe and a cup of coffee; the pipe is as large as the cup is small. You fill the pipe again and again, and take as many cups of coffee as you choose. The Moslems carry out the precept *festina lente* (hasten slowly) to perfection. There are some who spend two hours in emptying a chibouk, drinking in the mean time fifteen or twenty cups of coffee.

When you have finished smoking and drinking, the barber's man comes up stropping his razor on the leather attached to his girdle. He then covers your face with the lather and commences operations in good earnest. Beware of opening your eyes, and breathe through the nose if you can—if not, you will stand a good chance of being stifled, for the performer is as slow and impassive as he can well be. He passes his razor over your skin with as much indifference as if he were scraping a board. He seizes you by the nose, the moustaches, and the hair; knocks your head against the wall; turns it to the right, to the left, forward, and backward; pulls and pinches your cheeks; and cuts the beard down to the flesh, passing over it again and again without paying any more regard to the blood which he sheds than if he were a butcher skinning a sheep. If you groan, he is deaf; if you cry out, he does not relent; if you struggle, he heeds not; and if you storm, he says not a word. All you get for your pains is to be held still tighter, handled more roughly, and grazed and gashed more pitiably. At last you are out of your misery, and you see your executioner wiping his razor between his finger and thumb. He makes you a slight bow as he shakes his fingers, at the risk of bespattering you with soapsuds; after which, taking out a new implement from his bundle, he catches hold of your ears, pulls them out, blows in them so as almost to deafen you, and then picks them as a cook would scrape the bottom of a dirty saucepan.

For a European, the crisis is now over; nothing more remains to be done but to look at himself in the glass which is brought him and give repose to his distorted muscles by smoking a final pipe, accompanied by a few draughts of coffee.

But in the case of a Mussulman, the operation is only half over. After the face, the head must be shaved. The reader will see in our engraving a sort of funnel hanging over the head of the patient. From this the barber pours a stream of tepid water over his head and face. If the poor wretch is drenched, that is his look out. The man gives him a basin in which he must catch the cascades as he best can. Now, as he is compelled to shut his eyes to keep out the stinging soap and water, the pretended reservoir only receives a few drops, while the rest goes over the tunic and the trowsers. But the Mussulman resigns himself to his fate. It was so ordered, is his remark, and this notion carries him safely through all his troubles. When the head is shaved, the barber perfumes it with scented oil and gives it the polish of a new doll. The pipe and the coffee conclude the whole business.

It is related of an Englishman who was staying in Constantinople that, on going to get his hair cut, he was horrified to find they had shaved his head before he could avert the calamity, and ran in a great fury to an officer of the police who was smoking in motionless silence at a coffee-house. The *civis Romanus*, as Lord Palmerston would say, laid his complaint before the official with no lack of words and plenty of vehement gesticulation, and concluded by calling for summary vengeance upon the offender. There was not a word of reply. He raised his voice to a higher pitch, he swore, he stormed. Still no answer. Yet the officer understood him, for he spoke in French, as he had been brought up in Paris. At length the Englishman, driven to distraction, vowed he would go and inform the English ambassador, the matter would be brought before the Sultan, and Great Britain would demand satisfaction. To all this there was no more answer than before. The officer merely uttered an exclamation between two whiffs—a sort of *pish!*—and then sank back into his impassive state. The Englishman, struck with astonishment, ran off, but whether he ever obtained redress, is more than we can pretend to say.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

The enterprise and energy of the American people and government bid fair to make Japan ultimately as well known as our own Indian provinces. But at present it is comparatively unknown; the Dutch having by no means exhausted all that might be made public relative to this country, which, while owing something to its mystery, is likewise of itself interesting. Instead of waiting for the day, then, when we shall have yacht voyages to Nippon and Kiusiu, as we have yacht voyages to Texas and China, we continue to give our readers, from the most recondite and best resources, some account of Japan as it is known. As the materials exist almost exclusively in huge and expensive Dutch works—a language not so familiar to the general public as French—our information must prove valuable.

The social, political, and religious characteristics of the country are very curious. It does not appear that their present seclusion has been a thing of all time. The timidity and mystery of the rulers of Japan is of modern growth. During the days of early intercourse, it was marked by high-bred courtesy on their part, combined with refined liberality and hospitality, without questions as to circumstances, rank, calling, or nation.* When a governor of the Philippines was wrecked and destitute, they at once treated him according to his rank. He was received with princely honours, which were continued during his residence. Every assistance was given him to depart. The poor boy Adams, who was wrecked there, rose from the state of "apprentice to master Nicholas Diggines of Limehouse" to be a prince in Japan. He became the counsellor and friend of the monarch. For a whole century trade was free and unshackled, and profits were enormous. The amount of gold and silver sent home by these traders was very great.† The missionaries succeeded in making two million converts to Christianity. They were allowed to build temples and to teach the tenets of Rome. Toleration was extended to the religion of Budha, the votaries of which now outnumber those of Sinto. There are

* See "Memorials of the Empire of Japan in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," edited, with notes, by Thomas Randall. London: for the Hakluyt Society.

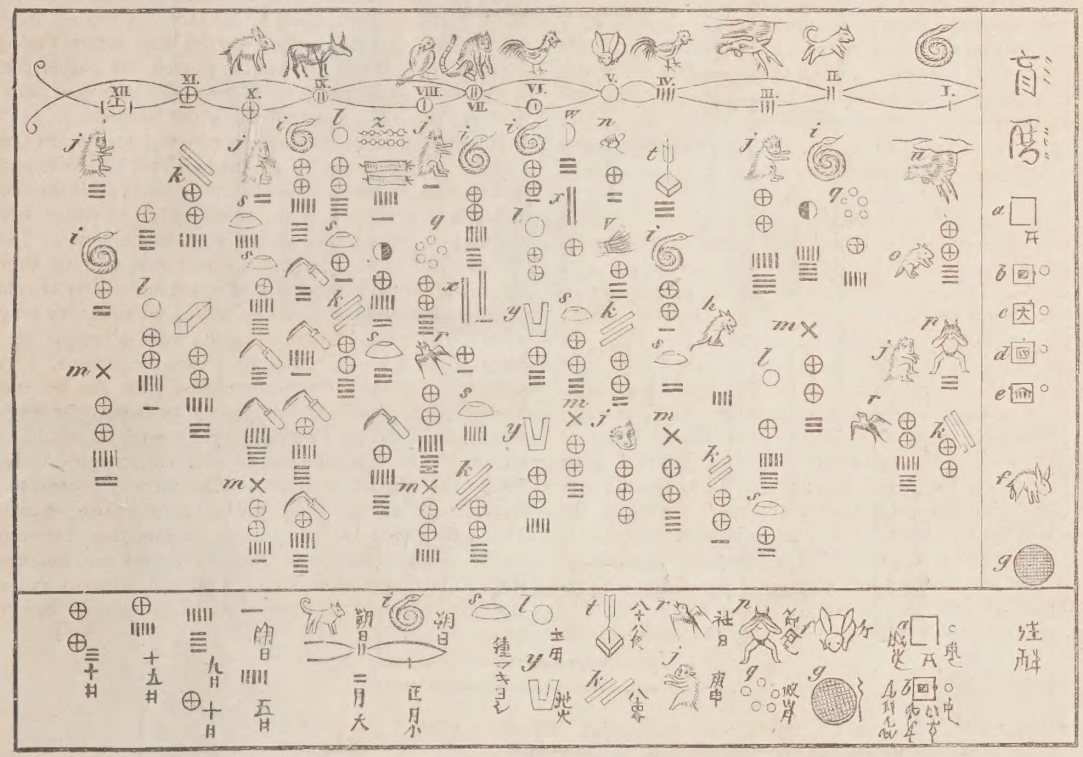
† See "Summary of the Narrative of Don Rodrigo de Vivero y Velasco," in Appendix to Memorials, etc.

besides thirty-four other sects, which are all tolerated and live in great harmony. Adams never recanted from Christianity. The English and Dutch factors were kindly used. But the Spaniards and Portuguese opposed with great energy the presence of rival nations. They declared the Dutch to be rebellious subjects of Portugal. Minno-motto-no-yes-yeas, or Gongin Sama, the emperor who gave privileges to the English, always refused to listen to the intolerant Portuguese, declaring that all people were alike to him, and that Japan was an asylum for people of all nations.* A change has since taken place. The government of Japan is now exclusive and barbarous. But the change may be explained.

The Portuguese first visited that empire in 1542; the Spaniards a little later. In 1587 occurred the first disagreement. The Spaniards interfered too much with religion; while the Portuguese stole some of the Japanese and sold them as slaves, and also ate the flesh of oxen and cows, which was offensive to the Japanese. The Portuguese tried to explain, but with little success. A decree was published, expelling the missionaries, and pulling down all crosses. But

In 1805 the Japanese had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Russia. At the suggestion of Count Resanoff, two officers of the Russian imperial navy, named Chowstoff and Davidoff, made a descent on one of the Kuriles. They landed within territories dependent on the government of Japan, inhabited by Japanese subjects, and governed by Japanese authorities. Pillage, slaughter, incendiarism, and crimes of every hue, marked their track. They took away many prisoners, and threatened to return.

On the present state of affairs there is a curious extract to be made from a native writer.‡ He says:—"The ancients compared the metals to the bones in the human body, and taxes to the blood, hair, and skin, that incessantly undergo the process of renewal, which is not the case with metals. I compute the annual exportation of gold at about one hundred and fifty thousand kobars: so that in ten years this empire is drained of fifteen hundred thousand kobars.§ With the exception of medicines, we can dispense with everything that is brought us from abroad. The stuffs and other foreign commodities are of no real benefit to us. All the gold, silver, and



ALMANACK FOR THE BLIND.

the decree was very nearly a dead letter. It was, however, to the over zeal of the priests that the exclusive system was entirely due. Christian revolts took place, which were put down with a ferocity and cruelty unexampled in the history of the world. The Dutch, too, succeeded in persuading the government that the Portuguese meant to conquer the empire. All Christian nations were thereupon expelled, a price was put on the heads of priests and Christians, and Christianity banished. All natives were prohibited from leaving the country, under penalty of eternal exile. Japan was, to use Kœmpfer's phrase, shut up.†

The Dutch have retained their position by the exercise of the arts of patience and submissiveness. The English retired honourably from Japan in 1623, and then sent a mission in 1673; but Charles II. being married to a daughter of Portugal, it failed.

copper, extracted from the mines during the reign of Gongin (Ogosh-Sama) and since his time, is gone, and—what is still more to be regretted—for things we could have done without."

There may be two opinions on this point, as the Japanese appear very much behindhand in most of the arts of civilised life. Still the country is rich. There is an extensive and lucrative trade between the provinces. Extensive tracts of land, each with its own climate and its own peculiar productions, separated from each other by ranges of rugged mountains, by impervious forests, or by broad arms of the sea, promote an immense coasting trade, by which the various productions are disseminated and circulated, to the great comfort of the population and the no small gain of the trader.

One of the means of transport is represented in our engraving, (p. 505), which portrays the bearers who carry goods over

* See Charlevoix "Histoire du Japan," t. iii. ed. 1754.

† See Kœmpfer, vol. i. p. 317—18.

‡ A treatise composed in 1708 by the prime minister of the Emperor Tsouna-Yosi, in Jetsingh's "Illustrations of Japan."

§ £2,500,000.

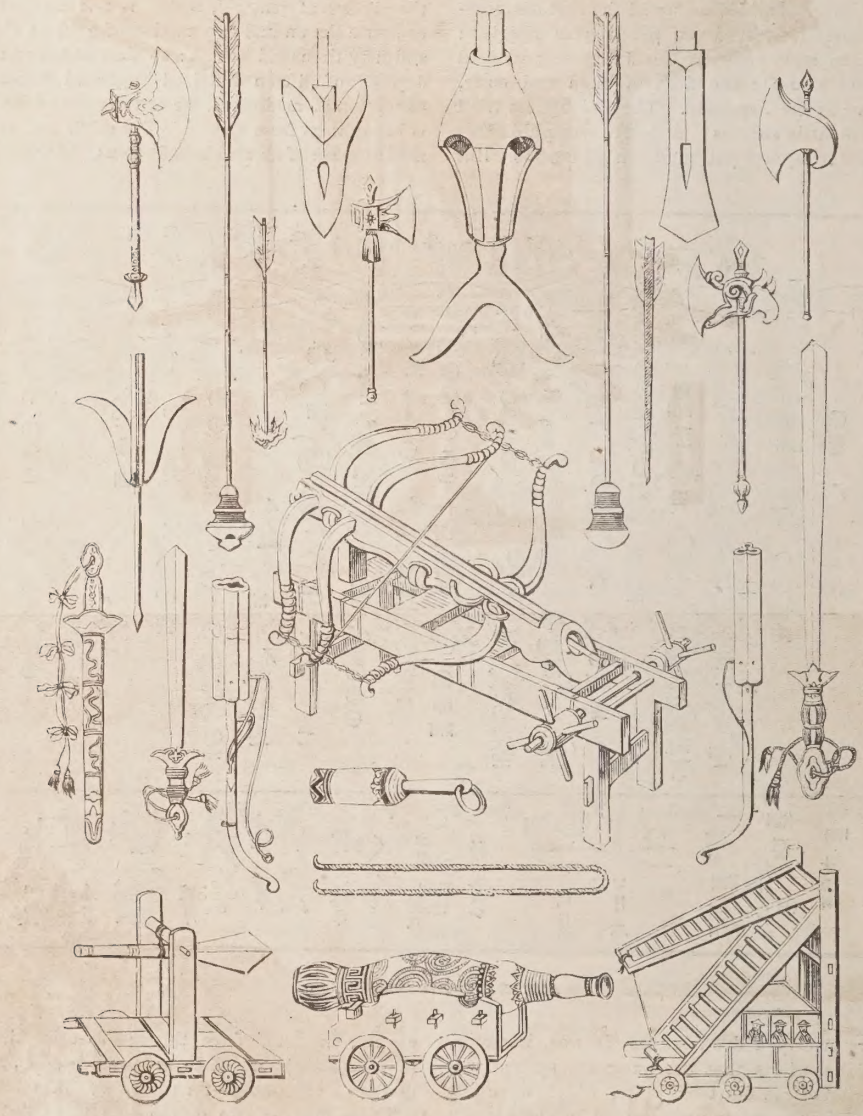
the fords of the river Wata-Si-Mori. It is certainly a very primitive way of conveying goods. The articles of trade are very varied. Much attention is given to the manufacture of arms. Swords they excel in.

The Japanese are very ingenious in manufacturing almanacks for the blind, and other almanacks for general use. Their porcelain has degenerated from its former superiority, owing to a deficiency of the peculiar clay necessary to make it. Their most beautiful silks are woven by high-born criminals, who are confined upon a small, rocky, unproductive island, their property confiscated, and themselves obliged to pay for their daily food with the produce of their manual labour. The exportation of these silks is prohibited.

The circulating medium is gold, silver, and copper; but the gold and silver alone can be properly called coin. They bear the mint stamp, and have a fixed value. Small silver pieces and copper pass by weight. They use paper money and bills of exchange.

The arts are very much in arrear among them, though this is a point on which there is a very great difference of opinion. They are, however, very fond of painting, and are eager collectors of pictures; are said to sketch boldly in charcoal and even in ink, never having occasion to efface; and their outlines are clear, and their drawing as good as can be expected without a knowledge of perspective and anatomy. They are unable to take correct likenesses, and so the professional portrait painters devote themselves to the dress and general appearance rather than the features. In buds and flowers they succeed better; and two folio volumes of paintings of flowers, with the name and properties of each written on the opposite page, the work of a Japanese lady, and by her presented to Herr Tillsing, are highly spoken of. Delicate finishing is their art.

Landscape and figures they do not shine in, though there are in Japan some of the most wondrous scenes which the eye of man has ever beheld. The paintings in their temples are very inferior, though some of the articles of show are elaborately carved and lackered (p. 505). They do not understand oil-painting, but use water-colours with ease. They prepare these from minerals and vegetables, and obtain tints of remarkable beauty.

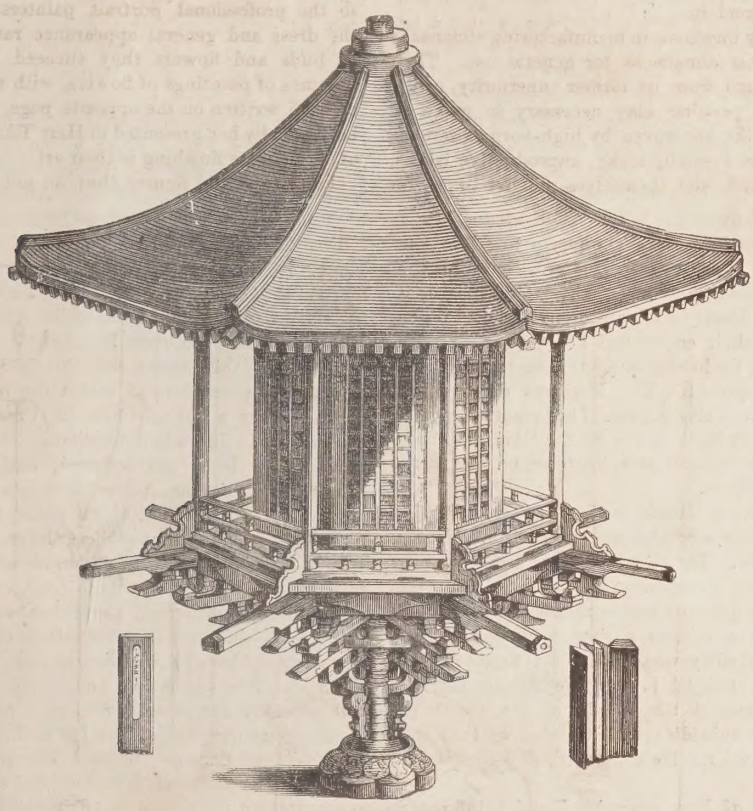


JAPANESE ARMS.

Wood engraving is well known, and engraving on copper has been recently introduced. Sculpture is only known to the extent of a few carvings for ornaments. But they have, on the other hand, a very good idea of the art of casting metals. Their bells, which have no metal tongues, but are

sounded by being struck with wooden mallets, are remarkable for tone and beauty. Of architecture, as an art, they have no conception. The art of cutting precious stones is quite unknown.

It will be seen that, on the whole, Japan has more to gain than to lose from mixing with civilised nations. Now that there is little fear of conquest being attempted, the throwing open of this country to the commerce of the world must be productive of much advantage. We shall have a new system of civilisation to study, and if we are but wise, a new ground wherein to sow the seed of the gospel.



CABINET IN A JAPANESE TEMPLE.

FERRYMEN OF THE WATA-SI-MORI.

RUSSIAN AGGRESSION IN THE EAST.

At the present time a brief sketch of Russian aggression in the East may be valuable and interesting. One of the great and secret designs of this mighty power has been to obtain by diplomacy—which, in her case, means cunning—a powerful influence in our India. No true policy guides her, no scruple is respected, no humanity is known. With exiles perishing on the Kuban, agents sapping the Porte, tyrants in every province, a war establishment in Bessarabia, spies and friends in every country in Europe, her designs are apparent. In sixty years she has advanced from the Don and the Volga to the Aras, and from the Aras her influence is felt in Affghanistan.

She respects not treaties. Her conquests are like the raging of the plague or the cholera. Her arms are like the pestilence or the hurricane; and when she makes peace, it is because there is a desert where millions lived. When the Romans advanced their eagles and arms, they spread a rude kind of civilisation, the hordes of Scythia became civilised by the races they conquered. The Russians destroy the very landmarks and signs of civilisation. They erect a dungeon here, a palace there; they have whips for the slavish, swords for the brave; they are without arts, learning, or literature, except a few borrowed lights.

When by art and cunning Russia made progress in Persia, it was by mingling Gothic with Oriental barbarism. Russia made Persia pay tribute. The English were wont to pay a subsidy to Persia. The government wanted to give up the practice, which in days gone by seems rather to have filled the pockets of worthless ministers than made its way to Persia. But the opportunity was now given to get rid of the impost. England engaged to pay the Shah's debt to Russia, if he would amend the article of the treaty by which they engaged to subsidise him, as well as that respecting the Russian frontier. He consented, though with an ll grace.

The public is aware of how near, by Russian influence, Persia was upon the verge of war with her Mussulman ally, Turkey. But the connexion of Russia with Persia is old. Peter sent an ambassador to the Shah, and then, under the usual pretence of aiding him against some rebels, occupied, and then seized several fine provinces of his kingdom. At the death of Peter, the fate of the state was all but sealed, and the ancient domains of the lofty dynasty were divided between the Affghans, the Turks, and the Tartar hordes of Moscow. Nadir Shah, however, arose, and though cruel and merciless, being possessed of energy and courage, drove out all the usurpers, and became ruler of the whole region to the foot of the Caucasus. But at his death the Russians again seized Georgia, and by a long career of cunning and secret intrigue, almost ruined Persia in the same way that they nearly ruined Turkey and kept back Greece.

England became uneasy. Judging from the past, we looked with dread to the future. We felt confidence in the strength of our Indian empire. But with the cabinet of St. Petersburg ruling in Teheran, in Kabul, and Kandahar, strange things might be expected to occur in the Punjaub and the vale of Kashmeer. We had watched the little insignificant state of Muscovy, once unrecognised, now take a bold front in advance of nearly all nations, while it was quite easy to suppose that influence, which was paramount from the Volga to the Caspian, extending from the Caspian to the Indus.

From Sweden she had taken half her territory; from Poland, plains as vast as the whole Austrian empire; from Turkey in Europe, a slice as large as Prussia; from Turkey in Asia, as much as the Lesser Germanic Confederated States; from Persia, a territory as large as England; from Tartary, a space equal to Turkey in Europe, Greece, Spain, and Portugal. It was impossible, after this, not to mistrust and suspect Russia. There was no wavering sign in her history, no intimation that she would stop. Persia was utterly unable to check her.

In Affghanistan appeared a barrier. That country was always ruled by a usurper. Timur, son of Ahmed, was succeeded by Zeman Shah, a younger son, who blinded his brother, Humayan. He was deposed in the same way by another elder brother. Mahmoud, who succeeded him, was deposed by Sujah-ul-Mulk, who did not, however, blind the man he overthrew. But Mahmoud escaped from prison, dethroned Sujah, and sent him to the Punjaub. Runjit Singh, king of the Five Rivers, welcomed him and robbed him. He appealed to the English, who protected him. Mahmoud had been successful through the ability and activity of his minister, Futteh Khan, whom he allowed to be hewn to pieces at the foot of the throne. His brothers rose in arms, were victorious, and divided Affghanistan among them. Mahmoud fled to Herat, where he died.

Dost Mahommed was the ablest of the brothers of Futteh Khan. He was a bold, bad, wicked man, and by unscrupulous means gained great power. But the country was devastated by civil war. Sujah meanwhile attacked him twice, and Runjit Singh seized upon Peshawar.

It was by this means that Russia hoped to carry out her designs upon the East, of which the possession of Constantinople is only a part. That the Czars have always had an eye on British India is undoubted. The idea is widely spread in Russia. It is the constant, daily, and hourly talk of the army; civil and military servants discuss it. Potemkin and others devised ingenious plans to bring it about, and for many years circumstances have been coming to light which leave no doubt on the minds of politicians and statesmen of the fact. The actual conquest of India by force of arms, and at once, could never have entered the head even of a Nicholas—because the difficulties are such as to be all but insurmountable—and without a powerful navy it could not be held. But she moves on slowly and assiduously to the attainment of her object. She tries to become to the populations of our north-west frontier in India what she is to the deluded Christians of Turkey. Her agents, spies, and friends seek to undermine our influence, and spread discontent. She wanted some provinces in Affghanistan, to give employment to those predatory hordes which compose her armies on the frontiers. Some notion of this kind must have incited her to claim dominion over some of those desolate tracts to the south of the Heavenly Mountains, where battalions of her army annually perish amid glaciers—bare and arid plains, adorned with sand-reeds, garlic, yellow jujube flowers—utterly worthless, in fact. But such plains and hills fill up space on the map of the world, and are therefore coveted by Russia.

We have seen the advances of the Czar through the wilderness to the borders of China; they form probably a long vista, with Pekin at the end. So the tracts of Central Asia and the gullies of Affghanistan are but steps on the road to the ultimate conquest of British India. One mode of conquest was proposed through Khiva, up the Oxus, to Bokhara and the Balk, over the Hindu Kush to Kabul, then by Peshawar, to Attock, Lahore, and Delhi. It would be necessary to reduce Turkestan to subjection, and Kharism and Bokhara must be Russian provinces. But to carry an army over such a space is beyond the power of Russia, if we judge her from the past and present.

But still, though there be no immediate fear of an armed invasion of India, the designs of the Czar are well known and dangerous. Russia threatens, unless present events check him, to become undivided master of Persia. The Czar has spent millions to be paramount at Teheran. This once completely attained, an army might be pushed to the banks of the Indus, Affghanistan attacked, and our north-west frontier be continually assailed.

It will be seen from the above, that, extensive as are the designs of Russia in Turkey, they are not less so elsewhere. When we reflect upon what has been the universal policy of Russia in what she calls colonisation, but one hope can be expressed relative to the future Progress of Russia.*

* Sir John Macdonald: "Remarks on the Invasion of India." Sir John Malcolm; Thornton and Horace, St. John's British India. Wilson.

HANDKERCHIEF CASE, FOR HANGING TO THE HEAD OF A BED.

MATERIALS.—"Use Brook's Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet." No. 4 Penelope Hook; 1 long strip of Whalebone; 1 yard of Satin Ribbon 1 inch in width. 2 yards ditto, 2 or 3 inches wide.

1st row: Make a chain of 261 stitches, turn back, and work 87 squares.

2nd: Turn back, and work another row of squares.

3rd: Turn back 8 sq., 6 l., 22 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 8 sq., 24 l., 21 sq., 9 l., 6 sq. The cotton must now be cut off at every row.

4th: 7 sq., 12 l, 10 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 21 l., 3 sq., 18 l., 8 sq., 6 l., 4 sq, 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 5 sq.

5th: 7 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq, 6 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq. 3 l., 3 sq. 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

6th: 3 sq, 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 4 sq., 15 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 6 sq., 24 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 4 sq., 15 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

7th: 2 sq, 6 l, 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 9 l., 6 sq. 6 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq, 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 5 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 6 sq.

8th: 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 7 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 2 sq. 9 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 3 sq.

9th: 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 18 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 8 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l, 3 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 3 sq, 6 l., 8 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 2 sq.

10th: 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq, 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq, 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 8 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 2 sq.

11th: 6 sq., 21 l., 1 sq, 6 l., 3 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l, 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 3 sq.

12th: 4 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 5 sq., 6 l., 4 sq. 6 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq, 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 8 sq.

13th: 3 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 21 l, 1 sq., 9 l., 6 sq., 24 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 4 sq., 15 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 6 sq., 24 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 4 sq.

14th: 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 18 l, 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 3 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 4 sq.

15th: 4 sq., 12 l., 2 sq, 18 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 18 l., 3 sq., 18 l, 8 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 21 l., 3 sq., 18 l., 5 sq.

16th: 5 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 9 l, 3 sq., 6 l., 6 sq., 24 l., 21 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 8 sq., 24 l., 7 sq.

17th: 8 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 54 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

18th: 7 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 48 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 6 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

19th: 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 7 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 49 sq., 18 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

20th: 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 54 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 4 sq.

21st: 5 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 58 sq, 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

22nd: 4 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 58 sq., 6 l., 2 sq, 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq.

23rd: 5 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 58 sq., 3 l., 7 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq.

24th: 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 15 sq., 3 l., 40 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 3 l., 7 sq.

25th: 6 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 9 l., 15 sq., 3 l., 41 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 8 sq.

26th: 6 sq., 3 l., 1 sq, 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 17 sq., 3 l., 42 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 5 sq.

27th: 7 sq., 12 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq, 9 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 18 l., 2 sq., 12 l., 4 sq.

28th: 4 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 18 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq.

29th: 3 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq, 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq, 3 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq, 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 3 sq.

30th: 3 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq, 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 4 sq.

31st: 2 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 6 sq.

32nd: 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 21 sq., 3 l., 22 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq.

33rd: 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 18 sq., 3 l., 22 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 12 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq.

34th: 2 sq, 6 l., 1 sq, 21 l, 8 sq., 3 l, 12 sq., 3 l., 22 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq.

35th: 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l, 15 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 23 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq.

36th: 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 15 sq., 6 l., 24 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 3 sq.

37th: 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 41 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 7 sq.

38th: 2 sq., 18 l., 2 sq., 12 l., 41 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 3 sq, 9 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 6 sq., 12 l., 7 sq.

39th: 3 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 62 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 6 sq.

40th: 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 65 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 9 l., 3 sq.

41st: 7 sq, 3 l., 6 sq., 3 l., 56 sq., 6 l., 1 sq. 3 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

42nd: 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 7 sq., 3 l., 56 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 4 sq, 6 l., 6 sq.

43rd: 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 58 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 4 sq.

44th: 5 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 58 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

45th: 4 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 54 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq.

46th: 5 sq, 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 49 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 7 sq., 3 l., 1 sq, 6 l., 3 sq.

47th: 5 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 48 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 3 l., 7 sq.

48th: 5 sq, 3 l, 6 sq., 3 l., 54 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 8 sq.

49th: 7 sq., 24 l., 8 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 9 l., 21 sq., 24 l., 6 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 9 l., 2 sq, 15 l., 5 sq.

50th: 5 sq., 18 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l, 4 sq., 6 l., 8 sq., 18 l., 3 sq., 18 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 18 l., 2 sq., 12 l., 4 sq.

51st: 4 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 3 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq, 18 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq.

52nd: 4 sq, 12 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 6 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 15 l., 4 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 6 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq, 9 l., 3 sq.

53rd: 8 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l, 1 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 4 sq.

54th: 3 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 8 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 6 sq.

55th: 2 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 8 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq.

56th: 2 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 8 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 8 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq.

57th: 3 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 7 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq.

58th: 6 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 6 sq. 9 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq.

59th: 5 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 15 l., 4 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 6 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 15 l., 4 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 3 sq.

60th: 5 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 7 sq.

61st: 5 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 8 sq., 18 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 10 sq., 12 l., 7 sq.

62nd: 6 sq., 9 l., 21 sq., 24 l., 8 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 9 l., 22 sq., 6 l., 8 sq.

63rd: 1 row of squares.

64th: Turn back, 4 double l., made by first twisting the cotton twice over the hook, then 4 double long to come in the 1st 4 loops, which will exactly fill up the 4 loops over 1st sq., then 5 ch., miss 2 squares, 4 more double long in the 4th loop of next sq., repeat, the row will end with 1 long stitch, turn back.

65th: 5 d.c. under the 5 ch., 4 ch., repeat. This forms the front of the case.

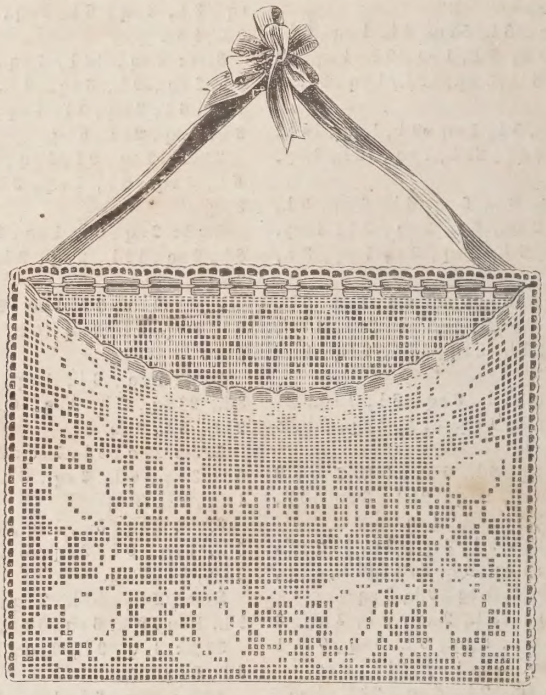
For the Back: Commence on the wrong side of the foundation chain, and work 41 rows of squares, then work as at 42nd row, and continue working till the end of 62nd row.

Now 2 rows of squares.

Now a row of double long stitches the same as the row on the other end. Turn back.

1 double l. on l., *5 ch., 4 double l. on the l., repeat from*.

Now a row of long stitches, not double long.



HANDKERCHIEF CASE, FOR HANGING TO THE HEAD OF A BED.

Now work 3 d.c. into every space up both sides, then crochet both sides together on the right side, by working 1 d c. stitch into every loop of both sides, first doubling it at the foundation chain, consequently the back will be a trifle higher than the front.

Now, up the side and along the top of the back, work thus: 1 l. in 1st loop, *9 ch., 1 l. into 7th loop, repeat from* and at each corner make 2 l. into 1 loop, with 9 ch. between each l.

Next row, 9 d.c. under every 9 ch.

Cover 2 strips of narrow whalebone the exact length of the back of the case, with coloured ribbon, and run it into the 2 open rows; for the front, cut a length of whalebone two inches longer than the pieces for the back, and run in the front row, then add ribbon and bow as in engraving.

END OF VOL. II.

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